

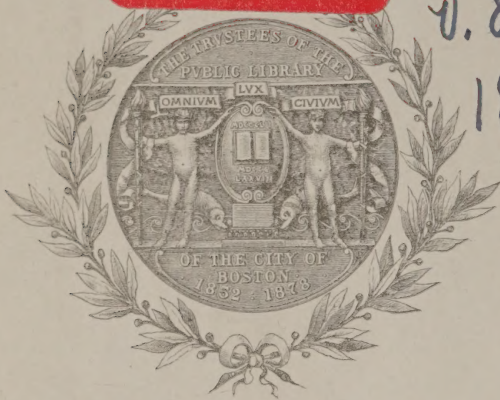
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ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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GLADSTONE.

AMONG the countrymen of Mr. Gladstone it will be long before even-minded views can be taken of his character, his genius, and his career. They will remember him as he appeared to them in the heat of passionate conflicts, like St. Michael in the eyes of one party, like Apollyon in the sight of the other; and the good and great imperfect man that he was is little likely to be shown in truth to either. Nor will his work be justly measured or the spirit of his life revealed by cold criticism from Germany and France. More than other public men of our time he needs to be studied with a sympathy dispassionate but warm, and with an interest impartially keen. If such a study is possible anywhere, it ought to be possible in America, and the purpose of this article is to make the attempt.

On the side of both father and mother Mr. Gladstone was of purely Scottish descent: "half Highland and half Lowland," as stated by himself; half Celtic and half Teutonic, as the significance of the fact may be better expressed. His remote paternal ancestors were lairds of considerable estate, but the ancient stem had thrown branches into trade, and the statesman sprang from one of those. John Gladstone, his father, began life and commercial experience at Leith, but removed to Liverpool at the age of twenty-two, and entered, in the corn trade, upon a career of great success. He passed in due time to the front rank of the merchant princes of the

rising city, and became a man of both weight and power, as much by the force of his character as by the measure of his wealth. When the oracles of Liverpool were questioned, as they often were, by heads of government and committees of Parliament, on matters of fact and policy touching finance and trade, John Gladstone was sure to be heard. His interests had passed far beyond the trade in corn. He was a sugar-planter, with great estates and many hundreds of slaves, in Jamaica and Demerara; he was an owner of ships; he had capital in banks, and varied ventures in many parts of the world. Nor did the powerful, pushing Scotchman confine the working of his energy to these money-getting affairs. He was active and aggressive in the politics of the day, — conspicuous in the hottest fighting, and continually exposed to the roughest handling in local caricature and abuse. He came to Liverpool, it is said, a Presbyterian and a Whig. He had grown to be a Churchman and a Tory of the stiffest creed. Political distinction was beyond the reach of such talents as he possessed, but as one of the pillars of the party his standing was marked, and he received a baronetcy for reward. He sat in Parliament twice (elected in 1818 and 1820), not for his own city, but for more pliant boroughs at Lancaster and Woodstock, and had little to say or do in the great assembly, so far as can now be seen.

Apparently, Sir John Gladstone was

a man of more force than fineness in the qualities that marked his character. Even seventy years ago the best of moral fibre could not reasonably be looked for in a British capitalist who drew profit from the labor of slaves. If the slave-owning of the elder Gladstone had been only a minor incident of his undertakings and kept in the background of his life, it might claim little notice; but it took importance from its magnitude, and from the prominence of his opposition to all measures in behalf of the slaves. He maintained the discipline of the lash on his plantations to the last, and his great Demerara estates acquired a sinister notoriety in the abolitionist reports of the day. At the end, when compensated emancipation was decreed by the British Parliament, he received more than £75,000 for the slaves that had been solely his own, besides large shares of payment that came to him through his partnership in other estates.

To this thrifty and resolute Scottish merchant of Liverpool there were born four sons, of whom the youngest was William Ewart, so named after one of the father's Scottish friends. The birth of William Ewart Gladstone occurred on the 29th of December, 1809. Before he reached the age of twelve he was sent to join two of his brothers at Eton, and from Eton he passed to Oxford in January, 1828, entering as a commoner of Christ Church. He came, no doubt, prepared by all the influences of his home, to accept the spirit of the university with a complete surrender to it of heart and mind. He had been reared in an atmosphere of political Toryism, the rank quality of which can easily be conceived. He was now brought into another of like kind, but more penetrating, because of the different elements, scholastic, ecclesiastical, and social, that were subtly distilled into it. Oxford was on the eve of the singular movement of Church revival to which its name was afterward given. The publi-

cation of the Tracts for the Times was not yet begun, but much of the feeling that inspired them must have been already in the air. It is true that Mr. Gladstone has said, in *A Chapter of Autobiography*, that when he resided in Oxford, from 1828 to 1831, "no sign of it [the Tractarian Movement] had yet appeared;" but where Newman was preaching, where Pusey was teaching, and where students like Henry Manning and James Hope (the Hope-Scott of later times) were his close companions, there must have been currents in motion around him that set strongly toward the channels of the agitation of 1833. At all events, it is certain that young Gladstone became inspired at Oxford with a passion of belief in and devotion to the Church. By nature he was strongly inclined, it is clear, to religious feeling, and to the attitude of mind which makes religious faith easy. But there cannot be a doubt that the influence of the university turned most of his natural religious fervor into a kind of passionate Churchmanship, which became the dominant strain in his conservatism, and the dominating force in his life for many subsequent years. To understand this principal and most powerful effect upon him from Oxford is nearly to understand Mr. Gladstone, and perhaps to obtain a key to the most puzzling parts of his career.

While everything in his history has gone to prove that he was formed by nature for the activities and contentions of public life, he felt at the university so strong an impulsion toward clerical duties that nothing but the strenuous opposition of his father, it is said, prevented his taking them up. Nevertheless, he prepared himself well, with the opportunities of Oxford, for his future parliamentary work. He was an excellent student, and grounded himself broadly in the learning which gave an endowment of relief to his laborious years. He made the most of the debating clubs,

where he shone with a distinction that opened Parliament to him almost on the instant of his quitting the university, from which he bore away the high honors of a "double first."

If there was a Tory in England more petrified in his Toryism than any other, it was the Duke of Newcastle. Down to the middle of the year 1832 his Grace had owned, as he conceived, the parliamentary borough of Newark-upon-Trent, dictating the votes of his tenants, and sternly evicting them when they dared to exhibit political opinions of their own. But now his dictatorship in the borough was menaced most seriously by an intermeddling act. The great Reform Bill had been passed, and became law on the 7th of June, 1832, the year in which young Mr. Gladstone finished his studies at Christ Church. That act enlarged the suffrage in every borough, and it animated the independence of tenant voters everywhere. The Duke of Newcastle might still depend upon an influence in Newark too powerful to be easily overcome, but his past security was in doubt. He looked about for some young and ardent mouthpiece of the grim old political faith, whose eloquent, persuasive tongue might help to keep the householders of Newark in line. Young Gladstone was found to satisfy the ducal want, and he received an invitation to stand against a Whig nominee at the coming general election appointed to be held near the end of the year. He accepted the invitation without hesitancy, was duly elected by a considerable majority of votes, and took his seat in that first reformed Parliament of Great Britain which assembled on the 20th of January, 1833.

Here, then, he stood, at the age of twenty-three, — in the doorway of manhood, and yet on the threshold of a political career. Doubtless it seemed a happy fortune that opened Parliament and public life to him so soon, but assuredly it was not. No man of that age,

when half the plantings of boyhood are still unripe in him, is prepared to give binding pledges to any party or creed; least of all is one ready who comes fresh, like the Gladstone lad, from a conservatory culture of the Oxford sort. He needed some years for the maturing of his convictions as his mind matured, and he lost freedom for that. He was committed, — bound fast to the political dogmas of his father, of his university, of his patron the Duke of Newcastle, compelled to make a record on them to which the criticising future would never fail to point.

Nor was this the worst. Macaulay, in his trenchant way, has described the malign intellectual effect of an early cultivation of "the talent for debate." "We should sooner expect," he says, "a great original work on political science — such a work, for example, as the *Wealth of Nations* — from an apothecary in a country town or from a minister in the Hebrides than from a statesman who, ever since he was one-and-twenty, had been a distinguished debater in the House of Commons." The moral mischief, that proceeds from the same cause has been pointed out by Mr. Bagehot in his essay on Peel. Neither Macaulay nor Bagehot has overstated the hurt of conscience and mind to which a young politician is exposed, and especially when he enters the arena of parliamentary debate at an immature period of life. Mr. Gladstone was thrust into those dangers at the age of twenty-three. It is necessary to remember the fact, whether we conclude that he resisted and escaped them, or that he suffered by them and bore their marks. All this came upon him, moreover, at precisely the time when England was undergoing an extraordinary emancipation of mind. The passing of the Reform Bill was the breaking of a great dam. The floods were let loose. The old bounds and landmarks were being swept away. The old beaten paths of mental habit were

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being broken up. And behind it all was no mere weather-change in the British region of politics, but a tremendous historic readjustment of equilibrium in the moral atmosphere of civilization, bringing everything in the political world, and many things outside of it, into question and dispute. The reactions from the French Revolution were totally spent, and the re-reactions were moving mightily on. But the young man Gladstone, in the midst of the surge and tempest of such a time, alive to it, excited by it, in every fibre of his sensitive being, had been chained fast by the Duke of Newcastle to a stake in the sands! Of course he had no consciousness of his state of duress. He felt free, when he pointed his lance in defense of ground which he could not desert if he would, but the duress was an unfortunate fact.

There was no lack of reformatory work waiting for Earl Grey's Ministry and the reformed Parliament of 1833. Nothing seemed to exist, in Church or State, that did not need to have wrongs, abuses, demoralizations, stupidities, or iniquities reformed out of it. The government and its mixed majority of Whigs and Radicals did their duty with resolution, driving measure after measure through the Commons, and generally through the House of Lords, while the Tory minority, under Peel, as valiantly, but vainly, opposed. Gladstone, of course, flinched from nothing in the opposition. He made his record, with his party, against a clearing out of obnoxious sinecures; against a restriction of flogging in the army; against a removal of Jewish disabilities; against reforming the Irish Church, to diminish its oppressiveness; against admitting Nonconformists to the universities without a religious test; against an inquiry into the operation of the Corn Laws; against shortening the seven years' duration of Parliaments; and, most notably, perhaps, against the immortal act which emanci-

pated every slave in the British colonies on the first day of August, 1834. In opposing this latter measure Mr. Gladstone made his first important speech, taking ground, not against ultimate emancipation, for which he expressed an ardent desire, but against haste in the liberation of the blacks, demanding time for their preparation to be free.

In view of what came after, it was a curious record that he made in those first two years of his parliamentary life, and in no part more curious than in what related to the Irish Church. That Church was an Establishment for the religious satisfaction of about one tenth (then) of the people at whose cost it was maintained. It supported twenty-two bishops, with incomes amounting to £150,000 a year, and fourteen hundred benefices, endowed with £600,000 a year; in addition to which there was levied a "cess," or tax, for its benefit, which yielded £60,000 or £70,000 more. The Ministry proposed to reduce the bishoprics to twelve, to abolish the Church cess, and to tax bishops and benefices for the sum needed to repair churches and meet similar needs. That Gladstone should oppose even a measure so moderate in its approach to common justice and common sense as this was a necessary consequence of the view of the Established Church that he had taken into his mind, and which all his opinions must be forced to fit. "I do not hesitate," he said, in speaking on the bill, — "I do not hesitate to say that I consider that Establishment to be essentially sacred in its nature." As a sacred institution, he could not consent to the touch of a profaning hand upon it. So long as he held that view it determined his stand on all questions of Church grievance in Ireland, on all issues with Dissent in England, and on many questions besides. To loosen its hold on his mind would be to set him intellectually free in many directions and over a sweeping range of political thought.

The ministerial majority in Parliament was made up of incongruous elements that could not act together long. Parties on both sides, in fact, were in a transitional state. There were Whigs who found themselves brought into association with more radicalism, or political liberality, than they liked, and there were Tories who had begun to sicken of the rankness of the Toryism of old times. The name "Tory," indeed, was losing countenance. Mr. John Wilson Croker, in 1831, had suggested the name "Conservative" as a substitute, and the new name was gradually expelling the old from common use, while "Liberal" was soon to obtain recognition as the naturally opposite term. In a slow but sure way, old Whigs too sharply driven and younger Tories too sharply curbed were getting ready, without knowing it, for an exchange of place. Meantime, both parties were shambling along in a loose, undisciplined way, hard to control. After several changes in his cabinet, Lord Grey resigned in July, 1834, and the Ministry was reorganized, with Lord Melbourne at the head. But in November King William, who did not love the reformers, thought matters among them were in such a state that he might venture to dismiss the whole Ministry, which he did in a summary way, calling Wellington and Peel to take the government in hand. Peel, who was in Italy, hastened home and assumed the lead. Among those whom he invited to subordinate places in his administration was Gladstone, whose great ability he had easily discerned. He made him Under-Secretary for War and the Colonies, but the honor was briefly enjoyed. Parliament had been dissolved, and the country appealed to. It resented the unconstitutional act of the King in throwing out a Ministry to which the majority in Parliament was still affording support, and it gave its decision against him. Peel, in a famous manifesto to his constituents at Tamworth, had vainly cut

himself clear of the antique Toryism to which the bulk of his party adhered, proclaiming an open-minded disposition toward many reforms in State and Church. The Liberals were sent back with a renewed majority in Parliament. The stubborn Sir Robert held his ground against them until the 8th of April, when he had to resign, after defeat on a question concerning the appropriation of surplus revenues of the Irish Church.

King William was then compelled to receive Lord Melbourne again into the premiership, with Lord Palmerston in the foreign office and Lord John Russell in the leadership of the House. The strife of parties continued on much the same lines as before, with much the same state of imperfect combination among the elements of which the parties were composed. Irish questions were kept persistently at the front by O'Connell's agitations, the great rock of difficulty being always the Irish Church. The Irish land question had not yet arrived within sight. Mr. Gladstone, who had been easily reflected from Newark, stood fast by his old beliefs. Opposing the appointment of a committee to consider the burning question of Church rates, he went so far in his speech as to deny that the motive for resistance by Dissenters to the payment of rates for supporting a church in whose doctrines they did not believe was a scruple of conscience, entitled to be recognized as such.

On the 20th of June, 1837, the King died, and Queen Victoria came to the throne. Parliament was dissolved, as required by law, and the Melbourne Ministry, manifestly in favor with the young Queen, received approval at the ensuing election from the popular vote. But its moderate majority in the Commons was far from solidity still, and a formidable minority was led against it by Peel, whose party controlled the Lords. It had troubles to face in Canada, in Jamaica, and in Ireland. The

difficulties beyond the Atlantic were sharply threatening, but there was sincerity in the disposition to cure their causes, and they were dealt with in a fairly effectual way. The troubles in Ireland were chronic, and nobody in power dared thrust his hand down to the roots of them. Destitution in the wretched island had become frightful, beyond the ability of words to describe. Instead of trying to purge the foul system of things, which paralyzed industry and made a starved population inevitable, the government framed an English-patterned poor law for the country, to ornament it with workhouses and to officialize the pauperization of its people. The taking of tithes from Roman Catholic peasants for a Protestant priesthood produced incessant rage and rioting, and the tithes were millions in arrears. Instead of extinguishing the intolerable wrong, as a pestiferous relic of hateful times, the government made provision for the conversion of tithes into rent charges, and paid part of the arrears to tithe-owners from public funds. Nothing in domestic matters was boldly or thoroughly done, nothing strongly, nothing with agreement in the ministerial ranks. Russell could control the shaping of measures in Parliament not much more than Peel. The strength of the latter grew, while that of the former was weakened, and at last, in May, 1839, the Ministry, in disgust with the situation, resigned. Then came the queer incident of the "Bed-chamber question." Peel, called to take the government, feared the disturbing influence of the Whig ladies who surrounded the Queen, and asked permission to make some changes in the household of her Majesty. The Queen refused consent, and Sir Robert withdrew from his undertaking. Lord Melbourne and his associates, with sore unwillingness, but gallantly, resumed the burdens of office, and struggled on for two years more, until the spring of 1841. Then a vote of want of confidence was carried against

them, and they went to the country with a new appeal. This time they lost the verdict of the elections, and Peel came down to Parliament with a strong majority at his back. Again, and now quite as a matter of course, Newark and the Duke of Newcastle returned Mr. Gladstone to his seat.

The epoch of the Ministry organized under Peel in 1841 proved to be one of lasting importance in English history. The government had great problems to deal with, great difficulties to encounter, and its dependence was upon a party incapable of comprehending a problem or recognizing a difficulty when it rose. But the abilities and qualities of Peel were singularly fitted to the situation in which he found himself placed. For some time past he had been shaping his mind to the acceptance of changes in public policy from which there was no escape. It was an open and an honest mind, with great power in the practical application of principle to circumstance, but with no originality and no imaginative warmth. He got light on new questions in a very slow mode. He was no discoverer of the inward truths in politics, and was late in seeing them, after other open-minded men had found them and shown them to the world. But when the revelation did reach him, he received it in a fearlessly honest way. He had no weak carefulness for his own consistency. Again and again in his career he yielded himself to conversions which the small-minded have sneered at, which the impenetrable-minded have called treacherous, but which candid minds must greatly admire. We may doubt whether any other character in statesmanship could have been so useful to England as was that of Peel, during the period of extraordinary change in which he served it. With the remarkable hold that he had on the Tory party, through its utter inability to do anything in Parliament without him, his deep and strong conservatism on one side, and his slow but

intrepid open-mindedness on the other, would seem to have had an equally great part to play in accomplishing reforms for the time without too much haste.

To serve under such a leader as Sir Robert Peel was one of the fortunate happenings of Gladstone's life. His, too, was a conscientious mind. We may sometimes have to doubt an equal directness in its working, as compared with the inflexible candor of Peel; but the desire for right was controlling in both. Gladstone was intellectually more alert, and he possessed an imagination that was lacking in his chief. In temperament he was a far more impressionable man, and much more disposed by his nature to become responsive to the expanding and liberalizing tendencies of his age. That natural disposition in him was still oppressed by one tyrannical prepossession of mind; but its liberation approached, and the younger and the elder statesman were soon attuned to a harmony of coöperation which developed the best powers of the one as much as it assisted the work of the other.

The intensity of belief in a divine commission of the Established Church with which Gladstone left Oxford had been deepened, if possible, by the influence of his Tractarian friends. He had not enlisted with them in their "movement" by any public act, but his sympathy was understood. In 1838 he satisfied his devotion to the national establishment of religion by an independent offering toward the exaltation of it, in his book on *The State in its Relations to the Church*. The book would have been forgotten long ago, if Macaulay had not immortalized it by a review, and if the political enemies of the author had not found satisfaction so often in recalling its doctrines to mind. It was written to demonstrate that the propagation of religious truth is one of the chief ends of government; assuming, of course, that religious truth is embodied purely in the doctrines and teachings of the Eng-

lish Church. Wide interest was excited by the work when it appeared, and no little approval was given to it; but more disapproval, apparently, and much criticism that was sharp. It offended all evangelical opinion, whether in the Church or out of it, while its ground of argument was unsatisfactory to the Tractarian party, whose faith in the Anglican Church depended wholly on the evidence to be found of its true descent from the primitive Church. A defense of the Establishment on semi-political lines received no warm welcome at their hands. In the political world it was coldly discussed, as something likely to damage the prospects of the writer, and Peel, especially, is reported to have dismissed it with an impatient remark.

But whatever the effect of the book on Mr. Gladstone's reputation, he undoubtedly was yet, in 1841, as Macaulay had described him in 1839, "the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories, who follow, reluctantly and mutinously, a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor." Peel can have had no jealousy of him, and he knew his worth. He knew, too, far better than Gladstone himself, the kind of public service for which he needed to be trained. It is said that the young statesman coveted the post of Chief Secretary for Ireland, and that it was denied to him. The Premier was too wise for the mistake which that appointment would have been. While Gladstone remained unable to see anything in Ireland except through the painted windows of the Irish Church, the place he sought might easily have been fatal to his future. He did not know it then, but he must have seen in after years that he owed gratitude to the shrewd wisdom of the chief who assigned him, in the making up of the administration of 1841, to the vice-presidency of the Board of Trade, where his duties came nowhere into touch with

questions concerning the Church, and where the strongest of his faculties were brought into full play. He became absorbed in economic studies at once, and was insensibly drawn away from those matters of ecclesiastical and theological consideration which had oppressed and hampered his mind. He now found the class of subjects that he could handle with the finest skill, the details that he could master with the greatest power, the kind of exposition in which he could shine with most distinction in debate. He had been led into the right path at a critical parting of the ways. He had entered upon his real career.

At the same time, the Church, as a national establishment of religion, was being shown to him in a new light, by workings within it which disappointed expectations and beliefs that had been the firmest in his mind. The Oxford movement was proving to be a movement Romeward, and the revival attempted in it had shaken instead of strengthening the English Church. The drift of feeling and the drift of events were going plainly against that conception of the Church which had been the dominating idea in Mr. Gladstone's mind. Twenty-seven years later, in *A Chapter of Autobiography*, he wrote his own account of the change then beginning to be wrought in his political view of the Established Church.

Summarized in a few words, the truth appears to be that Mr. Gladstone was now coming to the recognition of facts in the light of which the Church could not be any longer the main object in his political views. To remove it from that place in his thought was to take the corner-stone from his conservatism, and to make inevitable a general crumbling of the alien fabric of inherited and accepted opinions. In coincidence with this release, as it may be called, occurred the circumstance of his appointment to an office that drew him into the imperious current of economic discussion which

swept England in those years. It was a discussion more certain than any other that can be imagined to wash British Toryism of the old sort out of a candid, intelligent brain. It had been doing so with Peel; it was to do so with Gladstone; and the evolution of the future leader of English Liberalism from "the young man" who in 1839 could be called "the rising hope" of "stern and unbending Tories" was practically accomplished in that fourth decade of his life.

Within the limits of this article the story of Peel's Ministry and its achievements cannot be told. Of the depression and distress that England had suffered since 1837; of the disorder that increased; of the conflicting agitations that ran politically into Chartism and commercially into the overpowering work of the Anti-Corn-Law League; of the gradual surrender of Peel to the free-trade doctrines of Cobden, Bright, Villiers, and the irresistible league; of his measures, beginning with the sliding-scale of corn duties and the significant tariff revision of 1842, and ending in 1846 with the great act which uprooted protectionism from British policy, and put the seal of its surpassing wisdom on the supremacy of England in the trade of the world,—the tale has been often told, and is familiar to most readers of the present day. Gladstone kept step with his leader, and was the ablest of lieutenants in the whole advance. With every stride forward they left more of the heavy-footed squires of their own country party behind, and drew more of their support from the party they were expected to oppose. It was treason they committed, if we take the judgment of the deserted Tories on what they did; it was patriotism they exemplified, if the history of England from that day till now is permitted to testify.

While Gladstone was thus finding the way to his ultimate career, the rival most contrasted to him, and destined to

dispute power with him most strenuously in the coming time, was doing the same. Disraeli, who entered Parliament in 1837, had thus far made no particular mark in the House. He had amused and interested certain circles by the rather heavy satire and enigmatical doctrine of his political novels, and the acrid wit of phrase-making in his speeches was considerably enjoyed; but of political weight it is manifest that he had none. He was a free-lance in the House, not to be counted on by any party or by any faction of a party. He played with some of the doctrines of radicalism at one moment, as though they were the joy and hope of his life, and tickled the country squires at the next with a coddling of their dearest beliefs. But when it began to be seen that the "stern and unbending Tories" were about to lose their "rising hope" as well as their departing chief, and that a desperate need of leadership and debating talent was soon to be felt in that venerable party of the past, Disraeli sank himself comfortably into the cool embrace of conservatism, as fast as Peel and Gladstone and other men of shining ability rose out of it. It was so obviously the opening of opportunity, the offered place of little competition, the ground of advantage for dexterous talents like his, that he must have laughed at the humor of ingenious Fortune when she beckoned him to the half-deserted camp. Those were the days when he first won the heart of bucolic conservatism by the stinging phrases that he flung at the "organized hypocrisy" of perfidious ministers; by the lively scorn that he heaped on the bourgeois policy of free trade; by the happy art with which he painted for protectionism and the landed interest a picturesque and historical background of feudal origin and obligation, to distract attention from their want of economic support.

In the last hours of the great battle for free trade Peel lost the help of Glad-

stone. The latter had been advanced in 1843 from the vice-presidency to the presidency of the Board of Trade, which gave him a cabinet seat. In 1845, on Peel's proposal to increase the government grant of money to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth in Ireland, and to establish three non-sectarian colleges in that country, Gladstone felt impelled to resign, in order, as he afterward explained, to place himself in a position of freedom to consider his course "without being liable to any unjust suspicion on the ground of personal interest." But, being free, he determined to give support to the bill, and did so by voice and vote. Soon afterward the crisis of the corn-law question was reached in Peel's cabinet; two of its members resigned, and Mr. Gladstone, as Secretary for the Colonies, came into the vacancy left by Lord Stanley, the Lord Derby of later years. Acceptance of this office involved the resignation of his parliamentary seat. Naturally, the Duke of Newcastle declined to support his reëlection from Newark, and Mr. Gladstone, unwilling to make a contest for the seat, retired. In the great debate of the session of 1846 his voice was not heard. Peel carried his bill in May; but the Protectionists had their revenge next month, when the Liberals joined them in defeating a coercion bill for Ireland, compelling the Ministry to resign.

The new government, formed by Lord John Russell, with Lord Grey and Lord Palmerston for his strongest associates, had no party majority of their own to depend on in the House; but the fallen minister and his followers gave them a generous support. They held the reins for nearly six years, in the face of Irish difficulties terribly increased by the famine, and of a commercial crisis in England that followed closely after. A general election held in the fall of 1847 confirmed their tenure, and Mr. Gladstone was returned to Parliament by election of the University of Oxford.

The next few years were not eventful ones in his life, though an eventful time in European history. It was the period of many revolutions, of the Schleswig-Holstein war, and of the *coup d'état* in France. Spending the winter of 1850 with his family at Naples, Mr. Gladstone made a searching investigation of the monstrous oppressions of the government of King Ferdinand, and an exposure of them in letters to the Times, which stirred all Europe, creating a public feeling that even King "Bomba" could not disregard. Later in that year the death of Sir Robert Peel occurred, and the members of his personal following in Parliament, known then and for some time after as "Peelites," were left in an uncertain position. They were on a middle ground in politics, between defined Conservatives and Liberals, binding themselves to neither. They were now less likely to act *en masse* than when their chief remained to lead them, but they formed a factor to be reckoned with still. They prevented a change of Ministry in 1851 by their refusal to join hands with the Protectionist-Conservative party; and when, next year, the Russell Ministry fell, it was Stanley (now become Earl of Derby) and Disraeli who undertook the government, the Peelites remaining with the opposition. The experiment of Conservative administration lasted only from February till December. Disraeli, who had realized his ambition and become the leader of his party in the House, undertook the Exchequer, and brought in a budget of extraordinary cleverness in its trick-playing with protection and free trade. It was shattered by Gladstone, in a speech that revealed fully for the first time his never equaled power in the handling of the subjects of public finance. The too ingenious budget was thrown out by a majority of nineteen, and the Derby-Disraeli Ministry gave place to one headed by the Earl of Aberdeen, in which Peelites were in coalition with Whigs.

The new Ministry represented the first stage in the organic construction of the Liberal party of future politics. Mr. Gladstone now stepped into Mr. Disraeli's place as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the rivalry of the two men became pronounced. True rivals in finance, or in any of the higher spheres of statesmanship, they could never be, for one was scientific where the other was ingenious, and warmly earnest where the other was coolly shrewd; but in the great arena of parliamentary debate they were to head the strife of parties for many years to come.

The budget brought forward by Gladstone in April, 1853, is one of the recognized masterpieces of national finance, and the speech in which he unfolded it was the first of many that are supreme examples of political oratory in their kind. That no other financier in history, so sound in his mastery of principles and so strong in his knowledge of facts, has ever been able to make them a subject of delightful eloquence, in the degree to which they were made so by Mr. Gladstone, seems beyond dispute.

If the government of Lord Aberdeen was financially strong, it was otherwise weak. It allowed England to be drawn into an alliance with the parvenu Emperor of the French, and into a war with Russia that had no justifiable cause and no useful result. It exasperated the nation by its mismanagement of the war, and by the consequent sufferings to which the army in the Crimea was exposed. In February, 1855, it was voted out of office, and a reorganization of Ministry under Lord Palmerston occurred, after Derby and Russell had each attempted the task without success. Mr. Gladstone and other Peelites withdrew, disagreeing with Palmerston's consent to a committee for investigating the condition of the army before Sebastopol. There was evidently some bitterness in the disagreement; for Greville, in his diary, July 29, 1855, says, "Gladstone & Co.

may now be considered as being in decided opposition," and remarks, "The breach between them and the Whigs is very wide, and the Derbyites hate them with intensity, while they are too weak to form a party of their own." Their opposition, however, does not seem to have gone far in animosity, and Gladstone's attention must have been much diverted from political affairs; for it was in this period that he wrote his *Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age*. Palmerston and his colleagues controlled the government for three years. They brought the Crimean war to a close, and carried British rule in India through the appalling crisis of the Sepoy revolt. Their Ministry was succeeded in the early part of 1858 by a new undertaking of Conservative administration, with Derby and Disraeli at its head. Mr. Gladstone was still further removed from parliamentary occupations for a time by a mission of importance which he accepted, as Lord High Commissioner to the Ionian Islands, with results that led subsequently to the withdrawal of the British protectorate, and the annexation of the islands to the kingdom of Greece. During one session skillful management enabled Disraeli to avoid vital issues with the majority against him in the House. But when, in the next session, he attempted a piece of strategy, bringing in a new Reform Bill for the confusion of the Liberals, it was a characteristic performance, and it characteristically failed. Like his budget of 1852 it was found to be a too ingenious piece of work, and it was condemned by the House. Lord Palmerston took the premiership again, with the reconciled Peelites among his coadjutors, bringing a great array of talent into the Ministry. Mr. Gladstone was once more Chancellor of the Exchequer, and presently heightened his fame as a minister of finance by his co-operation with Cobden in negotiating the treaty of commercial reciprocity with France, and by his eradication of the

last remnants of protective duty from the British tariff, accomplished in the budget of 1860. This budget carried with it, among its intended results, a great lowering of the price of paper, thus bringing in the era of cheap newspapers and books, which was most obnoxious to conservatism and gave rise to a fierce struggle with the House of Lords.

Of events that belong in this period, the most important were those connected with the civil war in the United States. The attitude of Mr. Gladstone toward the issues in that conflict was a matter of the deepest interest to Americans then, and has been hardly less so since. That the British government as a whole, and its members generally, should be coldly neutral in form, and plainly unfriendly to the United States in fact, could occasion not much surprise. They represented socially a class or caste in which that prevalent feeling toward the republic was very little disguised. But Americans had been acquiring an idea of Mr. Gladstone which led them to expect something different from him, — something more in the spirit of Bright, of Cobden, and of Goldwin Smith, — and they felt a sore disappointment and resentment when he declared, in a speech made at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in October, 1862, that Jefferson Davis "had made an army, had made a navy, and, more than that, had made a nation." It was half true, and it could easily seem wholly true at the time; but it was not what a friend of the American Union would say. It was virtually a recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and it had enormous significance and weight, coming from a man in Mr. Gladstone's official place and with the personal influence that he possessed even then. Some years afterward, Mr. Gladstone took pains to disclaim unfriendly intentions in what he said, confessed the mistake of the opinion he had uttered, and attempted an explanation which saddens one a little in reading, because it limps so lamely. "I must

confess that I was wrong," he said; "that I took too much upon myself in expressing such an opinion. Yet the motive was not bad. My sympathies were then — where they had long before been, where they are now — with the whole American people. I, probably, like many Europeans, did not understand the nature and the working of the American Union. I had imbibed conscientiously, if erroneously, an opinion that twenty or twenty-four millions of the North would be happier and would be stronger — of course assuming that they would hold together — without the South than with it, and also that the negroes would be much nearer to emancipation under a Southern government than under the old system of the Union, which had not at that date been abandoned, and which always appeared to me to place the whole power of the North at the command of the slaveholding interests of the South. As far as regards the special or separate interest of England in the matter, I, differing from many others, had always contended that it was best for our interest that the Union should be kept entire." Now, really, this is not a convincing plea. The Newcastle utterance was too emphatically favorable to Mr. Davis's "nation" to be quite in agreement with the feelings here described. Yet, after all, the offense of Mr. Gladstone ought not to be an unforgivable one. In the autumn of 1862, after McClellan's Peninsular campaign, after the second Bull Run, after Lee's invasion of Maryland, it was hard for the firmest foreign friends of the Union to have faith in its restoration, and confidence in the effectiveness of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, then just put forth. The influence needed to keep alive foreign faith in the Union cause was a deep and dire hatred of slavery, but hatred of slavery was mild in Mr. Gladstone, if not wanting entirely. He was removed by less than thirty years from the time

when his family drew no small part of its wealth from slave labor, and it is natural to suppose that he was less likely than other Englishmen of kindred character to be prejudiced against the Confederacy by its "corner-stone." But that he was ever inspired by a mean sentiment of hostility to Americans and their country cannot be reasonably believed. The signs of disposition in his whole life are against that interpretation of his words. He spoke from an unsound judgment, most unwisely; and that is a sin for which he has needed forgiveness more than once. If he had been entirely a wise man, he would not have been a great orator, he would not have wielded the extraordinary power of his enthusiasms, he would not have been Gladstone. Because he was Gladstone, Americans can forget his Newcastle words with no great difficulty.

Parliament was dissolved by expiration of its term in 1865, and at the following general election Mr. Gladstone lost his Oxford seat. His opinions had become too liberal for the university, especially since misgivings with regard to the Irish Church had begun to find expression in his speeches, and it cast him out. But Lancashire gave him a seat, and he was thenceforth more entirely untrammelled as a representative than he had ever been before. The last thread of connection with the conservatism of his early life had been cut. He took his stand definitely, ere long, by the side of John Bright and the more advanced of the Liberal leaders, as one of the tribunes of the common people. Palmerston died in October, 1865, and Russell came to the head of the government. The introduction of a bill to answer the long-resisted demand for a further reform and extension of the elective franchise was decided upon, and Mr. Gladstone brought it forward in the House. It proved to be too conservative to interest the Radicals greatly, but too radical for the more conservative

Liberals, and the overthrow of the government was brought about by it. The death-blow was given by a few professed Liberals, led by Mr. Lowe, who got the name of "Adullamites" from one of the witty speeches of Mr. Bright.

Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli now formed another Ministry, which endured for a little more than two years. It promptly took up the agitated question of reform, and, by making large concessions to the Liberals, passed a bill that went much farther in the democratic direction than the measure lately defeated, and which caused deep Tory disgust. The first appeal made to the new constituencies thus created proved fatal to the responsible authors of the bill. This occurred in 1868, on a question involving the fate of the Church establishment in Ireland. Mr. Gladstone had become convinced that justice to Ireland and peace in that country were impossible without the disestablishment of the church which nine tenths of the Irish people abhorred. He introduced resolutions, accordingly, and carried them against the government. A dissolution of Parliament was the consequence; but it was postponed until November, when elections were held under the new law. They resulted in a large Liberal majority, distinctly given in support of the policy of Irish Church disestablishment proposed by Mr. Gladstone.

That gentleman was now, conspicuously and beyond question, the head of the party that had triumphed in the elections. It was inevitable that he should take direction of the government, and the way was naturally opened by the recent retirement of Lord John Russell from public life. In the cabinet which he formed, on the Queen's invitation, several men of subsequent note were first brought to the political front, — Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Forster, and Lord Dufferin, of the number, — while Mr. Bright made his entry into cabinet office as president of

the Board of Trade. Mr. Gladstone, in his fifty-ninth year, was now at the summit of his intellectual powers, but not yet at the zenith of his renown. From the height of his supreme office, he exercised after this time, over England, an influence that grew to be more dominating than any known in English history before, unless the very different influence of the Pitts may possibly be compared with it.

From 1868 to 1874 this first Prime Ministry of Gladstone was filled with great tasks, heroically undertaken and performed. First, of course, was the disestablishment of the Irish Church, in which the national mandate was obeyed. At this time he published the Chapter of Autobiography, already cited, to answer the critics who denounced his change of attitude toward the Protestant establishment in Ireland since the long-past days when it had seemed a sacred thing in his eyes. Disestablishment delivered Ireland from one oppression; another, more productive of misery, though not more exasperating, remained. The Irish land system, contrived and perfected, without conscience, in the interest of a half-alien landlord class, living generally elsewhere, and caring nothing for the country or the people, was iniquitous almost beyond belief. Tenants had no defined tenure and no rights under it. Landlords held unlimited power to rob them of improvements, exact extortionate rents, evict them at will. It was an old wrong, — older than the English colonial slavery that had been dead for a generation, and which had been scarcely more cruel, — but it had cried to deaf ears until now. And now the cry from Ireland, of all her grievances, had grown louder than it was even in the days of Daniel O'Connell. A resounding, threatening echo to it was coming back from the millions of emigrated Irish in America. Instead of being weakened by the prodigious movement of her population to the New

World, Ireland had gained from it a new strength for resistance to her unending oppression. The Irish in America had prospered. Great numbers of them had just gone through a soldierly training in the American civil war. They had money and men and captains to offer to any movement on behalf of Ireland that could be set on foot. From this stimulation came the Fenian conspiracy of 1865-69, which at least compelled the giving of more serious thought in England to Irish grievances than had been given to them before. Mr. Gladstone and others of like mind had now arrived at the determination that those grievances should be removed, that the Irish people should be pacified by justice, and that the chronic disease of hatred in one part of the United Kingdom toward the other part, poisonous and imperiling to the whole body politic, should be radically cured. He addressed himself to the difficult problem of the reform of the Irish land laws with characteristic thoroughness, personally mastering the subject in its technical details and in its legal and historical ramifications so completely that his knowledge, when he dealt with it, was overwhelming to his opponents and amazing to his friends. His Irish land bill was introduced in February, 1870, in a speech of which the biographer of the late Mr. W. E. Forster has said: "A crowded House had sat entranced whilst Mr. Gladstone had given that wonderful account of the provisions of his Irish land bill, which is regarded by many competent critics as the most remarkable of his oratorical achievements." He seemed to be always able to arouse new admiration by each effort that he made; and the more stubborn the subject, the more fascinating his eloquence became. Contest over the bill consumed some months, but it was passed in the August following. That it only half succeeded in its aims is hardly strange. The power of the landlords to oppress their tenants was too great to be

baffled on the first attempt. They found loopholes in the act, and contrived means to evade its intentions in many exasperating ways. But the great fact that English statesmen and the English people had begun to show in earnest a will to do justice to Ireland, and that landlords and clergy were no longer to be undisputed in its affairs, had a potent effect. Deep discontent remained, but the violent spirit in it was sapped. Fenianism died out, and no really revolutionary undertaking has assumed form since. The movement for home rule grew up in place of the struggle for national independence; and though Ireland became afterward a more troublesome factor in British politics than ever before, this was because it had been fairly brought into the national politics instead of being thrust outside.

One thing more Mr. Gladstone attempted to do for Ireland, by the creation of a national university, broad enough to cover colleges of all creeds; but the attempt failed. For education in England, his government took the first great and difficult step toward the institution of a national system of elementary schools. The scheme of its education bill, framed and carried through by Mr. Forster, perpetuated the Church schools, and received more Conservative than Liberal support, being bitterly opposed by a strong radical party which had been striving for a national system of strictly secular schools; but it was the beginning of duty in a matter that had suffered shameful neglect. Introduction of the ballot, abolition of the sale and purchase of army commissions, and settlement of the Alabama claims by the Treaty of Washington with the United States were among the other notable achievements of the Gladstone government. It seems to have tired the nation at last with an excess of good work, and early in 1874 the Premier felt called upon, without immediate provocation from Parliament, to make an appeal to

the country, to test public opinion on his policy, including measures to come. The elections were adverse, and he resigned. Mr. Disraeli was called to the premiership, and formed a strong Ministry, with a strong majority in Parliament to give it support.

Release from office brought with it to Mr. Gladstone a longing for still further release from the labors and responsibilities of his leadership in the Liberal party. With all the intensity of his life in Parliament, it had never been the whole of life to him. He had kept large reserves of other interests, to which he always turned with delight in every hour of escape from official cares. The tastes of the student were never extinguished in him by the busy habits of the man of affairs. And now, at sixty-five, after the accomplishment of so many of his parliamentary aims, a great desire to bring more of the sweetness of rest and letters and domestic privacy into the remaining years of his life came upon him. It is not hard to see that this desire was most natural to him, at that point in his life, though it might not last; and yet, when he announced his wish to withdraw, "at no distant time," from "all the responsibilities of leadership," every possible motive of meanness was looked for by his political enemies to explain the act. In his own party, hardly less than consternation and hopelessness was caused by the thought of losing him from the place of command; but he persisted in claiming his release. "I see no public advantage," he said, "in my continuing to act as the leader of the Liberal party, and at the age of sixty-five, after forty-two years of a laborious public life, I think myself entitled to retire on the present opportunity. This retirement is dictated to me by my personal views as to the best method of spending the closing years of my life. . . . I should, perhaps, add that I am at present, and mean for a short time to be, engaged on a special matter

that occupies me closely." The special matter referred to proved to be the pamphlet on *The Vatican Decrees* which he published soon after. It represents the kind of occupation to which he hoped to give the remainder of his life.

Soon after the opening of the session in 1875 Mr. Gladstone stepped down to a follower's place in the Liberal ranks, and the Marquis of Hartington took, reluctantly, the leader's post. Lord Hartington (now Duke of Devonshire) is an able man; but he had little of Gladstone's strength in debate, and nothing of his enthusiasm. There was no moral momentum in his nature to carry him and his party forward to higher ground and further ends. Half the vigor of English Liberalism was soon found to have disappeared, and Disraeli's task of government was made easy to him by a languid opposition. In domestic matters the new Premier pursued a course to be generally admired, particularly in the passing of important measures of sanitary reform; but he looked to foreign affairs for the distinction of his Ministry. It was in this period of his administration that the terms "Jingo" and "Jingoism" came into use, and the barbaric war spirit that they signify was deliberately instigated and used by Disraeli at the time. He had appealed to it in the elections which brought him into power. As stated by his Tory biographer, Mr. Kebbel, he had spoken to the British workmen "of England; of her glory and her duty; of the imperial inheritance which their ancestors had won, and which they must transmit to their posterity; of the proud position which she occupied among the nations of the world, and of the divine mission which it was her privilege to fulfill in the spread of civilization and religion." "In an age of economy and materialism," exclaims Mr. Kebbel, "of cheap breakfast-tables and bread-and-butter prosperity, these accents fell upon the public ear, long unaccustomed to such sounds,

with thrilling power." So England cheered and shouted, and sang music-hall songs, for the time, over a splendid "imperial policy," of protection to the rotten despotism of the Turk, of antagonism to Russia, of advance to "a scientific frontier" for India, of ownership in the Suez Canal, of extended South African possessions. In the midst of the glory of it, Mr. Disraeli crowned his career in a fitting way by accepting an earldom from the Queen, and sinking his plebeian name in the title of Lord Beaconsfield.

Meantime, Mr. Gladstone had been drawn back irresistibly into the practical leadership of the Liberal party by excitements incident to Turkish affairs, caused especially by the atrocities in Bulgaria. He could not keep out of the fray, nor enter the fray without being in the front of it. His voice rang out against longer adherence to a shameful protectorate over the Turk, maintained to keep the carcass of his dead empire in the way of a Russian advance to the Mediterranean. Jingoism fell before the assaults of common sense and Christian feeling. In vain were there banners and trumpetings when Lord Beaconsfield came back from the settlement of the Treaty of Berlin, boasting of "peace with honor." The country at large saw emptiness in the outcome of his imperial policy, and gave its preference to the homely "bread-and-butter prosperity" that seemed to be slipping away. Elections held in 1880, on the dissolution of Parliament, were overwhelmingly in favor of the Liberals. Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian speeches had been the inspiration of the campaign, and had given its programme to the party. It was possible for no other man to command the political situation, and no other could take the responsibility of government. He could not escape from it if he would.

The brief retirement of Mr. Gladstone to a less burdened life was then

followed by the most troubled and trying period of his career. It is doubtful if any statesman was ever more painfully harassed by more varied misfortunes and difficulties, more innocently as to the causing of most among them, than was Gladstone in the five years of his second administration. From the "spirited policy" of his predecessor he received a fine legacy of troubles: a British army trapped in Afghanistan; a Boer war, provoked by wrongs which a just British government must redress; a situation in Egypt leading to the Arabi revolt, to its necessary suppression by British troops, to consequent responsibilities on the Nile, demanding the withdrawal of Egyptian garrisons from the Soudan, to Gordon's mission to Khartoum, to his beleaguering by the Mahdists, and to the rescuing expedition which came too late. The anxieties and the storms of party malice which these events produced were enough to bow the shoulders of a younger man than Mr. Gladstone, but they may have seemed light to him compared with the tempest from Ireland that broke upon his government.

The Land Act of 1870 had proved to be abortive legislation. At the trial before the Parnell commission in 1888 Sir Charles Russell produced abundant evidence of its failure to give tenants the protection designed. It had probably, on the whole, made matters in Ireland worse by excitement and disappointment of hopes, and by provoking what seemed to be a conspiracy in the meaner class of landlords to drive the Irish peasantry to despair. Evictions in 1880 were double the yearly average of the preceding quarter-century. Statistics submitted to the Parnell commission show an average in Connaught, between 1853 and 1878, of 960 evictions per year, increased in 1880 to 1995; in Munster, 1076, increased to 2345. In December, 1880, General Gordon, who is a witness to be trusted by all the world, visited the southwest of

Ireland, "in the hope," as he said, "of discovering how some settlement could be made of the Irish question, which, like a fretting cancer, eats away our vitals as a nation." On his return he wrote as follows to the *Times*: "I have come to the conclusion that, first, a gulf of antipathy exists between the landlords and tenants of the northwest and west and the southwest of Ireland. It is a gulf which is not caused alone by the question of rents; there is a complete lack of sympathy between the classes. . . . Second, no half-measure acts which left the landlords with any say to the tenantry of those portions of Ireland will be of any use. They would be rendered, as past land acts in Ireland have been, quite abortive, for the landlords will insert clauses to do away with their force." He concluded by saying that "the state of our fellow countrymen in the parts I have named is worse than that of any people in the world, let alone Europe," and that yet "they are patient beyond belief, loyal, but at the same time broken-spirited and desperate." Action in Ireland against this terrible state of things was being doubly organized, with two aims, soon to be combined in one. The Land League of Michael Davitt set itself in array against landlordism as a curse to be wholly rooted out, while the party for Home Rule, now consolidated under a new and masterful leader, Mr. Parnell, made the concession of a separate legislature to Ireland its ultimate demand. The league and the party were allied and powerfully equipped with means for making themselves felt.

This was the Irish situation that confronted Mr. Gladstone when he resumed the task of government. He formed a Ministry that seemed promising of great sympathy and generosity in treatment of the hard problems involved. Mr. Forster, Quaker-bred, and especially known to the Irish people as their well-proved friend, was given the direction of mea-

sures for Ireland in the important Chief Secretary's place. Mr. Bright came into the cabinet; likewise Mr. Chamberlain, representing extreme Birmingham radicalism, and close in relations with the Irish party; while Sir Charles Dilke, of kindred politics, held a lower administrative place. Ireland seemed to be well befriended in the government, yet no government before was ever involved in an antagonism so bitter with its subjects in the Celtic isle. The very cordialities that were in the situation at first proved mischievous in the end. The Irish expected too much from the government, and too soon. The government, on its side, expected too much trust in its friendly spirit and too much patient waiting. Mr. Forster, especially, would seem to have looked for a faith in himself that was not manifested to his satisfaction. So feelings that were sympathetic at first soon cooled, and an estrangement began that quickly grew to hostility of the fiercest kind. The government, unwilling to take up at once the troublesome project of a new land bill, passed a bill through the House making temporary provision of redress for the persecuted tenants. It was killed by an overwhelming majority in the House of Lords. This let loose the impending storm. Ireland had been wakened from despair to hope, and now hope gave way to wrath, and wrath bred violence, and violence provoked the chastising arm of oppressive power. The scenes of murder and riot that ensued, the dynamite explosions, the organized "boycotting," the systematized suspension of rent payments, and all the varied contrivances of disorder that added ruin to ruin in Ireland during the next few years are remembered well. So, too, are the scenes that followed in the British Parliament. The sixty-two representatives of the Home Rule party, led as a solid phalanx by Mr. Parnell, and determined that no other business should be done while Irish questions suffered neglect,

practically paralyzed the House for weeks by their tactics of obstruction. Then the Speaker, taking power arbitrarily into his hands, broke the rules of the House, silenced the obstructionists, and enabled the Ministry to pass a coercion bill which gave them despotic powers. Armed with these powers, Mr. Forster applied them with unmerciful severity. An obstinate Yorkshire nature underlying his Quaker culture was roused, and he acted in the spirit of a Tory of some past generation. He filled the prisons with "suspects," including Mr. Parnell and other Irish leaders, for a time, and persisted in stubborn blindness to the fact that terror can never make peace.

Of course, Mr. Gladstone, as the head of the government, must be held to account for the sad blundering of this unhappy time. It is said that he never believed in the repressive policy of Mr. Forster; and that is probably true. But he countenanced it too long — allowed it to go too far — for his own fair fame. One feels, too, in reviewing the story, that if he had realized the threat of the situation at an early day, and had brought his whole energy and influence to bear on its difficulties in the beginning, there might have been a very different course of events. It is quite possible that he did not willingly believe in the completeness of the failure of his own Land Act of 1870, and met the demand for its revision too indifferently because too skeptically. This may not be so, but it seems to be a reasonable conjecture; there is some suggestion of it in the awakened vigor with which Mr. Gladstone pressed a new land bill through both houses of Parliament between April and August of 1881, immediately after Mr. Forster's coercion bill, and while the bludgeon that the latter fashioned was being most roughly used. Naturally, under the circumstances, the new act, which created a tribunal to adjudicate rents, was an inadequate piece of

work. It was repudiated by the Irish Nationalist members, who refused to vote on the second reading of it, while it drew fresh denunciations from the landlords and their friends. Mr. Lecky, holding a brief for the latter, devotes a considerable section of his work on Democracy to an argument, which we venture to call fallacious, against this act, as being in violation of contract between the British government and the purchasers of property in Ireland under the Incumbered Estates Act of 1849. As a matter of fact, the principle of the Land Bill of 1881 has been practically maintained by Conservatives as well as Liberals in legislation since, and provisions to improve its working have been added by both.

The policy of Mr. Forster was pursued unrelentingly until April, 1882. Then some kind of overture from Mr. Parnell, in Kilmainham prison, was welcomed by the government, and a truce was arranged which brought active hostilities between the contending parties to an end. Mr. Forster, refusing assent to it, resigned, and Lord Frederick Cavendish was appointed to his place. The assassination of the new Secretary, quickly following, in Dublin, caused no renewal of the state of war, but rather, by the horror of it, sobered all parties in the political world. Parliament was able once more to give attention to neglected affairs. The session of 1883 produced the important law by which corrupt practices in English elections have been effectually suppressed. In the next year's session a bill for further enlargement of the elective franchise was passed by the Commons, only to be rejected by the Lords, with a consequent excitement the most threatening to the Upper House that had ever appeared. Public demonstrations of feeling had their warning effect, and the franchise bill, — the third Reform Bill of English history, — passed again in November, was accepted by the peers, with a supplementary act which

distributes more fairly the parliamentary seats.

In the winter of 1885, failure to rescue General Gordon from Khartoum, added to other causes, turned public feeling very strongly against the government, and in June it resigned, after a vote carried against it in the House. The Conservatives formed a Ministry under Lord Salisbury (Lord Beaconsfield being no more), and were in power during the following seven months. Elections for a new Parliament — the first under the extended franchise — were held in November, and resulted in a singular situation. The Conservatives, now helped by the Irish vote in England, made gains in the towns, while the Liberals swept the counties. At the same time, in Ireland, the Home Rulers elected eighty-five of the one hundred and three in the total representation of the island, and held the balance of power. The Liberal vote in the House of Commons was almost equaled by the combined vote of Conservative and Irish members. It was plain policy for the latter to return to their former alliance with the Liberals, and they did so. The Salisbury Ministry went out of office in the following January.

And now came the part of Mr. Gladstone's public life which brought both his statesmanship and his character most seriously and most bitterly into dispute. Called again, for the third time, to be Prime Minister of England, he accepted the great office virtually at the hands of the Irish party, without whose support it could not be held, and with it he accepted their programme of home rule for Ireland. It is believed by his enemies that greed of power was the prevailing motive to this course, whatever reasons in its favor he might have persuaded himself to see; and it is possible that the purity of the convictions on which Mr. Gladstone acted at this juncture may always be called in question. But if we weigh all the circumstances

without prejudice, we find no just reason for a suspicion of his absolute sincerity. The most reasonable assumptions are entirely in his favor. It is *not* reasonable to suspect that in his seventy-seventh year, after harvesting all the honors that public life could yield to him, after escaping from a Ministry that had nearly broken him with its many troubles, — it is *not* reasonable, in the light of all that we know of his character and his studious tastes, to suspect that he was drawn back to the strife and labor of parliamentary government by a merely personal ambition so strong as to warp the convictions of his mind. It *is* reasonable to suppose that he felt a great ambition to end the unendurable conflict between the members of the United Kingdom; and no ambition could be more honorable than that, whatever thought of self might mix in it. There are facts, too, which show that Mr. Gladstone had been seeking light on the question of Irish home rule for some years. Mr. Justin McCarthy has given some of them in his recent *Story of Gladstone's Life*. Back in 1882, Mr. McCarthy tells us, when the Home Rule members were a minority of the Irish representation in Parliament, the Premier questioned him one day as to the ground on which they could claim to speak and act for the Irish people. "How am I to know?" he asked. The reply was: "Give us a popular franchise in Ireland, and we shall soon let you know whether we represent the Irish people or whether we do not." Three years later Gladstone gave the popular franchise to Ireland as well as to Great Britain, and the elections then held raised the Home Rule representation to more than four fifths of the whole. That the mind of Mr. Gladstone had been meantime in a waiting state on the subject, and that this proof of Irish sentiment was decisive to him, does not seem to be fairly open to doubt.

But the wisdom of Mr. Gladstone's

course is more questionable than the sincerity of it. The subject on that side is too large for this article, yet a few words must be said. In his first plan, submitted to Parliament on the 8th of April, 1886, he proposed to give Ireland a distinct legislature, with substantial independence in the control of its domestic affairs, but to silence its voice in the larger affairs of the United Kingdom by taking its representation in the Imperial Parliament entirely away. The Liberal party was broken by the startling proposition. Eighty-five of its members seceded and joined the Conservatives to defeat the bill. Mr. Gladstone appealed by a dissolution, and was beaten in the country overwhelmingly. The seceding Liberals, taking the name of "Unionists," formed a coalition with the Conservatives in a Ministry which held the government, under Lord Salisbury, for six years, until the Parliament expired. Then Mr. Gladstone, still full of vigor, and firm in his resolution to give home rule to Ireland, renewed his appeal to the people. The elections of 1892 went against him in England, but favorably in Scotland and Wales, and strongly favorable in Ireland, of course. Without the Irish members he would be heavily outvoted in the House; with them he had a majority of forty-two. On this dubious verdict he undertook his fourth Ministry, and brought forward his second home rule bill. It was radically different from the first in plan, giving Ireland eighty members in the House of Commons at London (with no vote there on matters affecting Great Britain alone), and a domestic legislature of two houses at Dublin. The Commons passed the bill, and the Lords, as expected, threw it out. Mr. Gladstone saw the uselessness of a dissolution, or of agitation against the peers. He went stoutly through other business of the session to the end, and even to April of the following year. Then he resigned. He had finished his political career.

As proved by the result—doubly proved by all that has appeared since—England was very far from willingness to give Ireland the demanded home rule. Beyond doubt, the unwillingness was greater than popular votes or parliamentary votes disclosed. The amazing influence of Mr. Gladstone, his unequaled persuasiveness, his overpowering prestige, had almost carried his party with him against its will. No other man could have made a show of approach to success in what he undertook. As a *tour de force* in popular leading it has never, perhaps, been surpassed. But that kind of triumph thinly gilds the actual failure. Had Mr. Gladstone been a statesman more calculating of consequences, either political or personal, more sagacious, either in public views or in party views, more prudent, either selfishly or patriotically, it can hardly be believed that he would have framed his measures as he did, or attempted them at the time. Nor, from an American standpoint, does England seem blamable for the rejection of them. We are experienced in the working of home rule with national unity; we know federalism in theory and in practice; but there is nothing in our experience or our political philosophy to give us an understanding of the theory or a belief in the practicability of either of the constitutional projects of Mr. Gladstone "for the future government of Ireland." Whether Ireland, under the first of them, would be a part or not a part of the United Kingdom—a dependency or a nation—is puzzling to our comprehension. Whether England, Wales, and Scotland, denied home-ruling legislation by the second scheme, while Ireland rejoiced in it, would hold an equality of rights and a peerage of rank in the United Kingdom, is no less a problem. Of either plan, the incongruity, the inconsistency with any principle, the departure from all experience, seem most extraordinary.

In these home rule measures Mr.

Gladstone had set his hand for the first time to an important undertaking of constructive statesmanship ; and the verdict must be that he was not equal to it. His life-work has been in reforming statesmanship. In that he has had no peer. He has been, we may say, the greatest of those peaceful revolutionists who lift and carry nations forward, out of old conditions into new ; who reconcile their institutions with advancing time, and make them participant in the progress of the world. But this reparative work, most useful, perhaps, that true statesmanship can do, wins commonly less of the admiration of mankind than the framing of political systems and the building of states. Bismarck and Cavour, among Gladstone's contemporaries, are more than likely to rank above him, in present and in future opinion, as belonging to an order of statesmen that is superior in its kind. The justice of that opinion is far from sure. It turns mostly upon a question of weight in moral qualities that are widely opposed. But the fact of it is to be recognized ; and so, too, is the fact that when Gladstone attempted a serious work of constructive statesmanship he failed.

A grievous ending for so great and so noble a career ! It ought to have been ended for him in the serene contentment of some crowning success. In no procession of noisy triumph, but by some flower-strewn and beautiful way he should have gone to his retirement with a happily satisfied heart. He had done so much for England, — for Britain, for Ireland ! He had labored so long, so hopefully, so valiantly, so hard ! He had struck, without favor or fear, at so many wrongs ! He had remembered so faithfully the whole people, and borne so calmly the selfish resentments of a selfish class ! He had warmed the very heart of the world so often with his generous enthusiasms ! He had been for half a century so inspiring a figure in the eyes of all mankind, so chivalrous

in standing for Right ! One feels that there might fitly have been a trooping of all the people of British race to say Hail and Farewell to him when he went out of public life.

Gladstone's place in English history will be high, and it will be quite apart from any other. He will have no near companionship in his fame. It will be, we think, an eminence assigned to moral qualities more than to intellectual powers. The very sincerity that his enemies have denied to him will be counted perhaps the loftiest of his claims. It will be seen that few men of brilliant gifts and great ambitions have sought with his earnestness for the Right in what they did, or have stood with his courage by what they found it to be. When he braved the scorn and anger of the Church which has always been more to him than to most of its priests, and challenged by the same act his own past, in order to do justice to the people of another creed, and when he made a righteous peace with the Boers in the face of a storm of English wrath, he rose to a greatness in character that will be measured in future time with clearer eyes than now.

The persuasive witchery of his eloquence will be poorly understood by generations to come. It is not found in the word, the phrase, the argument, or the thought. It came for the most part from the spirit that warmed the breath of the man, sounded in his voice, looked out of his eyes. It was personal to him, largely drawn from the moral qualities that seemed to be his greater distinction. No man of his day has had such power of persuasion as he. It may not be too bold to say that no man of any time has surpassed him in that power. Yet he was never logically strong. His argumentative writings, the most carefully and deliberately composed, show defects of reasoning that are marked. From controversy with an antagonist like Professor Huxley he was sure to come with

wounds. Yet his masterful influence over minds of every class is a certain fact. It was once said by somebody that "Gladstone could persuade anybody to anything,—himself included;" and no doubt the epigram carries a significant truth. Fashion a man finely and largely, and make him to be tensely strung in every part of his whole nature, but inject a little, barely a little excess on the moral and emotional side,—a little more of feeling, with pressure of conscience behind it, than logical judgment can quite control,—and we shall have the persuasive man who is over-

persuasive sometimes to himself. On the great scale, as in Gladstone, it produces a rare and splendid power for the kind of work he had to do,—a rare and splendid character for the delight and admiration of mankind. It kept him in the strength and beauty of youth till he died. It did more; for he was younger in spirit, younger in the generousities and hospitalities of his mind, when his work was finished than when it began. He, at least, in this questioning nineteenth century, found well-springs of faith in both God and man, and drank of them to the end.

J. N. Larned.

THE ESSENTIAL UNITY OF BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

THE editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, a magazine which has always sought to treat current questions in a broad and impartial way, asks me to say a few words on a subject which is much in men's minds on both sides of the Atlantic,—the underlying unity of the English and American peoples, and the causes which have produced that sympathy between them which has been so conspicuously displayed during the last few months.

The sense of unity and sympathy between these two peoples ought in reason and nature always to have existed. It has, in point of fact, existed to a much greater extent than has been generally realized. No American can travel in England, no Englishman can travel in America, without realizing it as a stronger force than he could have gathered from a study of the history of the countries since their political separation.

There is indeed much reason for thinking that the irritation which has sometimes been shown in each country at the language used by the government or the newspapers of the other has been due

largely to the undercurrent of affection which each felt for the other, and which made unfriendly or affronting expressions more resented than similar language would have been from a nation less closely bound by the ties of blood and literature and historical tradition. However, despite this occasional irritation, the sense of the essential unity of the two branches of the same stock has been growing steadily stronger in Britain during the last twenty years, and the events of these last months have made it more palpably evident in both countries. It is chiefly of Britain, and of the causes which in Britain have been quietly strengthening and ripening this sympathy, that I shall attempt to speak.

Among the changes that have marked our century, no other is so remarkable as the narrowing of the world by steam and electricity, and the bringing of distant countries into close relations with one another. Even the age which saw the discovery of America and the opening of the ocean route to India saw no such revolution in the conditions of industry, trade, and politics as our time

has witnessed. It was first in the economic and social sphere that the results of this revolution were perceived. They have now become enormously significant in politics also. The great nations of Europe have stretched forth their arms over the whole globe, and have parceled out among themselves those of its territories which had been previously inhabited by savages or possessed by weak semi-civilized powers, bringing under their control even those regions in which a few of the weaker powers have still been permitted to retain a nominal independence. Russia, which was first in the field, has obtained the whole of northern and large parts of western and eastern Asia. England, besides planting self-governing colonies in North America and Australia and South Africa, holds India with its huge and industrious population, large tracts of tropical Africa, and many important posts in other quarters. France has taken a vast area in North Africa, as well as parts of Central Africa and Indo-China. Germany has acquired three wide dominions in Africa, and has begun to appropriate points of vantage elsewhere. Meanwhile, the United States, which in 1798 had only just begun to spread out her population behind the Alleghanies, has now filled the Mississippi Valley, developed the best parts of the Rocky Mountain plateau, and established populous and flourishing communities along more than a thousand miles of the Pacific coast; having, moreover, to the south of her, all the way to Cape Horn, states of only second or third rate strength.

These five nations have now become world powers in a new sense of the word, each — but especially Russia, Britain, and the United States — holding a considerable fraction of the total area of the world. So far as we can foresee, it is in the hands of these five powers that the destiny of the world as a whole will lie, so much stronger are they than any of their competitors.

The great stage is now almost cleared of minor actors, and each of the five great nations looks round on the others, measuring their respective strength, conjecturing their respective purposes, and considering what will be the future relations of each to each. Of the four European powers, no one has any special affinity for any other. They are mutually jealous, and two of them are even hostile to one another. The alliance of Russia and France is not an alliance of natural friendship or sympathy, but is based on the feelings which France entertains toward Germany, and is, moreover, threatened by the divergence of interests and of traditional policy in the Turkish East, which has been a factor in the past, and may reappear as a factor once more.

England has no reason for hostility with any other power. She possesses at least as much territory as she can hope successfully to defend, administer, and develop. Despite the excited language in which some of her writers and speakers occasionally indulge, her people as a whole desire peace and friendship with all other states, and feel that the duty that lies before them is rather to discharge well their existing responsibilities than to seek the further extension of those responsibilities. Nevertheless, England feels that she is regarded by the other three powers — whether justly or unjustly I will not now inquire — with a jealousy which might readily pass into unfriendliness. She perceives that these powers think their interests opposed to hers, although, in truth, peace, confidence, and unshackled commerce are the highest interest of all countries.

In this state of facts, England has been forced to look round and consider with which of the four other world powers she has most natural affinity, and with which of them there is the least likelihood of any clash of interests. That one is unquestionably the United States. We in England have always

believed that the special mission of the United States was to build up a vast free, industrious, enlightened, and prosperous community in her magnificent domain between the two oceans, and to set to other peoples an example of orderly self-government, and the elevation of the masses of the people to the highest point yet attained of material well-being and intellectual development. This is a task sufficient to employ the energy of the United States for generations to come; and some of us have thought that it will ultimately be accompanied by the extension of her influence over the Spanish states of Central and South America, reclaiming those regions from misgovernment or barbarism by an infiltration of the surplus population of North America. We have never believed that Canada would raise a dispute between the United States and Britain, because to seize Canada against the will of the Canadian people would be utterly opposed to the first principle of American policy, while to retain a self-governing colony by force against the will of its people would be no less inconsistent with British policy. We have therefore held that the United States would continue to think that she had all the territory she needed. If, however, she should desire to acquire such a transmarine dominion as the Philippine Islands, we should see no possible ground for objection by Britain to such an act. Some of us who know the United States, and love her next to our own country, might think such a step fraught with future difficulties, and might regret it in the interest of the United States herself. But Britain would regard it, so far as her own political and commercial position was concerned, with nothing but satisfaction. Thus the English have seen, and see to-day, no ground for a collision of political interests between themselves and the American republic, and when they study the chessboard of the world they feel the contrast between her posi-

tion toward them and that of the powers of Continental Europe.

That narrowing of the world, however, whereof I have spoken, and the sudden prominence upon its stage of a few great powers and races, has had another effect. It has intensified the self-consciousness and the patriotism of each of the races, rousing in each a stronger sentiment of the unity of the race and of the splendor of the part it has to play. Each recalls with a keener pride its achievements in the past; each is more eager to sustain its greatness in the future. Now, although there are five great world powers, there are only four great world races; for one of the races has embodied itself in two powers, and has built up the North American republic and the oceanic empire of Britain. There has indeed been a large infusion of other elements into the population of the United States, but those elements are mostly drawn from the same sources, Teutonic and Celtic, which form the population of the British Isles, and all have been, or are being, moulded into the same normal American type. That type differs less from the normal British type than the Englishman of Hampshire differs from the Scotchman of Fife or the Irishman of Galway; and the differences which separate the average Englishman and the average American are as nothing in comparison with those which separate either of them from members of any of the other great races. The influences of climate and institutions which tend to differentiate them are less potent than the influences of literature and thought which tend to assimilation. Here in England, at any rate, we never think of natives of the United States as different from ourselves, and when we speak of "foreigners" we do not include Americans. Accordingly, whenever we think of what is called — the term may not be a correct one, but it is the best we have — the Anglo-Saxon race, to which we belong,

we think of it as a whole, though it dwells on opposite sides of the Atlantic. We think of it as one race, one in character, in temper, in habits, in beliefs, in ideals. That intensified race consciousness which the rivalry of the other great races has produced, that feeling of pride in the occupation and development of the earth's surface which has grown with the keener competition of recent years, have deepened the sense of solidarity in the scattered members of the race, and drawn Englishmen nearer and nearer to the great branch in the United States, now larger than their own, as well as the smaller branches in Canada and Australasia. Thus it is not with jealousy, but with admiration and sympathy, that the extraordinary progress of the United States in wealth, power, and population has been regarded by the great mass of our people. They have thought of the two countries as partners and fellow workers in securing the ascendancy of the language, the free institutions, the ideas, which they themselves cherish, and with whose power and progress they believe the future welfare of humanity to be involved.

To any one who remembers the days of the war of secession the contrast between the sentiment of Britain then and the sentiment now is very striking. It is true that even in 1863 — and this is a fact not realized in America as it deserves to be — the masses of the people hoped for the victory of the North, because they felt that the North stood for human rights and freedom. Those who advocated the Southern cause never ventured to hold an open public meeting, while hundreds of such meetings were held to send good wishes to those who fought against slavery. But it must be admitted that the bulk of the wealthier classes of England, and the newspapers written for those classes, did in those days say many offensive things regarding the United States, and sometimes conveyed the impression — erroneous though that

impression was — that England as a whole had ranged herself on the side which every one now admits to have been adverse to the progress of the world and to the welfare of the South itself. Why did the wealthier English class err so grievously? Partly from ignorance, for in those days the United States were little understood in Europe; partly from its own political proclivities, which were not generally for freedom. But since 1863 Britain has passed through great political changes. The parliamentary suffrage has been so extended as now to include the immense majority of the working classes, both in town and in country. Members are far more observant of the wishes of their constituents, far more anxious to consult and regard them, than they were in the old days. The political influence of great landowners has almost disappeared. Many laws have been passed for the benefit of the laboring man which no one dreamed of in 1863. Britain has in fact become virtually a democracy, though the affection and reverence felt for the present sovereign have made the Crown more popular than ever. Britain is indeed in some points more democratic than the United States, for her legislature is not restrained by any such constitutional provisions as limit the powers of Congress. Thus there has come about a notable change in the tone of British public opinion. In 1863 the masses of the English people were with Mr. Lincoln, but their sentiment told very little on the wealthy and the newspapers which the wealthy read. Now the masses have become politically predominant, and public opinion has adapted itself to the new conditions. The old fear and jealousy of democratic institutions have vanished, because these institutions have come, and have obviously come to stay. So far from being dreaded as a fountain of democratic propaganda, America is looked on as a champion of popular government against the great military mon-

archies of Continental Europe, and as the only great country which, like Britain, has recognized that the freedom of the individual citizen as against the official is the basis of all truly free government. Accordingly, one chief cause of that change in the ruling sentiment of England toward America, which in 1898 has rejoiced those of us who remember 1863, is the change in the political conditions of England herself.

There remains one other force which has drawn the two peoples together, and it is perhaps the most hopeful of all, because it is independent of material interests and of politics. It is the better knowledge which they are coming to have of each other. The habit of travel has prodigiously increased within the last forty years. Americans come over in thousands, not only for business, but for pleasure, and find themselves more at home in England than they did before. Englishmen go in far larger numbers to the United States, for instruction and pleasure as well as for business, and return with more accurate ideas about the United States than they had before. Each man diffuses these ideas in his own circle, and thus the whole nation has come to know its Western kinsfolk in a perfectly new way, and in a way in which it does not and cannot know any nation of the European continent. In former days each people drew its impressions of the other from the action of the government and the language of the newspapers; and both the action of the government and the language of the newspapers tended to misrepresent each to the other. Governments are brought into contact by differences; and they are obliged to deal with matters of difference in a cold, dry way. Each tries to drive a hard bargain; each gives its views in dispatches which are in substance, sometimes even in style, much like the letters written by attorneys on behalf of their contending clients. Each is in danger of importing into its diplo-

macy the manner and methods of party politics; and the methods of party politics do not tend to amenity or good feeling. Newspapers, on the other hand, which might have been thought a better index of popular sentiment, are prone to dwell on points of difference more than on points of agreement. It is perhaps easier, it is certainly more tempting, to carp and cavil and satirize than it is to praise; and the journalist is apt to think that his talent and his vigor are better displayed in sharp criticism than in kindly appreciation. Besides, it is, unluckily, the bitter things that are said in one country about another that are most frequently copied into the newspapers of the latter. Here in Europe half the ill feeling that exists between the nations is due to the goadings of the press, though our own (if an Englishman may be permitted to say so) is in this respect less blameworthy than the journalism of France or Germany or Russia. But every one who knows the educated class in any country will agree that the tone of its feeling toward other countries is more generous, more friendly, more large-minded, than could be gathered either from the action of its government or from the columns of its newspapers. It is therefore an immense gain that Englishmen and Americans are now learning to know one another through direct personal contact, and that the spirit of that cordial welcome which a man from either country finds when he travels in the other is coming to be recognized as the real and genuine spirit which animates both nations; and after a recent visit to Canada, I will venture to say that this is now the prevailing spirit among Canadians also.

This truer insight has enabled us in England to realize the substantial identity of thought and feeling between the two peoples. Let me take as an example the way in which the most terrible event of recent times impressed them both. The massacres of the Eastern

Christians which took place in 1895 and 1896 excited little commiseration, little indignation, in Continental Europe. The press in Germany and France and Austria, guided by the wishes or hints or commands of the governments of those states, did its best to conceal the facts from the public. A few noble and earnest men, mostly Roman Catholic priests or Protestant pastors, in France, in Germany, and in Switzerland, appealed to their fellow countrymen to move the governments to interfere and to send help to the sufferers. But their voices found only a faint response. Far otherwise in Britain and in the United States. The governments of both those countries did indeed attempt, or accomplish, much less than was hoped and wished. But the peoples were stirred by a horror and an anger which pervaded every class. Untrammelled by any considerations of political expediency, their hearts spoke out in the cause of justice, humanity, and freedom; for they believed that it is justice, humanity, and freedom that ought to guide the policy of nations. Here, as in so many other instances, it was shown how unlike their neighbors in Continental Europe, and how like their kinsfolk in America, the British are. It is in this community of ideas and feelings, this similarity of instinctive judgments, that the unity of the peoples best appears. The sense of identity has deeper and better foundations than the pride of Anglo-Saxon ancestry and the spirit of defiance to other races.

The circumstances of the friction occasioned by the Venezuela boundary question toward the end of 1895 illustrate the way in which the sentiment of friendliness had ripened in Britain. The President's message and the action of Congress were received in this country with amazement. Few persons had the least idea that any serious disagreement between the two governments would or could arise over a matter which had attracted no attention here. With the

shock of surprise there was a shock of grief that Congress should apparently treat lightly a contingency so lamentable as a collision between the two nations. But there was no outbreak of hostile feeling toward the United States. The general feeling was that there must be a great misconception somewhere, and that, so far as national honor permitted, every step ought to be taken to remove the misconception, and set matters right between nations made to be friends. Very shortly afterward, there occurred, on the part of a great Continental state, what our people deemed a provocation. It was resented with a promptitude and a warmth in excess of its real importance, but which showed how different was the sentiment which the words of a Continental power, theretofore friendly, excited from that which prevailed where our own kinsfolk were concerned. And (unless my recollection is at fault) the possibility of some joint action of European powers directed against Britain immediately caused a revulsion of opinion in the United States in favor of Britain, like that which softens a man's heart toward a relative with whom he has had a coolness, so soon as he finds that the relative is threatened from some other quarter.

The alliances of nations are usually based upon interest alone, and last no longer than the cause which has produced them. A coincidence, or at least an absence of any conflict, of interest is the almost indispensable condition of cordial relations. But when other ties than those of common material benefit exist, their existence may give to those relations a greatly increased strength and permanence; just as, if one may compare great things with small, a partnership in business succeeds better and lasts longer when its members have a personal regard for and a personal trust in one another. Now the United States and Britain have nowhere in the world any conflicting interests. They have in

some directions identical interests, as for instance in the maintenance of open markets for their goods. They are in some respects complementary to each other; for while the United States is the great food-raising and cotton-growing country of the world, Britain is the great consumer of sea-borne food and of raw cotton; and as the one is rapidly becoming the chief among the producers of the world both in the agricultural and in the mineral department, so the other is by her mercantile marine the chief distributor. Each has the strongest interest in the welfare of the other; and we have repeatedly seen how powerfully the commercial prosperity or depression of the one tells on the trade of the other. Thus there exists, as regards political interest, a basis for the establishment of the most close and cordial relations between the two countries,—a basis independent of the chances and changes of the moment, because it is due to permanent conditions. But above and beyond this coincidence of interests there is the community of blood, the similarity of institutions, and that capacity for understanding and appreciating one another which is given by a common tongue and by habits of thought and feeling essentially the same. Nature and history have made each profoundly concerned in the well-being of the other. No true American could see without the deepest grief the humiliation and suffering of the ancestral home of his race. No true Englishman but would mourn any grave disaster that could befall the people which it is one of the chief glories of England to have reared and planted. Seventeen years ago, in addressing an American audience, I ventured to express the belief that if ever England was hard pressed by a combination of hostile European powers America would not stand by idle and unconcerned, and the reception given to those words confirmed my belief. The sympathy of race does not often affect the relations of states,

but when it does it is a force of tremendous potency; for it affects not so much governments as the people themselves, who, both in America and in England, are the ultimate depositaries of power, the ultimate controllers of policy.

War between two nations is a deplorable event, whatever the causes and the circumstances. But as evil sometimes comes out of good, so events which in themselves are unfortunate may become the parents of good. Thus the outbreak of hostilities between the United States and Spain gave occasion for the display of a feeling in England, not against Spain, but of interest in the United States, which was not only general, but conspicuously spontaneous. It was the sudden and indisputable evidence of a sentiment we believed to exist, but which had never before been made so manifest. It was promptly and heartily reciprocated in the United States. And now many voices have been asking what durable expression can be given to this feeling shared by the two peoples, and to what account, permanently helpful to both, it can be turned. As Mr. Olney has pointed out, in the thoughtful and weighty article which he contributed to the May number of *The Atlantic Monthly* (an article whose friendly tone has been cordially appreciated in England), there are some obvious difficulties in the way of a formal alliance. Those difficulties are not insurmountable, and if such an alliance were ultimately to be formed, instead of threatening other states it would be a guarantee of peace to the world; for each nation would feel itself bound to justify its policy to the public opinion of the other. Meantime, there are things which may be done at once to cement and perpetuate the good relations which happily prevail. One is the conclusion of a general arbitration treaty, providing for the amicable settlement of all differences which may hereafter arise between the nations. Another is the agreement to render services to each other: such,

for instance, as giving to a citizen of either nation a right to invoke the good offices of the diplomatic or consular representatives of the other in a place where his own government has no representative; or such as the recognition of a common citizenship, securing to the citizens of each, in the country of the other, certain rights not enjoyed by other foreigners. But the greatest thing of

all is that the two peoples should realize, as we may hope they are now coming to do, that whether or no they have a formal alliance, they may have a league of the heart; that the sympathy of each is a tower of strength to the other; that the best and surest foundation of the future policy of each is to be found in relations of frank and cordial friendship with the other.

James Bryce.

THE AMERICAN EVOLUTION.

DEPENDENCE, INDEPENDENCE, INTERDEPENDENCE.

How ought we, great-grandsons, to judge the cause of American Independence, the cause for which our fathers fought a hundred years ago? Says an excellent English writer of the present year: "To whoever believes in progress along the slow but sure lines of natural evolution, the breach between the two great branches of the English-speaking race, which never seems thoroughly able to heal, must always appear one of the most calamitous events in the world's history."¹ To this view few Americans will subscribe: the triumph gained by our fathers we believe to have been for the good of the world. But the question as to whether the Revolution turned out well or ill can be regarded as one by no means yet settled among thoughtful men. It well deserves to be studied and restudied; it will not be out of place, perhaps, to outline the case once more, though it may be for the thousandth time. It is still possible to present it from a point of view unfamiliar; but though unfamiliar, it is hoped the view will not be unwelcome.

What the Revolution gained was government of the people, by the people, and for the people. It is right to be-

lieve that in any Anglo-Saxon community Abraham Lincoln's "plain people" can be trusted to govern themselves, and that power to do so should belong to the masses, each man having his vote. Undoubtedly, such a democracy is often unlovely in its manifestations. Emerson quoted approvingly Fisher Ames as saying that "a monarchy is a merchantman which sails well, but will sometimes strike on a rock and go to the bottom; while a republic is a raft which would never sink, but then your feet are always in the water." The discomforts of the raft are indeed great, and the feet of those who are embarked upon it have never been wetter, probably, than at the present hour. Many who until now have floated upon the raft confidently begin to feel that it must be forsaken. When such a leader as Herbert Spencer declares that his faith in democracy is gone, and that we are on the highroad to military despotism, — believing apparently that it will be a better consummation than a continuance of present conditions, — ordinary men cannot be blamed for feeling some doubt about institutions heretofore cherished and implicitly trusted. We are, however, on the raft for good and all. We must make the best

¹ H. E. Egerton: *A Short History of English Colonial Policy.*

of it; whatever defections may occur, it is unmanly for Americans to be faint-hearted. When all is said that can be said, democracy exhibits no disadvantages which cannot at once be paralleled or surpassed in the experience of aristocracies and monarchies. In an Anglo-Saxon community, inheriting as it does the traditions of two thousand years of self-government, the people can and ought to take care of themselves; and it is culpable faint-heartedness to believe that the elements other than Anglo-Saxon which have flowed in upon us have so far canceled or emasculated Anglo-Saxon virility that we need to be taken in hand by a master.

Unquestionably, a state of dependence during the first century and a half of America was a salutary, indeed an indispensable thing. During the early days a powerful foe might at any time easily have wiped out the English colonies; the tenure hung upon a very light thread. As time advanced, and France, during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., became ambitious in America, the peril from the foreign power was imminent. However well the provinces may sometimes have fought the French, they were utterly unable of their own strength to keep the foreigner at bay. Even the capture of Louisburg, the most conspicuous military feat of the provincials, could never have been achieved without the support of the British fleet. In the hard campaigns that followed, the provincials played a very secondary part; often enough, the French, with their Indian allies, were on the threshold of success. The line of posts stretching from New Orleans to Quebec was in the way to be strongly confirmed, and the disunited and discouraged populations scattered along the seaboard seemed on the point of subjection. When Braddock failed, when Montcalm won at Ticonderoga, when Pontiac threatened Detroit, all was precarious for English America. But at last British soldiers under General

Forbes captured Fort Duquesne; British soldiers under Colonel Bouquet broke the Indian spirit at Bushy Run; British soldiers, again, under Wolfe won at Quebec, — and after that everything was secure. We scarcely realize to-day how precarious the Anglo-Saxon hold upon America was up to the capture of Quebec. Says an intelligent writer: "The conjunction of the genius of Pitt and the genius of Wolfe was almost miraculous, and that conjunction alone it was that ruined the cause of France."¹ It was only by a hair's breadth that America was saved to the Anglo-Saxons. The colonies alone, at this time, poor and without cohesion, were quite powerless to cope with the danger. But for their dependence upon the arm of the mother country they would have been lost.

The necessity for this dependence came to an end through the conquest of Pitt and Wolfe; but the habit had been formed, and was slow in yielding. When, a little later, under the initiative of Samuel Adams, independence became a popular cry, it was only after long hesitation, and in spite of the resistance of a mass of the best people of the country, who were never able to see that independence had become expedient. But the time had come for America to enter upon the second phase in her evolution. The "Anglo-Saxon schism" came to pass. Shall we say with Mr. Egerton, and with many another good Englishman whose heart yearns toward the brethren who became estranged, that it was "one of the most calamitous events in the world's history"? While reciprocating the brotherly yearning, Americans should think that no mistake was made; it is well that the schism came. A people sprang into being the breath of whose nostrils became, instead of provincialism, the noblest national spirit.

To use a figure no homelier, perhaps, than that of the raft, which Emerson

¹ W. F. Lord: *Lost Empires of the Modern World*, p. 224.

takes so approvingly from Fisher Ames, a political construction for a vast multitude should be after the model of the "bob-sled" of the lumberman of the Northwest. If the vehicle were in one frame, the load pressing from above and the inequalities of the road beneath would rack it to pieces at once; let there be runners, however, before and behind, each pair distinct and independent, yet linked by appliances always flexible but never parting, all immediately goes well. Among the stumps and gullies of the rough track, the contrivance, readily yielding, yet never disconnected, easily bears on its weight of timber; the shortest corners are turned, the ugliest drifts surmounted. That Anglo-Saxondom was sundered is not a subject for regret. In one frame, so to speak, it could not do its work. That its burden might be well and safely borne the division into two was salutary, indeed inevitable. What is to be regretted is that the severance involved bloodshed, and produced a hatred which rankles yet. The split should not be utter. While the two frames are separate an indestructible link should connect them, allowing to each free play while making the two after all one.

But without stopping to consider a proposition to us so obvious as the benefit to America herself of becoming independent, let us inquire for a moment as to the effect of the American revolt elsewhere than at home. Charles James Fox is said to have exclaimed once, "The resistance of the Americans to the oppression of the mother country has undoubtedly preserved the liberties of mankind!" If such a declaration appears too sweeping, the value of the American revolt as regards the British empire, at any rate, can scarcely be exaggerated. How has it come to pass that the magnificent freedom to-day allowed to the dependencies of England exists? Englishmen have ascribed it directly to the circumstance that the mother country learned wisdom from her

fiery experience with America. Her eyes were opened to what was and what was not possible, and it is directly as a consequence of the American struggle that she has finally established it as a principle that colonies are to be left to themselves. America by conquering secured not only her own freedom, but probably that of her fellow dependencies, — those then existing and those afterward to be established.

Perhaps still more than this can be said: did not the resistance of America save England herself? Buckle, in his *History of Civilization*, speaking of the danger to England, one hundred years ago, through the encroachments upon her liberty of royal and aristocratic power, says: "The danger was so imminent as to make the ablest defenders of popular liberty believe that everything was at stake, and that if the Americans were vanquished the next step would be to attack the liberties of England, and endeavor to extend to the mother country the same arbitrary government which by that time would have been established in the colonies. . . . The danger was far more serious than men are now inclined to believe. During many years the authority of the Crown continued to increase, until it reached a height of which no example had been seen in England for several generations. . . . There is no doubt, I think, that the American war was a great crisis in the history of England, and that if the colonists had been defeated our liberties for a time would have been in considerable jeopardy. From that risk we were saved by the Americans, who with heroic spirit resisted the royal armies."¹

But is there not something higher for nations than independence? "We are members one of another," the apostolic admonition, deserves heed from states as well as individuals. The wise and benevolent look forward to *Tennyson's*

¹ Vol. i. p. 345, *Am. ed.*

"Parliament of man, the federation of the world;" and as a first step toward that happy consummation, what can be better than that among nations like should connect itself with like? There is no other kinship among peoples so marked as that between the two great branches of the English-speaking race.

The notion of Anglo-Saxon brotherhood ought to have some interest for Americans. Says Sir Louis Mallet, rendering an idea of Cobden: "Coöperation, and not competition, international interdependence, and not national independence, are the highest end and object of civilization."¹ The suggestion of Sir Edwin Arnold, made to President Harrison, was that there should be an international council to arbitrate all matters in dispute, from whose decisions there should be no appeal, and this within a year or two has seemed not far from realization. Such a scheme would be a loose kind of federation; and as far as a formal bond is concerned, without doubt it would be all that is expedient. As to a union, only one purely moral is possible or desirable. For some such clasping of hands the world is certainly ripe. Through steam and electricity, time and space are annihilated. The seas no longer divide, but unite. Should the *will* for such fraternity be felt, there is no power of nature or man which could interfere to prevent. Had we but the will! We nurse too carefully old prejudices; we remember too long ancient injuries. We train our children as we were trained ourselves, to execrate all things British, and to think only of England's tyranny. We ought to know that in the Revolution possibly half of England were really on our side, regarding our cause as their own, and that the descendants of the great masses who felt with us, prayed for us, and rejoiced in our success now hold England in their own hands.

¹ Quoted in London Spectator, vol. lxiii. p. 381.

² Vol. cxxxi. p. 328.

This view is so unfamiliar to Americans that it well deserves illustration.

It is not right to regard George III. as a fair representative of the England of his time, nor to think that in the great war of the American Revolution, of which, on the British side, he was the central figure, Americans were really fighting England. Says the Westminster Review: "Of course Americans regard independence as their great achievement. In this they are quite right. When, however, they proceed to regard independence as a victory gained over England, their enemy, they are surely egregiously in error. . . . At the time the United States were fighting for independence, England was fighting for her liberties: the common enemy was the Hanoverian George III. and his Germanized court. . . . When the news was brought to London that the United States had appealed to arms, William Pitt, an Englishman if there ever was one, rose in his seat in Parliament, and with uplifted voice thanked God that the American colonists retained enough of English blood to fight for their rights. Nine Englishmen out of every ten outside of court influence similarly rejoiced. Independence Day is as much a red-letter day for every genuine Englishman as for every genuine American. And so it should be. Washington but trod in the footsteps of Hampden. His task was easier than that of Hampden, and the solution he wrought, which an interval of three thousand miles of ocean practically dictated, was more thorough."²

Vast misapprehension as to the true character of the American Revolution no doubt prevails. The English radical whose words have been quoted puts the case none too strongly. A high American authority³ declares that the American Revolution was not a quarrel between two peoples, but a strife between

³ Hon. Mellen Chamberlain in Winsor's Narrative and Critical History of America, vol. vi. chap. i.

two parties in one people, conservatives and liberals. These parties existed in both countries; the battle between them was waged not only on the fields of America, but in the British Parliament also, — some of the fiercest engagements in the latter arena. The strife took place on both sides of the water, with nearly equal step, and was essentially the same on both sides; so that if, at the close of the French war, all the people of Great Britain had been transported to America, and all the people of America to Great Britain, and put in control of British affairs, the American Revolution and the contemporary British Revolution might have gone on just the same, and with the same final result.

As to the embarrassments which the king and his ministers underwent from a powerful opposition, in their attempts to coerce America, the best historian of the eighteenth century makes out a strong case. At first the immense influence of Pitt, soon to be Earl of Chatham, then the most powerful of subjects, was on the side of America. He justified with all his eloquence the resistance to the Stamp Act, seconded by Lord Camden, who also had great influence. At the time of the tea duty there was in Parliament a strong section supporting the Americans, and outside of Parliament a still more democratic party who kept the country in alarm through fierce political agitation, — all which, as was truly said by Lord North, lured on America and blocked the efforts of the ministry.¹

In another sphere, the tried and skillful soldiers, Amherst, Conway, and Barré, did not conceal their sympathy. In the House of Commons Fox eulogized Montgomery, slain at Quebec; while the Duke of Richmond said in the House of Lords, after Bunker Hill, that the Amer-

icans were not in rebellion, but resisting acts of the most unexampled cruelty and oppression. The gleeful exclamation of Horace Walpole, somewhat later, over the surrender of Burgoyne, and the declaration of his belief that the Americans were better Englishmen than the English themselves, is very significant. "Thank God," said he, "old England is safe. I mean New England, whither the true English retired under Charles I."² In the House of Commons the American army was spoken of as "our army." William Pitt, in 1781, called the attempt to reduce America "most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unnatural, diabolical." In the ruling class, a minority containing personages of the highest rank and the ablest men in the nation had identified itself completely with the insurgents. They resisted with passion, for they came to feel — a feeling which writers like Buckle declare thoroughly justified — that the defeat of the Americans would probably be followed by a subversion of the constitution of England. Meantime, among the people, the war was to the last degree unpopular. London was sometimes at the mercy of mobs; the army could be maintained only by press-gangs, by emptying into the regiments the prisons, and by buying Hessians.

If the king and his ministers were embarrassed by an opposition, the American patriots were no less embarrassed. An energetic minority, it has been said, brought to pass the Revolution, which, proceeding especially from New England, was carried through in spite of a majority in the colonies, — a majority in great part quite apathetic, but to some extent actively resisting.³ The emigration of Tories, when the day was at last won, was relatively as great as that of the Huguenots from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The total num-

¹ Lecky, *Eighteenth Century*, vol. iii. pp. 403, 404.

² Walpole's *Letters to the Countess of Ossory*, December 11, 1777.

³ Lecky, *Eighteenth Century*, vol. iii. p. 458, etc.

ber is estimated to have been at least one hundred thousand. In this multitude were comprised only such, with their families, as had been active for the king. The indifferent, who had lent no helping hand to the patriots, must have been a multitude much larger; these remained behind, inertly submitting to the new order of things as they had swayed inertly this way or that, following the power and direction of the blast of war.

The war of the American Revolution, then, was a strife, not of countries, but of parties; a strife carried on both in England and in America, — bloodless in the motherland, bloody in the dependency; but nevertheless a strife carried on in each arena for the preservation of the same priceless treasure, — Anglo-Saxon freedom, — and fought through with similar spirit. On one side of the Atlantic victory came speedily. In America there were no traditions and institutions, rooted for centuries, to be upturned; and besides, there came most timely help from France. Victory in America drew necessarily with it victory in England. It has long been delayed, but it has been steadily coming, until at the present moment, as regards popular freedom, the two countries stand nearly together, — England, perhaps, though preserving monarchical forms and much social feudalism, really in advance. Popular freedom was possibly saved to England by the success of the American struggle; on the other hand, America has derived that popular freedom nowhere but from the motherland, through the struggles of her Alfred; of her Langton and the barons of 1215; of her Earl Simon; of her knights of the shire, her Ironsides, her supporters of the Bill of Rights. What a noble community is this, — common striving so heroic for a common cause of such supreme moment! How mean the nursing of petty prejudice between lands so linked; how powerful

the motive to join hand with hand, and heart with heart!

England is not only herself, at the present hour, practically a democratic republic, but is the parent of vast republics in the quarters of the earth most distant from her.¹ In America, Australia, and Africa, enormous tracts of territory, best adapted by climate and soil to the habitation of Europeans, are in the possession, and have become the seats, of vigorous and growing Anglo-Saxon peoples. The extent to which these have become endowed with the ancient freedom so thoroughly recovered by the motherland can be made plain in a few words. The old colonial empire, the thirteen colonies, which, after revolting, became the United States, had been ruled after the precedents of Spain. The dependencies were regarded as a source from which the motherland might be enriched, and their interests were neglected and sacrificed in the pursuit by the motherland of this selfish end. "Till alienated by the behavior of England, the colonists had far more kindly feelings toward her than she had toward them. To them she was the old home; to her they were simply custom-ers."² Exasperation in the colonies was the inevitable fruit of so base a policy, and in the end England, like Spain, lost the new lands whose rights she had abused. The bitter experience, as we have seen, perhaps saved her own freedom; she derived from it also the wisdom which enabled her, when presently the vast new colonial empire fell within her grasp, so to proceed that the dependencies, instead of chafing under their bond, cherish it with warm affection, looking upon independence as a calamity rather than a blessing.

The work of our fathers, then, was to sever the English-speaking world, — a work one hundred years ago most noble and necessary to be done, for only so, in that day, could freedom be saved. At

¹ Sir T. Erskine May: *Constitutional History*, vol. xi. p. 537.

² Bryce: *American Commonwealth*, vol. i. p. 416, note.

the present time, however, may it not be the case that the work to be done is not of severance, but of union?

John Bright wrote, in 1887, to the committee for the celebration of the centennial of the American Constitution: "As you advance in the second century of your natural life, may we not ask that our two nations may become one people?"

Sir Henry Parkes, perhaps the foremost statesman of Australia, addressing the legislature of New South Wales, November 25, 1887, said still more definitely: "I firmly believe it is within the range of human probability that the great groups of free communities connected with England will, in separate federations, be united to the mother country; . . . and I also believe that in all reasonable probability, by some less distinct bond, even the United States of America will be connected with this great English-speaking congeries of free governments. I believe the circumstances of the world will develop some such new complex nationality as this, in which each of the parts will be free and independent while united in one grand whole, which will civilize the globe."

Sir George Grey, at different times governor of West Australia, of New Zealand, and of South Africa, one of the most illustrious of the men who have developed for England her great possessions in the South Pacific, contemplates an eventual though perhaps far-off league between members of the English-speaking race, in which the United States will not only be included, but, displacing England, will become the leader.

The declarations of Joseph Chamberlain, of a spirit similar to those of the statesmen just quoted, are at the present hour agitating Europe.

Gladstone once wrote:—

"If love unite, wide space divides in vain,
And hands may clasp across the flowing
main."

That clasp of hands Gladstone could not live to bring to pass; but though he is

gone, we are not therefore without resource.

Among Americans Edward Atkinson has declared: "The two great branches of the English-speaking people, politically separated by the misconceptions of a small faction which governed England during the latter part of the last century, are becoming more and more reunited through their interdependence. Their wants and their supplies are the complements of each other. . . . The time is not far distant when the control of commerce, passing more completely than ever to the English-speaking people of the world, will bring them into closer union, each branch maintaining its own form and system of government, but all working together for the benefit of all who share in the abundance of their products."¹

The idea of some reconstitution of the family bond has found expression more often from citizens of the British Empire than from Americans, though men are not wanting in America in whose minds has arisen the conception of doing away with the Anglo-Saxon schism as a thing possible and to be wished for. The prevailing mood among us, however, has been that of self-sufficiency. Absorbed with problems and interests that seem nearer, we have let the broad thought go.

But if the reader has followed with any sympathy and attention the view held in this paper, he will be prepared to see that if we form a link anywhere, our proper affiliation is with England and her children scattered east and west. There are indeed to-day, as there were in the time of the American Revolution, two Englands and two Americas. Of one England Lord Dundreary is the type; as of one America the appropriate type is the tuft-hunting daughter of the plutocrat, who will sell soul and body to get Lord Dundreary for a husband. There is, besides, the stalwart, manful England, for which stand Gladstone, John Bright, and James Bryce; as there are in America

¹ The Century for April, 1898.

the excellent "plain people" whom Abraham Lincoln loved and trusted. While Miss Moth flies at her aristocratic luminary, careless of the singeing she may receive, why should not the nobler England and the nobler America clasp hands?

The townships make up the county, the counties the state, the states the United States. What is to hinder a further extension of the federal principle, so that finally we may have a vaster United States, whose members shall be, as empire state, America; then the mother, England; and lastly the great English dependencies, so populous and thoroughly developed that they may fitly stand coördinate? It cannot be said that this is an unreasonable or Utopian anticipation. Dependence was right in its day; but for English help colonial America would have become a province of France. Independence was and is right. It was well for us and for Britain too that we were split apart. Washington, as the main agent in the separation, is justly the most venerated name in our history. But *interdependence*, too, will in its day be right; and great indeed will be that statesman of the future who shall reconstitute the family bond, conciliate the members into an equal brotherhood, found the vaster union which must be the next

great step toward the universal fraternity of man, when patriotism may be merged into a love that will take in all humanity.

Such suggestions as have just been made are sure to be opposed both in England and in America. We on our side cite England's oppression of Ireland, the rapacity with which in all parts of the world she has often enlarged her boundaries, the brutality with which she has trampled upon the rights of weaker men. They cite against America her "century of dishonor" in the treatment of the Indians, the corruption of her cities, the ruffian's knife and pistol ready to murder on slight provocation, the prevalence of lynch law over all other law in great districts, her yellow journalism. Indeed, it is a sad tale of shortcoming for both countries. Yet in the case of each the evil is balanced by a thousand things great and good, and the welfare of the world depends upon the growth and prosperity of the English-speaking lands as upon nothing else. The welfare of the world depends upon their accord; and no other circumstance at the present moment is so fraught with hope as that, in the midst of the heavy embarrassments that beset both England and America, the long-sundered kindred slowly gravitate toward alliance.

James K. Hosmer.

THE DECADENCE OF SPAIN.

WHEN Charles V. was obliged to renounce the dream of a universal monarchy, and to abandon the Holy Roman Empire to his brother Ferdinand, he was still able to make over to his son Philip II. territories which rendered Spain the preponderating power in the civilized world. Besides his ancestral dominions in the Peninsula, to which, in 1580, he added Portugal, Philip was master of the wealthy Netherlands, of

Milan and Naples, of the Mediterranean islands, and of the New World. His revenues far exceeded those of any other monarch, his armies were admitted to be the most formidable in Europe, and his command of the sea was disputed only by the Turk, whose navy he crushed at Lepanto, until the disasters of the Armada gave warning that the old methods of maritime warfare were becoming obsolete. In every way the supremacy of

Spain was the dread of the nations, and its destruction was the cherished object of statesmen for a century. It was not by their efforts, however, that the result was accomplished. Olivares, it is true, was overmatched by Richelieu, but Spain had a vantage-ground enabling her to hold her own against external assault. The causes of her decadence were internal; they were numerous, but may be roughly defined as springing from pride, conservatism, and clericalism.

There is a pride which spurs nations on to great achievements, which reckons nothing done while aught remains to do, and which wisely adapts means to ends. Such was not the pride of Spain: it was proud of what it had done, and imagined that its superiority to the rest of the world left it nothing more to do; it could learn nothing and forget nothing; it had varied the centuries of the Reconquest with endless civil broils, while it left the arts of peace to subject Moors and Jews, until honest labor was regarded with disdain, and trade and commerce were treated in a barbarous fashion that choked all the springs of national prosperity. Derived from this blind and impenetrable pride was the spirit of conservatism which rejected all innovation in a world of incessant change, a world which had been sent by the Reformation spinning on a new track, a world in which modern industrialism was rapidly superseding the obsolescent militarism of Spain. The phrase current throughout Europe in the last century was not without foundation, that Africa began at the Pyrenees. Last, but by no means least, was the clericalism which developed in Spain the ferocious spirit of intolerance; which in 1492 drove out the unhappy Jews, and in 1610 the Moriscos, thus striking at the root of the commercial prosperity and industry of the land; and which surrendered the nation to the Inquisition, paralyzing all intellectual movement, crippling trade, and keeping the people so completely in

leading-strings that the three generations since the Napoleonic upheaval have not sufficed for their training in the arts of self-government.

Yet the Spaniard has qualities which, if not thus counterbalanced, ought to have assured him a maintenance of the commanding position which he held in the sixteenth century. His intellect is strong and quick, his imagination is vivid, and, before the censorship of the Inquisition had curbed its expression, his literature was the most promising in Europe. When fully aroused his perseverance is indefatigable. His courage is undoubted, — not a merely evanescent valor, flaming up on occasion at the promise of success, but a persistent, obstinate, dogged quality, to be dreaded as much in defeat as in victory, and sustained by the pride of race which leads him to think all other races his inferiors. The unyielding steadfastness of the Spanish *tercios* on the disastrous field of Rocroy was paralleled in the defense of Saragossa. The exploits of the Conquistadores in the New World display a tenacity of daring amid unknown dangers which has rarely been equaled, and perhaps never surpassed. The practical efficiency of this determined valor is heightened, moreover, by a remarkable callous indifference as to the means to be employed in accomplishing a given purpose. Spanish legislation is full of the sternest laws, enacted in utter disregard of their contingent and ulterior consequences provided the immediate object in view can be effected. Alva's reign of blood in the Netherlands is typical of this fierce and cold-blooded determination to achieve a result at whatever cost of life and suffering, and the reconcentrado policy of Weyler is only a modern exhibition of this inherited characteristic.

Effective as this disregard of consequences may often have proved, it was one of the elements which contributed to the decadence of Spain; for when di-

rected, as it often was, without foresight or judgment, it wrought havoc with interests of greater moment than those it served. The expulsions of the Jews and of the Moriscos are conspicuous instances of this, and, in a minor degree, the industries and commerce of the nation were perpetually wrecked by regulations, absurdly exaggerated, to serve some purpose that chanced at the moment to be uppermost in the minds of the rulers. When, to remedy the scarcity of the precious metals, repeated edicts, from 1623 to 1642, prohibited all manufactures of gold and silver, even to embroideries and gilding or plating, a flourishing branch of trade was destroyed for a time; and another was prostrated in 1683, when, to procure copper for the debased coinage of the mints, all of that metal in the hands of coppersmiths was practically sequestered, and they were forbidden even to repair old utensils. Internal industry and external commerce were thus at the mercy of an infinity of fluctuating regulations which embarrassed transactions, and deprived manufacturers and merchants of all sense of security and all ability to forecast the future. During the period when the commerce of the world was developing into vast proportions, that commerce, with its resultant wealth and the power of offense and defense derived from wealth, fell into the hands of Spain's especial enemies, England and Holland. The Spaniard, who despised industry and commerce, thrust from him the inheritance of Venice and Florence, which the discovery of the New World and the Cape route to India had offered to him: and while his rivals waxed mightily, he grew poorer and poorer, in spite of the wealth of the Indies poured into his lap.

Labor, in fact, to Spanish pride, was the badge of inferiority, to be escaped in every possible way. It is the general complaint of the publicists of the seventeenth century that every one sought to gain a livelihood in the public service or

in the Church, and no one to earn it by honest work. The immense number of useless consumers thus supported was constantly alleged as one of the leading causes of the general poverty, from which the most crushing and injudicious taxation could raise only insufficient revenues. Public offices were multiplied recklessly, and the steady increase in the ranks of the clergy, regular and secular, was a constant subject of remonstrance. In 1626, Navarrete tells us that there were thirty-two universities and more than four thousand grammar schools crowded with sons of artisans and peasants striving to fit themselves for public office or holy orders; most of them failed in this through inaptitude, and drifted into the swarms of tramps and beggars who were a standing curse to the community, while the fields lay untilled for lack of labor, and the industrial arts were slowly perishing, so that Spain was forced to import the finished products which she could so easily have made for herself. This national aversion to labor, moreover, manifested itself in an indolence which, except in Catalonia, rendered the pretense of working almost illusory. Dormer tells us of his compatriots that they did not work as in other lands; a few hours a day, and this intermittently, were expected to provide for them as much as the incessant activity of the foreigner. To these drawbacks on productive industry is to be added the multitude of feast-days, which Navarrete estimates at about one third of the working-days, rising to one half at the critical season of the harvests, — feast-days which, according to Archbishop Carranza, were spent in a debauchery rendering them especially welcome to the devil. Under such conditions it was impossible for Spain to withstand the competition of the foreigner. How rapidly its industry declined is shown by the fact that in 1644 the shipments by the fleet to the West Indies from four cities of Castile — Toledo, Segovia, Ampudia, and Pas-

trana — amounted to \$3,864,750, while in 1684 the total value of all Spanish goods carried by the fleet was only \$800,000. It is true that in 1691 Carlos II. proposed legislation to check the overgrown numbers of the clergy and the immoderate absorption of lands by the Church, but his feeble projects were abandoned.

Thus the nation possessed little recuperative power to make good the perpetual losses of its almost continuous foreign wars. Already, in the apogee of its greatness under Charles V., symptoms of exhaustion were not lacking. His election to the empire, in 1520, was an unmitigated misfortune for Spain. Involved thenceforth in the entanglements of his continental policy, the land was drained of its blood and treasure for quarrels in which it had no concern, and of which it bore the brunt without sharing the advantages. So heavy was the load of indebtedness incurred that, on his accession, Philip II. seriously counseled with his ministers as to the advisability of repudiation. Under the latter monarch downward progress was accelerated. Imagining himself to be specially called of Heaven to uphold the threatened Catholic faith, he regarded no sacrifices as too great when heresy was to be repressed. For this he provoked the Low Countries to revolt, leading to a war of forty years, with uncounted expenditure of men and money. For this he incurred the crowning disaster of the Armada, and for this he stimulated and supported the wars of the League in France. Despite the unrivaled resources of the monarchy his finances were reduced to hopeless confusion; he was a constant borrower on usurious terms, and already in 1565 the Venetian envoy reported his annual interest payments at 5,050,000 ducats, which at eight per cent represented an indebtedness of 63,000,000 ducats, — a sum, at that period, almost incredible. When the reins slipped from his grasp,

in 1598, his successor was the feeble and bigoted Philip III., and the seventeenth century witnessed the fortunes of Spain in the hands of a succession of court favorites, — Lerma, Olivares, Haro, Nitard, Oropesa, and their tribe, — mostly worthless and grossly incompetent. Financial distress grew more and more acute, aggravated by senseless tampering with the currency, which drove to other lands the precious metals of the New World, until the whole active circulation of the country consisted of a token copper coinage, the value of which the government endeavored to regulate by a succession of edicts of the most contradictory character, producing inextricable perplexity and uncertainty, fatally crippling what productive industry had survived the temper of the people and the unwisdom of legislation.

Clericalism contributed its full share to this downward progress. The intensity of the Spanish character, which can do nothing by halves, lent an enormous power for evil to the exaggerated religious ardor of the people. In the earlier Middle Ages no other European nation had been so tolerant as Spain in its dealings with the Jew and the infidel, but, under the careful stimulation of the Church, this tolerant spirit had passed away with the fourteenth century, and in its place there had gradually arisen a fierce and implacable hatred of all faiths outside of Catholicism. This fanaticism gave to the priesthood preponderating power, which it utilized for its own behoof, in disregard of the public welfare, and all doubtful questions were apt to be decided in favor of the faith. The royal confessor was *ex officio* a member of the Council of State, and under a weak monarch his influence was almost unbounded. Fray Gaspar de Toledo, the confessor of Philip III., boasted that when he ordered his royal penitent to do or to leave undone anything, under penalty of mortal sin, he was obeyed; and the fate of a kingdom thus virtually subjected to the ca-

prices of a narrow-minded friar can readily be divined. The royal confessorship was frequently a stepping-stone to the supreme office of inquisitor-general, which controlled the conscience of the nation; and as under such a régime the delimitation between spiritual and temporal affairs was most uncertain, the wrangling between the religious and secular departments of the state was incessant, to the serious detriment of united and sagacious action. When, in the minority of Carlos II., the regent mother, Maria Anna of Austria, made her German Jesuit confessor Nithard inquisitor-general, it required a popular uprising to get rid of him and relegate him to Rome, for he was speedily becoming the real ruler of Spain.

This unreasoning religious ardor culminated in the Inquisition, established for the purpose of securing the supreme good of unblemished purity and uniformity of belief. Nothing was allowed to stand in the way of this, and no sacrifice was deemed too great for its accomplishment. All officials, from the king downward, were sworn to its support, and the sinister influence which it exercised was proportioned to the enormous power which it wielded. The tragic spectacles of the *autos-de-fé* were abhorrent, but they were of little more importance than the closely related bull-fights in determining the fate of the nation, save in so far as they stimulated the ruthless characteristics of the people. The real significance of the Inquisition lay in the isolation to which it condemned the land, and its benumbing influence on the intellectual development of the people. It created a fresh source of pride, which led the Spaniard to plume himself on the unsullied purity of his faith, and to despise all other nations as given over, more or less, to the errors of heresy. It obstructed his commercial relations by imposing absurd and costly regulations at the ports to prevent the slightest chance of the introduction of heretical opinions.

It organized a strict censorship to guard against the intrusion of foreign ideas or the evolution of innovations at home. It paralyzed the national intelligence, and resolutely undertook to keep the national mind in the grooves of the sixteenth century. While the rest of the civilized world was bounding forward in a career of progress, while science and the useful arts were daily adding to the conquests of man over the forces of nature, and rival nations were growing in wealth and power, the Inquisition condemned Spain to stagnation; invention and discovery were unknown at home, and their admission from abroad was regarded with jealousy. Recuperative power was thus wholly lacking to offset the destructive effects of misgovernment, the national conservatism was intensified, and a habit of mind was engendered which has kept Spain to this day a virtual survival of the Renaissance.

All these causes of retrogression were rendered more effective by the autocratic absolutism of the form of government, which deprived the people of all initiative, and subjected everything to the will of the monarch. The old Castilian liberties were lost in the uprising of the Comunidades in 1520, and those of Valencia about the same time in the kindred tumults of the Germanias, while those which survived in Aragon and Catalonia were swept away in 1707, when the War of Succession gave Philip V. the excuse for treating them as conquered provinces. Nowhere in Europe, west of Russia, had the maxim of the imperial jurisprudence, "*Quod placuit principi legis habet vigorem*," more absolute sway. The legislative and executive functions were combined in the sovereign; there were no national political life, no training in citizenship, no forces to counterbalance the follies or prejudices of the king and his favorites. Under a series of exceptionally able rulers, this form of government might have maintained Spanish prosperity and power,

while repressing enlightenment, but it was the peculiar curse of Spain that the last three Hapsburg princes, whose reigns filled the whole of the sixteenth century, were weak, and their choice of favorites, ghostly and secular, was unwise. Especially the latest one, Carlos II., brought Spain to the nadir of decadence. At his death, in 1700, the Spanish population is estimated to have shrunk within a century from ten to five millions. The prolonged War of Succession which followed partook so much of the nature of civil strife as to be peculiarly exhausting to the scanty resources left by the misgovernment of the preceding two centuries, but with the accession of the Bourbons there was a promise of improvement. Philip V. was weak, but he was not as bigoted and obscurantist as his predecessors, and his sons, Ferdinand VI. and Carlos III., were men of more liberal ideals. Especially was Carlos an enlightened monarch, who curbed to some extent the Inquisition, relaxed somewhat the rigid censorship of the press, and earnestly strove to promote the industrial development of his kingdom. Under his rule prosperity began to revive, and there seemed a prospect that Spain might assert her place among progressive nations.

The outbreak of the French Revolution, however, was the death-blow of liberalism. Dynastic considerations outweighed all others, and the rulers of Spain were especially sensitive to the dangers apprehended from the introduction of theories as to the rights of man and universal equality. Carlos III. had died in 1788, and his son, Carlos IV., was weak, bigoted, reactionary, and wholly under the influence of his favorite, Godoy, the so-called Prince of Peace. His son and successor, Ferdinand VII., was trained in the same school. After the Napoleonic invasion and the Peninsular War, his restoration, in 1814, was the signal for the sternest repressive and reactionary measures; the monarch claimed ab-

solute power, the Constitution of 1812 was set aside, censorship was revived in the most despotic fashion, the Inquisition was reestablished, and nothing was left undone to bring back the conditions of the sixteenth century. These conditions were upset by the revolution of 1820, but restored by the intervention of the Holy Alliance in 1823, when the Duc d'Angoulême, at the head of a French army, executed the mandate of the Congress of Verona. The history of Spain since then, with its succession of civil wars, revolutions, and experiments in government, holds out little promise of settled and orderly progress. The national characteristic of indomitable pride which disdains to learn from the experience of other nations, the tendency to resort to violent and exaggerated methods, the dense political ignorance of the masses, so sedulously deprived through long generations of all means of political enlightenment and all training in political action, combine to render the nation incapable of conducting wisely the liberal institutions which are foreign importations, and not the outgrowth of native aspirations and experience. In many respects the Spaniard is still living in the sixteenth century, unable to assimilate the ideas of the nineteenth, or to realize that his country is no longer the mistress of the sea and the dominating power of the land.

There is still another cause which has contributed largely to Spanish decadence. All governments are more or less corrupt, — absolute honesty would appear to be impossible in the conduct of public affairs, — but the corruption and venality of Spanish administration have been peculiarly all-pervading and continuous. From the time of the youthful Charles V. and his worthless horde of Flemish favorites, this has been a corroding cancer, sapping the vitality of Spanish resources. It was in vain that the most onerous and disabling imposts were laid on wealth and industry; the results were always insufficient, and the national

finances were always in disorder, crippling all efforts at aggression or defense. Already in 1551 the cortes of Castile gave a deplorable account of the corruption in every branch of official life, the destruction of industry, and the misery of the people under their crushing burdens. In 1656, when Philip IV., under a complication of misfortunes, was struggling to avert bankruptcy, Cardinal Moscoso, the Archbishop of Toledo, bluntly told him that not more than ten per cent of the revenues collected reached the royal treasury. While income was thus fatally diminished, expenditure was similarly augmented through collusion, fraud, and bribery. It raises a curious psychological question, how pride and punctilious sensitiveness as to honor can coexist with eager rapacity for iniquitous gains, how undoubted patriotism can accommodate itself to a system which deprives the fatherland of the resources necessary to its existence; but human nature is often only consistent in inconsistency. To what extent this prevails at the present day must of course be only a matter of conjecture, but recent events would seem to indicate that supplies and munitions paid for are not on hand when urgently needed, and that troops in the field bear but a slender proportion to those on the payroll. When, the other day, Don Carlos alluded to "generously voted millions diverted from the fulfillment of their patriotic purpose to the pockets of fraudulent contractors and dishonest state employees, and disorder, speculation, and mendacity in every department of the public service," he merely described conditions which in Spain have been chronic for centuries.

If the above is a truthful outline of the causes of Spanish decadence, it can arouse no wonder that Spanish colonial policy has been a failure. All the defects of character and administration which produced such disastrous results at home had naturally fuller scope for

development in the colonies. The discoveries of Columbus did not open up a new continent to be settled by industrious immigrants coming to found states and develop their resources in peaceful industry. The marvelous exploits of the Conquistadores were performed in the craziest thirst for gold, and those who succeeded them came in the hope of speedy enrichment and return, to accomplish which they exploited to the utmost the unhappy natives, and when these were no longer available replaced them with African slaves. The mother country similarly looked upon her new possessions simply as a source of revenue, to be drained to the utmost, either for herself or for the benefit of those whom she sent out to govern them. Colonists who finally settled and cast their lot in the New World were consequently exposed to every limitation and discrimination that perverse ingenuity could suggest, and were sacrificed to the advantage, real or imaginary, of Spain. The short-sighted financial and commercial policy at home would in itself have sufficed to condemn the colonies to stagnation and misery, but in addition they were subjected to special restrictions and burdens. It was not until 1788 that trade with them was permitted through any port but Cadiz, whose merchants made use of their monopoly to exact a profit of from one hundred to two hundred per cent. Export and import duties were multiplied, till the producer was deprived of all incentive to exertion, and the populations were taxed to their utmost capacity, the taxes being exacted with merciless severity.

As if this were not enough, the all-pervading influence of clericalism rendered good government well-nigh impossible. Under its influence the colonial organizations consisted of sundry independent jurisdictions, incompatible with the preservation of order in any community, and especially unfitted for the administration of a colony, sepa-

rated by a thousand leagues from the supreme authority which alone could compose their differences. There was the royal representative, the viceroy or governor, responsible for the defense of the province and the maintenance of order. There was the church establishment with its bishop or archbishop, in no way subordinate to the civil power. There were the various regular orders, — Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians, Jesuits, etc., — bitterly jealous of one another and prompt to quarrel, exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, and subject only to their respective superiors or to the Pope, except when suspicion of heresy might render individual members answerable to the Inquisition. Finally, there was the Inquisition itself, which owned obedience only to the Supreme Council of the Holy Office in Madrid, and held itself superior to all other jurisdictions; for under its delegated papal power it could at will paralyze the authority of any one, from the highest to the lowest, by its excommunication, while no priest or prelate could excommunicate its ministers. It was impossible that so irrational a scheme of social order should work smoothly. Causes of dissension, trivial or serious, between these rival and jealous jurisdictions were rarely lacking, and the internal history of the colonies consists in great part of their quarrels, which disturbed the peace of the communities and hindered prosperity and growth.

In *The Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1891, I described at some length a complicated quarrel between the Franciscans and the Bishop of Cartagena de las Indias, in which both the Inquisition and the royal governor intervened, keeping the community in an uproar from 1683 to 1688. This was followed, in 1693, by an outbreak between the governor, Ceballos, and the Inquisition. In the public meat-market a butcher refused to give precedence to a negro slave of the inquisitor, who thereupon had the indis-

creet butcher arrested and confined in chains in the *carceles secretas* of the Inquisition. This in itself was a most serious punishment, for such imprisonment left an ineffaceable stigma on the sufferer and on his descendants for two generations. The governor pleaded in vain with the inquisitor, and then endeavored secretly to obtain testimony to send to Madrid, but without success, for no one dared to give evidence. The fact of his attempt leaked out, however, and the secretary of the Inquisition led a mob to the palace, and forced the governor, under threat of excommunication, to sign a declaration that he abandoned the case to the Inquisition, that all reference to it should be expunged from the records of the municipality and all papers relating to it should be delivered to the inquisitor. He submitted, and his only recourse was to write a piteous letter to the Council of the Indies. Such appeal to the home authorities was of uncertain outcome, for the inquisitors were by no means ready to submit to an adverse decision. In a complicated quarrel between the *cruzada*, the episcopal court, the Inquisition, and the viceroy of Peru, in 1729, the inquisitors of Lima formally and repeatedly refused obedience to a royal order sent through the viceroy, alleging that they were subject only to the Supreme Council of the Holy Office. In 1751 they took the same ground in a case in which the king decided against them, and they held out until 1760, when a more peremptory command was received, accompanied by a dispatch from the council which they could not disregard.

Thus, to a greater or less degree, all Spanish colonies were fields in which clericalism rioted at will. Paraguay, where the Jesuits succeeded in building up an independent theocracy, offers the most perfect illustration of the result, and a somewhat less conspicuous instance is found in the Philippines. There the missions of the Augustinian Recollects

acquired such power that the annals of that colony seem rather to be the records of the Augustinian province of San Nicolás than those of a royal dependency. This Augustinian supremacy was unsuccessfully disputed by the Dominicans, in the early years of the eighteenth century, but the Jesuits proved to be more dangerous rivals, who did not scruple, in 1736, to induce their native subjects to make war on those of the Augustinians. The banishment in 1767 of the Society of Jesus from the Spanish dominions left the field to the Augustinians, who have since held it, apparently without making effort to secure the good will of their flocks. They had their own internal troubles, however, for in 1712 the hostility between the Aragonese and Castilians led to a schism which had to be referred to Spain for settlement, when the Castilians, who were the losing party, refused to submit until the acting governor, Torralba, employed the persuasive influence of artillery. The character of their relations with the secular authority can be estimated from an occurrence in 1643, when the governor, Sebastian Hurtado de Corcuera, in preparing to resist an expected attack by the Dutch, undertook to fortify Manila. An Augustinian convent and church occupied a site required for a demilune. Corcuera offered the friars another church and 4000 pesos; but they refused to move, and obstinately remained in the convent until the progress of the works rendered it uninhabitable, when it was torn down and the materials were used in the lines. They raised a great clamor, which probably was the cause of the removal of Corcuera in 1644, when they prosecuted their grievance in court, and obtained a decree reinstating them and casting him in damages to the amount of 25,000 pesos. They tore down the fortifications, rebuilt the church, and threw Corcuera into prison, where he languished under cruel treatment for five

years. He had been an excellent administrator, and on his liberation Philip IV. appointed him governor of the Canaries.

In such a community the position of governor had few attractions for an honest man. In 1719, a new one, Bustamente Bustillo, found on his arrival that all the royal officials had been busily embezzling and pilfering, leaving the treasury nearly empty. After ascertaining the facts he set to work energetically to recover the funds and to punish the guilty, who thereupon, as seems to have been customary in such cases, sought asylum in the churches. One of them had carried with him certain official records necessary for the verification of the accounts, and these Bustillo requested the archbishop to make him surrender. The archbishop replied with a learned argument, drawn up for him by a Jesuit, proving that the governor's request was illegal. Bustillo lost his temper at this, and arrested the archbishop, who forthwith cast an interdict over the city. Then the monks and friars turned out in organized bands, marching through the streets with crucifixes, and shouting, "Viva la fé! Viva la Iglesia!" They speedily collected a mob which they led to the palace; the doors were broken in, the governor and his son murdered, and when the archbishop was released he assumed the governorship, under the advice of an assembly consisting exclusively of ecclesiastical dignitaries.

In these perpetually recurring troubles between the secular and the clerical authorities the Inquisition was not behindhand, although there was no organized tribunal in Manila. The Philippines were an appendage to the viceroyalty of New Spain or Mexico, and the Holy Office of Mexico merely delegated a commissioner at Manila to execute its orders and make reports to it. Subordinate as was this position, those who held it deemed themselves superior to the royal authorities. About 1650 the padre commissioner re-

ceived an order to arrest and send to Acapulco a person who was governor of one of the islands and commandant of a fortified town. The commissioner was also an officer of the government, and knew the risk he ran of offending the governor of the colony in not advising him of what was impending; but the obligation of secrecy in inquisitorial matters was superior to all other considerations. He quietly summoned his *alcalde mayor* and a sufficient number of familiars, sailed for the island, surprised the governor in his bed, carried him off, and imprisoned him in a convent until there should be an opportunity of shipping him to Mexico. The governor of the colony was Don Diego Faxardo, a violent and irascible soldier, whose term of service was a perpetual embroilment with the unruly jurisdictions under his charge, and who knew the danger of leaving a fortified post without a commander when there was almost constant war, either with the Dutch or with the natives. A rude explosion of wrath was to be expected at this contemptuous disregard of the respect due to his office and of the safety of the land, yet Don Diego so thoroughly recognized the supremacy of the Inquisition that when apprised of the affair he only chided the padre gently for not having given him a chance of winning the graces and indulgences promised for so pious a work, seeing that he would have regarded as the utmost good fortune the opportunity of serving as an *alguazil* in making the arrest.

Twenty years later, the Augustinian Fray Joseph de Paternina Samaniego, then commissioner of the Inquisition, was even bolder. He was ordered from Mexico to take secret testimony against the governor of the colony, Don Diego de Salcedo, and forward it to Mexico for examination by the tribunal there. This was all that a commissioner was empowered to do, and he was especially instructed to go no further; but the Au-

gustinians had had quarrels with the governor, and the whole affair was probably a plot for his removal. Fray Paternina therefore proceeded to act on the testimony, although the judge, Don Francisco de Montemayor, warned him of his lack of authority, and that such a personage as the governor could not be arrested without a special *cédula* from the king, passed upon by the Council of the Inquisition. He drew up a warrant of arrest, went at midnight to the palace with some friars and familiars, seized Salcedo in his bed, handcuffed him, and carried him off to the Augustinian convent, where the bells were rung in honor of the event. He then gave notice to the royal court that the governorship was vacant, and might be filled, which was done by the appointment of his ally, Don Juan Manuel de la Peña. He further issued an edict forbidding any one, under pain of excommunication, to speak about the arrest or about his other proceedings; and to inspire fear he brought charges against various persons, under pretext that they were inimical to the Holy Office. Salcedo's property was sequestered, to the profit of those concerned in the affair, and he was shipped by the first vessel to Acapulco, but he died on the voyage. When the news of this outrage reached Madrid by way of Flanders, the Council of the Indies complained bitterly, and asked that steps be taken to prevent a repetition of acts so dangerous to the safety of the colonies. The Council of the Inquisition calmly replied that no new instructions were needed, for there were ample provisions for filling a sudden vacancy; as for Fray Paternina, if he had gone too far he would be duly corrected. The Council of the Indies insisted, and was supported by the queen regent. Meanwhile, the Council of the Inquisition had examined the testimony taken against Salcedo, pronounced it frivolous, declared his arrest void, and ordered his property to be restored to his heirs, while Fray Paternina was to be

sent to Spain for trial. On the journey he died at Acapulco, and the matter was dropped.

Successful colonization under such a system was a manifest impossibility, and it is no wonder that the Spanish dependencies languished, in spite of their infinite potentialities of wealth and prosperity. The narrow and selfish policy of the mother country deprived the colonists of all incentives to exertion; the officials sent from Spain enriched themselves, the tax-gatherers seized all superfluous earnings; there were no accumulation of capital and no advancement. In 1736, the viceroy of the vast kingdom of Peru, Don José Armendaris, Marquis of Castel-Fuerte, in the report which, according to custom, he drew up for the instruction of his successor, described the condition of the colony as deplorable. The Spanish population was mostly concentrated in Lima; the nobles and the wealthy oppressed the poor; the corregidores and priests oppressed the Indians; the priests paid little attention to their religious duties, for they were not compelled to residence by their bishops, and were abandoned to sloth and licentiousness; the judges were venal; and the population was diminishing. The religious orders, he said, ought to be checked, and not encouraged, for in Lima there were thirty-four convents, each of them, on an average, equal to four in Spain, which was the most ecclesiastical of all lands. This monastic hypertrophy he attributed to the fact that the men had no other career open to them, and the women consequently could not find husbands. This gloomy utterance was echoed, twenty years later, by a subsequent viceroy, Don José Antonio Manto de Velasco.

Still more desponding is a report made in 1772 by Francisco Antonio Moreno y Escandon as to the condition of the "New Kingdom of Granada," embracing the northern coast from Pa-

nama to Venezuela, a region abounding in natural wealth. The local officials everywhere, he says, were indifferent and careless as to their duty; the people were steeped in poverty; trade was almost extinct; capital was lacking, and there were no opportunities for its investment; the only source of support was the cultivation of small patches of ground. Every one sought to subsist on the government by procuring some little office. The mining of the precious metals was the sole source of trade, of procuring necessities from abroad, and of meeting the expenses of the government; but although the mines were as rich as ever, their product had greatly decreased. Commerce with Spain employed only one or two ships, with registered cargoes, a year from Cadiz to Cartagena, whence the goods were distributed through the interior, but so burdened with duties and expenses that no profit could be made on them. If freedom of export could be had for the rich productions of the country, — cocoa, tobacco, precious woods, etc., — the colony would flourish; but there were no manufactures, and no money could be kept in the land. The missions had made no progress for a hundred years in christianizing the Indians, for the missionaries undertook the duty only for the purpose of securing a life of ease and sloth.

Such was the result of three hundred years of colonization under Spanish methods; and we can scarce wonder that, after such a training, the nations which emancipated themselves have found self-government so difficult. Under the warning given by their loss, some improvement has been made in the insular possessions which were unable to throw off the yoke, but not enough to prevent chronic disaffection and constantly recurring efforts at revolt. Spain has made of her colonies the buried talent, and the fulfillment of the parable must come to pass.

Henry Charles Lea.

WAR AND MONEY: SOME LESSONS OF 1862.

THE soundness of an institution is put to a test by the strain of a critical moment. Even in times of peace our monetary system has created grave alarm; what then must be in store for us in the emergencies of war?

In all the energetic and hopeful movement of recent years for the reform of our monetary evils, we have been holding up to view the necessity for legislative action in anticipation of a possible day of reckoning; and that day of reckoning has unexpectedly come upon us in the war with Spain. It now makes little difference whether the war be long or short, so far as concerns the existing fact of an actual currency crisis; the crisis is upon us, and our system will soon be put on trial. The preliminary appropriation of \$50,000,000 out of the Treasury balance for war expenditures was itself a step toward monetary complications, and as a hint of congressional methods is big with possibilities.

It is a matter of common knowledge that we have long been living in feverish uncertainty under a monetary system in which the standard for prices and for all complicated business transactions has been subject to doubt. No sooner had we made the paper promises of the government (which had been our standard from 1862 to 1879) as good as gold (January 1, 1879) than we began to suffer from an agitation causing fear as to whether the standard might not be changed from gold to silver. That agitation was not laid by the campaign of 1896, because no legislation (in spite of the solemn pledges of the Republican party) has since enacted the edict of the people against silver into a statute. Although a great victory for the maintenance of the existing gold standard was won, yet we are so placed to-day that its fruits may be wrested from us in the upheaval of a war with Spain

or in the disturbances produced by fiscal needs. Among the greatest disasters of war should be counted the shaking of the weak foundations on which our standard rests, and the toppling over of the edifice of our national credit.

That the continuance of the gold standard depends upon the ability of the Treasury to provide gold for all its payments is a truism which it is unnecessary to emphasize. The business world has been again and again alarmed by the ebb and flow of a fluctuating gold reserve behind our government legal tender paper; when it grew slender the loss of the gold standard seemed imminent, whereupon every effort was made to fill the Treasury and save the standard. These shocks to the nerve centres of commerce in the past few years are only too fresh in every mind. Indeed, in assigning responsibility for a declining gold reserve, the leaders of the Republican party insisted that to the deficits in the budget during the preceding administration was to be ascribed the inability to protect the standard. Now observe the attitude of Congress to-day. While, up to this time, the revenue for the present fiscal year has not risen to an equality with the expenditures, the same party (of course assisted by their opponents), without a question or an expressed doubt, supplied an appropriation in anticipation of war by taking it bodily out of the Treasury balance, without making any new provisions for obtaining means by taxation or by loans, and the straightforward measure of borrowing by bonds is even shelved in the Senate.

Here we touch the great danger of the hour, — one upon which too much stress cannot be laid: the old easy-going and fatal confusion of mind in Congress between the fiscal and the monetary functions of the Treasury, which in 1861

wrecked the credit of the United States, and led to the financial *débâcle* of 1864 when Mr. Chase resigned his portfolio in despair. Out of this confusion of mind may easily result a policy which may entail upon us evil consequences for decades to come. It will be the purpose to hide dubious schemes under the guise of patriotism. By representing as unpatriotic everything which does not tally with selfish and partisan designs, an attempt is made to deny a hearing to the teachings of experience, of reason, of sound monetary judgment, and hence of all that most concerns the honor of our country, — of all that is, in the true sense, most patriotic. If this spirit is to control our new fiscal legislation, there is grave trouble ahead of us.

It is perfectly clear, however, that the present war can be conducted without serious commercial distress other than that entailed by a diversion of industry and by increased taxation. The incidents of the day, if availed of, must be regarded as extremely favorable. The generally prosperous condition of all our industries, the quickening results of the last great harvest, which was accompanied by a strong European demand and high prices for our cereals, the unparalleled balance of \$470,000,000 of exports over imports in nine months, the consequent credits due us from abroad, and the exceptional flow of gold rising beyond \$60,000,000 to our side as soon as our credits are drawn upon, — these are fortunate conditions, for which, in this juncture, we ought to be profoundly grateful; all the more grateful because they furnish a basis upon which our fiscal affairs may be conducted with signal success, if we but avoid the fatal confusion between fiscal and monetary operations from which we have suffered so grievously in the past; if we but hold to the elementary principle that the Treasury requires in time of war a control of wealth and capital, — of goods, and not merely of the medium of exchange which performs

the subsidiary work of transferring these goods. It is not difficult to understand that, in times either of peace or of war, the one important matter is the production and possession of the articles needed by the country. Money serves only a subsidiary purpose as a medium by which these articles (expressed in terms of money) are exchanged; and a small amount of money goes on doing the vast work of exchange in an unceasing round. In days of peace, when production is normal, every one knows how desirable it is to have no disturbances in trade arising from defects in the monetary machinery. In days of war, production is even more essential than in a period of peace; the main economic difference (apart from the withdrawal of laborers) at the time being the partial readjustment of productive effort to articles for the army and navy. Hence how much more necessary it is, in the abnormal conditions of war, to be free from additional disturbances caused to industry by tampering with the standard, and thus breaking up the efficiency of the system by which exchanges are carried on! Changes in the standard would do more than merely affect the convenience of industry; by modifying the measure in which prices are expressed, they would bring in endless confusion, increase the national debt, lower the purchasing power of wages, and weaken the vital resources of the land.

In view of all our residuary legacies from the issue of inconvertible paper during the civil war, it should be superfluous to suggest that a war emergency does not necessarily require a resort to paper money or a departure from the existing standard. Unfortunately, in the minds of men, high and low, there exists an insistent belief that somehow or other paper money is an essential concomitant of war. Perhaps it arises from the remembrance that such has been the fact in most cases of war known to their experience; which may be only another

way of admitting that inefficient financial management has been the rule. At any rate, the idea which should hold possession of the national consciousness, in this affair with Spain, is that abundant means for war expenses can be provided without giving up our standard, but above all that these funds can be most easily and cheaply obtained by merely avoiding any action which can in the slightest degree be construed as disturbing the existing standard. The suggestion of increased paper issues, a menace to the existing gold reserves by appropriating Treasury balances, any proposition to use more silver, in fact any increase of our demand obligations, would create doubt as to the standard, and for that reason should be regarded as unpatriotic in the truest sense.

Instead of carrying us through the civil war, the government paper money was the one conspicuous enemy of public credit, of the soldier, and of the laborer at home. If we came through the crisis, it was solely because we withstood not only the heavy blows of war itself, but also the injuries arising from an iniquitous monetary system. In the summer of 1861, after the bankers of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, with many doubts, had patriotically assumed the task of selling bonds for the United States to the amount of \$150,000,000, they found the community unwilling to buy them in the existing condition of government credit at the rate of interest exacted. Being under agreement to pay the Treasury for these obligations in gold, when they found their means locked up in unsalable securities they were finally obliged to suspend specie payments (on December 30, 1861). With the best of intentions, but in dense ignorance of investment requirements, Congress, by a strange fatuity, forbade the sale of bonds below par. Given a fixed rate of interest, the selling price of a bond is high or low according to the high or low credit of the issuer. Our credit in 1861 being

far from good, Congress made it impossible to sell bonds at a price which investors would pay for the fixed return, thus voluntarily cutting itself off from usual and legitimate methods of borrowing, and making little or no resort to emergency taxation. The Treasury found itself in an *impasse*; whereupon it was claimed that the issue of inconvertible paper money was a necessity. Curiously blind to the fact that the price of bonds is a market judgment as to the credit of the issuer, we refused to accept the consequences of a low credit, and a measure was proposed preëminently adapted to destroy any little credit that remained. Without trying to borrow in the way which the strongest modern nations find legitimate, desperately in need of funds, the Treasury came to the last resort of a bankrupt government, and issued inconvertible paper money. To put out paper promises to pay on demand, when all the world knew there was not a dollar of coin in reserve to redeem the paper, was a pitifully open way of advertising the hopeless condition of the Treasury. No lover of our country can look back on that spectacle without chagrin and wounded national pride. If the enemies of the United States had cunningly planned to "corner" the Treasury, they could not have gained their purpose more effectually than was accomplished by the blunders of ardent friends. A great and prosperous country, and yet unable to borrow! For the words of Charles Sumner were admittedly true then, as they are to-day: —

"Our country is rich and powerful, with a numerous population, busy, honest, and determined, and with unparalleled resources of all kinds, agricultural, mineral, industrial, commercial; it is yet undrained by the war in which we are engaged; nor has the enemy succeeded in depriving us of any of the means of livelihood. It is hard — very hard — to think that such a country, so powerful, so rich, and so beloved, should be

compelled to adopt a policy of even questionable propriety."

The disasters of the civil war will not have been in vain if they bite into our consciousness the lines of distinction between measures fit for fiscal needs — the provision of funds by taxation and borrowing — and those which have a wholly separate function in maintaining unshaken a standard for prices and contracts. The former should be kept entirely apart from the latter. Instead of trying to supply emergency needs in a way to complicate the monetary system, or to introduce a fluctuating paper for a gold standard, common prudence should have dictated a scrupulous avoidance of all measures of borrowing which in any way touched the standard. The action of our leaders in 1862 seems still stranger, when we find that these alternatives had been clearly laid before them by a deputation from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, headed by Mr. George S. Coe and Mr. James Gallatin. In a conference with Secretary Chase explicit directions were given how the government might borrow unlimited sums without a resort to inconvertible paper, as follows: —

(1.) A tax bill to raise, in the different modes of taxation, \$125,000,000 over and above duties on imports.

(2.) No issue of demand Treasury notes except those authorized at the extra session in July last.

(3.) An issue of \$100,000,000 Treasury notes at two years, in sums of five dollars and upwards, to be receivable for public dues to the government, except duties on imports.

(4.) A suspension of the Sub-Treasury Act, so as to allow the banks to become depositories of the government of all loans, and so that the Treasury will check on the banks from time to time as the government may want money.

(5.) An issue of six per cent twenty-year bonds, to be negotiated by the Secretary of the Treasury, and without any

limitation as to the price he may obtain for them in the market.

(6.) The Secretary of the Treasury should be empowered to make temporary loans to the extent of any portion of the funded stock authorized by Congress, with power to hypothecate such stock; and, if such loans are not paid at maturity, to sell the stock hypothecated for the best price that can be obtained.

Not all these details, of course, are applicable to our existing situation, but the pith of this advice lies in the application of ordinary business methods to the operations of the Treasury, and in the avoidance of dangerous demand obligations for whose redemption no reserves have been provided. In spite of these suggestions, Congress in 1862 issued irredeemable paper money which subsequently depreciated to thirty-five cents on the dollar; and as this money was received at par for bonds, the obligations of the nation were in reality sold at less than par in gold. That is, Congress did not in fact escape the necessity of selling our bonds for what they would bring, but, by attempting to evade fundamental principles, it accomplished nothing for its purpose, while bringing wreck and ruin to the credit of the Treasury. Everything which the advocates of paper money said would not happen did happen, and in a way most dispiriting to all courageous supporters of the Union.

The danger of the hour arises from a defective because uncertain monetary system, due to the presence of the paper money which once did such damage, and to the evident force which the silver party still displays at Washington. The fear is that, in the bustle of war, attention will be directed to other things than monetary reform; and when fiscal legislation comes into the hands of enemies to our existing standard, the need of borrowing will be made an excuse for changes in fiscal measures which may prevent a proper regulation of the cur-

rency. The cunning schemer will provide the policy, while crass minds will be drawn in as tools; both must unite to work the damage. But the point is not hard to make clear, so that intriguers should find it difficult to deceive.

If our government borrows by creating a demand debt in a form to be used as currency, it mixes the borrowing, or fiscal, measure with the regulation of our monetary system, exactly when the latter should most be kept inviolate. The inherent danger of this is not far to seek. By building up a vast superstructure of demand paper and a silver currency of a value far less than its face, all depending upon a slender gold reserve for the redemption which gives it parity, an instant connection is established between every event which may affect the income or credit of the Treasury and the machinery of prices and contracts with which trade is carried on. The one important aim of Treasury management should be to keep these two matters entirely distinct. There is no reason whatever why fiscal measures for borrowing should in the slightest way be complicated with the machinery which the community has evolved as a standard and for the exchange of goods. It is the duty of the state to keep its hands off this machinery, to recognize the facts of civilized commercial experience, and to go on its way borrowing and taxing, without thought of interfering with that which is at the very base of business life. If, as now, it is not easy to maintain our standard in gold, it would be a wanton attack on industrial enterprise to make more complicated a situation already difficult.

By making a demand debt of the government serve as money, an intolerable situation is created whenever an emergency like the present conflict with Spain arises. This money, the value of which is dependent on the fiscal condition of the Treasury, is the agent by which the world of business is exchan-

ging goods, and upon whose value all prices and contracts depend. Consequently, every passing event of war or politics, every victory or defeat of our army or navy, every party success or failure, through its effect on the credit of the Treasury, passes directly — like electricity on a live wire — to the value of the paper and all fiduciary currency, and then moves swiftly on, after producing fluctuations in the standard, to all the transactions of trade and industry. It should never be that ups and downs of Treasury finance should have any connection whatever with the standard and the conduct of business. The moment our government does anything to create uncertainty in the existing standard, that moment this uncertainty changes normal business into a matter of guesswork and speculation. This is but a résumé of our experience in the civil war.

The present situation is in some respects more favorable, and in some less favorable, than that of 1861. We are fortunate in having at the head of the Treasury an experienced financier, while in 1861 we blundered because there was no leader with an intelligent knowledge of what should be done. The abundant harvest of last year and our unparalleled exports, as has been said, are causes for congratulation. But, on the other hand, the precedents of wrongdoing are present with us in the form of the United States notes and the mass of silver currency, and the monetary system is in unstable equilibrium. As every one knows, our national banknotes are redeemable in lawful money; hence their value depends upon the kind of money in which they are redeemed. Our legal tender notes (United States notes and Treasury notes of 1890) depend for their value on the sufficiency of the gold reserve in the Treasury. Moreover, the receipt of silver currency on equal terms with gold in payments to the Treasury, and the outgoing payment by the Treasury of all demand

upon it in gold, maintain the parity of \$455,000,000 of silver with gold. If the reserves behind the paper are in any way exhausted, then the Treasury cannot pay gold on demand, and the silver will no longer be kept at a value greater than its own. Clearly, our existing standard pivots on the gold reserve of the Treasury.

It may not be amiss to quote here the deliberate judgment of the monetary commission at a time when there was little thought of war with Spain : —

“The existence of a large outstanding debt payable on demand is also a source of weakness to the government in its international relations. Modern warfare is so expensive that it is almost as much a matter of money as of men. A nation suddenly confronted by the alternative of war or dishonor would be greatly handicapped by a large demand debt which it must provide for at once. Great additional force is given to this consideration by the fact that it would be scarcely possible for this nation to engage in war in its present situation — counting as part of the situation the imperfect development of clear conceptions on the subject of money in the minds of the people — without a suspension of specie payments and a resort to further issues of government notes. There is no occasion to criticise those patriotic men who believed that the issue of greenbacks was necessary to save the Union. But the world has advanced in financial knowledge and skill since then. There is no doubt that if our government were relieved of its existing demand obligations, and our currency system put in working order upon a gold basis, it would be entirely possible for us to go through a war without suspension of specie payment or any derangement of our monetary system. If war should come, the value to the country of the ability to thus avoid the indirect losses following from depreciated currency, inflated prices, and financial demoralization would be so

great that the burden of paying off now our demand obligations would be as nothing in comparison.”

The peculiarity, however, of our present situation resides in the fact that a departure from our standard may not necessarily result from additional issues of paper money as in 1862, but from an interference with the gold reserve in the Treasury which would quickly bring us to the silver standard. Whether the deflection from the existing order is produced by resort to paper or to silver, the primary effects would be much the same. To be sure, the President may still in emergencies sell bonds, under the Resumption Act, to provide gold for this reserve. There is thus no possible reason why this gold reserve, under efficient management, should be allowed to ooze away and bring us to a change of standard. There is potential difficulty, however, in the mental attitude of Congress. It has plunged us into war ; it has made the expenditure of vast sums a necessary consequence. Then, what will be the disposition of Congress as to means for providing these funds ?

From this point of view, the appropriation of \$50,000,000 and the attitude of the Senate are big with suggestions. The Treasury balance which had been accumulated by the sale of bonds during the last administration, to secure gold for the protection of the standard, was at once, and without debate, voted away to a very considerable extent. It is no answer if it be said that a dramatic effect was intended by giving instant purchasing power to the President, since that result could have been equally well accomplished by giving the Secretary authority to sell bonds at a proper rate of interest, and by insuring the payment of the principal in gold instead of in dubious “coin.” Therefore, this first action has in it a world of suggestiveness as to the likelihood that Congress will obtain the funds for war by means which will leave our standard intact.

How dangerous this appropriation was does not seem to be generally realized. As a matter of fact there were not funds enough in the Treasury to warrant an appropriation of \$50,000,000. The general Treasury balance at the time was about \$225,000,000. From this must be deducted the following items: —

Fractional and minor coins largely uncurrent.....	\$13,000,000
Receipts from sale of Union Pacific railway, held to pay bonds January 1, 1899.....	14,000,000
Funds held for redemption of national bank - notes to be withdrawn.....	33,000,000
Reserved in Treasury for ordinary working balance.....	40,000,000
	\$100,000,000

These items, together with the \$100,000,000 held as gold reserve for United States notes, leave a balance of only \$25,000,000 subject to appropriation. That is, if \$50,000,000 were taken out of the Treasury very soon, it would either trench upon a small working balance for daily needs, or at once cut into the gold reserve now supporting our whole monetary fabric. Before all of this appropriation is called for, the Treasury must necessarily be given means of obtaining new supplies. New war appropriations for the army and navy have been made, but no new supplies have been obtained for the Treasury. Can any one be so blind as not to see why the silver group in the Senate willingly voted for such measures, which must deplete the Treasury and imperil the gold reserve, but yet refuse to vote for bonds by which alone the Treasury can obtain funds enough to prevent the dissipation of the gold reserve?

It should be borne in mind that the silver men are intrenched in the Senate, and are watching vigilantly for a chance to bring in the silver standard. Unable

to accomplish this task against the present House and the veto of the President, it would be their strategy, of course, to gain by negative what it is impossible to effect by positive measures. An upheaval brought on by war would be their opportunity; and by their control of the Senate almost any fiscal legislation is at their mercy. Having once put ourselves in the position where our Treasury requires fiscal enactments, we must accept what the Senate will allow us. It does not require much imagination to see that in this passion for war the silver group hope to find the opportunity they lost in 1896. The presence of Mr. Bryan in Washington, and the introduction by Mr. Teller of the resolution of recognition of Cuba against the wishes of the administration, showed clearly their purpose to outbid the Republican party by radical action.

The proposed scheme¹ for providing funds to carry on the war, given to the public, has in the main a rational foundation. There is, nevertheless, a lurking danger in the proposition to adapt the loan to popular subscription. For that purpose a fixed price is necessary. Fixing the interest at three per cent and the price at par by no means makes it sure that any large part of the loan will be taken, unless the national credit happens to be exactly met by this adjustment. If the market judgment varies from this rate, then we shall repeat the experience of the civil war. There is the more reason for doubt on this point, because it seems to be assumed that the act will provide for the payment of principal and interest on the bonds in "coin," on the ground that an express requirement of gold would not be adopted by Congress. But if it is well understood that the word "gold" cannot be introduced, that indicates a doubt as to the future means of

¹ (1.) An additional tax on beer of one dollar per barrel.

(2.) Stamp taxes, as in the act of 1866.

(3.) An additional tax on tobacco.

(4.) The issue of short-time Treasury certi-

ficates, bearing interest to provide for emergency needs.

(5.) A popular bond issue of \$300,000,000 in denominations of fifty dollars, bearing three per cent interest and sold at par.

payment for principal and interest. This doubt will affect the price of the bonds, and a fixed price may be again the cause of disaster.

The tax on bank checks is, of course, a tax not upon the banks, but upon those who use checks instead of ordinary forms of money. Its effect being to tax one form of currency to the exclusion of other forms, it will to that extent lower the efficiency and convenience of our monetary system. So far as it limits this means of exchanging goods, it will be a commercial disadvantage, but it will yield considerable revenue.

The possibility of enormous expenditures before we have put our monetary system in order is unpleasant to contemplate. If the need of a careful revision of our legislation had become imperative when we were at peace with the world, how much more necessary — indeed, how much more essential to our safety — is it in the presence of war! All the reasons which could be urged for monetary reform six months ago have tenfold more weight to-day. The very vitality of our credit, of our capacity to borrow, depends upon the certainty as to our standard. But Congress has not yet defined whether its bonds are payable in gold or in silver (should we by any emergency be forced to part with our small gold reserve). The unmistakable plan of the silver group in the Senate to antagonize the administration in order to gain political advantage shows what we must face.¹

When the House bill for war revenue was sent to the Senate, the finance committee changed its whole character by a bold proposition to issue \$150,000,000 more United States notes, and to coin

the "seigniorage." At this writing it cannot be known what action the Senate will take on these proposals. That a new issue of greenbacks should even be mentioned is itself the strongest argument for the early retirement of those now outstanding; because it proves, what has long been prophesied, the danger that their mere existence in our currency will suggest an improper issue in a time of emergency. As to coining the seigniorage, that is a proposal to coin what does not exist. The profits on coining silver have been covered into the general funds of the Treasury, and they have been used to meet past demands. There is little or nothing to-day in the Treasury with which to meet the difference — if called for — between the face and the market value of our silver coins for whose circulation at par we are responsible. The silver bullion now held behind the Treasury notes of 1890 is not seigniorage. To "coin the seigniorage" would increase the number of over-valued silver dollars which must be kept at par in gold, without adding one cent to the reserves held to maintain these dollars and other currency at par. In short, the two amendments of the finance committee above mentioned aim directly at weakening the power of the Treasury to keep its demand obligations redeemable in gold. What must one think of the patriotism of those who would try to take advantage of the perils of war to bring about that which they failed to obtain by the ballot in days of peace? The suggestions of the Senate committee, like the appropriation of the \$50,000,000, are ominous reminders of our errors in 1862. May we yet be saved from them!

J. Laurence Laughlin.

¹ The resolutions of the Senate, to which the Republican House did not agree, contained two plain conflicts with the Constitution, and a startling inconsistency. First, Congress has no power to recognize the independence of Cuba; and second, it has no power to call on the mili-

tia for service in Cuba. Moreover, a recognition of the Cuban republic was accompanied by a noisy announcement to that unlocated authority of the intention of the United States to regulate its affairs for it.

THE WIFE OF HIS YOUTH.

I.

MR. RYDER was going to give a ball. There were several reasons why this was an opportune time for such an event.

Mr. Ryder might aptly be called the dean of the Blue Veins. The original Blue Veins were a little society of colored persons organized in a certain Northern city shortly after the war. Its purpose was to establish and maintain correct social standards among a people whose social condition presented almost unlimited room for improvement. By accident, combined perhaps with some natural affinity, the society consisted of individuals who were, generally speaking, more white than black. Some envious outsider made the suggestion that no one was eligible for membership who was not white enough to show blue veins. The suggestion was readily adopted by those who were not of the favored few, and since that time the society, though possessing a longer and more pretentious name, had been known far and wide as the "Blue Vein Society," and its members as the "Blue Veins."

The Blue Veins did not allow that any such requirement existed for admission to their circle, but, on the contrary, declared that character and culture were the only things considered; and that if most of their members were light-colored, it was because such persons, as a rule, had had better opportunities to qualify themselves for membership. Opinions differed, too, as to the usefulness of the society. There were those who had been known to assail it violently as a glaring example of the very prejudice from which the colored race had suffered most; and later, when such critics had succeeded in getting on the inside, they had been heard to maintain with zeal and earnestness that the society was a life-boat, an an-

chor, a bulwark and a shield, — a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, to guide their people through the social wilderness. Another alleged prerequisite for Blue Vein membership was that of free birth; and while there was really no such requirement, it is doubtless true that very few of the members would have been unable to meet it if there had been. If there were one or two of the older members who had come up from the South and from slavery, their history presented enough romantic circumstances to rob their servile origin of its grosser aspects.

While there were no such tests of eligibility, it is true that the Blue Veins had their notions on these subjects, and that not all of them were equally liberal in regard to the things they collectively disclaimed. Mr. Ryder was one of the most conservative. Though he had not been among the founders of the society, but had come in some years later, his genius for social leadership was such that he had speedily become its recognized adviser and head, the custodian of its standards, and the preserver of its traditions. He shaped its social policy, was active in providing for its entertainment, and when the interest fell off, as it sometimes did, he fanned the embers until they burst again into a cheerful flame.

There were still other reasons for his popularity. While he was not as white as some of the Blue Veins, his appearance was such as to confer distinction upon them. His features were of a refined type, his hair was almost straight; he was always neatly dressed; his manners were irreproachable, and his morals above suspicion. He had come to Groveland a young man, and obtaining employment in the office of a railroad company as messenger had in time worked himself

up to the position of stationery clerk, having charge of the distribution of the office supplies for the whole company. Although the lack of early training had hindered the orderly development of a naturally fine mind, it had not prevented him from doing a great deal of reading or from forming decidedly literary tastes. Poetry was his passion. He could repeat whole pages of the great English poets; and if his pronunciation was sometimes faulty, his eye, his voice, his gestures, would respond to the changing sentiment with a precision that revealed a poetic soul and disarmed criticism. He was economical, and had saved money; he owned and occupied a very comfortable house on a respectable street. His residence was handsomely furnished, containing among other things a good library, especially rich in poetry, a piano, and some choice engravings. He generally shared his house with some young couple, who looked after his wants and were company for him; for Mr. Ryder was a single man. In the early days of his connection with the Blue Veins he had been regarded as quite a catch, and ladies and their mothers had manœuvred with much ingenuity to capture him. Not, however, until Mrs. Molly Dixon visited Groveland had any woman ever made him wish to change his condition to that of a married man.

Mrs. Dixon had come to Groveland from Washington in the spring, and before the summer was over she had won Mr. Ryder's heart. She possessed many attractive qualities. She was much younger than he; in fact, he was old enough to have been her father, though no one knew exactly how old he was. She was whiter than he, and better educated. She had moved in the best colored society of the country, at Washington, and had taught in the schools of that city. Such a superior person had been eagerly welcomed to the Blue Vein Society, and had taken a leading part in its activities. Mr. Ryder had at first

been attracted by her charms of person, for she was very good looking and not over twenty-five; then by her refined manners and by the vivacity of her wit. Her husband had been a government clerk, and at his death had left a considerable life insurance. She was visiting friends in Groveland, and, finding the town and the people to her liking, had prolonged her stay indefinitely. She had not seemed displeased at Mr. Ryder's attentions, but on the contrary had given him every proper encouragement; indeed, a younger and less cautious man would long since have spoken. But he had made up his mind, and had only to determine the time when he would ask her to be his wife. He decided to give a ball in her honor, and at some time during the evening of the ball to offer her his heart and hand. He had no special fears about the outcome, but, with a little touch of romance, he wanted the surroundings to be in harmony with his own feelings when he should have received the answer he expected.

Mr. Ryder resolved that this ball should mark an epoch in the social history of Groveland. He knew, of course, — no one could know better, — the entertainments that had taken place in past years, and what must be done to surpass them. His ball must be worthy of the lady in whose honor it was to be given, and must, by the quality of its guests, set an example for the future. He had observed of late a growing liberality, almost a laxity, in social matters, even among members of his own set, and had several times been forced to meet in a social way persons whose complexions and callings in life were hardly up to the standard which he considered proper for the society to maintain. He had a theory of his own.

"I have no race prejudice," he would say, "but we people of mixed blood are ground between the upper and the nether millstone. Our fate lies between absorption by the white race and extinction

in the black. The one does n't want us yet, but may take us in time. The other would welcome us, but it would be for us a backward step. 'With malice towards none, with charity for all,' we must do the best we can for ourselves and those who are to follow us. Self-preservation is the first law of nature."

His ball would serve by its exclusiveness to counteract leveling tendencies, and his marriage with Mrs. Dixon would help to further the upward process of absorption he had been wishing and waiting for.

II.

The ball was to take place on Friday night. The house had been put in order, the carpets covered with canvas, the halls and stairs decorated with palms and potted plants; and in the afternoon Mr. Ryder sat on his front porch, which the shade of a vine running up over a wire netting made a cool and pleasant lounging-place. He expected to respond to the toast "The Ladies," at the supper, and from a volume of Tennyson — his favorite poet — was fortifying himself with apt quotations. The volume was open at *A Dream of Fair Women*. His eyes fell on these lines, and he read them aloud to judge better of their effect: —

"At length I saw a lady within call,
Still than chisell'd marble, standing there;
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

He marked the verse, and turning the page read the stanza beginning, —

"O sweet pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret."

He weighed the passage a moment, and decided that it would not do. Mrs. Dixon was the palest lady he expected at the ball, and she was of a rather ruddy complexion, and of lively disposition and buxom build. So he ran over the leaves until his eye rested on the description of Queen Guinevere: —

"She seem'd a part of joyous Spring:
A gown of grass-green silk she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before;
A light-green tuft of plumes she bore
Closed in a golden ring.

"She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd
The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

As Mr. Ryder murmured these words audibly, with an appreciative thrill, he heard the latch of his gate click, and a light footfall sounding on the steps. He turned his head, and saw a woman standing before the door.

She was a little woman, not five feet tall, and proportioned to her height. Although she stood erect, and looked around her with very bright and restless eyes, she seemed quite old; for her face was crossed and recrossed with a hundred wrinkles, and around the edges of her bonnet could be seen protruding here and there a tuft of short gray wool. She wore a blue calico gown of ancient cut, a little red shawl fastened around her shoulders with an old-fashioned brass brooch, and a large bonnet profusely ornamented with faded red and yellow artificial flowers. And she was very black, — so black that her toothless gums, revealed when she opened her mouth to speak, were not red, but blue. She looked like a bit of the old plantation life, summoned up from the past by the wave of a magician's wand, as the poet's fancy had called into being the gracious shapes of which Mr. Ryder had just been reading.

He rose from his chair and came over to where she stood.

"Good-afternoon, madam," he said.

"Good-evenin', suh," she answered, ducking suddenly with a quaint curtsy. Her voice was shrill and piping, but softened somewhat by age. "Is dis yere whar Mistuh Ryduh lib, suh?" she asked, looking around her doubtfully,

and glancing into the open windows, through which some of the preparations for the evening were visible.

"Yes," he replied, with an air of kindly patronage, unconsciously flattered by her manner, "I am Mr. Ryder. Did you want to see me?"

"Yas, suh, ef I ain't 'sturbin' of you too much."

"Not at all. Have a seat over here behind the vine, where it is cool. What can I do for you?"

"'Scuse me, suh," she continued, when she had sat down on the edge of a chair, "'scuse me, suh, I's lookin' for my husban'. I heerd you wuz a big man an' had libbed heah a long time, an' I 'lowed you would n't min' ef I'd come roun' an' ax you ef you'd eber heerd of a merlatter man by de name er Sam Taylor 'quirin' roun' in de chu'ches er-mongs' de people fer his wife 'Liza Jane?"

Mr. Ryder seemed to think for a moment.

"There used to be many such cases right after the war," he said, "but it has been so long that I have forgotten them. There are very few now. But tell me your story, and it may refresh my memory."

She sat back farther in her chair so as to be more comfortable, and folded her withered hands in her lap.

"My name 's 'Liza," she began, "'Liza Jane. W'en I wuz young I us'ter b'long ter Marse Bob Smif, down in ole Missoura. I wuz bawn down dere. W'en I wuz a gal I wuz married ter a man named Jim. But Jim died, an' after dat I married a merlatter man named Sam Taylor. Sam wuz free-bawn, but his mammy and daddy died, an' de w'ite folks 'prenticed him ter my marster fer ter work fer 'im 'tel he wuz growed up. Sam worked in de fiel', an' I wuz de cook. One day Ma'y Ann, ole miss's maid, come rushin' out ter de kitchen, an' says she, "'Liza Jane, ole marse gwine sell yo' Sam down de ribber."

"Go way f'm yere," says I; "my husban' 's free!"

"Don' make no diff'ence. I heerd ole marse tell ole miss he wuz gwine take yo' Sam 'way wid 'im ter-morrow, fer he needed money, an' he knowed whar he could git a t'ousan' dollars fer Sam an' no questions axed."

"W'en Sam come home f'm de fiel', dat night, I tole him 'bout ole marse gwine steal 'im, an' Sam run erway. His time wuz mos' up, an' he swo' dat w'en he wuz twenty-one he would come back an' he'p me run erway, er else save up de money ter buy my freedom. An' I know he'd 'a' done it, fer he thought a heap er me, Sam did. But w'en he come back he did n' fin' me, fer I wuz n' dere. Ole marse had heerd dat I warned Sam, so he had me whip' an' sol' down de ribber.

"Den de wah broke out, an' w'en it wuz ober de cullud folks wuz scattered. I went back ter de ole home; but Sam wuz n' dere, an' I could n' l'arn nuffin' 'bout 'im. But I knowed he'd be'n dere to look fer me an' had n' foun' me, an' had gone erway ter hunt fer me.

"I's be'n lookin' fer 'im eber sence," she added simply, as though twenty-five years were but a couple of weeks, "an' I knows he's be'n lookin' fer me. Fer he sot a heap er sto' by me, Sam did, an' I know he's be'n huntin' fer me all dese years, — 'less'n he's be'n sick er sump'n, so he could n' work, er out'n his head, so he could n' 'member his promise. I went back down de ribber, fer I 'lowed he'd gone down dere lookin' fer me. I's be'n ter Noo Orleans, an' Atlant'y, an' Charleston, an' Richmon'; an' w'en I'd be'n all ober de Souf I come ter de Norf. Fer I knows I'll fin' 'im some er dese days," she added softly, "er he'll fin' me, an' den we'll bofe be as happy in freedom as we wuz in de ole days befo' de wah." A smile stole over her withered countenance as she paused a moment, and her bright eyes softened into a far-away look.

This was the substance of the old woman's story. She had wandered a little here and there. Mr. Ryder was looking at her curiously when she finished.

"How have you lived all these years?" he asked.

"Cookin', suh. I's a good cook. Does you know anybody w'at needs a good cook, suh? I's stoppin' wid a culud fam'ly roun' de corner yonder 'tel I fin' a place."

"Do you really expect to find your husband? He may be dead long ago."

She shook her head emphatically. "Oh no, he ain' dead. De signs an' de tokens tells me. I drempt three nights runnin' on'y dis las' week dat I foun' him."

"He may have married another woman. Your slave marriage would not have prevented him, for you never lived with him after the war, and without that your marriage does n't count."

"Would n' make no diff'ence wid Sam. He would n' marry no yuther 'ooman 'tel he foun' out 'bout me. I knows it," she added. "Sump'n's be'n tellin' me all dese years dat I's gwine fin' Sam 'fo' I dies."

"Perhaps he's outgrown you, and climbed up in the world where he would n't care to have you find him."

"No, indeed, suh," she replied, "Sam ain' dat kin' er man. He wuz good ter me, Sam wuz, but he wuz n' much good ter nobody e'se, fer he wuz one er de triflin'es' han's on de plantation. I 'spec's ter haf ter suppo't 'im w'en I fin' 'im, fer he nebber would work 'less'n he had ter. But den he wuz free, an' he did n' git no pay fer his work, an' I don' blame 'im much. Mebbe he's done better sence he run erway, but I ain' 'spectin' much."

"You may have passed him on the street a hundred times during the twenty-five years, and not have known him; time works great changes."

She smiled incredulously. "I'd know 'im 'mong's a hund'ed men. Fer dey

wuz n' no yuther merlatter man like my man Sam, an' I could n' be mistook. I's toted his picture roun' wid me twenty-five years."

"May I see it?" asked Mr. Ryder. "It might help me to remember whether I have seen the original."

As she drew a small parcel from her bosom, he saw that it was fastened to a string that went around her neck. Removing several wrappers, she brought to light an old-fashioned daguerreotype in a black case. He looked long and intently at the portrait. It was faded with time, but the features were still distinct, and it was easy to see what manner of man it had represented.

He closed the case, and with a slow movement handed it back to her.

"I don't know of any man in town who goes by that name," he said, "nor have I heard of any one making such inquiries. But if you will leave me your address, I will give the matter some attention, and if I find out anything I will let you know."

She gave him the number of a house in the neighborhood, and went away, after thanking him warmly.

He wrote down the address on the fly-leaf of the volume of Tennyson, and, when she had gone, rose to his feet and stood looking after her curiously. As she walked down the street with mincing step, he saw several persons whom she passed turn and look back at her with a smile of kindly amusement. When she had turned the corner, he went upstairs to his bedroom, and stood for a long time before the mirror of his dressing-case, gazing thoughtfully at the reflection of his own face.

III.

At eight o'clock the ballroom was a blaze of light and the guests had begun to assemble; for there was a literary programme and some routine business

of the society to be gone through with before the dancing. A black servant in evening dress waited at the door and directed the guests to the dressing-rooms.

The occasion was long memorable among the colored people of the city; not alone for the dress and display, but for the high average of intelligence and culture that distinguished the gathering as a whole. There were a number of school-teachers, several young doctors, three or four lawyers, some professional singers, an editor, a lieutenant in the United States army spending his furlough in the city, and others in various polite callings; these were colored, though most of them would not have attracted even a casual glance because of any marked difference from white people. Most of the ladies were in evening costume, and dress coats and dancing-pumps were the rule among the men. A band of string music, stationed in an alcove behind a row of palms, played popular airs while the guests were gathering.

The dancing began at half past nine. At eleven o'clock supper was served. Mr. Ryder had left the ballroom some little time before the intermission, but reappeared at the supper-table. The spread was worthy of the occasion, and the guests did full justice to it. When the coffee had been served, the toast-master, Mr. Solomon Sadler, rapped for order. He made a brief introductory speech, complimenting host and guests, and then presented in their order the toasts of the evening. They were responded to with a very fair display of after-dinner wit.

"The last toast," said the toast-master, when he reached the end of the list, "is one which must appeal to us all. There is no one of us of the sterner sex who is not at some time dependent upon woman, — in infancy for protection, in manhood for companionship, in old age for care and comforting. Our good host has been trying to live alone, but the

fair faces I see around me to-night prove that he too is largely dependent upon the gentler sex for most that makes life worth living, — the society and love of friends, — and rumor is at fault if he does not soon yield entire subjection to one of them. Mr. Ryder will now respond to the toast, — *The Ladies.*"

There was a pensive look in Mr. Ryder's eyes as he took the floor and adjusted his eyeglasses. He began by speaking of woman as the gift of Heaven to man, and after some general observations on the relations of the sexes he said: "But perhaps the quality which most distinguishes woman is her fidelity and devotion to those she loves. History is full of examples, but has recorded none more striking than one which only to-day came under my notice."

He then related, simply but effectively, the story told by his visitor of the afternoon. He told it in the same soft dialect, which came readily to his lips, while the company listened attentively and sympathetically. For the story had awakened a responsive thrill in many hearts. There were some present who had seen, and others who had heard their fathers and grandfathers tell, the wrongs and sufferings of this past generation, and all of them still felt, in their darker moments, the shadow hanging over them. Mr. Ryder went on: —

"Such devotion and such confidence are rare even among women. There are many who would have searched a year, some who would have waited five years, a few who might have hoped ten years; but for twenty-five years this woman has retained her affection for and her faith in a man she has not seen or heard of in all that time.

"She came to me to-day in the hope that I might be able to help her find this long-lost husband. And when she was gone I gave my fancy rein, and imagined a case I will put to you.

"Suppose that this husband, soon after his escape, had learned that his wife

had been sold away, and that such inquiries as he could make brought no information of her whereabouts. Suppose that he was young, and she much older than he; that he was light, and she was black; that their marriage was a slave marriage, and legally binding only if they chose to make it so after the war. Suppose, too, that he made his way to the North, as some of us have done, and there, where he had larger opportunities, had improved them, and had in the course of all these years grown to be as different from the ignorant boy who ran away from fear of slavery as the day is from the night. Suppose, even, that he had qualified himself, by industry, by thrift, and by study, to win the friendship and be considered worthy the society of such people as these I see around me to-night, gracing my board and filling my heart with gladness; for I am old enough to remember the day when such a gathering would not have been possible in this land. Suppose, too, that, as the years went by, this man's memory of the past grew more and more indistinct, until at last it was rarely, except in his dreams, that any image of this bygone period rose before his mind. And then suppose that accident should bring to his knowledge the fact that the wife of his youth, the wife he had left behind him, — not one who had walked by his side and kept pace with him in his upward struggle, but one upon whom advancing years and a laborious life had set their mark, — was alive and seeking him, but that he was absolutely safe from recognition or discovery, unless he chose to reveal himself. My friends, what would the man do? I will suppose that he was one who loved honor, and tried to deal justly with all men. I will even carry the case further, and suppose that perhaps he had set his heart upon another, whom he had hoped to call his own. What would he do, or rather what ought he to do, in such a crisis of a lifetime?

"It seemed to me that he might hesitate, and I imagined that I was an old friend, a near friend, and that he had come to me for advice; and I argued the case with him. I tried to discuss it impartially. After we had looked upon the matter from every point of view, I said to him, in words that we all know:

'This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.'

Then, finally, I put the question to him, 'Shall you acknowledge her?'

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, friends and companions, I ask you, what should he have done?"

There was something in Mr. Ryder's voice that stirred the hearts of those who sat around him. It suggested more than mere sympathy with an imaginary situation; it seemed rather in the nature of a personal appeal. It was observed, too, that his look rested more especially upon Mrs. Dixon, with a mingled expression of renunciation and inquiry.

She had listened, with parted lips and streaming eyes. She was the first to speak: "He should have acknowledged her."

"Yes," they all echoed, "he should have acknowledged her."

"My friends and companions," responded Mr. Ryder, "I thank you, one and all. It is the answer I expected, for I knew your hearts."

He turned and walked toward the closed door of an adjoining room, while every eye followed him in wondering curiosity. He came back in a moment, leading by the hand his visitor of the afternoon, who stood startled and trembling at the sudden plunge into this scene of brilliant gayety. She was neatly dressed in gray, and wore the white cap of an elderly woman.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "this is the woman, and I am the man, whose story I have told you. Permit me to introduce to you the wife of my youth."

Charles W. Chesnutt.

A SOUL'S PILGRIMAGE: EXTRACTS FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

AFTER a youth spent in study under the curé of my native village of Vars, and in the college at Gray, near Dijon, I went up in my twenty-fifth year to continue my studies in Paris.

On arriving there — in March, 1843 — I immediately put myself under the direction of the most celebrated and certainly the most gifted of all the Jesuits I have ever met, Père de Ravignan, the Lenten preacher of Notre Dame, and the contemporary of Lacordaire, who at that time preached the Advent course in the same cathedral. It was my earnest desire to prepare myself in the best possible way to fill as worthily as I could the sacred duties of the ministry. Having made sure of a means of living by setting aside two or three hours each day to teaching, I devoted the rest of my time to personal culture. Seldom has a young man had finer opportunities for intellectual growth than I had at this time. For France, the last years of Louis Philippe were perhaps the most brilliant of the century. In every department of learning and letters talent was represented by illustrious men: in poetry, Victor Hugo and Lamartine; in Parliament, Berryer and Montalembert; in the government, Guizot and Thiers; at the Sorbonne, Cousin, Jules Simon, Lenormant, Ozanam, and Cœur; at the Collège de France, Michelet and Quinet; in the pulpit, Lacordaire and de Ravignan.

I was anxious to learn something from each of these remarkable men. My Sundays were spent in listening to famous preachers. During the rest of the week I distributed my time between the Sorbonne, the Chamber of Deputies, and the Chamber of Peers. Presently, to my great delight, I found myself in relation with such men as Berryer and Montalembert, Jules Simon and Ozanam, La-

cordaire and de Ravignan. The last, as my spiritual director, proved a warm friend as well as a wise and trustworthy guide. I retain a sweet remembrance of many intimate conversations with him. His was not only a holy but a liberal spirit. I was not surprised, later, when I heard it said that he thought of reasserting his independence by asking the general of the Jesuits to release him from his vows.

A trait which exhibited the nobility of his feelings and the largeness of his views appeared in one of our conversations. One day, troubled with doubts, I opened my heart to him, and, encouraged by his evident sympathy, ventured to ask the question, "Is there not, my father, some way of recognizing what is true from what is false in religious doctrine, by which one may avoid the necessity of constant reference to authorities, so many of which simply confuse the mind by their conflicting statements?"

"There is a way," he replied, "which in the case of such doubt I myself follow, and which I recommend to you. Every doctrine which tends to elevate the mind and enlarge the heart is true, and every doctrine which works the contrary effect is false. Follow this principle, and you will feel and be the better for it. I have done so, and am satisfied."

It was shortly before this that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was founded. The circumstances which led to its institution are of peculiar interest. On a Sunday evening Ozanam had gathered together a few students of the Sorbonne to take tea with him. After a simple repast, he laid before them a plan by which each one was to undertake, during the coming week, to visit one or two poor families of the neighborhood, and report to him on the following Sunday. The

enthusiasm of the young men for so practical a form of benevolent work soon developed, and shortly it became advisable to form the little group into a society, the object of which should be just such simple works of charity. From that modest beginning in the library of this large-hearted man the association has grown until to-day it numbers more than two million members. You may be sure that I was glad of an opportunity to be associated with such a band of zealous men.

Another society to which it was my privilege to belong was *Le Cercle Catholique de la Rue de Grenelle*, which was founded at this time with the object of banding together Catholics of liberal views, clerics as well as laymen. It counted among its members such men as Lacordaire, Ozanam, Montalembert, de Falloux, de Montigny, and Riancey.

It was my honor to represent this society in Dublin at the funeral of the celebrated Irish liberator, Daniel O'Connell. Never shall I forget the sight that greeted us on our arrival in Dublin Bay. A vast throng had gathered on the quay, and after a solemn and awed silence suddenly burst into a wail of lamentation such as it is given a man only once to hear. It seemed as if the hearts of the bereaved people were breaking with grief. As the cortège moved from the quay the multitude reverently followed the catafalque, and kept up a constant dirge until the remains of their hero were deposited within the church where the funeral service was to be held on the morrow. Few things could have been more imposing than that solemn service and the great procession which attended the body to its last resting-place. It was evident, indeed, that Ireland had lost one of her chief sons, and her people mourned for him as a mother mourns for her best beloved.

Some weeks after our return to Paris, Père Lacordaire pronounced the funeral oration of Daniel O'Connell at Notre

Dame. On the evening of the same day a dinner was given to John O'Connell, son of the great statesman, by the Baron de Montigny at his superb hôtel (formerly the hôtel Montmorency) in the Rue de Babylone. Sixty guests were present, including many church dignitaries, statesmen, journalists, and other distinguished men. It was the 22d of February, 1848, — a day destined to prove a memorable one in the history of France. Shortly before we sat down, the populace had begun to assemble in the streets, and the crowds seemed to be moving toward the Champs Elysées. A valet was dispatched every quarter of an hour to bring us news of what was happening. As the reports grew more alarming, the guests became more preoccupied. After dinner the company broke up into little groups to discuss the situation. A messenger presently brought us more serious tidings, so that the Baron de Villequier exclaimed, "Why, it seems a veritable mob!" To which the prophetic Berryer replied, "Take care that it is not a revolution!" Two days later Louis Philippe was obliged to flee from the Tuileries, and restless France found herself once more a nation without a ruler.

It was during the outbreak in June of the same year that the heroic death of the saintly Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Affre, occurred. The soul of this devout man was deeply moved by the spirit of strife among the people. It cut him to the heart to see Paris on the verge of a fratricidal war, and God's call seemed clear to him, as the spiritual father of the community, not to spare himself in any endeavor to restore order and promote peace. Accordingly, on the morning of the 27th he proceeded to the scene of the conflict and mounted the barricades, to plead with the populace on the one hand and the soldiery on the other. Scarcely had he uttered the words "My children" when a shot fired from a neighboring build-

ing pierced him, and he fell dead before the eyes of the mob. This tragic event was enough. A horror seemed to seize every one, and from that hour the insurrection ceased. Truly the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

It may be proper to speak a word about the power of the pulpit in Paris at this time. Perhaps the two most eminent preachers that France has produced are Bossuet and Lacordaire. Both were the pride of Dijon, their native city. The superiority of Bossuet appeared in what he said, that of Lacordaire in the way in which he said it. The latter's eloquence corresponds precisely to the word attributed to Demosthenes, and repeated by Massillon. When asked what were the essential elements of oratory, the illustrious Greek is said to have replied: First, action; second, action; third, action.

I recall an occasion when this principle in the preaching of Lacordaire was illustrated. One Sunday, Abbé Castan, nephew of Archbishop Affre, and I found ourselves almost lost in the immense crowd pouring into Notre Dame to hear the great preacher. The subject he was to treat was the struggle between good and evil, the conflict between the powers of the world and the Church of God. He opened with a paraphrase of the first verses of the second Psalm: "Quare fremuerunt gentes?" Presently, as the idea began to unfold itself to his marvelous imagination, his thought rose to such a height that my friend whispered to me, "He cannot continue in that strain!" It was true. Human language failed him. Yet, standing there, his face illumined with the great thought, his body swaying under the inspiration of the mighty truth which his tongue refused to utter, he continued his gestures with such descriptive force that, under the action of that mute eloquence, the assembly seemed to shudder. It was only a few seconds, perhaps, though it seemed to me many minutes. Then the

preacher slowly drew back his arm and solemnly laid his hand over his heart. After a moment of absolute stillness, the entire audience gave vent to its feelings in one spontaneous outburst of applause.

On the following Sunday we were again in our places, and before the address the Archbishop of Paris felt compelled to request the congregation to remember the sacred character of the place, and to refrain from any outward expression of approval. But such was the eloquence of Lacordaire in pursuing the same theme that ere long the archbishop himself was betrayed into an unconscious clapping of hands, which was enough to lift an irksome restraint from an audience hardly able to suppress its feelings.

At this time the accession to our ranks of John Henry Newman and other distinguished members of the Anglican communion inspired the champions of Romanism in France with the belief that England was ripe for the papacy. Frequent meetings were held among us, and our enthusiasm and zeal for this great end were heightened. I was free to do as I pleased at this time, and being deeply moved by the bright prospects before our Church in Great Britain I determined to give myself to the work of conversion, and to devote my energies to an enterprise which seemed destined to contribute so largely to the glory and power of the Holy See.

My friends were most cordial in their approval of this resolve, and in many happy ways expressed an interest in the step I was about to take. Some of the sweetest evidences of their regard were the books and other gifts they bestowed upon me; among them was a very tender souvenir from Charles (then Abbé) Gounod. On the evening before my departure this charming man brought me his surplice, berretta, and other personal belongings. These were the more precious to me since, shortly after this, Gounod gave up the idea of following the

sacred ministry, in order to devote himself without reserve to that noble art which has made his name immortal.

Arriving in London, I set out immediately to report myself to Cardinal Wiseman for such service as he should think me fitted to undertake. As I had not yet learned to speak English plainly, it was arranged that I should preach an occasion offered at the French church of this great capital, and on Sundays celebrate the military mass at Woolwich for the Roman Catholic soldiers of the garrison. It was not long before I gained familiarity with English, and his Eminence was able to transfer me to the charge of the Catholic mission recently established at Canterbury. Here I preached my first English sermons.

England until then had been looked upon as a missionary territory by the Latin Church, and, as was the custom in all countries of this character, the Roman authority was represented, not by bishops, but by apostolic vicars, of whom at this time there were four. In 1850 Pius IX. divided the country into Catholic provinces, and appointed a bishop for each of them. This bold act on the part of a foreign prelate aroused the indignation of the English people, and provoked widespread and violent opposition. Every evening the streets of London were thronged with long and noisy processions, in which the Pope was carried about in effigy and subjected to all manner of insult. I suffered more than I can say from this blasphemous abuse, as it seemed to me, of the head of our holy religion, and I felt it my duty to protest, no matter how insignificant my protestation might be. Accordingly, I published successively two tracts in favor of the papacy, — entitled *Rome and the Holy Scriptures*, and *Rome and the Primitive Church*, — with the hope that some Protestant minds might see the grounds of our claims and the justice of the step taken by his Holiness Pius IX.

These publications attracted more notice than I could have hoped for. By the Catholic press they were heralded as timely utterances, and were spoken of as logical and conclusive arguments for the papal supremacy. But above all other opinions I appreciated that expressed in the following letter: —

. . . I received with true pleasure your pamphlets and your good letter, my dear abbé; I thank you with all my heart. God has truly made you an Apostle of England. Continue to spread the good news. I admire the manner in which you are able to write and speak in English. The remembrance of you, be sure of it, remains faithful in the depths of my soul. Au revoir, then, till it please the Lord. Believe in my very tender attachment.

DE RAVIGNAN, S. J.

PARIS, 21 February, 1851.

The Protestant journals whose attention was excited by these pamphlets of course judged them differently. One among them, *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, published a series of articles in which the Scriptural texts and historic references were the object of severe criticism. The author of these articles, Mr. Charles Hastings Collette, one of the glories of Oxford, and a man deeply versed in the writings of the Fathers as well as the history of the first Christian ages, in a polite letter in which he gave me entire credit for sincerity, announced to me his intention of pointing out that the statements upon which my arguments were founded were either fabrications or else falsely stated. Sure of having advanced only those points which conform to the teaching of the most esteemed authors of Catholic history, and acting besides under the impression which prevails among Roman Catholics, namely, that honesty is not to be expected from Protestants in religious controversy, I did not feel it my duty to reply to his very civil note.

My silence did not seem to discourage him, for in the course of a few days he wrote me four other letters, which in turn failed to elicit a reply.

One morning I heard a knock at the door of the house where I lived, and, as the servant was absent, I answered the call. I found myself face to face with a gentleman of distinguished appearance, who handed me his card, and to my astonishment I read the name of my correspondent and adversary, Charles Hastings Collette. Common courtesy obliged me to receive him. Without ado he announced the purpose of his visit by repeating in a decided voice what he had written; declaring that he had perfect faith in my sincerity, that the pamphlets were marked with the stamp of honesty, and that had it been otherwise he would have disdained any dealings with me. Then he said that he was ready to prove to me that I had been mistaken in many of the texts quoted and in most of the supposed facts submitted in my argument. "Without doubt," he said, "you drew your knowledge from the most estimable sources known to you. But these sources are far too modern. I ask you but one thing, and that, as a man of honor, which I take you to be, you cannot honestly refuse me. It is to consult, not Protestant books, but the writings of Catholics of an earlier date than the Council of Trent, of whose authenticity and authority there can be no question. To this effect, I pray you to make conscientious researches in the library of the British Museum, where such documents abound. I shall secure you the necessary permission to consult these works, and as the librarian is my friend I shall ask him to help you in your investigations, and we shall see what conclusion the study will lead you to."

By refusing to accede to such a request I should have given proof of a want of love for truth; and so sure was I of my ground and of the historical

validity of my argument that I did not hesitate to follow the wish of this ardent and courteous opponent. For a fortnight I spent all of my afternoons and part of my evenings in searching those books which could enlighten me on so grave a subject. By faithful study I was able to compare the facts as I had been taught them with the facts as the early Church historians stated them. The result of this investigation was as painful to me as it was satisfactory to Mr. Collette. On all the contested points I found that the weight of authority was against my position. I will cite one decisive instance.

Among all the treatises on dogmatic theology in use, in my day, in the high seminaries of the Church, the one most esteemed was the work of Cardinal Gousset, perhaps the greatest Roman theologian of the century. In this work the sixth canon of the Council of Nice (A. D. 325) is thus written: "*Ecclesia Romana semper habuit primatum.*" From this canon one draws the irresistible conclusion that the first ecumenical council, although composed almost exclusively of bishops from the East, who would naturally look with jealousy upon the growing influence of the See of Rome, found itself obliged to witness to the truth of her supremacy by a special canon, declaring that from the *beginning* Rome had had the primacy. Surely no more positive assertion could be made of the fact which Protestant historians repudiated so decidedly.

Resting secure in my knowledge of this canon, I was almost stunned to find that the original form of the canon, as enacted by the Council, was quite different from what I had been taught. The sixth canon simply states that Rome has a relative primacy. The plan before the Council was to transform the See of Alexandria into a patriarchate, and the purport of the canon was, that as the bishop of Rome had the primacy over the bishops of the suburbicarian cities,

in the same way it was fitting that the bishop of Alexandria should occupy a similar rank with regard to the bishops of Lower Egypt. The part that had been suppressed in our manuals gave the subject an entirely different complexion.

This discovery, and others like it, gave me a most severe shock. I requested the librarian to permit me to carry away and keep until the next day the collection of the acts of councils, where I had found the canons in their original integrity. He consented, and I lost no time in finding Cardinal Wiseman. I asked him if there was any doubt as to the authenticity of the sixth canon of Nice as it is given in our manuals of theology. "None that I know of," he replied. I then showed him my volume, and said, "It is a Catholic publication; old, it is true, but only the more to be trusted on that account. Here are the terms in which the sixth canon is expressed." His Eminence appeared very much astonished, and as he remarked that I suffered from something more than astonishment he advised me not to attach too much importance to the matter. An interview with my spiritual director, Father Brownbill, gave me no more satisfaction than that with the cardinal. For the first time in my life I found myself assailed by doubt, and with no friend to turn to.

Now, to entertain doubt is regarded as one of the greatest sins by the Roman Church, a species of interior apostasy, to be dealt with in the most rigorous way; and in the teachings of the masters of the spiritual life there is, for the temptations against faith as for those against purity, one sole remedy, — flight. After a long struggle I determined to fly, and resolved to have nothing more to do with Protestants, to avoid all matters of controversy, and to devote myself exclusively to works of zeal in Catholic countries.

The times were favorable for this purpose. The Secular Jubilee was about

to be celebrated in France by missions in the leading churches. I had been invited to take part in several of these missions as preacher and confessor. This now appeared to me providential; the more so as the subjects treated in the pulpit on such occasions — sin, repentance, death, judgment, and the like — are almost strangers to controversy. I accepted the invitations, therefore, with a kind of desperate gratitude, and during more than two months passed the greater part of my time in the pulpit and the confessional.

The day came when, although I had still many engagements, I found myself completely worn out and forced to think of rest. After that, recalling the word of the sage, that the best writings on religion are those forbidden by the Congregation of the Index, I allowed myself to pass over this interdiction, and among other works to read with a lively interest *L'Histoire de la Civilisation en Europe et en France*, by M. Guizot. The manifest spirit of sincerity, the largeness of view, the historical science, which this work reveals impressed me so deeply, and produced such a change in my manner of appreciating things; that I felt sure its talented author could help me in my present dilemma. To unburden myself to this great man might seem to him a strange tribute to his genius, yet so deep was my longing for counsel and guidance just at this time that I felt such a course was justifiable, and believed that he would not take my confidence amiss.

My plea was addressed simply to M. Guizot, Paris; and though I looked anxiously and long for an answer, to my deep disappointment none came. Whether the letter never reached its destination, or whether M. Guizot mistrusted its motive, I had no means of ascertaining. I have come to believe it was never received.

Judging it inopportune to take any one else into my confidence, I resolved

to think and act for myself and on my own responsibility. The more I studied and reflected, the more my faith in the fundamental doctrines of Romanism weakened, and I felt that before long not only my opinions, but also my conscience would impose upon me the duty of abjuration. As such a step could not but bring me personally the gravest consequences, deeply afflict my best friends, and, worst of all, carry desolation into the bosom of my family, I felt bound to make a last effort by going to Rome and studying the system on the spot in its immediate application.

As I had not revealed to any of my friends what was passing within me, when they learned that I was going to the capital of the Roman world they entirely misinterpreted the object of the journey and congratulated me on my resolution. Several prelates, the Cardinal Archbishop of Besançon among them, sent me letters of recommendation of the most flattering kind. All supposed I was about to make what is called a pilgrimage *ad limina apostolorum*. They had a natural reason for believing this, as I had received from the Vatican special privileges, and more recently had been extended the widest powers in the matter of indulgences, such as the *altare privilegiatum personale*, of which I have the titles still in my possession.

It was my intention to remain six months in the Holy City. Circumstances compelled me to leave at the end of a month; yet during that brief period I saw and learned enough to satisfy me that the capital of the Roman world was the last place for one in my frame of mind to visit. It may be that I was not in a condition to judge impartially. Perhaps the temper of my thoughts was over-critical, too susceptible to adverse impressions. I had resolved, it is true, to investigate fearlessly and study frankly all that bore upon my religious position. Nevertheless, every private interest, home ties, the love and respect of friends, pre-

sent position and future prospects, would naturally have induced me to see things in their most favorable light. If the facts were to lead me to separate from the Church of Rome, it would be only because the facts were too glaring and emphatic to be glossed over.

I pass by the vexations to which, on arriving at Civit  Vecchia, I was subjected, at the hands of the gendarmes, the customs officers, and the countless horde of *faquiri*. Suffice it to say that I reached the Eternal City at last, poorer in pocket, but richer in experience.

As soon as I was settled in fairly comfortable lodgings I proceeded to make myself familiar with the city. The churches first absorbed my attention. What shall I say of their dignity and splendor, their wealth and magnificence? What shall I say of the vast numbers of monks and priests and prelates who throng these stately buildings, and testify to the power and prestige of this great church, and lend an air of sanctity to its ancient seat? Certainly here the religion of Jesus should be at its best. Here we should find the purest morality and the deepest spiritual life. Here charity and good works, the distinctive marks of the disciples of Christ, should abound without measure. Rome should lead the world in all that is noble and holy and gracious in religion.

The pain of a bitter disenchantment was in store for me. I had been in the city but a few hours when a revolting sense of the unreality of its religious life took possession of me. Every day seemed to deepen that unwelcome impression. I found myself going from place to place in increasing amazement at the squalor and ignorance and vice visible and openly present at each new turn. Instead of righteousness and piety and a sweet reverence among the people, there were iniquity and uncleanness and degrading superstition. Education and self-respect, — those choice fruits of Christianity, — where had they concealed themselves?

On the one hand the luxury of the prelates, on the other the profound misery of the people; on this side churches of surpassing stateliness, on that homes of the poor, unspeakable in their filthiness; here a cleric in gorgeous attire, there a beggar in hideous and noisome rags. How could I escape the shameful meaning of such a contrast! One would indeed have had to be a slave to prejudice to overlook this disgusting travesty of the religion of Him who came to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to set at liberty those who are bruised.

"And what do these men do, this multitude of priests?" I asked myself again and again. "Do they not see the wretched condition of the people? Have they no concern for the public distress and ignorance and immorality?" I could not discover a single sign of a real and genuine interest in such matters, nor did I learn of any organized effort to lift the people from their hapless plight. The dignitaries of the Church were occupied with other things. Their time was taken up with affairs of a more imposing nature: resplendent ceremonies, now at this altar, now at that; the keeping of great festivals and the observance of great occasions. The city seemed wholly given up to idolatry and enamored with the superb spectacle of an elaborate worship. Even this might mean something, did it only inspire the people with a deeper reverence and regard for sacred things. But it was evident that the solemn functions possessed no real solemnity; it was not awe of God that held the crowd, but a stupid wonder and admiration of those gorgeously robed men who served at the altar. At St. Peter's, the Lateran, St. Paul outside the Walls, Trinità de' Monti, it was always the same, — a wanton display of religious pomp and ceremonial, without heart, without devotion, without any spiritual reality.

On Christmas I attended the midnight office at S. Maria Maggiore. The church

was splendid with lights and ornaments; the ceremony was the greatest possible display. Among all the princes of the church I liked the appearance of the Pope alone. His face was sympathetic, and he seemed embarrassed by the many singular honors conferred upon him. The assembly had the air of taking part in some worldly gathering rather than in a religious service. The frivolity of the people, their free conversation, prevented one from believing that they were conscious of being in a holy place. One may doubt if a single soul carried away any feeling of edification.

The feast of the Epiphany found me at the Sistine Chapel. What a spectacle is that mass in the presence of the Pope! The chamberlains grouped like dogs at the feet of their masters, the cardinals; the officiating clergy carelessly lolling on the altar steps in their sacerdotal vestments, turning their backs upon the cross and the tabernacle during the singing; then that meaningless series of perfunctory honors, kissing of hands, kissing of the feet of the Pope, which seems to be given in lieu of the homage due to the Host upon the altar. Nothing is present to remind one that it is the house of God. The triple pontifical crown everywhere — on the walls right and left, at the entrance, and in the sanctuary — tells the story truly. It is not the cross of Christ, but the crown of the Pontiff, that is revered.

I came away from this service resolved to follow the direction of my own conscience, cost what it might. An accident served to help me in this decision. I was boarding in a family whose chief religious devotion seemed to consist in reciting the rosary together, in order to obtain a favorable number at Tombola. The members of the family knew that I was a priest, and having observed that, unlike other priests, I did not say the daily mass, they indicated in many ways that they were suspicious of my orthodoxy. I had reason to believe that they

would not keep this suspicion to themselves, and so I thought it well to seek another lodging.

Seeing on the door of a house on the Plaza d'Espagne the notice "Rooms to let," I entered and ascended the stairs to examine them. As I passed through the hall, my eye was caught by a door-plate bearing the inscription "Rev. Charles Baird, Chaplain of the American Legation." This discovery seemed to me providential. I had never conversed with a Protestant minister. In obedience to a strange impulse I knocked. Mr. Baird was within, and received me with marked politeness. I was a stranger, and yet I found myself in a few moments explaining to him my peculiar position. His evident sympathy and kindness inspired me to tell him all, and I felt more than repaid for my confidence by his affectionate and tender manner. After a few comforting and encouraging words, he said: "You cannot doubt my profound sympathy in the religious crisis to which you have been led, and I shall be happy to meet and talk with you again, but it must not be in this place. Everything which passes in my apartment is watched. Only a few weeks ago, a monk, tormented as you now are by doubt, and who had come to confer with me two or three times, disappeared; I have not heard from him nor of him since. I should not be surprised if it is already known that you are here. Do not return to these rooms. I will appoint a place of meeting where there will not be the same risk." I promised to do as Mr. Baird had told me, and left him my address.

Some days later, as I was walking from the Gesù to the Capitol, where two streets cross, I was suddenly accosted by two men, who threw themselves upon me, and while one covered my mouth to prevent an outcry, the other rifled my pockets. I supposed my purse had been taken; but no, it was safe in my pocket. My portfolio, containing many

precious papers, — my passport and letters of recommendation, that from the Archbishop of Besançon among them, — was gone.

I went at once to the police prefecture, hard by, and asked to speak with the prefect himself. I told him what had occurred, and he expressed surprise. He inquired if there was any money in the portfolio. I told him there was nothing but private papers and letters, valuable to me, but useless to any one else. Thereupon this worthy officer said, "If these men are ordinary thieves and find that the contents are of no value to them, they will probably bring them to us. You had better leave with us some little indemnity to pay them for their trouble."

This affair now appeared to me more serious than I had thought at first, and without further delay I sought the office of the French ambassador. Happily, he knew me, being, as I was, a member of *Le Cercle Catholique*. He seemed glad to see me, but when I told him what had just happened his countenance became grave. "Allow me to ask you a question," he said. "How do you stand from a religious point of view?" I thought it right to tell him frankly the reason for my presence in Rome. "That truly grieves me," he replied. "You know I am a Catholic. Nevertheless, in the present case I must act as an ambassador of France. I know you to be a reputable citizen. I shall give you a new passport on this condition: you must leave Rome in twenty-four hours. For that time I take you under my protection, but if you remain longer I will not be responsible for the outcome." He then told me the experience of the Abbé Laborde, who had been sent to Rome by the Archbishop of Paris to protest against the proclamation of the new dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Upon his arrival he was speedily taken in hand and shut up in the Castle of St. Angelo. He was liberated only after severe threats on the part of the French government.

On leaving the ambassador I went at once to Mr. Baird. "What has happened does not surprise me," he said, upon learning of my misadventure. "Well, now that you are in security for twenty-four hours longer we can see something of you. Come to-morrow to our service at ten o'clock. Afterward we will breakfast together, and at one o'clock you can take the diligence for Civit  Vecchia."

I acted according to the desire of my new friend, in whom I was happy to find a true Christian gentleman, and on the morrow I attended for the first time in my life a Protestant service, and that in the very centre of Romanism. During my stay in the Holy City this was the only occasion when I was truly edified and comforted by a religious service. In the simplicity and manifest sincerity of that brief period of devotion I found what I had failed to find in all the pomp and ceremony of the great churches,—an atmosphere of reverence and faith, a worship of God in spirit and in truth.

For a year and a half after my departure from Rome I lived in London and in Dublin, lecturing on French literature, and engaging as opportunity presented in work of a religious character. All this time my heart was unsatisfied, and my movements were embarrassed by the excessive zeal of some of my new-found Protestant friends. I determined, therefore, in order to find a place of freer movement, to go to the United States. Knowing that Boston was the capital of mind and the centre of culture in the great republic, I concluded to take up my residence there for a time, at least, in order to see American life and thought at its best. Of this my journal speaks more explicitly:—

November 3, 1855. Yesterday a friend took me to the home of Mr. Longfellow, the pre minent poet of the New World. He received us in the room where Washington had his headquarters, and where

a Frenchman delights to find the name of Lafayette. Mr. Longfellow invited me to dine with him to-day, so that my first dinner in the United States, outside of a hotel, was at the house of one of America's purest glories,—a house venerated as a sanctuary by his countrymen,—and in the company of several of the most cultivated minds of Boston; for Mr. Longfellow, who does nothing by halves, had also invited to this dinner the leading professors of the university at Cambridge. It was a delicate attention, too, that the dinner was prepared and served entirely *  la fran aise*. But what followed I valued and enjoyed far more than the dinner. When the twelve other guests had gone home, he asked me to remain in order that we might engage in more intimate conversation. I shall not soon forget his charming candor and warm-hearted sympathy, which quickly won my confidence and made it easy for me to speak to him of my personal experiences.

November 5. Almost by chance I was introduced to-day to the Bishop of Massachusetts, the Right Reverend Dr. Manton Eastburn. I was not prepared for this introduction, and when it was proposed I regretted that my costume was not appropriate for meeting a person of such dignity. On seeing his lordship all awkwardness on my part disappeared. Not one distinctive mark characterized this man save his fine presence and distinguished and affable manners. The bishop spoke to me as a minister of Christ, and showed me much kindness. . . . The bishop is, with the ministers under his jurisdiction, the *primus inter pares*, a sort of elder brother. Surely, this manner of being and acting is more apostolic than that of the superb prelates under Roman authority.

November 15. The circle of my acquaintance, and I may say of my friends, is enlarging every day. They are almost without exception noble types of humanity. Yesterday I was presented to one

especially worthy, a true gentleman and a member of the American Congress, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. To-day, the one who now occupies the pulpit of Dr. Channing, his worthy successor in noble qualities of heart and soul, Rev. Dr. Ezra Gannett, came to invite me to dine at his house with some distinguished men whom he desired me to know.

November 25. To-day I can either boast or reproach myself for having sat in the assembly of those whom the orthodox call infidels. I went to hear Theodore Parker at the Music Hall, — Theodore Parker, who is avoided and disavowed even by Unitarians. Now I must confess that in all he said there was not an idea nor a word that wounded me; on the contrary, this appeared to be just the atmosphere for my present state of mind. Mr. Parker, in my sense, is a logical and truly brave preacher; the others — I speak, of course, of the liberals — seem to draw back from the consequences of the principles they have laid down. Here is a Protestant indeed, in the full sense of the word. After the service I was introduced to Mr. Parker, who already knew something of my history, and welcomed me with marked politeness. He invited me to call upon him for a confidential talk at any time that I should feel inclined to do so.

The first year in New England was most encouraging. My literary conferences met with unexpected success. A complete course was given in the hall of the Y. M. C. A. in Boston, and various series at Cambridge, Lynn, Milton, Nahant, and Newport. From all these places the most gratifying letters came to me, quite unexpectedly, from several persons well known in the world of letters; among them, Longfellow, Theodore Parker, Dr. Hedge, Edmund Quincy, Wendell Phillips, Lothrop Motley, Bishop Eastburn, Charles Brooks, Henry Tuckerman, Robert C. Winthrop, Rufus Choate, and Edward Everett.

Two propositions were just then made to me: the one, to fill the professorship of French language and literature in Washington University, at St. Louis; the other, to establish a collegiate school for young ladies at Lexington, Kentucky.

I went to St. Louis first; but as the aspect of things there did not appear favorable, I soon left for Lexington, where I was already known to the family of Senator Duncan. I was also furnished with letters to Mr. Breckinridge, afterwards Vice-President of the Confederacy, the family of Henry Clay, and several others. One of the largest and best houses in the city was put at my disposal, and many pupils were already enrolled, when an incident happened which brought all my projects to a sudden end. One Sunday, in returning from church, I passed, without knowing it, through the slave-market. It was an open square, where many men had gathered and were employed in bartering for a female slave. Coming from Boston, where I had been associated with Wendell Phillips, Lloyd Garrison, and others of the abolitionist party, to which my heart thoroughly belonged, I could not help in some degree showing the pain and indignation I felt. This criticism stirred up bad feelings, which some of the people did not hesitate to express so openly that a friend heard their threats, and lost no time in repeating them to me. Late that night I was awakened by a soft rapping upon my window, which opened upon the broad piazza of the hotel, and I found there a young mulatto who was engaged in doing some printing for the school. He brought news of a plot to tar and feather me, and in this high-handed and desperate way to cut short my dangerous doctrines. I did not propose to retract what I had said, and so there was nothing for it but to leave the place at once.

New York seemed to me to offer not only the most favorable opportunities for my literary efforts, but also a large field

for study of the many and various phases of religious belief and activity. I had but a very few friends in that city, yet I felt that they were men whom I could trust. This confidence was not misplaced. From the moment of my arrival, Henry Tuckerman, Dr. Henry Bellows, and others took a most lively interest in my well-being. It was shortly arranged that I should give a course of sermons on unity, in the church of Dr. Bellows, at the corner of 19th Street and Fourth Avenue. These sermons met with a flattering reception, and drew many people of a liberal mind among the various Protestant denominations. As the church could not always be at our disposal, my friends made arrangements that I should use a hall in the Cooper Institute, and there continue the free and open discussion of religious doctrine and truth. I preached there during the eight months from October, 1858, to May, 1859. The success of this enterprise was somewhat remarkable. The hall, though an ample one, was on several occasions found to be too small for the audience.

My Sunday discourses might have continued indefinitely, had I not received in April of 1859 a letter from Mr. Longfellow, asking me to become an assistant professor of the French language and literature at Harvard University. As this invitation came to me entirely unsought, and was accompanied by an expression of deep affection on the part of Mr. Longfellow, I asked myself with no little concern whether I should not accept it. The thought of putting down a task so lately begun and so full of promise was distasteful to me, and I accepted Mr. Longfellow's invitation only with the determination that at some future day I would resume religious work.

Many were the expressions of regret by those who made up our little congregation that the services were to be discontinued. A generous effort was made, started by Mr. Leavitt Hunt, to

establish the enterprise upon a permanent basis; but as this came after my letter of acceptance had been sent to Mr. Longfellow, it could not accomplish its purpose.

Hardly had I begun my course of lectures at the university when a proposition was made to me by Mr. Agassiz, whose school in Cambridge will long be remembered as the leading institution in this country for the education of young women. Most of the instructors were professors at the university. Mr. Agassiz was preparing at this time to make a journey of exploration in South America, which would probably consume many months, and he came to me with the request that I should take his lecture hours in the school for a course in French literature. I at once accepted this offer, and found myself happy in a work so congenial to my training and inclinations. But another proposition followed this, which pleased me even more. The Rev. Dr. Manning, pastor of the Old South Church, a Congregationalist of the liberal school, having heard of the work I had been doing, called on me and asked me to undertake a similar work in Boston. He placed the Old South Chapel at my disposal, and the Sunday after the first of my services had been announced in the papers I found the chapel full. To take up religious work again was most agreeable to me, especially as I had not ceased to regret my enforced separation from our little band of enthusiasts in New York.

My life at Cambridge renewed many of the associations which I had found so helpful and gratifying during my first visit to Boston. Among others, it was my privilege to come in contact with that rare mind, Ralph Waldo Emerson. I recall quite distinctly a day I spent at his home in Concord. In the afternoon he proposed a walk in a grove a short distance from his home. In the middle of this bit of woods was a somewhat spacious pond, which Mr. Emerson

looked upon as a lake. We sat down on a little hill which commanded a view of it. After some moments of mute contemplation Emerson said to me, "It is now fifteen years that every day when the weather and my occupations permit I come and sit for a few moments in this place, and each time I find in this little lake some new beauty."

I made the acquaintance at this time of two other men of eminence, James Freeman Clarke and Thomas Starr King. The latter was to prove not only an agreeable companion, but a warm-hearted friend. In such an atmosphere, among men of many views, I found ample food for reflection and abundant opportunity for study in the line of both religious and political thought.

The death of Theodore Parker grieved me immeasurably. I find in my journal some expressions of my sorrow.

May 11, 1860. He is dead. What a loss! The nation will at last appreciate him. Strange circumstance! the very day they learn the sad news is the one on which the Unitarians hold their annual convention in the same hall where each Sunday people have come in crowds to hear him. It could not be said that all the Unitarians who attended this convention were in full sympathy with Theodore Parker; notwithstanding, this evening all prejudice seemed to have vanished as if by enchantment. When the news of his death became known, each speaker in turn referred affectionately and reverently to the prophet who had been taken from them, and each time the public received his name with the most heartfelt testimony of sympathy and regard. Indeed, all the interest of the meeting turned to a manifestation in favor of the reformer. . . .

The Unitarians seem to me to be the most intelligent of Protestant ministers, and in almost every instance superior men. Their liberalism is sincere; they

love and preach virtue for its own sake; their discourses are less sermons than lofty moral essays, in which the conscience as well as the mind finds much to stimulate and strengthen it. Of all those who honored me with their friendship, there was not one for whom I did not entertain a high and sincere regard; but I must mention one especially, the best man, perhaps, whom I have had the privilege of knowing, — the Rev. Dr. Gannett. I remember that on one occasion he spoke in words of the most sincere admiration of M. de Cheverus, the first Roman bishop of Boston.

Abandoned in a miserable cabin, not far from Boston, was an infirm negro. The bishop found him, and, without informing any one, every evening, after his day's duties, quietly made his way to the cabin and devoted himself to this afflicted creature; washing and dressing his sores, making his bed, and providing for his various wants. A servant, who remarked that on the bishop's return his coat was covered with dust and feathers, wondered where his master went, and followed him afar off on one of his excursions. Looking between the loose timbers which made the wall of the cabin, he saw the man of God engaged in his work of mercy.

Dr. Gannett told me this story with admiration for such devotion on the part of a prelate. Little did he suppose that I myself would surprise him in the exercise of a no less humble and Christ-like charity. I had been told that a certain German teacher, Professor Sherb, was lying ill in a cold and comfortless attic in a miserable quarter of the city, and had no one to take care of him. At my first free moment I sought the lodging of this poor man, but Dr. Gannett was there before me. I found him at the door with a broom in his hand, with which he had been sweeping the room of the invalid. I entered, and saw the sick man sitting in front of a newly lighted fire, carefully rolled up

in a blanket, eating grapes which had been brought him by the good Samaritan. The mattress had been removed from the bed, the sheets had been hung out to air, the meagre furnishings of the room had been put in order: and all this by the hand of my excellent friend, who appeared quite confused when caught in the act.

His embarrassment was not less when, on another occasion, I discovered him in one of the back streets of Boston carrying a bowl of steaming broth into a miserable-looking abode where no doubt dwelt another of his charges.

My life and work at Harvard University continued until the outbreak of the rebellion. Naturally the college life was affected by this serious trouble, and many departments of the university were virtually suspended. Among both professors and students the most ardent patriotism was manifested, and when the call came for volunteers a large proportion of our number were not slow to respond. I remember a most affecting scene which expressed the deep loyalty of both North and South to what they conceived to be right. When it became evident that the country was upon the verge of a supreme crisis and that war was inevitable, a general meeting of the students and professors was held before separating to go to their several states. Many of our men were Southerners, and it was seen that at the call of duty fellow student would be obliged to face fellow student in the impending struggle. This thought cast a very deep solemnity over our meeting, and nothing could have been more touching than to see these men embrace one another with the utmost affection on the eve of their separation.

The attitude of foreign countries toward the North will be remembered as doubtful. England was decidedly antagonistic, while France seemed to be uncertain. Her press was divided and

by no means positive in friendliness toward the cause of the Union. It seemed to me that I could be of service to my adopted country by visiting Paris and counseling with those in control of the journals of the day, some of whom I knew, with the object of winning their support for the government. I communicated with the Rev. Dr. Bellows, president of the Sanitary Commission, and suggested the advisability of the step I had in mind. He approved my project most heartily, and after a conference with the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, commissioned me to carry out this scheme. It was arranged that I should start for Paris without delay, see in particular each of the prominent journalists, preachers, and professors who exercised any marked influence on public opinion, and work in the best way to win them to the cause of the Union.

After seven years of absence I found myself in Paris once more. My emotions cannot be described, nor is it my desire here to dwell upon the many recollections which came to me as I viewed again places so familiar and formerly so closely identified with my life. As soon as possible I sought interviews with the leading men of the liberal party: Jules Simon, Eugène Pelletan, Prévost-Paradol of *Le Journal des Débats*, Louis Jourdan of *Le Siècle*, Elisée Reclus of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Frédéric Morin, Edouard Fauvety, Vachèrot, and others, — all men of the highest standing in the world of letters. Those who had at first some doubt on the subject soon became convinced that the war was not, on the part of the North, a war for sovereignty, but a war for deliverance; that whatever might be the pretensions of parties and the particular views of many, slavery was the real cause of the struggle, and its abolition must be the ultimate result. And from that moment, with a unity and perseverance quite remarkable, all of these worthy men became earnest defenders of the Union,

whether in public journal or in private writing.

I was especially anxious to meet M. Edouard Laboulaye, for I knew him to be more than all the others interested in the conflict and in sympathy with this country. As he was not then in Paris I wrote to him at his country-seat. I received in answer a letter asking me to come to Bourg-la-Reine and spend a day with him. Of course I took advantage of this invitation, and passed seven of the most agreeable hours of my life in an uninterrupted conversation with M. Laboulaye. The chief and almost the only subject of our talk was the American republic, her trials, her hopes, her institutions. Great indeed was my surprise to find a Frenchman who had never crossed the Atlantic better acquainted with the affairs of this country than many Americans, more earnest about the maintenance of the Union than many of our celebrated politicians, and appreciating better our privileges and dangers than many of our leaders.

Of that conversation I shall relate only the rather strange circumstance which was the beginning of his acquaintance with the great men and things of this country. One day, as M. Laboulaye was looking for some curiosity or lost treasure on the shelves of a second-hand bookseller of the Quai Voltaire, he by chance opened a stray volume of sermons by William Ellery Channing. Sermons by an American preacher were a novelty to him. The sum of five cents secured the book, and while pursuing his course toward the Champs Elysées he began to read it. The more he read, the more his wonder and interest increased; so much so that he sat down under a tree, and could not stop until he had finished the volume. Happy in this unlooked-for discovery, he started to return to his house, when he encountered his friend, Armand Bertin, then the celebrated editor of the *Débats*. "Congratulate me," said M. La-

boulaye. "I have just put my hand on a great man." "Well," replied the editor, "one who meets with such good fortune is indeed to be congratulated. And who is your great man?" "Channing!" "Canning?" exclaimed M. Bertin. "A fine discovery indeed! Every one knows Canning." "I don't mean Canning, the Englishman; I mean Channing, an American preacher," and forthwith M. Laboulaye asked the privilege of writing for the *Débats* his impressions of Channing. M. Bertin assented, and three articles were successively published on the Boston divine. Several articles followed on other American celebrities, and from that time this country and her institutions became the favorite topic of M. Laboulaye's studies.

All his discoveries he communicated with true enthusiasm, first to the numerous hearers of his lectures at the Collège de France, then to the public through the journals or through his pamphlets, which were always read with avidity; and finally, on this same darling subject he published two books, destined to remain as monuments of his wonderful knowledge of and devotedness to this country, namely, *L'Histoire Politique des Etats-Unis*, a standard work of the literature of this age, and *Paris en Amérique*, the best, perhaps, of modern satires. Thus, while he remained always devoutly attached to France as a revered and cherished mother, he seemed to have loved Young America as a charming spouse.

When I returned to the United States the civil war was at its height. The attention of the whole country, North and South, was centred in the momentous struggle. Every other interest fell into abeyance before the grave and critical problem which the nation had been called upon to solve. Naturally, at such a time, the thoughts of the people, especially in the East, were not given to matters intellectual and educational. While I was casting about in some concern for an occupation, an unexpected

proposal came from my friend the Rev. Thomas Starr King, then pastor of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco, and the leading preacher of the Pacific coast. It was largely due to his influence and eloquence that California was secured to the Union. Mr. King's plan was that I should come to San Francisco and establish a school on the plan of that of Mr. Agassiz in Cambridge. An invitation to undertake such a work was very congenial to me, and came most opportunely; I was more than glad to accept it.

From the moment of my arrival at San Francisco Mr. King threw himself with all his heart into the project before us. A fine location was chosen in a most desirable quarter of the city, South Park, and plans were prepared for a large and handsome building. In the meantime the parish house of the Unitarian Church was placed at our disposal. Here on February 1, 1864, our school was opened by Mr. King himself. The prospects were bright before us, and not the least inviting was the prospect of being in close touch with a man of such excellent spirit. From time to time we enjoyed most interesting conversations together, always on some religious, scientific, or political subject. At one of these meetings, I remember, we remained two hours in the gallery of the new church, communicating our views and sentiments in an expansion full of charm. When we got up to separate, taking both my hands in his, he said: "It is Wednesday; let it be understood that for the future every Wednesday, from two till four o'clock, we shall put aside for mutual edification and conversation like that which we have just enjoyed." Man proposes, God disposes. The following Wednesday Mr. King was lying upon his death-bed, and the Wednesday after that the soul of this man of God was in heaven.

March 4, 1864. What a date! What

a day! What a loss! The best of friends, the most ardent of patriots, the most generous of philanthropists, the good, the noble Starr King is taken from us! Could we have believed last week, when he brought us a new testimony of his precious interest, could we have thought it was his last visit, his last going out, the last occasion given us to hear his most sympathetic voice, to look in life upon his serene face! . . . All the city is in consternation. Friends meet and clasp hands with tearful eyes, but cannot speak. They say more tears have been shed to-day than during all the city's life. More than a thousand flags float at half-mast, on private dwellings as well as on public buildings. O worthy man, how deeply your people love you!

March 5. The manifestation of to-day in honor of the noble dead is not less worthy than that of yesterday. The remains are lying in state in the church which has just been completed, and seems now as if built to be his monument. A company of the first regiment of militia and the Free Masons act as a guard of honor. From noon until ten o'clock at night a long file of people continued to pass by and to gaze for the last time on the inanimate features of him who but a few days before electrified the multitude.

The following Sunday, not only the congregation, but many strangers assembled in the church at the usual hour. The pastor's gown was laid upon the pulpit. Not a word was said. Not a note was sung; only from time to time the organ was played softly, while the people sat in mute contemplation, giving their thoughts and their hearts to the noble life which had so suddenly been taken from them. The first regular service was held a week later, in memory of this holy man. The high privilege was mine, on that occasion, to voice the feelings of the people and to express their last tribute to the dead.

C. F. B. Miel.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

XXI.

"*THE Comtesse Chantavoine, — young, rich, amiable. You shall meet her to-morrow.*" Long after Philip left the duke to go to his own chamber these words rang in his ears. He felt the cords of fate tightening round him. So real was the momentary illusion of being bound that, as he passed through the great hall where hung the pictures of his host's ancestors, he made a sudden outward motion of his arms as though to free himself from a physical restraint.

Strange to say, he had never foreseen or reckoned with this matter of marriage in the designs of the duke. He had forgotten that sovereign dukes must make sure their succession even unto the third and fourth generations. His first impulse had been to declare that to introduce him to the countess would be futile, for he was already married. But the instant warning of the mind that his highness could never and would never accept the daughter of a Jersey ship-builder restrained him. He had no idea that Guida's descent from the de Mauprats of Chambéry would weigh with the duke, who would only see in her some apple-cheeked peasant stumbling over her court train.

So Philip held his peace, as he had held it upon this matter ever since he came to Bercy. It was not his way to be rash, though it was his way to be bold. There would be boldness in another direction, — in withholding the knowledge of his marriage. It was curious that the duke had never even hinted at the chance of his being already married; yet not so curious, either, since complete silence concerning a wife was declaration enough that he was unmarried. He felt in his heart that a finer sense would have offered Guida no such

humiliating affront, for he knew the lie of silence was as evil as the lie of speech.

He had not spoken, partly because he had not yet become used to the fact that he really was married. It had never been brought home to him by the ever present conviction of habit. One day of married life, or, in reality, a few hours of married life with Guida had given the sensation more of a noble adventure than of a lasting condition. With distance from that noble adventure something of the glow of a lover's relations had gone, and the subsequent tender enthusiasm of mind and memory was not vivid enough to make him daring or — as he would have said — reckless for its sake. Yet this same tender enthusiasm was sincere enough to make him accept the fact of his marriage without discontent, even in the glamour of new and alluring ambitions.

If it had been a question of giving up Guida or giving up the duchy of Bercy, — if that had been put before him as the sole alternative, — he would have decided as quickly in Guida's favor as he did regarding his commission in the navy when he thought it was a question between that and the duchy. The straightforward issue of Guida and of the duchy he had not been called upon to face. But, unfortunately for those who are tempted, issues are never put quite so plainly by the heralds of destiny and penalty. They are disguised as delectable chances, — the toss-ups are always the temptation of life. The man who uses trust money for three days only, to acquire in those three days a fortune, certain as magnificent, would pull up short beforehand if the issue of theft or honesty were put squarely before him. Morally, he means no theft; he uses his neighbor's saw until his own is mended; but he breaks his neighbor's saw, his own is lost on its

homeward way, he has no money to buy another, and he is tried and convicted on a charge of theft. Thus the custom of society establishes the charge of immorality upon the technical defect. But not on that alone; upon the principle that what is committed in trust shall be held inviolate with an exact obedience to conditions and an adherence to the spirit as to the letter of the law.

But the issue did not come squarely to Philip. He had not openly lied about Guida; as yet he had no intention of doing so. He even figured to himself with what surprise Guida would greet his announcement that she was henceforth *Princesse Guida d'Avranche*, and in due time would be her serene highness the *Duchesse de Bercy*. Certainly there was nothing immoral in his ambitions. If the present serene highness chose to establish him as second in succession to the reigning prince, who had a right to complain?

Then, as to an officer of the English navy accepting succession in a sovereign duchy in suzerainty to the present government of France, while England was at war with her, — his host had more than once, in almost so many words, defined the situation. Because the duke himself, with no successor assured, was powerless to take sides with the Royalists against the Revolutionary government, he was at the moment obliged, for the very existence of his duchy, to hoist the tricolor upon the castle with his own flag. Once the succession was assured beyond the imbecile Leopold John, then he would certainly declare against the present fiendish government, and for the overthrown dynasty.

Now, England was fighting France not only because she was revolutionary France, but because of the murder of Louis XVI. and for the restoration of that overthrown dynasty. Also she was in close sympathy with the war of the Vendée, to which she would lend all possible assistance. Philip argued that

if it was his duty, as a captain in the English navy, to fight against revolutionary France from without, he would be beyond criticism if, as the *Duc de Bercy*, he also fought against her from within.

Indeed, it was with this statement of the facts that the second military officer of the duchy had some days before been dispatched to the Court of St. James to secure its intervention for Philip's release, by an important exchange of prisoners with the French government. This officer was also charged with securing the consent of the English King for Philip's acceptance of the succession in the duchy while retaining his position in the English navy. The envoy had been instructed by the duke to offer his sympathy with England in the war and his secret adherence to the Royalist cause, to become open as soon as the succession through Philip was secured.

To Philip's mind all that side of the case was in his favor, and sorted well with his principles of professional honor. Then came up the question of his private honor. He conceived it to be a reckless sacrifice of possibilities to tell the duke of his marriage. He was engaged in a game of chances, and what might happen would all be the fortune of the dice. To tell of his marriage was to load the dice against himself; not to do so was to put his private honor in the hazard. In his momentous translation from a prison to a palace, with dazzling fortunes in view, there came upon him confusion of the judgment and of the moralities; he felt that the opportunity for speaking of the marriage had passed.

He seated himself at a table, and took from his pocket a letter of Guida's, written many weeks before, in which she said with an unmistakable firmness that she had not announced the marriage and would not; that he must do it, and he alone; that the letter written to her grandfather had not been received by

him, and that no one in Jersey knew their secret.

In reading this letter again a wave of feeling rushed over him. He realized the force and strength of her nature; every word had a clear and sharp straightforwardness and the ring of truth. She was not twenty, yet how powerful and clear was her intelligence! "A gifted creature, an unusual mind," the Chevalier du Champsavoys had once said of her in Philip's hearing. That was it: a gifted creature with an unusual mind.

All at once he had been brought to understand that a crisis was near, and he straightway prepared to meet it. The duke had said that he must marry; a woman had already been chosen for him, and he was to meet her to-morrow. But that meant nothing; to meet a woman was not of necessity to marry her. There were a thousand chances against the woman liking him; and what could she be to him, this Comtesse Chantavoine? Yet it might be necessary to give in his apparent adherence to this comedy devised by the duke, certainly until after the adoption and succession were formally arranged. Then — why, by that time he would be released, he would have to present himself in England to receive a new command, and delays, where a woman is concerned, are easy. Even supposing matters became critical, the countess herself might be in no hurry to marry.

Marry! He could feel his flesh creeping. It gave him an ugly, startled sensation. It was like some imp of Satan to drop into his ear now the suggestion that princes, ere this, had been known to have two wives, one of them unofficial. Yet he could have struck himself in the face for the iniquity of the suggestion; he flushed from the indecency of it, — and so have sinners ever flushed as they set forth on the garish road to Avernus.

Vexed with these unbidden and unwelcome thoughts, he got up and walked

about his chamber restlessly. "Guida, — the poor Guida!" he said to himself many times. He was angry, disgusted, that those shameful, irresponsible thoughts should have come to him. He would atone for all that, and more, when he was Prince and she Princesse d'Avranche. But nevertheless he was ill at ease with himself. Guida was off there alone in Jersey, — alone.

Suddenly there flashed into his mind another possibility. Suppose — why, suppose — thoughtless scoundrel that he had been! — *suppose that there might come another than himself and Guida to bear his name!* And Guida was there alone, and her marriage still kept secret, — the danger of it to her good name! But she had said nothing in her letters, hinted nothing. No, in none had there been the most distant suggestion. Then and there he got the letters, one and all, and read them, every word, every line, all through to the end. No, there was not one hint. Of course it could not be so; she would have — but no, she might not have — Guida was unlike anybody else.

He read on and on. And now, somehow, he thought he caught in one of the letters a new ring, a pensive gravity, a deeper tension, which were like ciphers or signals to tell him of some change in her. For a moment he was shaken. Manhood, human sympathy, surged up in him. The first flush of a new sensation ran through his veins like fire. The first instinct of fatherhood came to him, — a thrilling, uplifting feeling. But as suddenly there shot through his mind a thought which brought him to his feet with a spring.

Why, suppose — *suppose that it was so!* Suppose that through Guida the further succession might presently be made sure, and suppose he went to the prince and told him all, — that might achieve his consent in her favor; and the rest would be easy. That was it, as clear as day. Meanwhile he would hold his

peace. He would take his part in the perilous comedy; he would meet the countess, but he would force her to regard him with commonplace feelings; he would pay no real court to her; he would wait — and wait.

For above all else, — and this was the thing that clinched the purpose in his mind, — above all else, the duke at best had but a brief time to live. He saw it himself, and but a week ago the court physician had told Philip that only unusual excitement kept the duke alive; that any violence or shock, physical or mental, might snap the thread of existence. Plainly, the thing was to go on as he had been going, — to keep his marriage secret, meet the countess, apparently accede to all the duke suggested, and wait — wait!

With this definite purpose in his mind coloring all that he might say, yet crippling the freedom of his thought, he sat down and wrote to Guida. He had not written to her, according to the condition made by M. Dalbarade that during his stay at the castle he should hold communication with no one outside upon any consideration whatsoever. He was on parole: this issue was clear; he could not send a letter to Guida until he was freed from the condition agreed to by the duke for him. It had been a bitter pill to swallow; and he had had to struggle with himself many times since his arrival at the castle. For whatever the new ambitions and undertakings, there was still in the mysterious and lonely distance a woman for whose welfare he was responsible, for whose happiness he had yet done nothing, unless to give her his name under sombre conditions was happiness for her. Since his marriage, all that he had done to remind him of the new life which he had so hurriedly, so daringly, so eloquently entered upon was to send his young wife fifty pounds. Somehow, as this fact flashed to his remembrance now, it made him shrink; it had a certain cold, commercial look

which struck him unpleasantly. Perhaps, indeed, the singular and painful shyness — chill almost — with which Guida had received those fifty pounds now communicated itself to him by the intangible telegraphy of the mind and spirit.

All at once, that bare, glacial fact of having sent her fifty pounds acted as a cynical illumination of his real position. He felt conscious now that Guida would have preferred some simple gift, some little thing that women love, in token and remembrance, rather than the commonplace if necessary token of the ordinary duties of life. Now that he came to think of it, since he had left her in Jersey, he had never sent her ever so small a gift. Indeed, he had never given her any gifts at all save the Maltese cross in her childhood and her wedding-ring. As for the ring, it had never occurred to him that she could not wear it except in the stillness of the night, unseen by any eye but her own. He did not know that she had been wont to go to sleep with the hand clasped to her breast, pressing close to her the one outward token she had of a new life, begun with a sweetness which was very bitter, and a bitterness which was only a little sweet.

Philip was in no fitting mood to write a letter. Too many emotions were in conflict in him at once. They were having their way with him; and perhaps in this very complexity of his feelings he came nearer to being really and acutely himself than he had ever been in his life. Indeed, there was a moment when he was almost ready to consign the duke and all that appertained to him to the devil or the deep sea, and to take his fate as it came. But one of the other selves of him called down from the little attic where dark things brood, and told him that to throw up his present chances would bring him no nearer and no sooner to Guida, and must return him to the prison whence he came.

No, he must go on, — that was the only thing to do. Now, however, he

would write to Guida, and send the letter when he was released from parole. But how many times did he tear up the paper in vain attempt to speak to her out of the confusion of his thoughts! At last, like a hunter who, having lost his compass and his bearings, makes a dash through the wood in the bold belief that safety lies beyond if he but drive ahead, heedless, strong, enduring, so he plunged into the letter which told his wife where he was, of his opportunities, and of the brilliant outlook for them both.

His courage grew as the sentences spread out before him; he became eloquent. He told her how heavily the days and months went on apart from her. He emptied out the sensations of absence, loneliness, desire, and affection. He wondered how she fared, — wondered tenderly. All at once he stopped short. It flashed upon him now that always his letters had been entirely of his own doings; he had pictured himself always, — his own loneliness, his own grief at separation. He had never yet spoken of the details of her life, questioned her of this and of that, of all those things which fill the life of a woman, — not because she loves the little things, but because she is a woman, and the knowledge and governance of these little things are the habit and the duty of her life. His past egotism was borne in upon him now. He would try to atone for it. He asked her many questions; but one he did not ask, dared not ask, did not know how to speak to her of it. The fact that he could not say what most he wished to say was a powerful indictment of his relations to her, of his treatment of her, of his headlong courtship and marriage.

So portions of this letter of his had not the perfect ring of truth, had not the conviction which unselfish and solicitous love alone can beget. It was only at the last, only when he came to close the letter, that his words went from him with the sharp photography of his own heart. It came, perhaps, from a remorse

which for the instant foreshadowed danger ahead; from an acute pity for her; and maybe from a longing to forego the attempt to don the promised pageantry of an exalted place, and get back to the straightforward hours, such as those upon the *Ecréhos*, when he knew that he loved her. But the sharpness of his feelings rendered more intense now the declaration of his love. The phrases were wrung from him. His hand trembled so that his will must rule it to steadiness, and that enforced pressure seemed to etch the words into the paper. "Good-by, — no, à la bonne heure, my dearest," he wrote; "good days are coming, brave, great days, when I shall be free to strike another blow for England, both from within and from without France; when I shall be, if all go well, the Prince d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, and you my perfect princess. Good-by! Ton Philip, qui t'aime toujours."

He had hardly written the last words when a servant knocked at his door.

"His serene highness offers his compliments to monsieur, and will monsieur descend to meet the Marquis Grandjon-Larisse and the Comtesse Chantavoine, who have just arrived."

For an instant Philip could scarce control his feelings to quietness, but he sent a message of obedience, and prepared to go down.

So it had come, — not to-morrow, but to-day. Already the deep game was on. With a sigh which was half of bitter and mocking laughter, he seized the sand-box, dried the letter to Guida, and put it in his pocket. As he descended the staircase, the last words of it kept assailing his mind, singing in his brain: "*Ton Philip, qui t'aime toujours!*"

XXII.

Not many evenings after Philip's first interview with the Comtesse Chantavoine, a visitor arrived at the castle.

From his roundabout approach up the steep cliff in the dusk it was clear he wished to avoid observation. Of gallant bearing, he was attired in a fashion unlike the citizens of Bercy or the Republican military, who were often to be seen in the streets of the town. The whole relief of the costume was white, — white sash, white cuffs turned back, white collar, white rosette and band, white and red bandeau, and the faint glitter of a white shirt; in contrast were the black hat and plume, black tie, black top-boots with huge spurs, and yellow breeches. He carried a gun and a sword, and a pistol was stuck in the white sash. But one thing arrested the eye more than all else: a white square on the breast of the long brown coat, strangely ornamented with a red heart and cross. He was evidently a soldier of distinguished rank, but not of the army of the Republic.

The face was that of a devotee, not of peace, but of war, of some forlorn crusade. It had deep enthusiasm, which yet to the trained observer would have seemed rather the tireless faith of a convert than the disposition of the natural man. It was somewhat heavily lined for one so young. The marks of a hard life were on him; but distinction and energy were in his look and in every turn of his body.

Arriving at the castle, he knocked at the postern. At first sight of him the porter suspiciously blocked the entrance with his person, but seeing the badge upon his breast stood at gaze, and a look of keen curiosity crossed his face. On the visitor announcing that he was of the house of Vaufontaine, this curiosity was mingled with as keen surprise; he was admitted with every mark of respect, and the gates closed behind him.

"Has his highness any visitors?" he asked as he dismounted.

The porter nodded assent.

"Who are they?" He slipped a coin into the porter's hand.

"One of the family, — a cousin, his serene highness calls him."

"H'm, indeed! A Vaufontaine, friend?"

"No, monseigneur, a d'Avranche."

"What d'Avranche? Not the Prince Leopold John?"

"No, monseigneur; the name is the same as his highness's."

"Philip d'Avranche? H'm! from whence?"

"From Paris, monseigneur, with his highness."

The visitor, whistling softly, stood thinking a moment. Presently he added, "How old is he?"

"About the same age as monseigneur."

"How does he occupy himself?"

"He walks, rides, talks with his highness, asks questions of the people, reads in the library, and sometimes shoots and fishes."

"Is he a soldier?"

"He carries no sword, and he takes a long aim with his gun!"

There was a sly smile lurking about the porter's mouth. The visitor drew from his pocket a second gold piece, and, slipping it into the other's hand, said, "Tell it all at once. Who is the gentleman, and what is his business here? Is he, perhaps, on the side of the Revolution, or does he keep better company?"

He looked keenly into the eyes of the porter, who screwed up his own, returning the gaze unflinchingly. Handing back the gold piece, the man answered firmly, "I have told monseigneur what every one in the duchy knows; there's no charge for that. For what more his highness and — and those that his highness trusts know" — he drew himself up with brusque importance — "there's no price, monseigneur."

"Body o' me, here's pride and vain-glory!" returned the other. "I know you, my fine Pergot. I knew you almost too well years ago, and then you were not so sensitive; then you were a good

Royalist like me, Pergot." This time he fastened the man's look with his own, and held it until Pergot dropped his head before it.

"I don't remember monseigneur," he said, perturbed.

"Of course not. The fine Pergot has a bad memory, like a good Republican, who by law cannot worship his God, or ask the priest to visit him when he's dying, or make the sign of the cross; a red Revolutionist is our Pergot now!"

"I'm as good a Royalist as monseigneur," retorted the man, with some asperity. "So are most of us. Only — only his highness says to us" —

"Don't gossip of what his highness says, but do his bidding, Pergot. What a fool you are to babble thus! How d'ye know but I'm one of Fouché's or Barère's men? How d'ye know but there are five hundred men outside waiting for my whistle?"

The man changed instantly. His hand was at his side like lightning. "They'd never hear that whistle, monseigneur, though you be Vaufontaine or no Vaufontaine!"

His eyes were fixed on the visitor's with stubborn determination. The other, smiling, reached out and touched him on the shoulder kindly.

"My dear Frange Pergot," said he, "that's the man I knew once, and the sort of man that's been fighting with me for the Church and for the King these months past in the Vendée. Come, come, don't you know me, Pergot? Don't you remember the scapegrace with whom, for a jape, you waylaid my uncle the cardinal and robbed him, and then gave him back his jeweled watch in return for a year's indulgences?"

"But no, no," answered the man, crossing himself quickly, and by the dim lantern light peering into the visitor's face, "it is not possible, monseigneur. The Comte Détricand de Tournay died in the Jersey Isle with him they called Rullecour."

"Well, well, you might at least remember this," rejoined the other, showing a scar in the palm of his hand.

Recognition was instant now, and an old friendship was cemented anew. A little later there was ushered into the library of the castle the Comte Détricand de Tournay, who, under the name of Savary *dit* Détricand, had lived in the Isle of Jersey for many years. There he had been a dissipated idler, a keeper of worthless company, an alien coolly accepting the hospitality of a country he had ruthlessly invaded as a boy. Now, returned from vagabondage, he was the valiant and honored heir of the house of Vaufontaine, and the heir presumptive of the house of Bercy.

True to his intention, Détricand had joined La Rochejaquelein, the intrepid, inspired leader of the Vendée, whose sentiments became his own: "If I advance, follow me; if I retreat, kill me; if I fall, avengè me." He had proven himself daring, courageous, and resourceful. His immovable gayety of spirits infected the simple peasants with a rebounding energy; his fearlessness inspired their confidence; his kindness to the wounded, friend or foe, his mercy to prisoners, the gentle respect he showed the devoted priests who shared with the peasants the perils of war, had already made him beloved. He had also often helped to reconcile divisions, and to harmonize the varying views of the chieftains of the Vendée.

From the first all the leaders trusted him, and he sprang in a day, as had done the peasants Cathelineau, d'Elbée, and Stofflet, gentlemen like Lescure and Bonchamp, and noble fighters like d'Antichamp and the Prince of Talmont, to an outstanding position in the Royalist army. Again and again he had been engaged in perilous sorties and had led forlorn hopes. He had now come from the splendid victory at Saumur to urge his own kinsman, the Prince d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, to join the Royalists.

It was the heyday of the cause. The taking of Saumur and the destruction of Coustard's army, together with the capture of eleven thousand prisoners, were powerful arguments to lay before a nobleman all the traditions of whose house were of constant alliance with the Crown of France, whose very duchy had been the gift of a French monarch. Détrican had not seen the duke since he was a lad at Versailles, and there would be much in his favor; for some winning power in him had of late grown deep and penetrating, and of all the Vaufontaines the duke had reason to dislike him least.

When the duke entered to Détrican in the library, he was under the influence of the convincing letter from the monks who had been engaged upon the pedigree of Commander Philip d'Avranche, and of a stimulating talk with the young English Norman himself. With the memory of past feuds and hatreds in his mind, and predisposed against any Vaufontaine, his greeting was cold and courteously disdainful, his manner preoccupied.

Remarking that he had but lately heard of Monsieur le Comte's return to France, he hoped he had enjoyed his career in — was it in England or in America? But yes, he remembered: it began with an expedition to take the Channel Isles from England, — an insolent, a criminal business in time of peace, fit only for boys or filibusters. Had Monsieur le Comte then spent all these years in the Channel Isles, — a prisoner, possibly? No? Fastening his eyes cynically on the symbol of the Royalist cause on Détrican's breast, he asked to what he was indebted for the honor of this present visit. Perhaps, he added dryly, it was to inquire after his own health, which, he was glad to assure Monsieur le Comte and all his cousins of Vaufontaine, was never better.

His face was like a leather mask, telling nothing of the arid sarcasm in his

voice. The hands were shriveled, the shoulders shrunken, the temples fallen in; the neck behind was pinched, and the eyes looked out like brown beads, alive with fire and touched with the excitement of monomania. His last words had a delicate savagery of irony, though, too, there could be heard in the tone a defiance arguing apprehension, not lost upon his visitor.

Détrican had smiled inwardly many times during the old man's monologue, which was broken only by courteous, half-articulate interjections on his own part. He knew too well the old feud between their houses, the ambition that had possessed many a Vaufontaine to inherit the dukedom of Bercy, and the duke's futile revolt against that possibility; but for himself, heir to the principality of Vaufontaine, and therefrom, by succession, to that of Bercy, it had no importance.

He had but one passion now, and it burned clear and strong; it dominated, it possessed him. He would have given up any worldly honor to see it succeed. He had idled and misspent too many years, had been vaurien and ne'er-do-well too long, to be sordid now. Even as the grievous sinner, come from dark ways, turns with furious and tireless strength to piety and good works, so this vagabond of noble family, wheeling suddenly in his tracks, had thrown himself into a cause which was all sacrifice, courage, and unselfish patriotism, — a holy warfare. The last bitter thrust of the duke had touched no raw flesh; his withers were unwrung. Gifted to thrust in return, and with warrant to do so, he put aside the temptation, and with the directness of one convinced of the righteousness of his cause, and with neither time nor temper for diplomacy in crisis, he answered his kinsman with daylight clearness.

"Monsieur le Duc," said he, "I am glad your health is good; the better it is, the better it suits the purpose of this

interview. I am come on business, and on that alone. I am from Saumur, where I left La Rochejaquelein, Stofflet, Cathelineau, and Lescure masters of the city and victors over the Republican army" —

"I have heard a rumor," interjected the duke impatiently.

"I will give you fact," continued Détricand, and he told of the series of successes lately come to the army of the Vendée.

"And how does all this concern me, Monsieur le Comte?" asked the duke.

"I am come to ask you to join us, — to declare for our cause, for the Church and for the King. Yours is of the noblest names in France. Will you not stand openly for what you cannot waver from in your heart? If the Duc de Bercy declares for us, others will come out of exile, and from submission to the rebel government, to our aid. My mission from our leaders is to ask you to put aside whatever reasons you have had for alliance with this savage government, and to proclaim for the King."

The duke did not take his eyes from Détricand's as he spoke. What was going on behind that parchment face who might say?

"Are you aware," he said at last, "that I could send you straight from here to the guillotine?"

"So could the porter at your gates, but he loves France almost as well as does the Duc de Bercy."

"You take refuge in the fact that you are my kinsman."

"The honor is stimulating, but I should not seek salvation by it. I have the greater safety of being your guest," answered Détricand, with dignity.

"Too premature a sanctuary for a Vaufontaine!" retorted the duke, fighting down growing admiration for a kinsman whose family he would gladly root out if it lay in his power.

Détricand made a gesture of impatience, for he felt that his appeal had

availed nothing, and he had no heart for a battle of words. His wit had been tempered in many fires, his nature was non-incandescent to praise or gibe. He had had his share of pastime; now had come his share of toil, and the mood for give and take of words was not on him, though to advance his cause he would still use it in time of need.

He went straight to the point now. Hopelessly he spoke the plain truth.

"I want nothing of the Prince d'Avranche but his weight and power in a cause for which the best gentlemen of France are giving their lives. I fasten my eyes on France alone; I fight for the throne of Louis, — an altar of sacrifice now by the martyred blood of the King, — not for the duchy of Bercy. The duchy of Bercy may sink or swim, for all of me, if so be it does not stand with us in our holy war."

The duke interjected a disdainful laugh.

Suddenly there shot into Détricand's mind a suggestion, which, wild as it was, might after all belong to the grotesque realities of life. So he added with measured deliberation, "If alliance must still be preserved with this evil government of France, then be sure there is no Vaufontaine who would care to inherit a principality so discredited. To meet that peril in succession the Duc de Bercy will do well to consult his new kinsman, Philip d'Avranche."

For an instant there was absolute silence in the room. The old nobleman's look was like a flash of flame in a mask of dead flesh. The short upper lip was arrested in a sort of snarl; the fingers, half closed, were hooked like talons; and the whole man was a picture of surprise, fury, and injured pride. The Duc de Bercy to be harangued to his duty, scathed, measured, disapproved, and counseled by a stripling Vaufontaine, — it was monstrous!

It was the bitterness of aloes, also, for in his own heart he knew that Détricand

had spoken the truth. The fearless appeal had roused him, for the moment at least, to the beauty and righteousness of a sombre, maybe hopeless cause, while the impeachment had pierced every sore in his heart. He felt the smarting anger and outraged vanity of the wrong-doer who, having argued down his own conscience, and believing he has blinded others as himself, suddenly finds that he and his motives are naked before the world.

Détricand had known regretfully, even as he spoke, that the duke, no matter what the reason, would not now join the Royalist army; though, had his life been in danger, he still would have spoken the truth. So he had been human enough to try to pry open the door of mystery by a biting suggestion, for he had a feeling that in the presence of the mysterious kinsman Philip d'Avranche lay the cause of the resistance to his appeal. Who was this Philip d'Avranche? It seemed absurd to Détricand that his mind should travel back just then to the island of Jersey.

The dumb fury of his host was about to break forth into speech, when the door of the library opened and Philip stepped inside. The silence holding two men now held three, and a cold astonishment possessed the two younger. The duke was too blind with anger to see the start of recognition his visitors gave at sight of each other, and by a curious concurrence of feeling both Détricand and Philip avoided an acknowledgment of acquaintance. Wariness was Philip's cue, cautious wonder Détricand's attitude.

The duke spoke first. Turning from Philip, he said to Détricand, with malicious triumph, "It will disconcert Monsieur le Comte's pious mind to know I have yet one kinsman who finds it no dishonor to inherit the duchy of Bercy. Monsieur le Comte, permit me to introduce Commander Philip d'Avranche."

Something of Détricand's old self came back to him. His face flushed

with a sudden desire to laugh; then it grew pale with a kind of dumb astonishment. So this man was to be set against him even in the heritage of his family, as for one hour, in a kitchen in Jersey, they had been bitter opposites and secret rivals. He cared little about the heritage of the houses of Vaufontaine and Bercy, — he had higher ambitions; but this adventuring sailor roused in him again the private grudge he had once begged Philip to remember. Recovering himself, he said meaningly, bowing low, "The honor is memorable — and monstrous!"

Philip set his teeth, but replied, "I am overwhelmed to meet one whose reputation is known — in every tap-room!"

Neither had chance to say more, for the duke, though not understanding the cause or meaning of the biting words, felt the contempt and suggestion in Détricand's voice, and burst out in anger, "Go tell the Prince of Vaufontaine that the succession is assured to my house. Monsieur, my cousin, Commander Philip d'Avranche, is now my adopted son; a wife is already chosen for him, and soon, Monsieur le Comte, there will be still another successor to the title!"

"The Duc de Bercy should add inspired domestic prophecy to the family record in the *Almanach de Gotha*!" returned Détricand, with a cold smile.

"God's death!" cried the old nobleman, trembling with rage, and stretching toward the bell-rope. "You shall go to Paris and the Temple. Fouché will take good care of you!"

"Stop, Monsieur le Duc!" Détricand's voice rang through the room. "You shall not betray even the humblest of your kinsmen, like that monster d'Orléans who betrayed the highest of his. What is more, there are hundreds of your people who still will pass a Royalist on to safety."

The duke's hand dropped from the bell-rope. He knew that Détricand's words were true. Ruling himself to

quiet, he said, with cold hatred, "Like all your breed, crafty and insolent! But I will make you pay for it one day."

Glancing toward Philip as though to see if this would move him, Détricand answered, "Make no haste on my behalf; years are not of such moment to me as to your highness."

Philip saw Détricand's look, and felt his moment and his chance had come. "Monsieur le Comte!" he exclaimed threateningly.

The duke turned proudly to Philip. "You will collect the debt, cousin," said he, and the smile on his face was wicked as he again turned toward Détricand.

"With interest well compounded," replied Philip firmly.

Détricand smiled. "I have drawn the Norman-Jersey cousin, then!" said he. "Now we can proceed to compliments." Then, with a change of manner, he added quietly, "Your highness, may the house of Bercy have no worse enemy than I! I came only to plead the cause which, if it give death, gives honor too. And I know well that at least you are not against us. Monsieur d'Avranche," — he turned to Philip, and his words were slow and deliberate, — "I hope we may yet meet in the Place du Vier Prison, — but when and where you will, and you shall find me in the Vendée when you please." So saying, he bowed, and turned and left the room.

"What meant the fellow by the Place du Vier Prison?" asked the duke.

"Who knows, Monsieur le Duc?" answered Philip.

"A fanatic like all the Vaufontaines, — a roisterer yesterday, a sainted chevalier to-morrow!" said the duke irritably. "But they still have strength and beauty — always!" he added reluctantly. Then he looked at the strong and comely frame before him, and was reassured. He laid a hand on Philip's broad shoulder admiringly. "You will of course have your hour with him, cousin; but not, not till you are a d'Avranche of Bercy."

"Not till I am a d'Avranche of Bercy," responded Philip in a low voice.

XXIII.

With what seemed an unnecessary boldness, Détricand slept that night at the inn, the Golden Crown, in the town of Bercy; a Royalist of the Vendée exposing himself to deadly peril in a town sworn to alliance with the Revolutionary government. He knew that the town, that the inn, might be full of spies, but one other thing he also knew: the inn-keeper of the Golden Crown would not betray him, unless he had greatly changed since fifteen years ago. Then they had been friends, for his uncle of Vaufontaine had had a small estate in Bercy itself, in malicious proximity to the castle.

He walked boldly into the inn parlor. There were but three men in the room, — the landlord, a stout burgher, and Frange Pergot, the porter of the castle, who had lost no time in carrying his news; not that he might betray his old comrade in escapade, but that he might tell a chosen few, who were Royalists under the rose, that he had seen one of those servants of God, an officer of the Vendée.

At sight of the white badge with the red cross on Détricand's coat, the three stood up and answered his greeting with devout respect; and he had a speedy reassurance that in this inn he was safe from betrayal. Presently he learned that three days hence a meeting of the states of Bercy was to be held for setting the seal upon the duke's formal adoption of Philip d'Avranche, and to execute a deed of succession. These things were to be done, that is, if the officer sent to the English King should have returned with Philip's freedom and King George's license to accept the succession in the duchy. From curiosity in these matters alone Détricand would not have remained at Bercy, but he might use the

occasion for secretly gaining the adherence of officers of the duchy to the cause of the Royalists, — no hard task.

During these three days of waiting he heard with astonishment and concern the rumor that the great meeting of the states would be marked by Philip's betrothal to the Comtesse Chantavoine. He cared little about the succession; he had the consuming passion for a cause, but there was ever with him the remembrance of Guida Landresse de Landresse, and what touched Philip d'Avranche he associated with her. Of the true relations between Guida and Philip he knew nothing, but from that last day in Jersey he did know that Philip had roused in her emotions perhaps less vital than love, but assuredly less equable than friendship.

In his fear that Guida might suffer, the more he thought of the Comtesse Chantavoine as the chosen wife of Philip, the more it troubled him. For his own part, he would have gone far and done much to shield Guida from injury or insult. He had seen and appreciated in her something higher than Philip might understand, — a simple womanliness, a fine hereditary nobleness, a profound depth of character. Some day, if he lived and his cause prospered, he would go back to Jersey, — too late, perhaps, to hope for anything from her, but not too late to tell her his promise had been kept, and to pay her devout and admiring homage.

He could not now shake off oppressive thoughts concerning Guida and this betrothal. They interwove themselves through all his secret business with the Royalists of Bercy. It was a relief when the morning of the third day came, bright and joyous, and he knew that before the sun went down he should be on his way back to Saumur.

His friend the innkeeper urged him not to attend the meeting of the states of Bercy, lest he should be recognized by the spies of government. He was, how-

ever, firm in his resolution to go, but he exchanged his coat with the red cross for one less conspicuous.

With the morning of the eventful day came the news that the envoy to England had returned with Philip's freedom by exchange of prisoners, and the needful license from the English King. But other news, too, was carrying through the town: the French government, having learned of the plan regarding Philip, had dispatched envoys to forbid the act of adoption and the deed of succession. Though the duke would have defied them, it behooved him to end the matter, if possible, before the arrival of these envoys. The assembly was hurriedly convened two hours before the time appointed, and the race began between the old nobleman and the emissaries of the French government.

The assembly being opened, in a breathless silence the governor-general of the duchy read aloud the license of the King of England permitting Philip d'Avranche, an officer in his navy, to assume the honors to be conferred upon him by the duke and the states of Bercy. Then the president of the states read aloud the order of succession: —

"1. To the hereditary prince, Leopold John, and his heirs male; in default of which to

"2. The prince successor, Philip d'Avranche, and his heirs male; in default of which to

"3. The heir male of the house of Vaufontaine."

Afterward came reading of the deed of gift by which certain possessions in the province of d'Avranche were made over to Prince Philip. To all this the assent of Prince Leopold John had been formally secured.

After the assembly and the chief officers of the duchy should have ratified these documents, and the duke should have signed them, they were to be inclosed in a box with three locks and deposited with the sovereign court at Bercy. Duplicates,

also, were to be sent to London and registered in the records of the College of Arms. The states, amid great enthusiasm, at once ratified the documents by unanimous vote. The one notable dissident was the intendant, Comte Carignan Damour, lately become a strong ally of the French government. It was he who had given Fouché information concerning Philip's adoption; it was also he who had at last, through his spies, discovered Détricand's presence in the town, and had taken action thereupon. In the states, however, he had no vote, and wisdom kept him silent, though he was watchful for any opportunity to delay the proceedings until the arrival of the French envoys. They should soon be here, and he watched the doors anxiously. He had a double motive in preventing this new succession. With Philip as adopted son and heir there would be fewer spoils of office; with Philip as duke there would be none at all, for the instinct of antipathy and distrust was mutual. Besides, he was a Republican at heart, and looked for reward from Fouché in good time.

Presently it was announced by the president that the signatures to the acts would be set in private. Thereupon, with all the concourse standing, the duke, surrounded by the law, military, and civil officers of the duchy, girded upon Philip the jeweled sword which had been handed down in the house of d'Avranche from generation to generation. The open function being thus ended, the people were enjoined to proceed at once to the cathedral, where a *Te Deum* would be sung.

The public then retired, leaving the duke and a few of the highest officials of the duchy to sign and seal the deeds. When the outer doors were closed, one unofficial person remained, — Comte Détricand de Tournay, of the house of Vaufontaine.

Détricand stood leaning against a pillar, looking complacently yet seriously

at the group surrounding the duke at the great council-table. Suddenly the latter turned to a door at the right of the president's chair, and, opening it, bowed courteously to some one beyond. An instant afterward there entered the Comtesse Chantavoine with her uncle the Marquis Grandjon-Larisse, an aged, feeble, but distinguished figure. They advanced toward the table, and Philip, saluting them gravely, offered the marquis a chair. At first the marquis declined it, but the duke pressed him, and in the subsequent proceedings he of all the number was seated.

Détricand apprehended the meaning of the scene. This was the lady whom the duke had chosen for the wife of the new prince. He had invited her to witness the final act which was to make Philip d'Avranche his heir in legal fact as by verbal proclamation, not doubting that the romantic nature of the incident would appeal to her. He had even hoped that the function might be followed by a formal betrothal in the presence of the officers of the duchy; and the situation might still have been critical for Philip had it not been for the pronounced reserve of the countess herself.

She was tall, of gracious and stately but not lissome carriage; the curious quietness of her face would have been almost an unbecoming gravity, had not the eyes, clear, dark, and strong, lightened it. The mouth had sweetness, but it was a somewhat set sweetness, even as the face was somewhat fixed in its calm. In her bearing and in all her motions there was a regal quality; yet, too, something of isolation, of withdrawal, in her self-possession and unruffled observation. She seemed, to Détricand, a figure apart; a woman whose friendship would be everlasting, but whose love would be more an affectionate habit than a passion, and in whom devotion would be strong, because devotion was the keynote of her nature. The dress

of a nun would have turned her into a saint, of a peasant would have made her a Madonna, of a Quaker would have made her a dreamer and a devotee, of a queen would have made her benign yet unapproachable. It struck him all at once, as he looked, that this woman had one quality in absolute kinship with Guida Landresse, — honesty of mind and nature; only with this young aristocrat the honesty would be without passion. She had straightforwardness, a firm but limited intellect, a clear-mindedness belonging somewhat to narrowness of outlook, but a genuine capacity for understanding the right and the wrong of things. Guida, Détrican thought, might break her heart and live on; this woman would break her heart and die. The one would grow larger through suffering; the other, narrow into a numb coldness.

So he entertained himself for the moment by these flashes of discernment, presently merged in wonderment as to what was in Philip's mind as he stood there, — destiny hanging in that drop of ink at the point of the pen in the duke's fingers.

Philip was thinking of the destiny, but more than all else just now he was thinking of the woman before him, and the issue to be faced by him concerning her. His thoughts were not so clear nor so discerning as Détrican's. No more than he understood Guida did he understand this clear-eyed, quiet, self-possessed woman before him. He thought her cold, unsympathetic, barren of that glow which should set the pulses of a man like himself bounding. It did not occur to him that those still waters ran deep; that to awaken this seemingly glacial nature, to kindle a fire upon this altar, would be to secure unto his life's end a steady, enduring flame of devotion. He revolted from her; not alone because he had a wife already, but because the countess chilled him, — because with her, in any case, he would never be able to play

the passionate lover as he had done with Guida; and not to be the passionate lover was to be no lover at all. One thing only appealed to him: she was the Comtesse Chantavoine, a fitting consort in the eyes of the world for a sovereign duke. He could not but think well of himself in this auspicious hour, more than a little carried off his feet by the marvel of the situation. But still he could think of nothing quite clearly; everything was confused and shifting in his mind.

He soon became aware that the duke was speaking, and, looking up, was conscious of the eyes of the intendant fixed upon him with a curious covert antipathy. The duke's words had been merely an informal greeting to his council and the high officers present. He was about to speak further, however, but some one drew his attention to Détrican. An order was given to challenge the stranger; but Détrican advanced toward the table, and said, "The Duc de Bercy will not forbid the attendance of his cousin, Détrican de Tournay, at this impressive ceremony?"

The duke, dumfounded, though he preserved an outward calm, could not answer for an instant. Then, with a triumphant, vindictive smile which puckered his yellow cheeks like a wild apple, he said, "The Comte de Tournay is welcome to behold the end of the ambitions of the Vaufontaines." He looked toward Philip with an exulting pride and commendation. "Monsieur le Comte is quite right," he added, turning to his council; "he may always claim the privileges of a relative of the Bercys, but the hospitality extends no further than my house and my presence, and *Monsieur le Comte will understand my meaning.*"

At that moment Détrican caught the eye of the intendant, and then he understood perfectly. This man, the innkeeper had told him, was reported to be secretly a devout Republican, and from the intendant's look he knew himself to be in immediate danger.

Without hesitation, however, bowing to all, and making no reply to the duke save a simple "I thank your highness," he took a place near the council-table.

The short ceremony of signing the deeds immediately followed. A few formal questions were asked of Philip, to which he briefly replied; afterward he made the oath of allegiance to the duke and the duchy, with his hand upon the sword of the d'Avranches. These preliminaries ended, the duke was just stooping to put his pen to the paper for signature when the intendant, as much for the purpose of annoying Philip as of still delaying the proceedings, said, "It would appear that one question has been omitted in the formalities of this court." He paused dramatically. He was only aiming a random shot; he would make the most of it.

The duke looked up, perturbed, and said sharply, "What is that, — what is that, monsieur?"

"A formality, Monsieur le Duc, a mere formality. Monsieur" — he bowed toward Philip politely — "monsieur is not already married? There is no" — He paused again.

Standing erect and rigid, with his pen poised, the duke glanced sharply at the intendant, and then still more sharply at Philip. The progress of that look had granted Philip an instant's time to recover his composure. He was conscious that the Comtesse Chantavoine had given a little start, and then had become quite still and calm. Now her eyes were intently fixed upon him.

For an instant there was absolute stillness. Philip had felt his heart give one great thump of terror. *Did Détricand know anything? Did the intendant know anything?* He had, however, been too often in physical danger to lose his nerve now. The moment was big with peril; it was the turning-point of his life, and he felt it. His eyes dropped toward the spot of ink at the point of the pen which the duke held: it fascinated him,

it was destiny. Now he took a step nearer to the table, and, drawing himself up, looked his princely interlocutor steadily in the eyes.

"Of course there is no marriage — no woman?" asked the duke a little hoarsely, his eyes fastened on Philip's.

With steady voice Philip replied, "Of course, Monsieur le Duc."

There was another stillness. Some one sighed heavily. It was the Comtesse Chantavoine.

Then the duke stooped, and wrote his signature three times hurriedly upon the deeds.

A moment afterward Détricand was in the street, making toward the Golden Crown. As he hurried on he heard the galloping of horses ahead of him. Suddenly some one plucked him by the arm from a doorway. "Inside, quick!" said a voice. It was that of the duke's porter, Frange Pergot. Without hesitation or a word Détricand did as he was bid, and the door closed behind him.

"Fouché's men are coming down the street; spies have betrayed you," whispered Pergot. "Follow me. I will hide you till night, and then you must escape."

What Pergot had said was quite true. But Détricand was safely hidden, and Fouché's men arrived too late to forbid those formal acts which made Philip d'Avranche a prince, or to capture the Vendean chief, who, a week later, once again at Saumur, wrote a long letter to Carterette Mattingley, in Jersey, in which he set forth these strange events at Bercy, and asked certain questions concerning Guida.

XXIV.

Since the day of his secret marriage with Guida, Philip had been carried along in the gale of naval preparations and incidents of war as a leaf is borne

onward by a storm, — no looking back, to-morrow always the goal. But as a wounded traveler nurses carefully his hurt, seeks shelter from the scorching sun and from the dank air, and travels by little stages lest he never come at all to friendly hostel, so Guida made her way slowly through the months of winter and of spring.

In the past, it had been February to Guida because the yellow Lenten lilies grew in all the sheltered cõtils; March because the periwinkle and the lords and ladies came; May because the cliffs were a blaze of golden gorse, and the perfume thereof made all the land sweet as a honeycomb.

Then came the other months, with hawthorn trees and hedges all in blow; the lilac gladdening the doorways, the honeysuckle in bloomy thickets; the ox-eyed daisy of Whitsuntide; the yellow rose of St. Brelade, that lies down in the sand and stands up in the hedges; the mergots, which, like good soldiers, are first in the field and last out of it; the unscented dog-violets, the yellow primroses, the daffodils and snowdrops, the buttercups, orchises, and celandines; the laurustinus and privet and blackthorn hedges so green; the osier beds, and the ivy on every barn; the purple thrift in masses on the cliff; the sea-thistle in its glaucous green, — “the laughter of the fields whose laugh was gold.” And all was summer.

Came a time thereafter when the children of the poor gathered blackberries for preserves and home-made wine; when the wild stock flowered in St. Ouen's Bay; when the bracken fern was gathered from every cõtìl, and dried for apple-storing, fire-lighting, and bedding for the cherished cow, for back-rests for the veilles, and for seats round the winter fire; when peaches, apricots, and nectarines made the walls sumptuous red and gold; when the wild plum and crab-apple flourished in the secluded roadways, and the tamarisk dropped its

brown pods upon the earth. And all this was autumn.

At last, when came the birds of passage, the snipe and teal and barnacle geese, and the rains began; when the green lizard with its turquoise-blue throat vanished; when the Jersey cra-paud was heard croaking no longer in the valleys and the ponds, and the cows were well blanketed, — then winter had come again.

Such were the associations of the seasons in Guida's mind until one day of a certain year, when for a few hours a man had called her his wife, and then had sailed away. There was no log that might thereafter record the days and weeks which unwound the coils of an endless chain into that sea whither Philip had gone.

Letters she had had, to be sure, — two letters; but how many times, when a packet had come in, had she gone to the doorway and watched for old Mère Ros-signol making the rounds with her han basket, chanting the names of those for whom she had letters; and how many times did she go back to the kitchen choking down a sob!

The first letter was at once a blessing and a blow; it was a reassurance and it was a misery. It spoke of bread, as it were, yet it offered a stone. It elo-quently, passionately told of Philip's love; but it also told, with a torturing ease, that the Araminta was under com-mand to proceed to sea with sealed orders. And so, the letter said, he did not know when he should see her nor when he should be able to write again. War had been declared against France, and they might not touch a port nor have chance to send a letter by a homeward vessel for weeks, and maybe months. This was painful, but it was fate, and it was his profession, and it could not be helped. Of course, she must understand, he would write constantly, telling her, as through a kind of diary, what he was doing every day; and then when the

chance offered the big budget should go to her.

A pain came to Guida's heart, piercing the joy which had overwhelmed it, as she read the flowing tale of his buoyant love. She knew that she could not have written so smoothly of "fate" and "profession," nor told of this separation with so complaisant a sorrow, had she been the man and he the woman. With her the words would have been wrenched forth from her heart, would have been scarred into the paper with the bitterness of a spirit tried beyond its enduring.

With what enthusiasm did Philip, immediately after his heart-breaking news, write of what this war might do for him, — what avenues of advancement it might open up, what splendid chances it would offer for success in his career! Did he mean that to comfort her? she asked herself. Did he mean it to divert her from the pain of the separation, to give her something to hope for? She read the letter over and over again, and — no, she could not, though her heart was so willing, find that meaning in it. It was all Philip, — Philip full of hope, purpose, prowess, ambition. Did he think — did he think that that could ease the pain, could lighten the dark day settling down on her? Could he imagine that anything might compensate for his absence in the coming months, in this year of all years in her life? Oh, did he not know? His lengthened absence might be inevitable, it might be fate, but could he not see the bitter cruelty of it? He had said that he would be back with her again in two months; and now — ah, *did he not know?*

As the weeks again came and went she felt indeed he did not know.

Some natures cling to beliefs long after conviction has been shattered and disproved. These are they of the limited imagination, the loyal, the pertinacious, and the affectionate, the single-hearted children of habit; blind where they do not wish to see, stubborn where

their inclinations lie, unamenable to reason, wholly held by their legitimate obligations.

But Guida was not of these. Her brain and imagination were strong as her affections. Her incurable honesty was the deepest thing in her; she did not even know how to deceive herself. As her experience deepened under the influence of a sorrow which still was joy, and a joy which still was sorrow, her vision became acute and piercing. Her brain was like some kaleidoscope. Pictures of things, little and big, which had happened to her in her life, at moments flashed by her inner sight in furious procession. It was as if, in the photographic machinery of the brain, a shutter had slipped from its place, and a hundred unordered and ungoverned pictures, loosed from their natural restraint, rushed by.

Months had passed since Philip had left her, a month since she had received his second letter, — a month of complexity of feeling; of tremulousness of discovery; of hungry eagerness for news of the war; of sudden little outbursts of temper in her household life, — a new thing in her experience; of passionate touches of tenderness toward her grandfather; of occasional biting comments in the conversations between the sieur and the chevalier, causing the gentlemen to look at each other in silent amazement; of as marked lapses into listless disregard of any talk that went on around her.

She had been used often to sit still, doing nothing, in a sort of physical content, as the sieur and his visitors talked; now her hands were always busy, at knitting, sewing, or spinning, the steady gaze upon her work showing that her thoughts were far away. Though the chevalier and her grandfather vaguely noted the change, they as vaguely set it down to her growing womanhood. In any case, they held it was not for them to comment upon a woman or upon a woman's ways. And a girl like Guida was an incomprehensible being, with an

orbit and a system all her own, — whose sayings and doings were as little to be reduced to their understanding as the vagaries of any star in the Milky Way or the currents in St. Michael's Basin.

One evening she sat before the fire thinking of Philip. Her grandfather had retired earlier than usual. Biribi, the dog, lay asleep on the veille. There was no sound save the ticking of the clock on the mantel above her head, Biribi's slow breathing, the snapping of the log on the fire, and a soft rush of heat up the chimney. The words of Philip's letters, learned by heart, and from which she had extracted every atom of tenderness they held, were always in her ears. At last one phrase kept repeating itself like some refrain, which becomes plaintive through repetition, then torturing in its mournful suggestion. It was this: "But you see, dearest, that though I am absent from you I shall have such splendid chances to get on. There's no limit to what this war may do for me."

Suddenly Guida realized how different was her love from Philip's, how different was her place in his life from his place in her life. She reasoned with herself, because she knew that a man's life was work in the world, and that work and ambition were in his bones and in his blood, had been carried down to him through centuries of industrious, ambitious generations of men, — that men were one race, and women were another. A man was bound by the conditions of life governing the profession by which he earned his bread and butter, played his part in the world, and strove to reach the seats of honor in high places. He must either live by the law, fulfill to the letter his daily duties of the business of life, or drop out of the race; and a woman, with bitterness and tears, in the presence of man's immoderate ambition, must learn to pray, "*Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.*"

Quickly the whole thing resolved itself in Guida's mind, and her thinking came to a full stop. She understood now what was the right and what the wrong, and, child as she was in years, woman that she was in experience and thought, yielding to the impulse of the moment, she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"Oh, Philip, Philip, Philip," she sobbed aloud, "it was not right of you to marry me; it was wicked of you to leave me!" Then in her thoughts she carried on the impeachment and reproach. If he had married her openly and left her at once, it would have been hard to bear, but in the circumstances it might have been right. If he had married her secretly and left her at the altar, so keeping the promise he had made her when she agreed to become his wife, that might have been pardonable. But to marry her as he did, and then, breaking his solemn vow, leave her, — it was not right in her eyes; and if not right in the eyes of her who loved him, in whose would it be right?

To these definitions she had come at last. It is an eventful moment, a crucial ordeal, for a woman, when she forces herself to see the naked truth concerning the man whom she has loved, yet the man who has wronged her. She is born anew in that moment: it may be to love on, to blind herself, and condone and defend, so lowering her own moral tone; or to congeal in heart, become keener in intellect, scornful and bitter with her own sex and merciless toward the other, indifferent to blame and careless of praise, intolerant, judging all the world by her own experience, and incredulous of any true thing. Or yet again, she may become deeper, stronger, sadder, wiser; condoning nothing, minimizing nothing, deceiving herself in nothing, and still never forgiving at least one thing, — the destruction of innocent faith and a noble credulity; seeing clearly and acutely the whole wrong; with a strong intelligence

measuring perfectly the iniquity, but out of a largeness of nature and by virtue of a high sense of duty devoting her days to the salvation of a man's honor, to the betterment of one weak or wicked nature.

Of these last was Guida.

"Oh, Philip, Philip, you have been wicked to me!" she sobbed.

Her tears fell upon the stone hearth, and the fire dried them, and every tear-drop was one girlish feeling and emotion gone, one bright fancy, one tender hope, vanished.

She was no longer a girl. There were troubles and dangers ahead of her, but she must now face them dry-eyed and alone. In his second letter Philip had told her to announce the marriage, and had said that he would write to her grandfather explaining all, and also to the Reverend Lorenzo Dow.

She had waited and watched for that letter to her grandfather, but it had not come. As for Lorenzo Dow, he was a prisoner with the French.

There was yet another factor in the affair. While the island was still agog over Mr. Dow's misfortune, there had been a bold robbery at St. Michael's Rectory of the strong-box containing the Communion plate, the parish taxes for the year, the offertories for the month, and — what was of moment to at least one person — the parish register of deaths, baptisms, and marriages. The box was found on the seashore, but that was all. Thus it was that now no human being in Jersey could vouch that Guida had been married.

Yet these things troubled her little. How easily could Philip set all right! If he would but come back, — that at first was her only thought; for what matter a ring, or any proof, testimony, or proclamation, without Philip!

It did not occur to her at first that all these things were needed to save her from shame in the eyes of the world. If she had thought of them apprehensively,

she would have said to herself, "How easy to set all right by simply announcing the marriage!" And she would have done so when war was declared and Philip received his new command, but that she wished the announcement to come from him. Well, that would come in any case when Philip's letter to her grandfather arrived: no doubt it had missed the packet by which hers came.

But another packet, and yet another arrived; and still there was no letter from Philip for the *Sieur de Mauprat*. Winter had come, and spring had gone, and now summer was at hand. Hay-making was beginning, the wild strawberries were reddening among the clover, and in her little garden apples had followed the buds on the trees beneath which Philip had told his fateful tale of love.

At last a third letter arrived, — bringing little joy to her heart, however. It declared love and affection, it was even extravagant in terms of affection; but somehow it fell short of the true thing, for its ardor was that of a mind preoccupied, and underneath all ran a current of inherent selfishness. It delighted in the activity of his life, it was full of hope, of promise of happiness for them both in the future, but it had no solicitude for Guida in the present. It chilled her heart — so warm but a little season ago — that Philip, to whom she had once ascribed strength, tenderness, profound thoughtfulness, should concern himself so little in the details of her life. For the most part, his letters seemed those of an ardent lover who knew his duty and did it gladly, but with a self-conscious and flowing eloquence, too, which could have cost but little strain of feeling.

He was curious to know what the people in Jersey said about their marriage. He had written to Lorenzo Dow and her grandfather, he said, but had heard afterward that the vessel carrying the letters had been taken by a French privateer; and so they had not arrived in

Jersey. But of course she had told her grandfather and all the island of the ceremony performed at St. Michael's. He was sending her fifty pounds, his first contribution to their home; and, the war over, a beautiful home she certainly should have. He would write to her grandfather again, though this day there was no time to do so.

But Guida had not proclaimed the marriage. She had lived the first months of her wedded life in an aching stillness of secrecy; she had suffered tremors, and apprehensions, and changing moods, and troubled, fevered hours alone, with no confidant, with no supporting tenderness from mother, sister, friend, or husband.

She realized now that she must announce the marriage at once. But yet what proofs of it had she? There was the ring Philip had given her, inscribed with their names; but she was sophisticated enough to know that this would not be adequate evidence in the eyes of her Jersey neighbors. The marriage register, with its record, was stolen, and that proof was gone. Lastly, there were Philip's letters; but no, — a thousand times no! — she would not show Philip's letters to any human being; even the thought of it hurt her pride, her delicacy of feeling, her self-respect. Her heart burned with bitterness to think that there had been a secret marriage. How hard it was, at this distance of time, to tell the world the tale, and to be forced to prove it by Philip's letters! No, no, she could not do it, — not yet. She would still wait the arrival of Philip's letter to her grandfather. If it did not come soon, then she must be brave and tell her story.

She went to the Vier Marchi less now; also fewer folk stood gossiping with her grandfather in the Place du Vier Prison or by the well at the front door, — so far she had not wondered why. To be sure, *Maitresse Aimable* came oftener; but

since one notable day at Sark Guida had resolutely avoided reference, however oblique, to Philip and herself. Still, in her dark days the only watchful eye upon her was that of the egregiously fat old woman called the "*femme de ballast*," whose thick tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, whose outer attractions were so meagre that even her husband's chief sign of affection was to pull her great toe, passing her bed of a morning to light the fire.

Carterette Mattingley also came, but another friend who had watched over Guida for years before Philip appeared in the Place du Vier Prison never entered her doorway now. Only once or twice since that day on the *Ecréhos*, so fateful to them both, had Guida seen Ranulph Delagarde. He had withdrawn to St. Aubin's Bay, where his trade of ship-building was carried on, and having fitted up a small cottage, lived a secluded life with his father there. Neither of them appeared often in St. Helier's, and they were seldom or never seen in the Vier Marchi.

Carterette saw Ranulph little oftener than did Guida, but she knew what he was doing, being anxious to know, and every one's business being every one else's business in Jersey. In the same way Ranulph knew of Guida. What Carterette was doing Ranulph was not concerned to know, and so knew little; and Guida knew and thought little of how Ranulph fared: which was part of the selfishness of love.

But one day Carterette received a letter from France which excited her greatly, and sent her off hot-foot to Guida; and in the same hour Ranulph heard a piece of hateful gossip which made him fell to the ground the man who told him, and sent him with white face, and sick, affrighted, yet indignant heart, to the cottage in the Place du Vier Prison.

Gilbert Parker.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH HISTORICAL GRAMMAR.

THE ancient notion of English grammar was one of certain categories of words, and certain rules for their proper use. This is still the idea implied in most of the dictionary definitions of the word. The Parts of Speech were one of the first things the student had to learn: nouns, pronouns, adjectives, etc. Then the Rules of Syntax, "The subject of a finite verb is in the nominative case," and the like, occupied his attention. The final chapter was on Prosody: "A verse of one foot is called a monody," "A verse of two feet is called a dipody," etc. It is not difficult to trace the pedigree of this idea of grammar. The number of exceptions necessary to explain in the chapter on adjectives; the great embarrassment in distinguishing between adverbs and prepositions (not fully removed, either, by pointing out the fact that in Homeric Greek prepositions were originally adverbs); the obvious difficulty to be met if one wanted to put an English subject in the accusative case; the apparent anomalies of Shakespeare's monodies, dipodies, tripodies, and the rest, and the rather clumsy way English poets have always had in using feet,—these make it plain that this grammar is hard doctrine when applied to English, and must have had its origin under happier conditions in some other language; Latin, say. And so it is. The argument which used to be urged for the early and persistent study of Latin—namely, that it cleared up English grammar so—was not without its naïve element of truth. It certainly did make clear this kind of grammar. It was like that time-honored advice to young physicians: "If you don't know the disease your patient is suffering from, give him one that you do know, and cure that." Under such conditions, the study of grammar, like calling in a doctor, was serious business.

You first learned what English grammar would have been, had English had the good fortune to be Latin; and then you learned Latin grammar to explain it all. This system of teaching English grammar is by no means extinct. It still persists in the mind of many a schoolmaster, and keeps cropping up here and there in elementary textbooks. But we are getting past it; if the subject is not yet taught in the light of modern knowledge, it is rather because teachers have not yet got the light they want than because they are wedded to the ancient system. The danger is now the one of accepting the fallacy "English is a grammarless tongue," and teaching no grammar at all.

But English is not a grammarless tongue; on the contrary, the results of recent investigation point scholars to the conclusion that the process of disintegration so apparent in English is one of growth, and not one of decay,—a growth toward efficiency and perfection. Whether it be reasonable or not to expect English to become the language of the world, it is evident that all modern vernaculars are traveling in the same direction with English, and that our language is in many respects in the van of the race. Nor will the rational study of scientific grammar ever become useless as a means of culture. Experience has already demonstrated beyond all cavil the value of grammar as a means of training the mind, even when grammar is taught in unnatural and inadequate ways; much greater will its value appear when it is properly understood and rationally taught.

Our trouble is that we do not yet understand what grammar is, but, foolishly clogging ourselves with Renaissance notions about it, we vainly expect it to furnish us with canonic authority to de-

cide matters quite properly within the scope of our own judgment. We study it, therefore, not in the hope of understanding through its help the speech we all think with and cannot escape from, but in the hope of obtaining a standard of correctness in the use of language which may separate us from the vulgar who know not grammar. Such an ideal rests upon a false conception of the nature of language and upon ignorance of the history of English speech, as well as upon an inadequate and selfish ideal of culture.

Let us examine for a moment, very generally and briefly, the nature of language. Setting aside the question of its origin, and starting rather from the biological principle that the history of the individual repeats the history of the type, let us think of the development of any one of us in respect to his acquiring and using speech. The early period of this development knows not literature; and there can be a considerable proficiency in the use of speech without a knowledge of literature. Nor, theoretically speaking, is there any point in the development of language where the knowledge of literature becomes indispensable to the existence of speech. Nor has the written language, at least in English, any existence apart and independent from the spoken language. The written word, then, is not an essential part of language, and for our present purpose we can leave it aside. Beginning with the spoken language as the essential language, let us think for a moment how it is acquired. Each normally constituted person who comes into life learns to think in terms of the words he hears from those about him, until the use of them becomes as much an unconscious habit with him as walking. The language which he learns in this way was learned in the same way by those he hears use it, who in turn learned it from others antecedent, and so on all the way back until the line passes into the prehistoric past. But the tradition thus car-

ried on is continually conditioned by inherited predisposition and environment, which are always giving rise to minute variations from the type. These variations, however seemingly accidental and personal, are always making in a certain direction, and cause the development of language as a whole to follow definite laws which it can no more escape than matter can escape gravitation. These laws are not subject to sudden or violent change. They cannot be set aside or materially assisted by any sort of academic legislation or learned prescription. They are beyond the control of the individual as well. He may say how he will use language and explain his method to the people with whom he comes directly in contact, giving them the key to his idiom, but he cannot affect language itself. His idiom will die with him, in spite of all his effort. Universal teaching, too, of a particular idiom may fix it temporarily upon the language; but unless it accord with some easy analogy which will naturally lead to its general use, the idiom will not remain, but will only form a temporary obstruction to the free development of language, like a snag sticking out into a stream. School-teachers may come and school-teachers may go, but they cannot "correct" "bad" English, if the "correction" is against the genius and spirit of English thought.

One of the richest contributions of modern scholarship is the knowledge that this development obeys natural laws of thought, and that, however inscrutable during a short period, it is perfectly clear and continuous over a long one. The next step will be to show that the reason for this lies in the nature of language; that the uniformity of its development is but the expression of a deeper uniformity of thought itself through which the brain unconsciously selects certain associations to make habitual; that the words we say or write down are but a small part of the words we actually use in thinking, day in, day out, year

after year, till the brain ceases to perform its function; that language is thus part of a great act which began we know not when, and will end only when thought itself shall cease and silence reign again.

Our present starved conception of language is like that we used to have of biology, when we thought of animal life in the world as of a gigantic menagerie, designed by a demiurgic showman for our instruction and pleasure. We fail to recognize the real meaning of language because we do not think of it as a part of our life. We treat it as if it were yesterday's creation, not the growth of centuries of experience. We still think of it as being made up of "parts of speech" to be used according to "rules of syntax."

It was this notion which formed the basis of the ancient method of studying grammar. Parts of speech were the necessary outcome of scholastic logic. For it the most important things were names and categories; and so nouns, "the names of things," made the first chapter of grammar; pronouns came in as the next; adjectives, as expressing attributes, next; and so on, a set of mechanically constructed categories of thinking, with appropriate definitions and fixed rules of coördination. The "accidents" of such parts of speech as were capable of "accidence" were then carefully labeled and pigeonholed for future reference or use. The making out of these tables presented a fine opportunity for formal logic, and the resulting paradigms made the real basis of this sort of study. These were learned as the patterns of thinking, and their perfection being possible only in a language like classic Latin, where a complicated system of Indo-Germanic inflection was artificially preserved, such a language became the type by which all others were measured. To form these parts of speech with their accidents into predication was the next step. There was the

"subject," "attribute," "predicate," and "complement," with their various "concordances;" this made syntax. Again, these things were logically clear in Latin: so Latin syntax became the norm of English syntax. It was an easy matter to tack on Latin prosody, and the system was complete. What was good enough for Latin and Greek was surely good enough for English. This grammar was supplemented by an "Etymology," in which the "etyma" were the Latin and Greek words corresponding to the various English borrowings from these tongues. Others were practically ignored.

Such a grammar has for its basis inflection, and for its unit a part of speech. Hence we had — and still have to some extent — inflection playing the chief rôle in the grammar of a language whose tendency has been to shuffle off inflections as fast as possible. The practical aim of its system was to teach the student the "concordances" as they would be if English were a highly inflected language. Its chief concern, therefore, was to get the right form of inflection for various syntactical usages; just the point where the student, who had learned to use inflections when he was learning to talk, could not easily go astray. This sort of grammar considered the study of language as something quite apart from the use of language; its end was perfect mechanical thinking by means of formulas, not perfect natural thinking based upon experience. Its standpoint was metaphysical, and was possible only for a dead language. A living speech like English develops ever at variance with such *a priori* reasoning, and the cleft has been long apparent.

Now it would be unjust in us to charge our ancestors with the ignorance of the real nature of English grammar implied in this conception of the subject, and to find fault with them in their effort to build a didactic grammar upon distinctions found in Latin, and not upon the nature of English. But we can charge

ourselves with folly in persisting to ignore the material that the last few decades have furnished for the scientific study of the subject, and in holding to their inadequate notion when a richer and better is within our reach.

The real nature of English grammar is not metaphysical, but historical. It is the scientific study of a living language in the light of its development. The history of the development may not form a part of the actual grammatical treatment, but it must underlie it. The grammar may be one of late New English, say, restricted to the consideration of only those phenomena which come under our immediate notice, and may have nothing to do with Middle English or Old English. But these phenomena are only scientifically intelligible in the light of their development, and must be studied from an historical basis. In this sense there is for English but one kind of grammar, and that is historical grammar. The terms and definitions of scholastic grammar have their place and use, and are in many cases necessary as being general to all thinking and to all language. The categories, too, are those of thought in general, and are therefore inevitable in describing and classifying the facts of language. But they are not grammar, and learning them is not studying grammar, any more than learning the divisions of the animal kingdom is studying biology. Grammar, to be properly studied, must be based on the nature of language itself, and on the history of its development.

This has been the belief of the best scholars for a number of years, and their study of the subject in this spirit has developed a new method. But it has for the most part remained the method of scholars, and of comparatively few scholars at that. The scientific treatment of the subject is traceable chiefly to Jacob Grimm, though we had beginnings of it in English scholarship as early as the days of Franciscus Junius and George

Hickes. The Germans, who were the first to turn their attention to the matter, made the earliest advances in the field of English; for a knowledge of English has long been recognized in Germany to be essential to the proper understanding of German. The method they have followed has been historical, empirical; and following it, the best scholars have succeeded in establishing the unity of our language and literature, and the continuity of their historical development. English and American scholarship has made use of their work, and has added substantial contributions to it, though often in a rather dull and imitative fashion and without a clear realization of the purpose of it all. But English and American schools and universities have been slow to see the value of this sort of scholarship, and what is more the pity, to see its practical relation to the every-day life and thought of English-speaking people. What is wanted now is a keener appreciation of the practical importance of this scientific grammar and its fitness to be used as a basis for English culture.

It is difficult to describe this new grammar without entering into somewhat tedious detail; but perhaps it will not be impossible, in a few words, to give a general idea of its scope and method. Its chief divisions are, Sounds, Inflections, Syntax, and Rhythm. Its ultimate unit is a single sound. A word cannot express thought unless its component sounds are accurately reproduced, and its sounds are subject to development. If I take the word *bear* and change it to *beer*, I have made in it but a small alteration, and one that is quite in accord with the history of English; yet I have altered the word so that it no longer suggests the thought it suggested before the change was made, but something quite different. It is as much of a change as I should make in 120 by changing the 2 to a 9. So I might do with almost any other word, destroying it entirely by slightly altering in an arbitrary way one of the sounds

which make it up. It is not words, then, but sounds that are the ultimate things in grammar. These sounds, moreover, have as it were a life of their own, which slowly changes their character with the progress of centuries. The changes are so gradual as to be imperceptible during a single generation, yet they affect all sounds where the same conditions are present, and affect them in the same way. To illustrate: the infinitive to *make* was represented by *mācian* in English of the ninth century, by *māken* in English of the twelfth century, by *māken* in English of the fourteenth century, by *māk* in English of the sixteenth century, *mæ̃k* in English of the seventeenth, *mē̃k* in English of the nineteenth. Here the vowel *a* has been changing its character about once in two centuries. And so with all *a*'s under similar conditions. Consonants, too, as well as vowels, alter their nature in the development, but much more slowly. These alterations are gradual, so that the mind adapts itself to them without knowing it; just as many people nowadays would take their oath that they pronounce the initial *h* in *which* as in *whist*, but all the while they are saying *wich*. To hear a word accurately requires a carefully trained ear, and a power, not easily acquired, of diverting one's attention to the sounds of the word as acoustic phenomena. These changes are so general and so numerous as to affect the whole character of the language; so that English even of so recent a date as Shakespeare's would sound to us almost like a foreign tongue did we hear it, and at many points would be quite unintelligible. Yet it is the same language, just as Alfred's is, and with the key of a scientific knowledge of English will yield up its English thought to us with the very words it was written in.

In this part of English historical grammar, it is the significance of the development of the sounds, and not that of their inconsequent representation, that is the first thing to be grasped. We can change

the way of writing words a dozen times a century; in fact, we might write them a dozen ways at once without affecting the sounds themselves. The spoken words are the real things, not the letters which signify them. This first chapter on sounds is therefore the most important of the whole subject; for without an exact knowledge of it grammar will appear capricious and meaningless. This field is left almost entirely to specialists, and their work in it is thought to be too trivial to interest the public. It is only within recent years that the fact of the development of English has been recognized at all; so a clear statement of it in English grammars has not been possible. But the practical importance of such knowledge as it now furnishes us is almost as great as our neglect of it has been. While the study of the whole subject will bring us into a perfect understanding of our literature and will break down our absurd notions of the nature of our language, a complete knowledge of this part of it is the most direct way of accomplishing these ends; for the period over which the development of English sounds extends is unusually long and unusually rich in evidence afforded by literature, and even an elementary knowledge of it is sufficient to make the development clear. Once this part of the subject is fully understood, the student will be in a fair way to understand the growth of literature. He will at least know enough not to be deceived, for instance, into supposing that he is reading Chaucer, when he thinks through his brain the New English words which correspond to Chaucer's written forms, and fills up the gaps with guesses. Nor will he be misled by arbitrary forms of spelling. He will see distinctly that the letters do not represent the sounds they pretend to represent, but quite a different set. He will thus be prepared for a more intelligent study of his literature, and for a more vital and more powerful mastery of his language.

The division of scientific grammar next in order is that which treats of inflections, and deals with the changes of form which words undergo in being modified for different phases and relations of the general ideas which they express. This chapter was made the chief part of our earlier grammars of English, because inflection is the most significant characteristic of classic languages. But English, owing to conditions peculiar to it as a Germanic tongue, has made little use of endings, and has depended upon context and arrangement to make thought clear; so that inflection plays a very minor part in its grammar. Latin and Greek retain a great many of the early conditions of inflection found in Indo-Germanic, where a stem representing a general idea was modified by some change, most commonly by a flexional syllable, to indicate the precise position, condition, or relation which the word assumes in the thought, — in terms of logic, its accidents. For some reason or other, Germanic peoples attached a peculiar significance to the stem, and, uttering it with greater force, neglected the inflectional syllable. This process, once begun, has gone on rapidly, until in modern English the old grammatical system is almost entirely broken up. The discovery that the accident of the word can be sufficiently denoted by its position in the thought, or by the accent it receives in utterance, or by the context, or, when necessary, by accurate and express definition in other words, is the stepping-stone to using it as a particular itself. In English, therefore, we do not use a general term modified by an accident in order to make it a particular, but we think the particular outright. My typewriter, for instance, is as much a particular idea as my pen; I do not think of the one as an instrument to write with by means of type any more than I think of the other as a feather adapted to purposes of writing. So also when my typewriter reproduces the thought for me on

paper, I do not think of it as “typewriter” with a modification of the idea to indicate that it is the subject of the action; and when I wish to think of myself using the typewriter, I do not modify the word for typewriter in a different way to show that in this latter instance the typewriter is the object of an action. Such a distinction is quite useless. I and my typewriter are two such different things, with such different attributes and functions, that there is no danger of any one confusing the two. In almost any possible thought where they are brought together, the mind itself, without any need of labels, will recognize their proper grammatical relation. And even if there was danger of confusion, the fact that in English thinking the subject comes first in the thought would be sufficient to distinguish it without any special mark. So with other types of inflection. It is absurd, then, to study English as a highly inflected language, — to make the student think of such things as “O man” as a vocative case, or “to a man” as a dative, or “if I do” as a subjunctive or conditional mood of the verb “do.”

The burden of the work has thus been thrown upon syntax, — a syntax whose perfection has developed in such a way as to make all but the simplest inflection unnecessary; and syntax, the third general division of grammar, thus becomes most important for English. But it is not the kind of syntax we know from Latin grammar. That, owing to the full inflectional system still preserved in Latin, was a system of concords and artificial agreements. Fixed syllables of inflection denoted certain accidents of a generic idea; syllables of inflection belonging to the same or similar categories pointed out the various parts of a whole idea and their relations one to another, so that the parts could be separated from one another and scattered through the sentence to secure formal symmetry or pleasing cadence without confusion

of the thought itself. The perception of the significance of this "accidence" and the arrangement of these collocations were the field of syntax. The Germanic languages, when they lost this full Indo-Germanic system of inflection, lost also with it the corresponding system of syntax. What had been before an æsthetic end became now a practical one, and the position of the words in the thought denoted their relation to one another. The few inflections preserved were simplified and reduced to great general categories, such as number, objective and subjective case relation, distinction of sex, absolute or conditional action. Nor has this process of development ceased. It is quite possible that the categories will be still further reduced as time goes on. To study this development for English is the field of syntax, and its method is historical, since these arrangements are traditional, depending upon the habit of English thought. The subject has not yet received even in Germany the attention it deserves, because a scientific treatment of *Laut- und Formenlehre* (the development of sounds and inflection) more than occupies the two-semester course of a German university. Then, too, German scholarship is often embarrassed by the lack of the perfect idiomatic familiarity with New English syntax (*englische Sprachgefühl*) necessary to understand the habit of English thought. A full and complete treatment of it will have to come from English scholars. Much has been done already in such books as Mätzner's *Englische Grammatik*, which starts with New English and works back to Old English, and Koch's *Englische Grammatik*, which follows a more scientific order, beginning with Old English and tracing the subject historically. The practical utility of such study lies in the fact that it gives us confidence in native English idioms, and prevents those foolish alterations which arise from an artificial notion of what English syntax is.

A fourth division of English grammar is that which deals with rhythm and the arrangement of words to make poetry. The name Prosody is usually given to it, because that is the title of the corresponding division of Latin grammar. It would take too long to show how this subject has been obscured by centuries of misunderstanding and obstinate persistence in teaching Latin prosody to explain English rhythm. It was obvious that Latin poetry had but two units, a short and a long syllable. As accent took the place of quantity when the system was transferred to English, there were two sorts of syllables recognized in English prosody: a syllable was either "tum" or it was "ty." We have just seen how the loss of Indo-Germanic inflections affected Germanic syntax. The cause of this loss, namely, the fixing of the accent to a particular syllable of the word in all its forms, broke down also the Indo-Germanic system of rhythm. It was no longer possible to write poetry according to the classic system, because the material for it no longer existed. Germanic rhythm, therefore, assumed an entirely new form, based upon the new use of accent, and not upon quantity, though it seems that in the earlier periods quantity was still an element in the verse. This system was used for Old English, which very early developed a rich poetic literature; later on, another kind of accentual system, which had grown into wide use in mediæval Latin, took its place. But not immediately and violently; for English poetry had independently been long working toward this more regular mediæval rhythm, and thus received the new system as a graft, and was not displaced and crowded out by it. At no time in its history, therefore, has English verse been written like classic poetry, for it has always been based upon accentual, and not upon quantitative differences. But our study of classic poetry has made us overlook the exquisite gradations of accent in Eng-

lish verse, and has scaled our poetry down to "tum" and "ty." The appreciation of more gradations than these has been considered to be the concern of elocution, not prosody, and poetry, made to delight the ear with delicate rhythm, becomes, when we study it, a wooden arrangement of "shorts" and "longs" into "iambic acatalectic trimeters" and such things.

To these four divisions, Sounds, Inflections, Syntax, and Rhythm, should logically be added a fifth, namely, the Development of Word-Meanings. But the historical dictionaries of English are assuming this for their special field, and rightly, too; so that there is no need for any but the most general treatment of the subject in English historical grammar. The work in this field is most conveniently accessible when arranged in the form of a dictionary. How important such material is for the study of English literature is shown by the great number of hitherto misunderstood passages in Shakespeare which the Oxford Dictionary clears up.

We have thus traversed the field of English historical grammar, and have incidentally called attention to the method it pursues. Prosecuted in such a way, the subject is as scientific as any of the sciences now studied in the universities, and certainly deserves as conspicuous a place as any in university curricula. For Americans it is practically a fresh field to work in; and when the American genius for discerning essentials from accidents overcomes American tendencies to dilettanteism, we shall no doubt have a rich harvest of scientific truth.

Hitherto the subject has labored under some fundamental misconceptions as to its scope and province,—misconceptions that are for the most part popular, but yet not without their effect upon university teaching. The chief of these is the one that English historical grammar is the same thing as the history of

the English language. This mistaken assumption underlies most of the attempts to teach the subject that have yet been made. It is an easy mistake to make, for the only difference between a complete history of the English language and a perfect English historical grammar would be one of arrangement of material and the point of view from which it was considered. The one would be a chronological account of the development of language from the standpoint of modern English, considering modern English as the apex of the development; the other would be a scientific treatment of the phenomena themselves, considering the present state of the language as an incidental stage of the development. The two are by no means the same. In the point of view there lies a fundamental distinction, and one that is frequently overlooked. There is a still greater distinction between the two when one comes to study this history and this grammar. To memorize a correct account of the history of the English language is not by any means the same thing as to study English historical grammar. In the latter work we deal with the phenomena themselves, not with a general statement of their relation. This distinction is now quite clear for biological science. The study of biology is not that of the history of the development of physical life, though a complete history of biological phenomena might well be one of the ends of biological science. Supposing the links were all clear, a mere account of the development of the primordial cell through the various stages of its life up to man would not be biology, though an intelligent appreciation of the phenomena does depend upon a perception of their historical significance, so to speak. And it is precisely so with English historical grammar. The scientific study of the subject means far more than a description of the sequence of its phenomena. It means the discovery of their relation;

their classification according to real and essential differences, not accidental ones; the causes that have produced them, as far as it is possible to ascertain their causes; the laws which govern their development; their relation to the forms of English thinking; their relation to similar phenomena of other languages. Their nature, their causes, their tendencies, all these enter into a scientific conception of the province of historical grammar. The field the subject thus presents to the student is in its way as wide as that presented by biology, and if intelligently worked would yield as rich a fruitage as the study of biology has. In one sense the history of the English language is but the introductory chapter to all this. To substitute the one for the other is like offering a superficial "Fourteen Weeks in Philosophy" for an adequate course in elementary physics. Such a substitute may possibly be better than nothing, but it is very little better, and it stands in the way of the student ever getting anything like a firm grasp of the matter.

Another misconception of the nature and province of historical grammar is due to the fact that any thorough study of spoken English is confused in the popular mind with the study of phonetics. Students are taught in elementary schools that certain letters have certain sounds, and they are then taught to reproduce these sounds, when acted upon by the stimulus of certain diacritical marks: "pronounce long *ā* as in *māke*," "pronounce short *ă* as in *făt*." Phonetics thus gets to be a matter of pronouncing written forms of expression; so that the student always tries to pronounce all the letters of all the syllables, and we get such monstrosities in English as "pensills," "prack-tick-kal," "in-dif-fi-rence." These spelling-book pronunciations of written forms are not English words at all, though many good people think they are the best English, and painfully make their children pronounce the letters, in

the fear that they may fall into the habit of speaking English in a vulgar fashion if they do not take pains. In this sense the phonetics of English is an absurdity. It considers the written language as the norm, and seeks to explain the spoken form as a capricious deviation from the written type. The truth is the converse of this. *A* has not the sound of *a* in *father*, and of *a* in *late*, and of *a* in *bat*, etc., but the *e* in *father*, and the *a* in *late*, and the *a* in *bat*, and the others are entirely different and distinct sounds, which happen, all of them, to be represented by the same sign, namely *a*. The abnormality is in the writing: the study of these abnormalities ought properly to be called "graphics," not "phonetics." Of course, in its scientific aspect, according to which phonetics is the study of the physiological formation of the sounds used in language, the subject is part of a thorough study of historical grammar, but only a minor part.

Similarly, etymology plays a great part in the notion many people have of the scientific study of English. English is thought to be a conglomerate of various other languages, made up of words derived from Latin, or Greek, or French, or German. To be aware of the meaning these words had in the original speech from which they were derived was a epphuistic accomplishment that gave much pleasure a few generations ago, and the display of such knowledge is still thought to be one of the ornaments of writing. The etymology which had for its concern the elucidation of these words was not historical, but merely devoted itself to the discovery of easily recognizable foreign elements, to unfold or derive which furnished the same sort of pleasure as that obtained from puzzling. To reduce the words capable of such reduction to assumed ultimate roots had the appearance of scientific analysis, and easily passed for scientific study. But it is only loan-words which are capable of such reduction. Though

they occupy a large space in dictionaries of English, such words do not play an important part in its history. A student might know perfectly the "etyma" of all of them, and yet be quite ignorant of English itself. They are for the most part mere additions to the vocabulary of English. It is a general principle of English grammar that borrowed words, from the time they are taken into the language, are treated as if they were English, obeying the same laws of development as the native words. A separate treatment in grammar is not necessary for them. To consider the separate study of such words as an integral part of English grammar is to follow the mediæval method of the study of Latin.

Nor is English historical grammar what is popularly known as English philology. This word "philology" has been given such a variety of meanings, ranging all the way from the encyclopædic German notion of the study of everything remotely or directly concerned with language and literature, to the popular English and American one of the dilettante study of words, that it has become well-nigh useless for scientific purposes. In the popular sense, however, it has little to do with historical grammar, — not much more than etymology has. It bears much the same relation to it that collecting butterflies bears to entomology, or collecting fossils to geology. Yet the "study of words," generally from Archbishop Trench's book bearing that title, has long been one of the most common substitutes for English historical grammar in our schools and universities. It can be made comparatively interesting, because it calls attention to peculiar developments of word-meanings and unexpected associations of ideas. But it has little educational value. It only develops a petty attention to details without knowledge of their significance, and produces in the student the idea that he has exhausted the subject.

Rid of these misconceptions, we have in English historical grammar a subject that is scientific, practical, and of great educational value, and, moreover, a subject which can be taught in an elementary way to young students, and can at the same time furnish a field for original scientific work in university teaching. Why should it not be easily possible to put it in the place that dogmatic grammar used to occupy? Why is it necessary to wait until a student is nearly through with a university course to give him a scientific knowledge of the machinery he thinks with? It would not be difficult to teach any boy to read Old English at the time when he begins to read Latin, to continue the work by teaching him to read Middle English, and then to put upon this elementary work, which need only be such as will give him the power roughly to read his own language in any period of its history, a more or less thorough training in English historical grammar. It is not necessary to make him speak Old English or Middle English, or even to seek native idioms in his own use of language. But surely a student with an accurate and correct knowledge of what his language is will be able to use it with more ease and power than one without such knowledge.

We need not expect this sort of training to make us think more clearly and write better than our clearest thinkers and best writers do now; but we can expect it to give this power to more men and women than possess it now; we can expect to get from English historical grammar the basis for a sane and practical didactic grammar which will represent to the student the real nature of his language, and will enable him to see more clearly what "good" English is and teach him how to use it; we can expect it to illuminate and quicken into a newer life for us the best of our English literature.

Mark H. Liddell.

IN BAY STREET.

(NASSAU, N. P.)

"WHAT do you sell, John Camplejohn,
In Bay Street by the sea?"

"Oh, turtle shell is what I sell,
In great variety:

"Trinkets and combs and rosaries,
All keepsakes from the sea;
'T is choose and buy what takes the eye,
In such a treasury."

"'T is none of these, John Camplejohn,
Though curious they be,
But something more I'm looking for,
In Bay Street by the sea.

"Where can I buy the magic charm
Of the Bahaman sea,
That fills mankind with peace of mind
And soul's felicity?

"Now what do you sell, John Camplejohn,
In Bay Street by the sea,
Tinged with that true and native blue
Of lapis lazuli?

"Look from your door, and tell me now
The color of the sea.
Where can I buy that wondrous dye,
And take it home with me?

"And where can I buy that rustling sound,
In this city by the sea,
Of the plummy palms in their high blue calms;
Or the stately poise and free

"Of the bearers who go up and down,
Silent as mystery,
Burden on head, with naked tread,
In the white streets by the sea?

"And where can I buy, John Camplejohn,
In Bay Street by the sea,
The sunlight's fall on the old pink wall,
Or the gold of the orange tree?"

"Ah, that is more than I've heard tell
In Bay Street by the sea,
Since I began; my roving man,
A trafficker to be.

"As sure as I'm John Camplejohn,
And Bay Street's by the sea,
Those things for gold have not been sold,
Within my memory.

"But what would you give, my roving man
From countries oversea,
For the things you name, the life of the same,
And the power to bid them be?"

"I'd give my hand, John Camplejohn,
In Bay Street by the sea,
For the smallest dower of that dear power
To paint the things I see."

"My roving man, I never heard,
On any land or sea
Under the sun, of any one
Could sell that power to thee."

"T is sorry news, John Camplejohn,
If this be destiny,
That every mart should know that art,
Yet none can sell it me.

"But look you, here's the grace of God:
There's neither price nor fee,
Duty nor toll, that can control
The power to love and see.

"To each his luck, John Camplejohn, —
No less! And as for me,
Give me the pay of an idle day
In Bay Street by the sea."

Bliss Carman

THE YOUNGEST SON OF HIS FATHER'S HOUSE.

THE eldest son of his father's house,
His was the right to have and hold:
He took the chair before the hearth,
And he was master of all the gold.

The second son of his father's house,
He took the wheatfields broad and fair,
He took the meadows beside the brook,
And the white flocks that pastured there.

*"Pipe high—pipe low! Along the way
From dawn till eve I needs must sing!
Who has a song throughout the day,
He has no need of anything!"*

The youngest son of his father's house
Had neither gold nor flocks for meed.
He went to the brook at break of day,
And made a pipe out of a reed.

*"Pipe high—pipe low! Each wind that blows
Is comrade to my wandering.
Who has a song wherever he goes,
He has no need of anything!"*

His brother's wife threw open the door.
"Piper, come in for a while," she said.
"Thou shalt sit at my hearth, since thou art so poor,
And thou shalt give me a song instead!"

Pipe high—pipe low—all over the wold!
"Lad, wilt thou not come in?" asked she.
"Who has a song, he feels no cold,
My brother's hearth is mine own," quoth he.

*"Pipe high—pipe low! For what care I
Though there be no hearth on the wide gray plain?
I have set my face to the open sky,
And have cloaked myself in the thick gray rain."*

Over the hills where the white clouds are,
He piped to the sheep till they needs must come.
They fed in pastures strange and far,
But at fall of night he brought them home.

They followed him, bleating, wherever he led :

He called his brother out to see.

"I have brought thee my flocks for a gift," he said,

"For thou seest that they are mine," quoth he.

*"Pipe high—pipe low! Wherever I go
The wide grain presses to hear me sing.
Who has a song, though his state be low,
He has no need of anything."*

"Ye have taken my house," he said, "and my sheep,

But ye had no heart for to take me in.

I will give ye my right for your own to keep,

But ye be not my kin.

"To the kind fields my steps are led.

My people rush across the plain.

My bare feet shall not fear to tread

With the cold white feet of the rain.

"My father's house is wherever I pass ;

My brothers are each stock and stone ;

My mother's bosom in the grass

Yields a sweet slumber to her son.

"Ye are rich in house and flocks," said he,

"Though ye have no heart to take me in.

There was only a reed that was left for me,

And ye be not my kin.

*"Pipe high—pipe low! Though skies be gray,
Who has a song, he needs must roam!
Even though ye call all day, all day,
'Brother, wilt thou come home?'"*

Over the meadows and over the wold,

Up to the hills where the skies begin,

The youngest son of his father's house

Went forth to find his kin.

Anna Hempstead Branch.

AT NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

I.

WITH the exception of a tedious delay at East Radford it was a very enjoyable forenoon's ride from Pulaski to Natural Bridge, through a country everywhere interesting, and for much of the distance gloriously wild and beautiful. Splendid hillside patches of mingled Judas-tree and flowering dogwood — one of a bright peach-bloom color, the other royal masses of pure white — brightened parts of the way south of Roanoke. There, also, hovering over a grassy field, were the first bobolinks of the season. From Buchanan northward (new ground to me by daylight) we had the company of mountains and the James River, the road following the windings of a narrow bank between the base of the ridge and the water. It surprised me to see the James so large and full at such a distance from its mouth, — almost as wide, I thought, as the Tennessee at Chattanooga. Shortly before reaching the Natural Bridge station the train stopped for water, and on getting off the steps of the car I heard a Maryland yellow-throat singing just below me at the foot of the bank, and in a minute more a kingfisher flew across the stream, — two additional names for my vacation catalogue. Then, while I waited at the station for a carriage from the hotel, — two miles and a half away, — I added still another. In the cloudy sky, between me and the sun, was a bird which in that blinding light might have passed for a buzzard, only that a swallow was pursuing it. Seeing that sign, I raised my glass and found the bird a fish-hawk. Trifles these things were, perhaps, with mountains and a river in sight; but that depends upon one's scale of values. To me it is not so clear that a pile of earth is more an object of won-

der than a swallow that soars above it; and for better or worse, mountains or no mountains, I kept an ornithological eye open.

On the way to the Bridge (myself the only passenger) the colored driver of the wagon picked up a brother of his own race, who happened to be traveling in the same direction and was thankful for a lift. And a real amusement and pleasure it was to listen to the two men's palaver, especially to their "Mistering" of each other at every turn of the dialogue. I never saw two schoolmasters, even, who could do more in half an hour for the maintenance and increase of their mutual dignity. It was "Mr. Brown" and "Mr. Smith" with every other breath, until the second man was set down at his own gate. From their appearance they must have been of an age to remember the days "before the war," and I did not think it surprising that men who had once been pieces of property should be disposed to make the most of their present condition of manhood, and so to give and take, between themselves, as many reminders and tokens of it as the brevity of their remaining time would permit.

Once at the hotel, installed (literally) in my little room, the only window of which was in the door, — opening upon the piazza, for all the world as a prison cell opens upon its corridor, — once domiciled, I say, and a bite taken, I bought a season ticket of admission to the "glen," and went down the path and a flight of steps, amid a flock of trilling goldfinches and past a row of lordly arbor-vitæ trees, to the brook, and up the bank of the brook to the famous bridge. Of this, considered by itself, I shall attempt no description. The material facts are, in the language of the guidebook, that it is "a huge monolithic arch, 215 feet

high, 100 feet wide, and 90 feet in span, crossing the ravine of Cedar Brook." Magnificent as it is, there is, for me at least, not much to say concerning it, or concerning my sensations in the presence of it. Not that it disappointed me. On the contrary, it was from the first more imposing than I had expected to find it. I loved to look at it, from one side and from the other, from beneath and from above. I walked under it and over it (on the public highway, for it is a bridge not only in name, but in fact) many times, by sunlight and by moonlight, and should be glad to do the same many times more; but perhaps my taste is peculiar; at all events, such "wonders of nature" do not charm me or wear with me like a beautiful landscape. It was so, I remember, at Ausable Chasm; interesting, grand, impressive, but a place in which I had no passion for staying, no sense of exquisite delight or solemnity. In Burlington, just across Lake Champlain, I could sit by the hour, even on the flat roof of the hotel, and gaze upon the blue water and the blue Adirondacks beyond, — the sight was a feast of beauty; but this cleft in the rocks, — well, I was glad to walk through it and to shoot the rapids; there was nothing to be said in disparagement of the place, but it put me under no spell. I fear it would be the same with those marvelous Colorado cañons and "gardens of the gods." A wooded mountain side, a green valley, running water, a lake with islands, best of all, perhaps (for me, that is, and taking the years together), a New England hill pasture, with boulders and red cedars, berry bushes and fern patches, the whole bounded by stone walls and bordered with gray birches and pitch pines, — for sights to live with, let me have these and things like them in preference to any of nature's more freakish work, which appeals rather to curiosity than to the imagination and the affections.

Having gone under the arch (and
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looked in vain for Washington's initials on the wall), the visitor to Natural Bridge finds himself following up the brook — a lively stream — between lofty precipitous cliffs, that turn to steep wooded slopes as he proceeds. If he is like me, he pursues the path to the end, stopping here and there, — at the saltpetre cave, at Hemlock Island, and at Lost River, if nowhere else, — till he comes to the end at the falls, a distance of a mile, more or less. That is my way always. I must go straight through the place once; then, the edge of my curiosity dulled, I am in a condition to see and enjoy.

The ravine is a botanist's paradise: that, I should say, must be the first thought of every appreciative tourist. The elevation (fifteen hundred feet), the latitude, and the limestone rocks work together to that end. In a stay of a week I could see, of course, but one set of flowers; and in my preoccupation I passed many herbs and shrubs, mostly out of bloom, the names of which I neither knew nor attempted to discover. One of the things that struck my admiration on the instant was the beauty of the columbine as here displayed; a favorite with me always, for more reasons than one, but never beheld in all its loveliness till now. If the election could be held here, and on the 1st of May, there would be no great difficulty in securing a unanimous vote for *Aquilegia Canadensis* as the "national flower." It was in its glory at the time of my earlier visits, brightening the face of the cliffs, not in a mass, but in scattered sprays, as high as the eyesight could follow it; looking, even under the opera-glass, as if it grew out of the rock itself. With it were sedges, ferns, and much of a tufted white flower, which at first I made no question must be the common early saxifrage. When I came upon it within reach, however, I saw at once that it was a plant of quite another sort, some member of the troublesome mustard family, — *Draba ramosissima*, as afterward turned out. It was wonder-

ful how closely it simulated the appearance of *Saxifraga Virginiensis*, though the illusion was helped, no doubt, by the habit I am in of seeing columbine and saxifrage together.

The ground in many places was almost a mat of violets, three kinds of which were in special profusion: the tall, fragrant white *Canadensis*, the long-spurred *rostrata*, — of a very pale blue, with darker streaks and a darker centre (like our blue meadow violets in that respect), — and the common *palmata*. The long-spurred violet was new to me, and both for that reason and for itself peculiarly attractive. As I passed up the glen on the right of the brook beyond Hemlock Island, so called, carpeted with partridge-berry vines bearing a wondrous crop ("See the berries!" my notebook says), I began to find here and there the large trillium (*T. grandiflorum*), some of the blossoms clear white, others of a delicate rosy tint. The rosy ones had been open longer than the others, it appeared; for the flowers blush with age, — a very modest and graceful habit. Like the spurred violet, the trillium is a plant also of northern New England, but happily for my present enjoyment I had never seen it there. And the same is to be said of the large yellow bellwort, which was here the trillium's neighbor, and looked only a little less distinguished than the trillium itself.

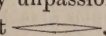
If I were to name all the plants I saw, or even all that attracted my particular notice, the non-botanical reader would quit me for a tiresome chronicler. Hepatica and bloodroot had dropped their last petals; but anemone and rue anemone were still in bloom, with cranesbill, spring beauty, ragwort, mitrewort, robin's plantain, Jack-in-the-pulpit, wild ginger (two thick handsome leaves hiding a dark-purplish three-horned urn of an occult and almost sinister aspect), two or more showy chickweeds, two kinds of white stone-crop (*Sedum ternatum* and *S. Nevii*, the latter a novel-

ty), mandrake (sheltering its precious round bud under an umbrella, though to-day it neither rained nor shone), pepper-root, gill-over-the-ground (where did it come from, I wondered), Dutchman's breeches (the leaves only), *Orchis spectabilis* (which I did not know till after a few days it blossomed), and many more. A new shrub — almost a tree — was the bladder-nut, with drooping clusters of small whitish flowers, like bunches of currant blossoms in their manner of growth and general appearance; especially dear to humble-bees, which would not be done with a branch even while I carried it in my hand. In one place, as I stooped to examine a boulder covered thickly with the tiny walking fern, of which the ravine contains a great abundance, — faded, ill conditioned, and homely, but curious, and, better still, a stranger, — I found the ground littered with bright yellowish magnolia petals; and if I looked into the sky for a passing bird, it was almost as likely as not that I should find myself looking through the branches of a soaring tulip-tree, — a piece of magnificence that is one of the most constant of my Alleghanian admirations. All the upper part of the glen is pervaded by a dull rumbling or moaning sound, — the voice of Lost River, out of which the tourist is supposed to have drunk at the only point where it shows itself (and there only to those who look for it), a quarter of a mile back. Another all-pervasive thing is the wholesome fragrance of arbor-vitæ. It is fitting, surely, that the tree of life should be growing in this floral paradise. There are few places, I imagine, where it flourishes better.

On my way back toward the bridge I discovered, as was to be expected, many things that had been overlooked on my way out; and every successive visit was similarly rewarded. A pleasing sight at the bridge itself was the continual fluttering of butterflies — Turnus and his smaller and paler brother Ajax, espe-

cially — against the face of the cliffs, sipping from the deep honey-jars of the columbines. Here, too, I often stopped awhile to enjoy the doings of several pairs of rough-winged swallows that had their nests in a row of holes in the rock, between two of the strata. Most romantic homes they looked, under the overhanging ledge, — a narrow platform below, ferns and sedges nodding overhead, with tall arbor-vitæ trees a little higher on the cliff, and water dropping continually before the doors. One of the nests, I noticed, had directly in front of it a patch of low green moss, the neatest of door-mats. The holes were only a few feet above the level of the stream, but there was no approach to them without wading; for which reason, perhaps, the owners paid little attention to me, even when I got as near them as I could. In and out they went, quite at their ease, resting now and then upon a jutting shelf, or perching in the branches of some tree near at hand. Once three of them sat side by side before one of the openings, which after all may have admitted to some sizable cavern where-in different pairs were living together. They are the least beautiful of swallows, but for this time, at all events, they had displayed a remarkably pretty taste in the choice of a nesting-site.

The birds of Cedar Creek, however, were not the rough-wings, but the Louisiana water thrushes. On my first jaunt through the ravine (May 1) I counted seven of them, here one and there another; the greater part in free song; and while I never found so many again at any one visit, I was never there without seeing and hearing at least two or three. It was exactly such a spot as the water thrush loves, — a quick stream, with boulders and abundant vegetation. The song, I am sorry to be obliged to confess, as I have confessed before, is not to me all that it appears to be to other listeners; probably not all that a longer acquaintance and a more intimate association

would make it. It is loud and ringing, — for a warbler's song, I mean; in that respect well adapted to the bird's ordinary surroundings, being easily heard above the noise of a pretty lively brook. It is heard the better, too, because of its remarkably disconnected, staccato character. Every note is by itself. Though the bird haunts the vicinity of running water, there is no trace of fluidity in its utterance. No bird-song could be less flowing. It neither gurgles nor runs smoothly, note merging into note. It would be too much to call it declamatory, perhaps, but it goes some way in that direction. At least we may call it emphatic. At different times I wrote it down in different words, none of which could be expected to do more than assist, first the writer's memory, and then the reader's imagination, to recall and divine the rhythm and general form of the melody. For that — I speak for myself — a verbal transcription, imperfect as it must be, in the nature of the case, is likely to prove more intelligible, and therefore more useful, than any attempt to reproduce the music itself by a resort to musical notation. As most frequently heard here, the song consisted of eight notes, like "Come — come — come — come, — you're a beauty," delivered rather slowly. "Lazily" was the word I sometimes employed, but "slowly" is perhaps better, though it is true that the song is cool and, so to speak, very unpassionate. Dynamically I marked it , while the variations in pitch may be indicated roughly thus: ————-. Two of the lower notes, the fifth and sixth, were shorter than the others, — half as long, if my ear and memory are to be trusted. Sometimes a bird would break out into a bit of flourish at the end, but to my thinking such improvised cadenzas, as they had every appearance of being, only detracted from the simplicity of the strain without adding anything appreciable to its beauty or its effectiveness.

This song, which the reader will perhaps blame me for trying thus to analyze (I shall not blame *him*), very soon grew to be almost a part of the glen; so that I never recall the brook and the cliffs without seeming to hear it rising clear and sweet above the brawling of the current; and when I hear it, I can see the birds flitting up or down the creek, just in advance of me, with sharp *chips* of alarm or displeasure; now balancing uneasily on a boulder in mid-stream (a posterior bodily fluctuation, half graceful, half comical, slanderously spoken of as teetering) and singing a measure or two, now taking to an overhanging branch, sometimes at a considerable height, for the same tuneful purpose. One acrobatic fellow, I remember, walked for some distance along the seemingly perpendicular face of the cliff, slipping now and then on the wet surface and having to "wing it" for a space, yet still pausing at short intervals to let out a song. In truth, the happy creatures were just then brimming over with music; and if I seem to praise their efforts but grudgingly, it is to be said, on the other hand, in justice to the song and to myself, that my appreciation of it grew as the days passed. Whatever else might be true of it, it was the voice of the place.

Of birds beside the rough-wings and the water thrushes there were surprisingly few in the glen, though, to be sure, there may well have been many more than I found trace of. The splashing of a mountain brook is very pleasing music, — more pleasing, in itself considered, than the great majority of bird-songs, perhaps, — but an ornithological hobbyist may easily have too much of it. I call to mind how increasingly vexatious, and at last all but intolerable, a turbulent Vermont stream (a branch of Wait's River) became to me, some years ago, as it followed my road persistently mile after mile in the course of a May vacation. One gets on the track of the smaller birds through hearing their faint calls

in the bushes and treetops; and how was I to catch such indispensable signals with this everlasting uproar in my ears? So it was here in Cedar Creek ravine; it would have to be a pretty loud voice to be heard above the din of the hurrying water. And the birds, on their side, had something of the same difficulty; or so I judged from the unconventional behavior of a blue yellow-backed warbler that flitted through the hanging branches of a tree within a few inches of my hat, having plainly no suspicion of a human being's proximity. The tufted titmouse could be heard, of course. He would make a first-rate auctioneer, it seemed to me, with his penetrating, indefatigable voice and his genius for repetition. Now and then, too, I caught the sharp, sermonizing tones of a red-eyed vireo. Once an oven-bird near me mounted a tree hastily, branch by branch, and threw himself from the top for a burst of his afternoon medley; and at the bridge a phoebe sat calling. These, with a pair of cardinal grosbeaks, were all the birds I saw in the glen during my first day's visit.

In fact, I had the place pretty nearly to myself, not only on this first day, but for the entire week. Once in a great while a human visitor was encountered, but for the most part I went up and down the path with no disturbance to my meditations. Happily for me, the Bridge was now in its dull season. Many tourists had been here. The trunks of the older trees, the beeches especially, were scarred thickly with inglorious initials, some of them so far from the ground that the authors of them must have stood on one another's shoulders in their determination to get above the crowd. (In work of this kind an inch or two makes all the difference between renown and obscurity.) The fact was emblematic, I thought. So do men hoist and boost themselves into fame, not only in Cedar Creek ravine, but in the "great world," as we call it, outside. Who so lowly-

mind as not to believe that he could make a name for himself if only he had a step-ladder? At the arch, likewise, such autographers had been busy ever since Washington's day. I peeped into a crevice to obtain a closer view of a tiny fern, and there before me was a penciled name, invisible till I came thus near to it. One of the meek the writer must have been; a lead pencil, and so fine a hand! Dumphy of New Orleans. Why should I not second his modest bid for immortality? A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. By all means let Dumphy of New Orleans be remembered.

As for Washington's "G. W.," the letters are said to be still decipherable by those who know exactly where to look and exactly what to look for; but I can testify to nothing of myself. I was told where the initials were; one was much plainer than the other, my informant said, — which seemed to imply that one of them, at least, was more or less a matter of faith; he would go down with me some day and point them out; but the hour convenient to both of us never came, and so, although I almost always spent a minute or two in the search as I passed under the arch, I never detected them or anything that I could even imagine to stand for them. I have had experience enough of such things, however, to be aware that my failure proves nothing as against the witness of other men's eyesight. Certainly I know of no ground for doubting that Washington cut his initials on the cliff; and if he did, it seems reasonable to believe that tradition would have preserved a knowledge of the place, and so have made it possible to find them now in all their inevitable indistinctness after so long an exposure to the wear of the elements. Neither do I esteem it anything but a natural and worthy curiosity for the visitor to wish to see them; and I may add my hope that all young men who are destined to achieve Washington's mea-

sure of distinction will cut their names large and deep in every such wall, for the benefit of future generations. As for the rest of us, if we must scratch our names in stone or carve them on the bark of trees, let us seek some sequestered nook, where the sight of our doings will neither be an offense to others nor make us a laughing-stock.

I have said that I discovered Dumphy of New Orleans while leaning against the cliff to peer into a crevice in search of a diminutive fern. This fern was of much interest to me, being nothing less than the wall-rue spleenwort (*Asplenium Ruta-muraria*), for which I had looked without success in years past on the limestone cliffs of northern Vermont, at Willoughby and elsewhere. The fronds, stipe and all, last-year plants in full fruit, were less than three inches in length. Another fern, one size larger, but equally new and interesting, was the purple-stemmed cliff-brake (*Pellaea atropurpurea*), which also had eluded my search in its New England habitat. Both these rarities (plants which will grow only on limestone cannot easily be degraded into commonness) I could have gathered here in moderate numbers, but of course collecting is not permitted; it cannot be, in a spot so frequented by curiosity-seekers. It was pleasure enough for me, at any rate, to see them.

Along the bottom of the ravine I had remarked a profusion of a strikingly beautiful larger fern (but still "smallish," as my pencil says), with showy red stems and a most graceful curving or drooping habit. This I could not make out for a time; but it proved to be, as I soon began to suspect, *Cystopteris bulbifera*, to my thinking one of the loveliest of all things that grow. I had seen it abundant at Willoughby, Vermont, and at Owl's Head, Canada, ten years before; but either my memory was playing me a trick, or there was here a very considerable diminution in the length of the fronds, accompanied by a decided

heightening in the color of the stalk and rhachis. Before long, however, I found a specimen already beginning to show its bulblets, and these, with a study of Dr. Eaton's description, left me in no doubt as to the plant's identity.

What other ferns may have been growing in the ravine I cannot now pretend to say. I remember the Christmas fern, a goodly supply of the dainty little *Asplenium trichomanes*, and tufts of what I took with reasonable certainty for *Cystopteris fragilis* in its early spring stage, than which few things can be more graceful. On the upper edge of the ravine, when I left the place one day by following a maze of zigzag cattle-paths up the steep slope, and found myself, to my surprise, directly in the rear of the hotel, I came upon a dense patch of a smallish, very narrow, dark-stemmed fern, new to my eyes, — the hairy lip-fern, so called (*Cheilanthes vestita*). These fronds, too, like those of the cliff-brake and the wall-rue spleenwort, were of last year's growth, thickly covered on the back with brown "fruit-dots," and altogether having much the appearance of dry herbarium specimens; but they were good to look at, nevertheless. Here, as in the case of *Pellaea atropurpurea*, it was a question not only of a new species, but of a new genus.

From my account of the scarcity of birds in Cedar Creek ravine the reader will have already inferred, perhaps, that I did not spend my days there, great as were its botanical attractions. My last morning's experience at Pulaski, the evidence there seen that the vernal migration was at full tide, or near it, had brought on a pretty acute attack of ornithological fever, — a spring disease which I am happy to believe has become almost an epidemic in some parts of the United States within recent years, — and not even the sight of new ferns and new flowers could allay its symptoms. I had counted upon finding a similar state of things here, — all the woods astir with

wings. Instead of that, I found the fields alive with chipping sparrows, the air full of chimney swifts, the shade trees in front of the hotel vocal with goldfinch notes, and, comparatively speaking, nothing else. By the end of the second day I was fast becoming disconsolate. "No birds here," I wrote in my journal. "I have tried woods of all sorts. A very few parula warblers, two or three red-eyed vireos, one yellow-throated vireo, seven Louisiana water thrushes in the glen, one prairie warbler, and a few oven-birds! No Bewick wrens. Two purple finches and one or two phoebes have been the only additions to my Virginia list." A pitiful tale. Vacations are short and precious, and it goes hard with us to see them running to waste.

The next evening (May 3) it was the same story continued. "It is marvelous, the difference between this beautiful place, diversified with fields and woods, — hard wood, cedar, pine, — it is marvelous, the difference between this heavenly spot and Pulaski in the matter of birds. There I registered six new arrivals in half an hour Wednesday morning; here I have made but six additions to my list in two full days. There is scarcely a sign of warbler migration. Was it that in Pulaski the woods were comparatively small, and the birds had to congregate in them? Or does Pulaski lie in a route of migration?" Wild surmises, both of them; but wisdom is not to be looked for in a fever patient.

"Six additions in two full days," I wrote; but the second day was not yet full. As evening came on I went out to stand awhile upon the bridge; and while I listened to the brawling of the creek and admired the beautiful scene below me, the moon shining straight down upon it, a nighthawk called from the sky, and afterward — not from the sky — a whip-poorwill. Here, then, were two more names for my catalogue; but even so, — six or eight, — it was a beggarly rate of increase in such a favored spot and

in the very nick of the season. The "six additions," it may ease the reader's curiosity to know, were the Carolina wren, the summer tanager, the purple finch, the indigo bunting, the blue-gray gnatcatcher, and the phoebe.

One compensation there was for the ornithological barrenness of these first few days: I had the more leisure for botany. And the hours were not thrown away, although at the time I was almost ready to think they were, with so many of them devoted to ransacking the Manual; for a man who does not collect specimens to carry home with him must, as it were, drive his field work and his closet work abreast; he must study out his findings as he goes along. On the evening of the second day, for example, I wrote in my journal thus, — the final entry under that date, as the reader may guess: "In bed. Strange how we flatter ourselves with a knowledge of names. I have spent much time to-day looking up the names of flowers and ferns, and somehow feel as if I had learned something in so doing. Really, however, I have learned only that some one else has seen the things before me, and called them so and so. At best that is *nearly* all I have learned." But after setting down the results of my investigations, especially of those having to do with the pretty draba and the bulbiferous fern, I concluded in a less positive strain: "Well, the hunt for names does quicken observation and help to relate and classify things." That was a qualification well put in. The whole truth was never written on one side of the leaf. If *all* our botany were Latin names, as Emerson says, we should have little to boast of; yet even that would be one degree better than nothing, as Emerson himself felt when he visited a museum and saw the cases of shells. "I was hungry for names," he remarks. So have all men of intelligence been since the day of the first systematic, name-conferring naturalist, the man who dwelt in Eden. Let us be thankful for man-

uals, I say, that offer on easy terms a speaking acquaintance, if nothing more, with the world of beauty about us. Things take their value from comparison, and my own ignorance was but a little while ago so absolute that now I am proud to know so much as a name.

Meanwhile, to come back to Natural Bridge, I had found the country of a most engaging sort. In truth, while the bridge itself is the "feature" of the place, as we speak in these days, it is by no means its only, or, as I should say, its principal attraction, so far, at least, as a leisurely visit is concerned. A man may see it and go, — as most tourists do; but if he stays, he will find that the region round about not only has charms of its own, but is one of the prettiest he has ever set eyes on; and that, I should think, though he be neither a botanist, nor an ornithologist, nor any other kind of natural historian. For myself, at all events, I had already come to that conclusion, notwithstanding I had yet to see some of the most beautiful parts of the country, and was, besides, far too much concerned about the birds (the absentees in particular) and the flowers to have quieted down to any adequate appreciation of the general landscape. I have never yet learned to see a prospect on the first day, or while in the eager expectation of new things, although, like every one else, I can exclaim with a measure of shallow sincerity, "Beautiful! beautiful!" even at the first moment.

As my mood now was, at any rate, fine scenery did not satisfy me; and on the morning of May 4, after two days and a half of botanical surfeit and ornithological starvation, I packed my trunk preparatory to going elsewhere. First, however, I would try the woods once more, if perchance something might have happened overnight. Otherwise, so I informed the landlord, I would return in season for an early luncheon, and should expect to be driven to the station for the noon train northward.

I went to a promising-looking hill covered with hard-wood forest, a spot already visited more than once, — Buck Hill I heard it called afterward, — and was no sooner well in the woods than it became evident that something *had* happened. The treetops were swarming with birds, and I had my hands full with trying to see and name them. Old trees are grand creations, — among the noblest works of God, I often think; but for a bird-gazer they have one disheartening drawback, especially when, as now, the birds not only take to the topmost boughs (even the hummer and the magnolia warbler, so my notes say, went with the multitude to do evil), but, to make matters worse, are on the move northward or southward, or flitting in simple restlessness from hill to hill. However, I did my best with them while the fun lasted. Then all in a moment they were gone, though I did not see them go; and nothing was left but the wearisome iterations of oven-birds and red-eyes where just now were so many singers and talkers, among which, for aught I could tell, there might have been some that it would have been worth the price of a long vacation to scrape even a treetop acquaintance with.

Indeed, it was certain that one member of the flock was a rarity, if not an absolute novelty. That was the most exciting and by all odds the most deplorable incident of the whole affair. I had obtained several glimpses of him, but had been unable to determine his identity; a warbler, past all reasonable doubt, with pure white under parts (the upper parts quite invisible) except for a black or blackish line, barely made out, across the lower throat or the upper breast. He, of course, had vanished with the rest, the more was the pity. I had made a guess at him, to be sure; it is a poor naturalist who cannot do as much as that (but a really good naturalist would “form a hypothesis,” I suppose) under almost any circumstances.

I had called him a cerulean warbler. Once in my life I had seen a bird of that species, but only for a minute. If he wore a black breast-band, I did not see it, or else had forgotten it. If I could only have had a look at this fellow's back and wings! As it was, I was not likely ever to *know* him, though the printed description would either demolish or add a degree of plausibility to my offhand conjecture.

The better course, after losing a bevy of wanderers in this way, is perhaps to remain where one is and await the arrival of another detachment of the migratory host. This advice, or something like it, I seem to remember having read, at all events; but I have never schooled myself to such a pitch of quietism. For a time, indeed, I could not believe that the birds *were* lost, and must hunt the hilltop over in the hope of another chance at them. An empty hope. So I did what I always do: the game having flown, I took my own departure also. I should not find the same flock again, but with good luck — which now it was easy to expect — I might find another; and except for the single mysterious stranger, that would be better still. One thing I was sure of, — Natural Bridge was not to be left out of the warbler migration; and one thing I forgot entirely, — that I had planned to leave it by the noonday train.

My useless chase over the broad hilltop had brought me to the side opposite the one by which I had ascended, and to save time, as I persuaded myself, I plunged down, as best I could, without a trail, — a piece of expensive economy, almost of course. In the first place, this haphazardous descent took me longer than it would have done to retrace my steps; and in the second place, I was compelled for much of the distance to force my way through troublesome underbrush, in doing which I made of necessity — being a white man — no little noise, and so was the less likely to hear the note of any small bird, or to come

close upon him without putting him to flight. In general, let the bird-gazer keep to the path, except in open woods, or as some specific errand may lead him away from it. In one way and another, nevertheless, I got down at last, and after beating over a piece of pine wood, with little or no result, I crossed a field and a road, and entered a second tract of hardwood forest.

The trees were comfortably low, with much convenient shrubbery, and after a little, seeing myself at the centre of things, as it were, I dropped into a seat and allowed the birds to gather about me. At my back was a bunch of white-throated sparrows. From the same quarter a chat whistled now and then, and white-breasted nuthatches and a Carolina chickadee did likewise, the last with a noticeable variation in his tune, which had dwindled to three notes. Here, as on the hill I had just left, wood pewees and Acadian flycatchers announced themselves, in tones so dissimilar as to suggest no hint of blood relationship. The wood pewee is surely the gentleman of the family, so far as the voice may serve as an indication of character. In dress and personal appearance he is a flycatcher of the flycatchers; but what a contrast between his soft, plaintive, exquisitely modulated whistle, the very expression of refinement, and the wild, rasping, over-emphatic vociferations that characterize the family in general! The more praise to him. The Acadians seemed to have come northward in a body. Nothing had been seen or heard of them before, but from this morning they abounded in all directions. In a single night they had taken possession of the woods. Here was the first Canadian warbler of the season, singing from a perch so uncommonly elevated (he is a lover of bushy thickets rather than of trees) that for a time it did not come to me who he was, — so exceedingly earnest and

voluble. A black-throated blue warbler almost brushed my elbow. Redstarts were never so splendid, I thought, the white of the dogwood blossoms, now in their prime, setting off the black and orange of the birds in a most brilliant manner, as was true also of the deep vermillion of the summer tanager. A Blackburnian warbler, whose flame-colored throat needs no setting but its own, had fallen into a lyrical mood very unusual for him, and sang almost continuously for at least half an hour, — a poor little song in a thin little voice, but full of pleasant suggestions in every note. The first Swainson thrush was present, with no companion of his own kind, so far as appeared. I prolonged my stay on purpose to hear him sing, but was obliged to content myself with the sight of him and the sound of his sweet, quick whistle.

All the while, as I watched one favorite another would come between us. Once it was a humming-bird, a bit of animate beauty that must always be attended to; and once, when the place had of a sudden fallen silent, and I had taken out a book, I was startled by a flash of white among the branches, — a red-headed woodpecker, in superb color, new for the year, and on all accounts welcome. He remained for a time in silence, and then in silence departed (he had been almost too near me before he knew it); but having gone, he began a little way off to play the tree-frog for my amusement. After him a hairy woodpecker made his appearance, with sharp, peremptory signals, highly characteristic; and then, from some point near by, a rose-breasted grosbeak's *hic* was heard.

It was high noon before I was done with "receiving" (one of the prettiest "functions" of the year, though none of the newspapers got wind of it), and returned to the hotel, where the landlord smiled when I told him that some friends of mine had arrived, and I should stay a few days longer.

Bradford Torrey.

SOME NEW LETTERS BY LEIGH HUNT AND STEVENSON.

ALEXANDER IRELAND is known to most book-lovers chiefly as the compiler of *The Book-Lover's Enchiridion*, but it will perhaps be as the friend of some of the greatest literary celebrities of his day that he will longest be borne in remembrance. And that day was a long one, for he was born in Edinburgh on May 9, 1810, and died in Manchester on December 7, 1895.

Although he was not actively connected with journalism until 1846, when he became business manager of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, Mr. Ireland had been keenly interested in literature for many years, and as early as 1835 had made the acquaintance of Emerson and Robert Chambers. The history of his friendship with Emerson he himself has given in his *Memoir and Recollections of Emerson* (1892). For nine years (1834-43) he was a constant visitor at the home of Robert Chambers, coming into contact there with many interesting people. It was through Mr. Ireland that *Vestiges of Creation* was first published; and later, it was he who divulged the secret of the authorship, as he was the last survivor of the four to whom it had been entrusted. It must remain a matter for infinite regret that he never put together his recollections of the distinguished writers whom he had known.

It was on the occasion of a visit to London, in the spring of 1838, that Mr. Ireland made the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt, introduced by Robert Chambers in the first of the following letters:—

EDINBURGH, *March 28, 1838.*

MY DEAR SIR,—A young friend of mine, who often reads and converses upon your works with me, and is, though in business, capable of appreciating their thought, fancy, and benevolence, is about

to visit London, and I have thought of gratifying both him and myself by commissioning him to take this letter to you, to inquire how you do, and to give you my kind remembrances, and to bring me from your own lips, if possible, some intelligence regarding you. All I have heard of you for some time is that you conduct the *Monthly Repository*, which is not to be seen in Scotland, or which, at any rate, I have not seen since you began to be connected with it. I should like to know if *Fortune* is kinder to you than she has been, and how your lambs suck and ewes feed; how your young people, I mean, are getting on. You and the world have somehow been unconformable strata, which surely there was no need for; and as I think it owes you something, I should like to learn that it has begun to pay the debt. My friend's name is Ireland; he is the son of an eminent Edinbro' patriot, and an excellent young man, setting aside all regard to literary taste and philosophic principle. Next to Lamb, I believe you are his favourite author, and you can sympathize in the pleasure which a young man of refined feelings, brought up in the country, must be disposed to experience on being admitted to see, in very habit as he lives, one of the objects of his worship. If his good fortune and your convenience unite to favour him with an interview of a few minutes, it will make me, as his friend, your grateful debtor.

Trusting to hear all that is good of you, and with sentiments of sincere regard, I remain, my dear sir,

Yours ever faithfully,

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

ALEXANDER IRELAND TO LEIGH HUNT.

EDINBURGH, *May 18, 1838.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg your acceptance of the accompanying works, of

which I spoke to you when I saw you. I should like to know your opinion of both, but particularly of Combe's work. It appears to me to unfold very important views relative to the advancement and amelioration of the species, and affords a solution, in my humble opinion, of many of those difficulties connected with the moral government of the universe which puzzle those accustomed to think of such subjects.

I sincerely trust that you may preserve your health, because upon it depend cheerfulness and all the blessings. A Spanish proverb says, "He who loves wealth loves much; he who loves friends loves more; but he who loves health loves all." May happier and brighter days be yet in store for you and yours! I retain the most pleasing recollection of my interview with you, and I shall have resort to your works with greater delight than ever, now that I know you. Mr. Chambers desires me to return you his grateful thanks for your kindness to me as his friend. I shall be exceedingly happy to hear from you when you have leisure to write; and believe me, I will always continue to feel the liveliest interest in your welfare.

Yours faithfully, A. IRELAND.

ALEXANDER IRELAND TO LEIGH HUNT.

MANCHESTER, May 4, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR, — You may not perhaps recollect me; but I shall never forget a delightful evening I spent with you six or seven years ago in Chelsea, where you welcomed me to your house, and allowed me the privilege of a few hours' conversation with you about Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge, and Poetry and Life, and all these glorious things.

Since then many things have happened to me, both sad and sweet, but all tending to make me love my fellow creatures more and more, and to have stronger and firmer hopes in the advancement of our common nature.

I have been for two years residing in

Manchester, engaged in commercial pursuits. I am connected with the *Athenæum*, a literary institution of considerable importance, and of which you have doubtless heard. My object in writing to you is to ascertain whether you would be willing to be chairman at our next great *soirée*. Dickens was our first chairman, Disraeli our second, and we are now beginning to think of a third. . . .

Leigh Hunt's first letter to Ireland shows that even in the chorus of fame which was then assailing him the author enjoyed the single but sincere note which his young worshiper sounded: —

CHELSEA, February 21 [about 1840].

MY DEAR SIR, — I wish I could write you as long and welcome a letter as the one I have received, and cram it full of all impossible good things besides; but overwhelmed as I am with heaps of written and printed congratulations, every one of which I am bound in gratitude, as well as impelled with delight, to answer, I am forced to make my thanks as brief as I can, consistently with my feelings. Many thanks for the letter itself, and the length of it, and all you say in it, and the time at which it was written, and above all for the news you tell me of Mrs. Ireland; for the breath of a woman ever sounds the best as well as the highest of all the notes of joy. With best returns of congratulations to you both, and hope to see you together some day on the green borders of London (for I am going to flit northward towards my old meadows), I am ever, dear sir,

Your faithful and obliged servant,
LEIGH HUNT.

Like everybody else, Hunt seems to have fallen victim to the memorable epidemic of influenza in 1841; for he writes from Kensington under date of February 16 of that year: —

MY DEAR IRELAND, — Pardon this brief word of a note. I have been so unwell with influenza, and am so with the consequences of it, I seem as if I had been walking a hundred miles, and could n't get the fatigue out of my limbs.

Ever most truly yours, L. H.

The next letters show that Mr. Ireland's admiration for his gifted friend continued to find expression: —

KENSINGTON, May 31.

MY DEAR IRELAND, — My friend Mr. Ollier informs me that "some weeks ago" there was a very kind notice of me in an article in your old godfather the Examiner. I fear the godson must have thought me very insensible for saying nothing about it, but I have never seen the article. The number of the Manchester Examiner containing it never came into my hands.

Observing the series of notices which your paper was giving of contemporary journals, etc., I had delayed making a remark or two on itself till I had seen the number in question; and its non-arrival was therefore doubly perplexing. Will you have the goodness to inquire whether any accident stopped it at the office? When I receive it I will write again. I have another request to make you; which is, to constitute yourself, for one minute, my spiritual representative at the Amateur supper (luckily for you, you cannot represent me in the flesh), and getting up, glass in hand, drink my kindest affectionate remembrances to my famous friend, and cordiallest wishes for the Shakespearean welfare of Knowles.

Ever most sincerely yours,

LEIGH HUNT.

P. S. You will be glad to know that Webster has accepted my play, and that he promises to bring it out early next season.

KENSINGTON, June 23.

MY DEAR SIR, — A million thanks for papers and their contents, and all

kindness. I am forced to write very briefly, owing to a bad *biliosified* head; but you may well imagine what I feel, at what all kind friends are saying and doing.

I hope to thank the Manchester portion of them by and by in person, for, if I prosper, there is nothing which will add to my good and pleasure so much as taking a journey or two gratefully: in which hope I am ever, my dear sir, most sincerely

Your obliged and faithful friend,

LEIGH HUNT.

The following extract from a letter of Ireland's to Leigh Hunt, referring to the production of Hunt's play, *A Legend of Florence*, in London, shows the continued recollection of the memorable first meeting ten years before: —

. . . I have just been reading in the Morning Chronicle and Examiner accounts of your new play. Allow me to express to you the sincere pleasure and glow of satisfaction with which I read them. Amongst the many congratulations of your friends, be assured none can be more heartfelt than mine. Your works have been to me for years a solace and delight; a kind of sanctuary where I can retire from the rush of this workaday world. I cannot resist the occasion of sending you a few lines, prompted to it by this pleasing passage in your history. Never shall I forget your kindness in permitting me, an entire stranger ("No!" I hear you say; "an author and his reader cannot be strangers"), to spend a few hours with you some ten years since.

That "the gray-haired boy whose heart can ne'er grow old" may long be spared to utter sweet and generous thoughts, diffusing wherever they go a cheerful humanity and mirthfulness, is the prayer of

Your sincere well-wisher,

ALEXANDER IRELAND.

This last letter of Hunt's shows his reverence for "royalty," and reveals the sensitive vanity of the man. A play is, after all, the last thing in the world on which a man can rationally take criticism.

HAMMERSMITH, October 27 [about 1849].

MY DEAR SIR, — Many thanks for your handsome notice of my play. Next to this, your approbation of it. I was particularly pleased to find that Mr. Montgomery gave way to his fervour so properly, on the occasion you allude to.

I used to make Ellen Tree laugh, during the rehearsals of the part, by reminding Mr. Anderson that he was not to be *indecent*, but to clasp his mistress right heartily, and as if the only thing to be ashamed of were his doing it by halves. For you know there is apt to be a cold suggestiveness on the stage, on such occasions, which is the most indecent of all things. Ah! I wish everybody had understood the play as thoroughly as her fine nature did, or as that (let me proudly add) of the Queen did. I do not speak of the poetry, but of the heart and justice of it. It would have had a better fortune. But "thereby hangs a tale."

You speak of the emptiness of the boxes. There were so few men, one night, among the audience at Covent Garden that the same charming actress wittily said, "Those are all the good husbands in London." The same inequality of the sexes will perhaps have been observable in the Manchester audiences. If so, it might be worth your while (and edifying for *them*) to notice it. Madame Vestris, with an instinctive apprehension to that effect, wished me to let Agolanti have his wife back again, and said that if I did so she would undertake that the play should have a run of sixty nights. I told her that my conscience would not allow me; that I felt I had a piece of legislation in my hands, the duty of which I could not give up; and that as the man was not to be di-

vorced (for she would not have the divorce in the play, as originally written) nothing remained for justice but to kill him.

A queen's opinion, however, may do much, in spite of conventional errors. How it happened that the Legend of Florence was not repeated at the Princess's Theatre, as other plays performed at Windsor had been, I have yet to learn, and even to inquire, — so strangely incurious am I, and so much in the habit of waiting events; but I ought to have done so, and must, now that my Autobiography is to be continued. Strange things have been told me, but I have never investigated them. Not that the Queen had anything to do with them. Her Majesty (God bless the dear, warm-hearted woman) has never done me anything but good and honour, from first to last.

Perhaps you are not aware that after she had first witnessed the performance of the play at Covent Garden, the Queen, on her way out of the theatre, said to the stage manager, "This is a beautiful play you have given us to-night, Mr. Bartly." Bartly, with great good nature as well as presence of mind, said to the Queen, "I think the author would be very happy if I might repeat to him those gracious words of your Majesty." "Do so, by all means," said the cordial sovereign.

Lord John Russell told me that Prince Albert expressed the same opinion of the piece. You are aware, I believe, that the Queen went more than once to see it at Covent Garden; twice, I know, but Madame Vestris told a friend that she went four times. She afterward had it performed at Windsor; and this, I think, it might have been good for the Manchester people to be told, in the play's announcements. I had thought of saying as much to the manager, myself, in a letter to him; but living so retired, and ignorant of so many things which other people know, I am not acquainted with

his name, and did not like to address him merely by his office. Perhaps, if you, or some friend of yours, have personal knowledge of him, you would be kind enough to convey my compliments to him and state my opinion on the subject; perhaps let him have a sight of this letter.

I cannot help thinking, knowing what an effect royalty has at all times, and how just a sympathy the people have with it, in its present English shape, that if the manager were to speak of the play in his bills and announcements as "performed by her Majesty's command at Windsor Castle," the result to the boxes might be good for all parties concerned.

With constant pleasure in reading, every Saturday or Monday (according as the postman chooses to gratify me), both your original articles (often plucking out the whole heart of the questions) and the judicious and entertaining selections which you make from books, I am ever, dear sir,

Thankfully and faithfully yours,

LEIGH HUNT.

Another of the literary men whom Mr. Ireland had among his correspondents was Robert Louis Stevenson. The first of the following letters from him — the only real letter of the three; the others are but notes — is very characteristic, intense, eager, and hopeful.

DAVOS, SWITZERLAND [1881 ?].

MY DEAR SIR, — This formidable paper need not alarm you: it argues nothing beyond penury of other sorts, and it is not at all likely to lead me into a long letter. If I were at all grateful, it would, for yours has just passed for me a considerable part of a stormy evening. And speaking of gratitude, let me at once, and with becoming eagerness, accept your kind invitation to Bowden. I shall hope, if we can agree as to dates, when I am nearer hand, to come to you some time in the month of May. I was

pleased to hear you were a Scot, — I feel more at home with my compatriots always; perhaps the more we are away, the more we feel that bond.

You ask about Davos. I have discoursed about it already, rather sillily, I think, in the Pall Mall, and I mean to say no more; but the ways of the Muse are dubious and obscure, and who knows? I may be wild again. As a place of residence, beyond a splendid climate, it has to my eyes but one advantage, — the neighbourhood of J. A. Symonds. I dare say you know his work, but the man is far more interesting. Davos has done me, in my two winters of Alpine exile, much good; so much that I hope to leave it now forever, but would not be understood to boast. In my present unpardonably crazy state, any cold night sends me skipping, either back to Davos or further off. It is dear, a little dreary, very far from many things that both my taste and my needs prompt me to seek, and altogether not the place I should choose of my free will.

I am chilled by your description of the man in question; though I had almost argued so much from his cold and undigested volume. If the republication does not interfere with my publisher, it will not interfere with me; but there, of course, comes the hitch. I do not know Mr. Bentley, and I fear all publishers like the devil, from legend and experience both. However, when I come to town, we shall, I hope, meet and understand each other, as well as author and publisher ever do. I liked his letters; they seemed hearty, kind, and personal. Still, I am notably suspicious of the trade; your news of this republication alarms me.

The best of the present French novelists seems to me, incomparably, Daudet. *Les Rois en Exil* comes very near being a masterpiece. For Zola I have no toleration, though the curious, eminently bourgeois, and eminently French creature has power of a kind. But I

would he were deleted! I would not give a chapter of old Dumas (meaning himself, not his collaborators) for the whole boiling of the Zolas. Romance with the smallpox (or the great one), — diseased — and black-hearted, and fundamentally at enmity with joy.

I trust that Mrs. Ireland does not object to smoking; and if you are a tea-totaler, I beg you to mention it before I come. I have all the vices; some of the virtues also, let us hope, — that, at least, of being a Scotchman and

Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P. S. My father was in the old High School the last year, and walked in the procession to the new. I blush to own I am an Academy boy; it seems modern, and smacks of the soil.

P. P. S. I enclose a good joke, — at least, I think so, — my first attempts, and wood-engravings printed by my stepson, a boy of thirteen. I will put in also one of my later attempts. I have been nine days at the art: observe my progress.

R. L. S.

The shadow of illness lay over all the work Stevenson did, but he maintained a merry daring till the end.

SPEY VIEW, KINGROSSIE, *August 18 [1883 ?].*

MY DEAR SIR, — I am afraid the 14th of September is too late for me, and we'll have to delay the visit till next summer. I regret this extremely; but I must be thinking of something more to the purpose — finding a shelter for my head — by that date.

I am feeling better, though I have been worse, since I saw you; but I am in hopes that I shall get through the summer, at least, without harm, and then some better climate in winter will enable me to progress. Summer seems worse than winter, somehow.

Pray excuse my delay. This is a formula of mine, — a *cliché*.

But my wife has had a relapse, and be-

tween that and dyspepsia I have not had my head on my shoulders this while past.

With many thanks, believe me,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Did I ever tell you with how great an interest I had read your reminiscences of Carlyle and Mrs. C.? If not, it was tenfold ungrateful. I have not often read anything so convincing. I believe I *felt* both of them more nearly in your paper than anywhere else.

R. L. S.

The pages below referred to, which Stevenson found so much pleasure in having reprinted in the *Enchiridion*, were taken from an article published in the *Fortnightly Review* of April, 1881, on *The Morality of the Profession of Letters*. "The Hazlitt scheme" was a proposal by Stevenson to prepare a volume on William Hazlitt for the *English Men of Letters* series.

HÔTEL DES ILES D'OR,

HYÈRES, FRANCE, *November [1883 ?].*

MY DEAR SIR, — Much ill health, and a whole odyssey of changes, and a sea of confused affairs must stand my excuse for this long silence. I am now better, much better, and have got to a place where, at least, I take a moment's breath; and so I hasten to thank you for your having kindly sent me the *Enchiridion*, and still more kindly found a place for a word of mine in so select a company. It is much easier for you to imagine than for me to express (that, at least, is an original phrase) the gratification I felt when I saw my name in your collection: I fear it was the extract I enjoyed the most! — but the whole work seems admirably done, and I find it not only a beautiful little book for the eye, but quite one of those pocket volumes that a man can read and re-read, without end or weariness.

The Hazlitt scheme lies, for the present, high and dry; I do not even see my way to revisit England this year, and it would be tempting Providence to make

sure of the next. I believe I require a long absence and much care, to get properly on my legs again, and the abominable folly of getting well in winter, only to come home and fall ill again in autumn, is one which I am eager to avoid repeating. Please pardon me as well as you can for that sort of fault to which, I fear, I have already only too much accustomed you, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A. IRELAND, Esq.

As these fragmentary letters show, Mr. Ireland was exceedingly rich in reminiscence; he could tell of interviews with Sir Walter Scott, De Quincey, and William and Dorothy Wordsworth; he numbered among his friends Thomas Campbell, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Carlyle, Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Robert Louis Stevenson, and

many more. Carlyle, from whose caustic portraiture so few of his friends did not suffer, said of Mr. Ireland in 1847: "A solid, dark, broad, rather heavy man; full of energy and broad sagacity and practicability, — infinitely well affected to the man Emerson." And the "man Emerson" has said of him, with equal truth and greater warmth: "At the landing in Liverpool I found my Manchester correspondent awaiting me. . . . He added to solid virtues an infinite sweetness and bonhomie. There seemed a pool of honey about his heart which lubricated all his speech and action with fine jets of mead."

At the age of seventy Mr. Ireland retired from active connection with the Examiner and Times, and the gradual failure of the paper (which was actually sold, and passed out of existence some ten years later) obliged him to spend the remaining years of his life in the greatest simplicity of living.

Ethel Alleyne Ireland.

THE RUSSIAN JEW IN AMERICA.

ONE afternoon in the summer of 1881, when the Jewish quarter of Kieff was filled with groans and its pavements were strewn with the débris of destroyed homes, a group of young men entered one of the synagogues of the ancient city. They were well dressed, and their general appearance bespoke education and refinement. The rabbi had proclaimed a day of fasting and prayer, and the house of God was crowded with sobbing victims of the recent riots, but as the newcomers made their way to the Holy Ark silence fell upon the congregation. The young men were students of the University of St. Vladimir, and although sons of Israel like the others, their presence at a synagogue was an unusual sight.

"Brethren," said the spokesman of the

delegation, struggling with his sobs, "we are a committee of the Jewish students of the university, sent to clasp hands with you and to mingle our tears with your tears. We are here to say to you, 'We are your brothers; Jews like yourselves, like our fathers!' We have striven to adopt the language and manners of our Christian fellow countrymen; we have brought ourselves up to an ardent love of their literature, of their culture, of their progress. We have tried to persuade ourselves that we are children of Mother Russia. Alas! we have been in error. The terrible events which have called forth this fast and these tears have aroused us from our dream. The voice of the blood of our outraged brothers and sisters cries unto us that we are only

strangers in the land which we have been used to call our home ; that we are only stepchildren here, waifs to be trampled upon and dishonored. There is no hope for Israel in Russia. The salvation of the downtrodden people lies in other parts, — in a land beyond the seas, which knows no distinction of race or faith, which is a mother to Jew and Gentile alike. In the great republic is our redemption from the brutalities and ignominies to which we are subjected in this our birthplace. In America we shall find rest ; the stars and stripes will wave over the true home of our people. To America, brethren ! To America !”

On February 2, 1882, a public meeting was held at Chickering Hall, New York. The proceedings were presided over by William R. Grace, then mayor of the city, with Judge Noah Davis, Hamilton Fish, Robert L. Stuart, Anson Phelps Stokes, Charles H. Van Brunt, Joseph H. Choate, and other well-known citizens as vice-chairmen. Ex-Secretary Evarts and the Rev. Dr. Hale were the principal speakers. The resolutions, adopted unanimously, and which met with the hearty approval of the entire American people, recited “that the citizens of New York have heard with sadness and indignation of the sufferings inflicted upon the Jews of Russia,” and “that in the name of civilization we protest against the spirit of mediæval persecution. In this age the recognized equality of all men, irrespective of their religious confessions, an essential element in American constitutions, is a principle and a practice which secures the loyal devotion of all classes. This is eminently true of the Hebrews, who constitute faithful citizens and subjects wherever accorded the rights of manhood.” The resolutions continued : “We sympathize with our fellow citizens of the Hebrew faith in their sorrow for their afflicted brethren in Russia, and in their energetic efforts for the welcome of the exiles.”

The two gatherings, held in two hemi-

spheres, mark the opening of an important chapter in the history of the Jewish race, the beginning of a new great exodus of the wandering people. In the summer following the Chickering Hall meeting almost every incoming transatlantic steamship brought hundreds of Russian refugees to these shores.

Before 1882 the emigration of Russian Jews to America was restricted to the provinces lying about the Niemen and the Dwina, notably to the government of Souvalki, where economical conditions caused Catholic peasants as well as Jewish tradesmen and artisans to go elsewhere “in search of bread.” Some of these Lithuanian and Polish Jews sought their fortune in the southern districts of the empire, where their brethren enjoyed a high average of prosperity, while the more venturesome crossed the frontier to embark for the New World. Among the Jews of the south (Ukraine and New Russia) and of the central provinces (Great Russia) self-expatriation was an unknown thing. But with the breaking out of the epidemic of anti-Jewish riots, which rendered thousands of well-to-do families homeless and penniless, Hebrew immigration to this country underwent an abrupt change in character as well as in volume.

Not only did the government of Alexander III. blink at the atrocities and practically encourage them, but it even sent a series of measures in their wake which had the effect of depriving new multitudes of “stepchildren” of their means of livelihood, and of dislodging thousands of families from their long-established homes. The cry “To America !” was taken up by city after city and hamlet after hamlet, till its fascinating echo reached every synagogue in the empire. Many left because they had been driven from their homes, and these were joined by many others who, while affected neither by the outbursts of mob violence nor by the new restrictions, succumbed to the contagious example of their

co-religionists and to a general sense of insecurity and of wounded race pride. The efflux which had hitherto been sporadic suddenly became epidemic. The prosperous and the cultivated — an element formerly rare among the Jewish arrivals at New York — came to form a respectable minority in nearly every company of immigrants which, thanks to the assistance of the Hebrew communities of western Europe and of this country, the steamships brought from the domains of the Czar. The Jewish college student, whose faith barred him from the educational institutions of the empire, sought these shores in order to complete his studies, and many a graduated physician, chemist, dentist, architect, and artist came here to take up the profession from which he was interdicted at his birthplace.

Sixteen years have elapsed. The Jewish population in the United States has grown from a quarter of a million to about one million. Scarcely a large American town but has some Russo-Jewish names in its directory, with an educated Russian-speaking minority forming a colony within a Yiddish-speaking colony, while cities like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston have each a Ghetto rivaling in extent of population the largest Jewish cities in Russia, Austria, and Roumania. The number of Jewish residents in Manhattan Borough is estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand, making it the largest centre of Hebrew population in the world. The Russian tongue, which twenty years ago was as little used in this country as Persian, has been added to the list of languages spoken by an appreciable portion of the polyglot immigrant population.

Have the newcomers justified the welcome extended to them from Chickering Hall? Have they proved a desirable accession to the American nation?

"Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips," is a proverb current

among the people who form the subject of this paper; and being one of them, I feel that it would be better, before citing figures and facts, to let Gentile Americans who have made a study of the New York Ghetto answer the question. Here is what Mr. Jacob A. Riis, an accepted authority on "how the other half lives," has to say of Jewish immigrants: —

"They [the Jews] do not rot in their slum, but, rising, pull it up after them. . . . As to their poverty, they brought us boundless energy and industry to overcome it. . . . They brought temperate habits and a redeeming love of home. Their strange customs proved the strongest ally of the Gentile health officer in his warfare upon the slum. The death-rate of poverty-stricken Jew-town, despite its crowding, is lower always than that of the homes of the rich. . . . I am a Christian, and hold that in his belief the Jew is sadly in error. So that he may respect mine I insist on fair play for him all round. I am sure that our city has to-day no better and no more loyal citizen than the Jew, be he poor or rich, and none she has less to be ashamed of."

The late Miss Ida Van Etten, who, as a worker among the factory girls of the East Side, had ample opportunities to study the Russian Jew at close range, found that "politically the Jews possess many characteristics of the best citizens."

Mr. James B. Reynolds, who, in his capacity of head worker of the university settlement of New York, has for many years been in direct touch with the people of the very heart of the Jewish district, gives the following general description of Hebrew immigrants: —

"My acquaintance has been mainly with the Russian, Polish, and Roumanian Jews. The first quality in them which impresses me is their intellectual avidity. Much has been said about their desire for gain. But while one must recognize among them an almost universal and certainly commendable desire to improve

their condition, the proportionate number of those with intellectual aims is larger than that of any other race that I have encountered. An essential oriental quality of mind and character also impresses me. This is reflected in a deep intensity of feeling, high imagination, and quickly varying emotions. Another oriental attribute is an occasional outburst of the extremest idealism, with an utter disregard of the restraining power of circumstances and conditions. This extreme idealism sometimes makes them impractical, but combined with their intellectual traits produces a character often full of imagination, aspiration, and appreciation."

Another Gentile American whose statement is entitled to consideration is Mr. Lawrence Dunphy, superintendent of the workhouse at Blackwell's Island (New York city), who is quoted in the report submitted in 1893 by Dr. Radin, visiting chaplain of prisons, to the Jewish Ministers' Association.

"Rabbi," said Mr. Dunphy (in 1892, ten years after the beginning of the great Jewish influx) to the author of the report, "I am happy to say that we do not need a Jewish chaplain at the workhouse. We have a very small number of Jews among the prisoners. You can be proud of your race: you are indeed a good class of citizens. Usually, the degraded people confined at the workhouse once are brought back very often; but I have very seldom seen a Jew brought back here a second time."

Such are the impressions of Christian Americans on a subject upon which they speak with the confidence of positive knowledge, the result of close and unbiased observation. If there are people who take a less favorable view of the Russian and the Polish Hebrew, they are not to be found among those whose opportunities for studying the subject by personal observation and whose qualifications for the task are known to the public.

The question of limiting immigration engages the attention of Congress at frequent intervals, and bills aiming at reform in this direction are brought before the Senate and the House. In its bearings upon the Russian, Austrian, or Roumanian Jew, the case is summed up by the opinions cited. Now let us hear the testimony of facts on the subject. The invasion of foreign illiteracy is one of the principal dangers which laws restricting immigration are meant to allay, and it is with the illiteracy of the New York Ghetto that we shall concern ourselves first.

The last report of the commissioner-general of immigration gives twenty-eight per cent as the proportion of illiterates among the immigrants who came during the past year from Russia. The figure would be much lower, should the computation be confined to immigrants of the Mosaic faith instead of including the mass of Polish and Lithuanian peasants, of whose number only a very small part can read and write. It may not be generally known that every Russian and Polish Jew, without exception, can read his Hebrew Bible as well as a Yiddish newspaper, and that many of the Jewish arrivals at the barge office are versed in rabbinical literature, not to speak of the large number of those who can read and write Russian. When attention is directed to the Russian Jew in America, a state of affairs is found which still further removes him from the illiterate class, and gives him a place among the most ambitious and the quickest to learn both the written and the spoken language of the adopted country, and among the easiest to be assimilated with the population.

The cry raised by the Russian anti-Semites against the backwardness of the Jew in adopting the tongue and the manners of his birthplace, in the same breath in which they urge the government to close the doors of its schools to subjects of the Hebrew faith, reminds one of the hypocritical miser who kept his gate

guarded by ferocious dogs, and then reproached his destitute neighbor with holding himself aloof. This country, where the schools and colleges do not discriminate between Jew and Gentile, has quite another tale to tell. The several public evening schools of the New York Ghetto, the evening school supported from the Baron de Hirsch fund, and the two or three private establishments of a similar character are attended by thousands of Jewish immigrants, the great majority of whom come here absolutely ignorant of the language of their native country. Surely nothing can be more inspiring to the public-spirited citizen, nothing worthier of the interest of the student of immigration, than the sight of a gray-haired tailor, a patriarch in appearance, coming, after a hard day's work at a sweat-shop, to spell "cat, mat, rat," and to grapple with the difficulties of "th" and "w." Such a spectacle may be seen in scores of the class-rooms in the schools referred to. Hundreds of educated young Hebrews earn their living, and often pay their way through college, by giving private lessons in English in the tenement houses of the district, — a type of young men and women peculiar to the Ghetto. The pupils of these private tutors are the same poor overworked sweat-shop "hands" of whom the public hears so much and knows so little. A tenement house kitchen turned, after a scanty supper, into a class-room, with the head of the family and his boarder bent over an English school reader, may perhaps claim attention as one of the curiosities of life in a great city; in the Jewish quarter, however, it is a common spectacle.

Nor does the tailor or peddler who hires these tutors, as a rule, content himself with an elementary knowledge of the language of his new home. I know many Jewish workmen who before they came here knew not a word of Russian, and were ignorant of any book except the Scriptures, or perhaps the Talmud, but whose range of English reading places

them on a level with the average college-bred American.

The grammar schools of the Jewish quarter are overcrowded with children of immigrants, who, for progress and deportment, are rated with the very best in the city. At least 500 of 1677 students at the New York City College, where tuition and books are free, are Jewish boys from the East Side. The poor laborer who will pinch himself to keep his child at college, rather than send him to a factory that he may contribute to the family's income, is another type peculiar to the Ghetto.

The innumerable Yiddish publications with which the quarter is flooded are also a potent civilizing and Americanizing agency. The Russian Jews of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago have within the last fifteen years created a vast periodical literature which furnishes intellectual food not only to themselves, but also to their brethren in Europe. A feverish literary activity unknown among the Jews in Russia, Roumania, and Austria, but which has arisen here among the immigrants from those countries, educates thousands of ignorant tailors and peddlers, lifts their intelligence, facilitates their study of English, and opens to them the doors of the English library. The five million Jews living under the Czar had not a single Yiddish daily paper even when the government allowed such publications, while their fellow countrymen and co-religionists who have taken up their abode in America publish six dailies (five in New York and one in Chicago), not to mention the countless Yiddish weeklies and monthlies, and the pamphlets and books which to-day make New York the largest Yiddish book market in the world. If much that is contained in these publications is rather crude, they are in this respect as good — or as bad — as a certain class of English novels and periodicals from which they partly derive their inspiration. On the other hand, their readers are sure to find

in them a good deal of what would be worthy of a more cultivated language. They have among their contributors some of the best Yiddish writers in the world, men of undeniable talent, and these supply the Jewish slums with popular articles on science, on the history and institutions of the adopted country, translations from the best literatures of Europe and America, as well as original sketches, stories, and poems of decided merit. It is sometimes said (usually by those who know the Ghetto at second hand) that this unnatural development of Yiddish journalism threatens to keep the immigrant from an acquaintance with English. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Yiddish periodicals are so many preparatory schools from which the reader is sooner or later promoted to the English newspaper, just as the several Jewish theatres prepare his way to the Broadway playhouse, or as the Yiddish lecture serves him as a stepping-stone to that English-speaking, self-educational society, composed of workingmen who have lived a few years in the country, which is another characteristic feature of life in the Ghetto. Truly, the Jews "do not rot in their slum, but, rising, pull it up after them."

Foreign criminality is the next evil with which restrictive legislation is to grapple. As to the Jews, it may suffice, in addition to Superintendent Dunphy's experience, to point out the fact that while they constitute six per cent of the total population of the state of New York, they furnish only three per cent of the prisoners of that state. When attention is limited to the immigrant residents in the state, which is more to the point, the statistical data on the subject are still more favorable to the Jews. The ratio of foreign-born Jews to the total immigrant population is fifteen per cent, yet less than five per cent of the foreign-born prisoners in the state are of the Hebrew race.

The influx of foreign pauperism is an-

other source of alarm to the immigration reformer. "The foreign population of this country," says Dr. Wines in his Eleventh Census Bulletin, "contributes, directly or indirectly, in the persons of the foreign-born or of their immediate descendants, very nearly three fifths of all the paupers supported in almshouses." In the case of the Jews, however, the situation is more than reassuring. This will be seen by contrasting this general proportion with the figures quoted in Dr. Radin's report: "That eleven Jewish inmates are to be found at the Blackwell's Island almshouse among a total of 2170 males is sufficient proof how little the poor and needy among us become a burden on public charity. Those who are opposed to the immigration of Jews may heed this."

Of far greater importance, however, is the effect which immigration has upon the general scale of wages. Speaking of the poor and ignorant foreigners who seek these shores, United States Senator Fairbanks observed (in his speech delivered before the Senate in defense of the anti-illiteracy bill, January 11, 1898): "Their standard of living and wages is such that they will accept lower compensation and harder conditions than our own workmen could or should accept. The natural and inevitable result of their coming will be to depress the wages of labor. . . . The consideration of the pending measure, as Mr. Blaine said of the Chinese exclusion act, 'connects itself intimately and inseparably with the labor question.'" It is labor, then, whose interests are to be consulted primarily; and against the Jewish immigrants labor has no grievance.

The only time when Jewish laborers threatened to come in serious conflict with the cause of American workingmen was during the great 'longshoremen's strike of 1882, at the very beginning of the new era in the history of Jewish immigration. Ignorant of the meaning of strikes, the newcomers blindly allowed them-

selves to be persuaded by representatives of ship-owners to take the places of former employees. No sooner, however, had the situation been explained to the "scabs" than they abandoned their wheelbarrows, amid the applause of the striking Gentiles. Since then the Jewish workmen have been among the most faithful members of the various trade-unions of the country. Outside of the clothing trades, Russian and Polish Jews are to be found in considerable numbers in the cigar industry, in the silk factories and the hat factories of New Jersey, in the shoe factories of Massachusetts, in the machine shops of Connecticut, among the jewelers of Rhode Island, and in several other trades: in all these employments their relations with their American associates are of the most cordial nature. Whatever may be the social chances of a Jewish banker, the Jewish workingmen of New England and their American shopmates are on visiting terms. So far from depressing wages and bringing down the standard of living, the Jewish workingman has been among the foremost in the struggle for the interests of the wage-earning class of the country. If he brings with him a lower standard of living, his keen susceptibilities, his "intellectual avidity," and his "almost universal and certainly commendable desire to improve his condition" impel him to raise that standard to the level of his new surroundings. Unlike some of the immigrants of other nationalities, the Essex Street Jew does not remain here in the same plight in which he came. Poor as he is, he strives to live like a civilized man, and the money which another workman perhaps might spend on drink and sport he devotes to the improvement of his home and the education of his children. When Senator Fairbanks speaks of "that immigration which does not seek to build homes among us" as the most objectionable element, as one whose "exclusion will be no loss," he surely cannot refer to the Russian Jew;

and if "it may be stated as axiomatic that home-builders are good citizens," the Jewish immigrant makes a very good citizen indeed.

I have visited the houses of many American workingmen, in New England and elsewhere, as well as the residences of their Jewish shopmates, and I have found scarcely a point of difference. The squalor of the typical tenement house of the Ghetto is far more objectionable and offensive to the people who are doomed to live in it than to those who undertake slumming expeditions as a fad, and is entirely due to the same economical conditions which are responsible for the lack of cleanliness in the homes of such poor workingmen as are classed among the most desirable contribution to the population. The houses of the poor Irish laborers who dwell on the outskirts of the great New York Ghetto (and they are not worse than the houses occupied by the poor Irish families of the West Side) are not better, in point of cleanliness, than the residences of their Jewish neighbors. The following statement, which is taken from the report made by the tenement house committee to the Senate and Assembly of the state of New York on January 17, 1895, throws light on the subject.

"It is evident," says the committee, "that there are other potent causes besides density of population at work to affect the death-rate of the tenement districts, and the most obvious one is race or nationality. It will be observed at once that the wards showing the greatest house density combined with a low death-rate, namely the tenth and seventh wards, are very largely populated by Russian and Polish Jews. This is, in fact, the Jewish quarter of the city. On the other hand, the wards having the highest death-rate . . . constitute two of the numerous Italian colonies which are distributed through the city. . . . The greatest density (57.2 tenants to a house) is in the tenth ward (almost

exclusively occupied by Jews), which also has the lowest death-rate. . . . The low death-rates of the seventh and tenth wards are largely accounted for by the fact previously mentioned, that they are populated largely by Russian Jews."

To be sure, life in a tenth ward tenement house is wretched enough, but this has nothing to do with the habits and inclinations of its inmates. It is a broad subject, one which calls in question the whole economic arrangement of our time, and of which the sweating system — the great curse of the Ghetto — is only one detail.

Is the Russian Jew responsible for the sweating system? He did not bring it with him. He found it already developed here. In its varied forms it exists in other industries as well as in the tailoring trades. But far from resigning himself to his burden the Jewish tailor is ever struggling to shake it from his shoulder. Nor are his efforts futile. In many instances the sweat-shop system has been abolished or its curse mitigated. The sweating system and its political ally the "ward heeler" are accountable for ninety-nine per cent of whatever vice may be found in the Ghetto, and the Jewish tailor is slowly but surely emancipating himself from both. "The redemption of the workers must be effected by the workers themselves" is the motto of the two dailies which the Jewish workingmen publish for themselves in New York. The recurring tailor strikes, whose frequency has been seized upon by the "funny men" of the daily press, are far less droll than they are represented to be. Would that the public could gain a deeper insight into these struggles than is afforded by newspaper reports! Hidden under an uncouth surface would be found a great deal of what constitutes the true poetry of modern life, — tragedy more heart-rending, examples of a heroism more touching, more noble, and more thrilling, than anything that the richest imagination of the

romanticist can invent. While to the outside observer the struggles may appear a fruitless repetition of meaningless conflicts, they are, like the great labor movement of which they are a part, ever marching onward, ever advancing.

The anti-Semitic assertion that the Jew as a rule avoids productive labor, which is pure calumny so far as the Jews of Russia, Austria, and Roumania are concerned, would certainly be out of place in this country, where at least eighty per cent of all Jewish immigrants are among the most diligent wage-earners. As to the remainder, it includes, besides a large army of poor peddlers, thousands of such "business men" as news-dealers and ragmen, whose occupations are scarcely less productive or more agreeable than manual labor. More than ninety per cent of all the news-stands and news-routes in the city of New York are now in the hands of Russian Jews, and most of the rag-peddlers of New England are persons of the same nationality.

Farming settlements of Jews have not been very successful in this country. There are some Jews in Connecticut, in New Jersey, and in the Western states who derive a livelihood from agriculture, but the majority of the Jewish immigrants who took to tilling the soil in the eighties have been compelled to sell or to abandon their farms, and to join the urban population. But how many American farmers have met with a similar fate! This experience is part of the same great economic question, and it does not seem to have any direct bearing on the peculiar inclinations or disinclinations of the Hebrew race. It may not be generally known that in southern Russia there are hundreds of flourishing farms which are owned and worked by Jews, although, owing to their legal disabilities, the titles are fictitiously held by Christians.

Hundreds of Russian and Polish Jews have been more or less successful in business, and the names of several of them

are to be found on the signs along Broadway, but the richest is hardly worth a quarter of a million.

As to the educated Jewish immigrants, the college-bred men and women who constitute the professional class and the intellectual aristocracy of the Ghetto, judged by the standard of the slum district, they are prosperous.

The first educated Russian Hebrews to come to this country were attracted neither by the American colleges nor by the access of their race to a professional career. In the minds of some cultured enthusiasts, the general craze for shaking off the dust of the native land and seeking shelter under the stars and stripes crystallized in the form of a solution of the Jewish question. Of the two movements which were set on foot in 1882 by the Palestinians and the Americans, the American movement seemed the more successful. Several emigrant parties (the Eternal People, New Odessa) were sent out with a view to establishing agricultural colonies. The whole Jewish race was expected by the Americans to follow suit in joining the farming force of the United States, and numbers of Jewish students left the Russian universities and gymnasiums to enlist in the pioneer parties. All these parties broke up, some immediately upon reaching New York, others after an abortive attempt to put their plans into practice, although in several instances undertakings in the same direction have proved partially successful. The would-be pioneers were scattered through the Union, where they serve their brethren as physicians, druggists, dentists, lawyers, or teachers.

Only from three to five per cent of the vacancies in the Russian universities and gymnasiums are now open to applicants of the Mosaic faith. As a consequence, the various university towns of Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, France, and Austria have each a colony of Russo-Jewish pilgrims of learning. The impecunious student, however, finds a univer-

sity course in those countries inaccessible. Much more favorable in this respect is the United States, where students from among the Jewish immigrants find it possible to sustain themselves during their college course by some occupation; and this advantage has to some extent made this country the Mecca of that class of young men. It is not, however, always the educated young men, the graduates of Russian gymnasiums, from whom the Russian members at the American colleges are recruited. Not to speak of the hundreds of immigrant boys and girls who reach the New York City College or the Normal College by way of the grammar schools of the Ghetto, there are in the colleges of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Boston, as well as among the professional men of the Jewish colonies, not a few former peddlers or workmen who received their first lessons in the rudimentary branches of education within the walls of an American tenement house. I was once consulted by an illiterate Jewish peddler of thirty-two who was at a loss to choose between a medical college and a dry goods store. "I have saved two thousand dollars," he said. "Some friends advise me to go into the dry goods business, but I wish to be an educated man and live like one." There are several practicing physicians with a similar history in the Ghetto, and in fairness it must be said that by reading and study, while at college and afterward, some of them have become well-informed and cultivated men. Altogether there are in New York alone about one hundred and fifty Russian physicians, about five hundred druggists and drug clerks, some twenty lawyers, from thirty to forty dentists, and several representatives of each of the other professions.

The Russian-speaking population is represented also in the colleges for women. There are scores of educated Russian girls in the sweat-shops, and their life is one of direst misery, — of over-

work in the shop, and of privations at home.

Politically the Jewish quarter is among the most promising districts in the metropolis. The influence of the vote-buyer, which is the blight of every poor neighborhood in the city, becomes in the Ghetto smaller and smaller. There is no method of determining the number of votes which are secured for either of the two leading parties by any of the several forms of bribery enumerated by Mr. James Bryce; but there are always some reform parties in the field which have no money to put up, and whose vote — whatever might be said of their doctrines — is exclusively one of principle. At the last municipal election there were four such parties in Greater New York. These were, the Citizens' Union, — whose candidate for mayor, Mr. Low, appealed to the voters for purity in municipal elections, — the Socialist Labor Party, the Henry George Democracy, and the Prohibitionists. In the four Assembly districts (the fourth, eighth, twelfth, and sixteenth) composing the main Ghetto of the metropolis, the aggregate vote polled by these four reform parties was 8678 (with Low in the lead, and the Socialist as a good second) in a total vote of 25,643, — a proportion which gives the Jewish quarter a place among the least corruptible districts in the city.

If some immigrants have not the "adequate conception of the significance of our institutions" of which Senator Fairbanks speaks, it is the American slum politician who gives the newcomer lessons in that conception; and if it happens to be an object lesson in the form of a two-dollar bill and a drink, the political organization which depends upon such a mode of "rolling up a big vote" is certainly as much to blame as the ignorant bribe-taker.

The ward heeler is as active in the Ghetto as elsewhere. Aided by an army of "workers," which is largely made up of the lowest dregs of the neighborhood,

he knocks, on election day, at the door of every tenement house apartment, while on the street the vote market goes on in open daylight as freely as it did before there was a Parkhurst to wage war against a guilty police organization. This statement is true of every destitute district, and the Jewish quarter is no exception to the rule. As was revealed by the Lexow committee, some of the leading district "bosses" in the great city, including a civil justice, owe their power to the political coöperation of criminals and women of the street. Unfortunately this is also the case with the Jewish neighborhood, where every wretch living on the profits of vice, almost without exception, is a member of some political club and an active "worker" for one of the two "machines," and where, during the campaign, every disreputable house is turned into an electioneering centre. If the tenth ward has come to be called "the Klondike" of the police, so much the worse for the parties who are directly responsible for the evil which justifies both that appellation and the name of "Tenderloin," which is borne by a more prosperous neighborhood than the Ghetto.

The malady is painful enough, but it is not the guilty politician from whom the remedy is to be expected. As to the Jewish quarter, the doctrine of self-help is practiced by the workingmen politically as well as economically. In proportion as the intelligence of the district is raised by the thousand and one educational agencies at work, "the many characteristics of the best citizens" with which Miss Van Etten was impressed in the Jews of the East Side come to the front, and the power of the corruptionist wanes.

The immigration reformer's dread of foreign socialism is scarcely consistent with his classification of the various nationalities who immigrate in large numbers. To judge from the overwhelming social-democratic vote in Germany, a large proportion of the Germans who

come to our ports are socialists, and yet they are placed at the very top of the list of desirable immigrants. Moreover, with some twenty states of the Union officially recognizing the Socialist Labor Party and printing its ballots, a crusade against the doctrine by the government would be a self-contradiction. Nor is it true that socialism is a foreign importation. The two socialist aldermen in the country (at Paterson, New Jersey, and Haverhill, Massachusetts) were elected by American workingmen; the new socialist organization called the Social Democracy is largely composed of Americans, and makes converts among the native elements of the working class. The Jewish immigrants, at all events, bring no socialism with them; and if it is true that the socialist following among Jewish workingmen is considerable and is growing, they owe it to the economic conditions which surround them here and to the influence of the American socialist with whom they come in contact. Like other socialists, they look to the ballot-box for the changes which they advocate. It is the Jewish socialist who leads the neighborhood in its fight against the political and moral turpitude which the politician spreads in the tenement houses.

The Jewish immigrants look upon the United States as their country, and now that it is engaged in war they do not shirk their duty. They have contributed three times their quota of volunteers to the army, and they had their representatives among the first martyrs of the campaign, two of the brave American sailors who were wounded at Cardenas and Cienfuegos being the sons of Hebrew immigrants.

The Russian Jew brings with him the quaint customs of a religion full of poetry and of the sources of good citizenship. The orthodox synagogue is not merely a house of prayer; it is an intellectual centre, a mutual aid society, a fountain of self-denying altruism, and a literary club, no less than a place of

worship. The study-rooms of the hundreds of synagogues, where the good old people of the Ghetto come to read and discuss "words of law" as well as the events of the day, are crowded every evening in the week with poor street peddlers, and with those gray-haired, misunderstood sweat-shop hands of whom the public hears every time a tailor strike is declared. So few are the joys which this world has to spare for these overworked, enfeebled victims of "the inferno of modern times" that their religion is to many of them the only thing which makes life worth living. In the fervor of prayer or the abandon of religious study they forget the grinding poverty of their homes. Between the walls of the synagogue, on the top floor of some ramshackle tenement house, they sing beautiful melodies, some of them composed in the caves and forests of Spain, where the wandering people worshiped the God of their fathers at the risk of their lives; and these and the sighs and sobs of the Days of Awe, the thrill that passes through the heart-broken talith-covered congregation when the shofar blows, the mirth which fills the house of God and the tenement homes upon the Rejoicing of the Law, the tearful greetings and humbled peacemakings on Atonement Eve, the mysterious light of the Chanuccah candles, the gifts and charities of Purim, the joys and kingly solemnities of Passover, — all these pervade the atmosphere of the Ghetto with a beauty and a charm without which the life of its older residents would often be one of unrelieved misery.

How the sweat-shop striker and the religious enthusiast are found in the same person is an interesting question, and the following little episode may not be out of place.

It was a late hour during the recent strike of the Vest-Makers' Union, and the Jewish quarter was enveloped in the quiet of night. As I made my way

through the market-place, a merry, bizarre hubbub of singing voices broke upon the stillness of the street. The voices came from a tumble-down frame house, and were traced to three tiny low-ceiled rooms on the second floor. A Holy Ark and a reading-desk betokened the character of the place. The little synagogue was crowded with be-whiskered, pious, ragged old men. They sat at long tables, swaying and nodding, curling their side-locks or stroking their beards, as they sang a joyous Sabbath melody. Their faces shone and their voices trembled with emotion. A dark-eyed little girl of ten and her gaunt, sallow-faced father were hovering about, serving barley soup, cake, and beer to the company.

"I am no waiter," explained the gaunt man. "I am a member, like the others; but my wife prepared the feast, and somebody must serve it, so my little girl and I took the task upon ourselves. We are a Mishnah class. We meet every evening, after work, to study the holy words, and now that we have concluded the sixth tractate we celebrate the event. Each of us has contributed twenty-five cents, and so we are enjoying what the Uppermost has sent us. What other delights are open to us in this world?"

The assemblage proved to be made up of striking vest-makers. "Yes, we

attended the meeting to-day," said a shaggy, red-haired man, "but you know the saying, 'Half for yourselves and half for your God.' To-morrow we shall go to the meeting again. Ours is a just cause. It is for the bread of our children we are struggling. We want our rights, and we are bound to get them through the union. Saith the Law of Moses: 'Thou shalt not withhold anything from thy neighbor nor rob him; there shall not abide with thee the wages of him that is hired through the night until morning.' So it stands in Leviticus. So you see that our bosses who rob us and who don't pay us regularly commit a sin, and that the cause of our union is a just one. What do we come to America for? To bathe in tears, and to see our wives and our children rot in poverty? Tears and sighs we had in plenty in the old country."

A frown had settled upon his face, but it suddenly disappeared as he said, with a wave of his hand: "Well, this is not the time to discuss matters such as these. We have enough of them during the day. This is our holy feast, — a time for joy, not for woe. We have concluded the sixth tractate, thank the Uppermost."

The shaggy vest-maker shut his eyes, and with his features relaxed in a smile of unfeigned bliss, he burst out singing and snapping his fingers with the rest.

Abraham Cahan.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE heroine of our choice has always been a more difficult creation than the hero. The pages of fiction are full of Mortons, Orvilles, Lydgates, Wentworths, Heldars, irresistible heroes every one, and yet how few of them have won such ladies as they deserve! Sir Walter mercifully

The Heroine of the Future.

draws the curtain over the prosaic sequel of Morton's life. We hope that Lord Orville was amused for a year or two. We know the fate of Lydgate and of Dick Heldar. Captain Wentworth, it is true, won a rare prize, but Anne Elliots are few in fiction as in the world to-day.

If we except the lovely sisterhood of

Shakespeare's heroines whom any coward would die for, there are a scant score of women in English literature whose colors any one of us were proud to wear against all comers. Di Vernon, Dorothea Brooke, Elizabeth Bennet, Lady Castlewood, Katriona, and a dozen of their kin make up the sum. Our modern chivalry must have incentive. Our imagination must be aroused. For imagination is not dead, but sleeping. It slumbers soundly in the presence of the excellent Marcella, dozes in the face of Bathsheba Everdene, nods over Lord Ormont's Aminta, and turns a deaf ear to the melodious voice of Glory Quayle. But let another Beatrix (oh that there could be another!) come tripping down the stair to meet us in a modern chapter, wearing in our honor her white shoes and her scarlet stockings, and imagination will start up hotly enough at her approach.

The heroine such as the imagination cherishes has disappeared from our literature. Her place is filled by intelligent young women of various types. They are preferably serious. Then their forte is religion and their foible philanthropy. They probe the questions of society and life, and become at once the subjects of conversation in serious drawing-rooms. But a heroine of this class is always subordinate in interest to her ideas. She is impersonal, or her personality is obscured by the bright halo of her intellect.

Or again, the young woman is anything but serious. She may, perhaps, figure in one of Mr. Anthony Hope's romances. Surely she is not a heroine to touch the imagination. Our attention is riveted to the story. In the dove-tailed succession of alarms, excursions, entrances, retreats, adventures, escapades, a few brisk words of love are our only key to the lady's character. The swift lunge and parry of her speech amuse, but do not captivate. As we close the book, we are on no nearer terms with her than with some pretty actress when the curtain is rung down.

The heroine of to-day is most apt to be a dramatic character. The story is preferably tragic. With grim determination, the novelist stretches his reader on the rack, adjusts the thumbscrews, tightens the iron boots. The proof of the novel is in the pain it gives. With few exceptions, the plot is one of two or three established types. The "inexpressive She" is separated from her lover by the prejudices of caste, as in Mr. Caine, or by the intolerance of parents, as in Mr. Meredith. Or perhaps our story-tellers solve to their own satisfaction the problem so popular in the novels of France, and ring the changes upon "*Monsieur, Madame et l'autre*," as the French critics say. Here the psychologist has free range. Conditions and conclusion must be scientific, — no matter about the reader. The pathos of the story centres round the heroine. She is dramatic, passionate, intense. But it is not the intense, passionate, dramatic woman whom we commonly grow fond of in life. Why should she win us in books? She may be interesting, touching, absorbing, but that is quite a different matter. Such cannot be the heroine of our choice. Were her complexities incarnate upon earth, as they may be in a galaxy of women, should we follow her? Surely. Admire her? Perhaps. Love her? No, — a thousand times, no! Her passion, beauty, and suffering might conspire to insure the aim,

"But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart,"

and we are proof against her enmity.

Nothing is so elusive as feminine charm. Photograph it, and you will not find its counterfeit upon the plate. Print it in books, and your description is cold as the type that stamped the paper. Only a few great artists have succeeded in this most difficult of portraitures. Whether it be Jane Austen or Ivan Turguenieff who draws the picture, we love and are grateful.

That a novel without a heroine whom

we delight to think of is imperfect, few will gainsay. In these days of novel-writing and novel-reading, it is interesting to notice how wide the author shoots of the difficult mark. Yet if the novelist holds up the mirror to life, great are his opportunities. Mr. Henry James, in a recent essay, comments upon the fresh field offered by the modern business man, "whose song has still to be sung, and his portrait still to be painted." This is most true, but how much vaster the province presented by the modern woman! Away with the humdrum hackneyed models of the past! Away with the Priscillas of an outworn age! Let every novelist set upon his marks, for surely his goal is within sight.

The progress of woman is evident on every hand. Far be it from us to belittle her advancing strides. Now, discarding the thwarting skirt, she climbs the Alps and lends a helping hand to the lagging mountaineer. Now we hear of her directing an army of sweepers and cleansing the Augean streets of Chicago. Now, scarcely pausing to vote, if we may trust the papers, she rushes to mass-meetings and proposes to join the National Guard. If the existing uniform must be altered, more 's the pity, but even so there will be something gained. Or again, she enters the quieter walks of life, and becomes a physician, lawyer, or mere clergywoman. If your novelist is still dissatisfied with these riches of material, let him turn for his heroine to the "sweet girl-graduate." Think of the plot of psychological problems which can be made to thicken about her! Armed from mortar-board to heel, she can meet the hero on his own ground, give him the choice of weapons, and beat him roundly.

Let the story-teller sweep the horizon with his literary glasses. Everywhere he will see the army of new women demanding recognition. Choice is invidious, but choose he must. Now at last he can find a heroine worthy of his novel.

A novel, forsooth! Why, she would queen it in an epic, while former heroes flee to Dunciads!

These are auspicious times for the maker of heroines. Well may he look forward to the new century with confidence in the approaching consummation of his art. The development of the heroine will increase the scope of the plot. The seductive villain will be thrown on the defensive, and it is the hero who will be won. The new heroine will be masterful, accomplished, dazzling, if you will, but will she charm? Will it be she whom the young men of the next generation will wish to dream of? Will her qualities go to make their ideals? Will they reverse the novelist's process, and run to seek her likeness through the world, or will they cling to the magic memory of the few lovely portraits they possess?

The story-teller must pursue his destiny. He will sketch the world about him in flattery, caricature, or truth. What will be the heroine of *his* choice?

"An' forward though I canna see,
I guess an' fear."

FROM the days of papyrus to the nineteenth century, when of the making of books there is no end, bibliomania has affected mankind in more or less intensified form. Ineffectually has it been diagnosed and treated by bibliographs of all ages. Peignot defines it as "a passion for possessing books; not so much to be instructed by them as to gratify the eye by looking on them. He who is affected by this mania knows books only by their titles and dates, and is rather seduced by the exterior than the interior."

The symptoms of so virulent a disease are not to be mistaken. They can be instantly known, says Dibdin, by a passion for (1) large paper copies; (2) uncut copies; (3) illustrated copies; (4) unique copies; (5) copies printed upon vellum; (6) first editions; (7) true editions; (8) a general desire for the

black letter. I would add to these a passion for (9) editions printed at private presses; (10) editions privately bound.

A characteristic of the disease is that it succumbs to no known remedies. All applications, external as well as internal, seem but to increase its fervency; neither does poverty allay it, once the craze is on. Many a one so afflicted has gone starving to bed, transported by the possession of an incunabulum for which he has expended his last sou. No condition, no age, is exempt, no climate. It rages among royalty as among the commoner herd of humanity.

French book-collectors, and notably the mesdames de France, have displayed peculiar and luxurious tastes in binding. We are told that of the daughters of Louis XV., Adélaïde affected red morocco; Sophie, citron; and Victoire, olive. Catharine de' Medici was so great a connoisseur of finely bound books that authors and booksellers tried to distinguish themselves in bindings made expressly for her. Such was their success that it was deemed expedient, upon her death, to strip the books of their ornate and costly dress, lest they should fall a prey to her creditors. Marie Antoinette had a library of upwards of five thousand volumes in the Petit Trianon; and Madame de Pompadour, whose conduct was not in every respect above criticism, must surely be commended for her love of books, as she was the possessor of three thousand volumes. Her bookbinder was no less a personage than the celebrated Anton Michel Padeloup. Madame de Maintenon, too, had rare and exquisite taste in books and bindings; and enrolled among book-lovers are to be found the names of Marguerite d'Angoulême, Margaret of Valois, Diana of Poitiers, as well as the Duchesse de Montpensier, "La Grande Mademoiselle," the Marquise de Montespan, and the Duchesse du Berry. To them we owe some of the finest examples of the bookbinder's art. The idiosyncrasies of their dispositions

we can almost forgive by reason of that taste which to-day makes glad the heart of the book-fancier.

Nor do these names close the list of bibliophiles. Charles the Bald was a lover of books and learning. A Bible was illuminated expressly for his private use, and his love of learning often carried him to royal extremes. The story goes that one "Johannes Erigena, surnamed Scotus, a man renowned for learning, sitting at table, in respect of his learning, with Charles the Bauld, Emperor and King of France, behaved himselfe as a slovenly scholler, nothing courtly; whereupon the Emperor asked him merrily, Quid interest Scotum et Sotum? [What is there between a Scot and a Sot?] He merrily, but yet malapertly answered, Mensa [The table]; as though the Emperor were the Sot, and he the Scot."

Of English book-lovers the name is legion. Dibdin tells us that Richard de Bury, tutor to Edward III., and afterward Bishop of Durham, was the first affected. However this may be, certain it is that he owned more books than all the other bishops of England. Dean Colet and Erasmus abetted the mania, and Sir Thomas More was not exempt. Queen Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey were given over to bibliophilism; and Henry VII. and James I., both book-lovers, even attempted literary production on their own account.

Pepys, despite his feminine frailties, was a collector of rare books; and sundry kicks disposed gratuitously among his servants, his flirtatious deportment at church when full of years, his maltreatment of the partner of his joys and sorrows, all these are of little moment in comparison with that worthy love of "an old book, a rare book, a grave, innocent book."

His Grace the Duke of Roxburghe conceived a passion for first editions. It has been related with all due authenticity that at a certain sale a first edition

of Shakespeare was offered. The duke's friends were deputed to bid it in, while he viewed the contest at a distance. Twenty guineas and more had been offered, when a slip was handed his Grace asking if his friends should continue bidding. The duke wrote in reply :—

"Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold,
enough!'"

It is needless to say that the duke became the happy possessor of the folio.

Undoubtedly, it is to the bookbinder of the past that we owe in a very large degree the extension of the mania. Such exquisite workmen as Grolier, Maioli, Le Gascon, Derôme, and Padeloup worked for all time; and how amazed, not to say dumfounded, would these worthies be to behold the methods we employ to supply the ever increasing demand for books! Nowadays we preserve a book of American manufacture, not for the beauty of its binding, not for the tooling on this one or that, not for the rare quality of the morocco, but, perchance, because it is a first edition of Hawthorne or of Poe's Tamerlane, or, what is more than probable, because undue use would soon end in its destruction, such is the ephemeral nature of our art of to-day. The signs, however, are propitious; and when once we have recovered from extreme youth, with its hurry and bluster and unsophistication, then shall our versatility be turned toward the arts, of which not the least is the art of binding.

The peculiar ideas in bookbinding are many and curious. The Golden Ass of Apuleius was once bound in ass's skin; a collection of pamphlets respecting one Mary Tufts, reputed to have been confined of rabbits, was sent forth to the world in rabbit skin; Tuberville on Hunting was bound by Whittaker in deer skin; Fox's historical works met the gaze of humanity in fox skin, and Bacon's works in hog skin.

On May 15, 1874, there was sold in Paris, by auction, a part of the library of

M. Lucien de Rosuy, father of the eminent Japanese scholar. Some of the books, we are told, were bound in cat skin colored garnet and buff; others in the skins of the crocodile, royal tiger, rattlesnake, seal, otter, white bear, and Canadian black wolf. I confess to little, if any, sympathy for the taste of M. Lucien de Rosuy, authority in binding though he may have been. How much more healthful and normal that of him who has written concerning his simple wants :—

"Of books but few, — some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor;
Some little luxury there
Of red morocco's gilded gleam
And vellum rich as country cream."

In addition to the many evils we lay at the door of the French Revolution is the morbid practice of binding in human skin. What must have been the feelings of that lady whose lover, a Russian poet, is said to have presented her with a volume of his sonnets bound in his own skin, taken from an amputated leg! More desirable by far, from a moral point of view, as a salutary warning to the young and to evil doers generally, was the practice in vogue in the less enlightened past of flaying criminals to obtain materials for binding contemporary legal documents. This recalls an edition of The Newgate Calendar, being the memoirs of the most notorious characters convicted of outrages on the laws of England since the eighteenth century, the binding of which was ornamented in gold with designs suggestive of the contents; to wit, dark lanterns, masks, pistols, handcuffs, shackles, and other reminders of crime. A public library in Bury St. Edmunds contains a full account of the execution of a murderer, in an octavo volume bound in the murderer's own skin by a surgeon of the town.

A more elegant, and certainly a less gruesome habiliment for a book was a piece of the waistcoat of Charles I., in

which a volume was bound relating to the dwarf Jeffrey Hudson. A copy of the New Year's Gift was appareled in a like manner. With this the supply must have been exhausted, since we read of no further use being made of the garment.

To the bibliognostic the following lines from Pope's Dunciad are eloquent with meaning:—

"There Caxton sleeps with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasped in wood, and one in strong cow-hide."

Another fancy that obtained at an early date was the insertion of jewels into the bindings of books. St. Jerome is said to have exclaimed, "Your books are covered with precious stones, and Christ died naked before his temple!"

By a law of March 24, 1583, Henry III. of France forbids the bourgeois to wear precious stones in their dress, but such is the graciousness of his Majesty he allows their books of devotion to be adorned with diamonds, not exceeding four, while the nobility are allowed five, and the princes are not limited as to number. It was the same monarch who, when he instituted the order of Penitents, invented a binding consisting of the cheerful device of death's-heads, cross-bones, tears, crosses, and other instruments of the Passion, on black morocco, relieved, however, by the inscription "*Spes mea Deus.*"

Carlyle, it is said, had no love for books *per se*, and Darwin was not deterred by any sentimental notions of sacrilege from cutting an unwieldy volume in two for easier manipulation. Not so Petrarch, who would suffer the loss of a leg rather than submit to such torture an edition of the Epistles of Cicero, transcribed by himself, and bound so massively as to be constantly falling upon

that unfortunate member. But Carlyle was too "sairously" bent upon the reformation of humanity, and Darwin too much absorbed in the origin of that humanity, to have time for the indulgence of a fancy so pertinacious as bibliophilism. If a portion of the Iliad was found in the hands of a mummy, think you it was more precious in the eyes of Carlyle, the lover of great men,—Carlyle, who styles the immortal Johnson the withered pontiff of Encyclopædism? To him books were of intrinsic worth only for the soul and thought that were in them. The value of Boswell's Letters was not enhanced in Temple's eyes because they were discovered in a shop at Boulogne in use for wrapping-paper; nor of Sterne's Diary in that it was found in a plate-warmer. He was an admirer of Luther's Table Talk, not because it was unearthed from an old foundation, wrapped in strong linen cloth, waxed within and without, in which condition it had lain since its suppression. And so he writes: "In books lies the soul of the whole past; the articulate audible voice of the past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been,—it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books." And again: "Is it not verily, at bottom, the highest act of man's faculty that produces a book?" And as such the Sage of Chelsea revered it; not for any atmosphere of antiquity that proceeded from it.

But let me not seem to discourage the bibliomaniac's profession; this were the part of no true bibliophile. Rather do I say, Love a book!—in any way, whether its age, or dress, or thought appeals to you, love it with all the ardor of your soul.

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THE OLD WORLD IN THE NEW.

AT a French dinner-table, a few years ago, I found myself opposite a genial English clergyman who was somewhat disturbed by the local tendency to quote values and spaces in terms of francs and centimes, metres and centimetres, instead of in the old-established and well-improved pounds, shillings, and pence, feet and inches. Some attempt was made to interest him in the practical convenience of the decimal system, and he gave polite and patient hearing; but the seed fell upon stony ground, where was no deepness of earth, and its first fair promise soon withered away before an appeal to the common consciousness of man. "I think," said the Englishman, addressing his international audience, "everybody will have noticed that when one has small sums to pay, francs and centimes or dollars and cents do well enough; but if any large sum is involved, one is always forced, in order really to appreciate the amount, to reduce it to pounds, shillings, and pence."

Socrates, in the *Phædo*, compares the people of his day, who thought their world about the *Ægean* to be the whole, to ants and frogs about a marshy pool. The ants and the frogs we have ever with us. They are antiquarians of Copenhagen to whom Danish history is the history of the world. They are the school committee men who insist that Kansas schools should teach only Kansas history and Kansas geography and Kansas weather. They are the political historians who make the world start

afresh with the Declaration of Independence. They are the financial experts who ignore the existence of international values. They are the three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl. All those who do not know that the experience of the race is one continuous whole, in which dates and boundaries are only guide-posts, and not barriers, are the ants and frogs of Socrates. Without life perspective and historical perspective there can be no sound political judgment, — least of all in these days, when mighty world forces are twirling the millstones of the gods, and the garnerings of the ages are pouring into the hopper.

We are living in great times. Forces that have been silently at work for centuries are just finding their expression. The closing years of the nineteenth century are engaged in a process of historical liquidation by which the debtors and creditors of the ages are coming to their due. Scarcely have the echoes of the last contest died away on the shores of the *Ægean*, where has been the battle-ground and ultimate clearing-house of old world issues, when the new world issues take their shape and choose their battle-ground by the Chinese Ocean. Through the trans-Siberian railway Russia this year finds for the first time an outlet to the open sea, and enters the lists for the empire of the world. The bayonets which in the seventies established a German Empire are now, under cover of an understanding with Russia,

opening a way for German small wares in a conquest whose menace is toward England. Ill-mated France shares with Russia and Germany their policy of restricted colonial markets, and toys with colonizing schemes for which she has more money and ambition than men. The worn-out states and peoples of the old world are passing through bankruptcy. Africa is being rapidly apportioned as spoil. The English Empire, in consciousness of isolation and peril, draws its own bonds closer, and awakes to tardy recognition of its Western kinsmen, of their strength and of their kinship of purpose. The United States of America find themselves forced, whether they will or not, to transmute their policy of resisting intrusion into one of assuming the positive responsibilities of a moral hegemony in the West. Within three years the entire strategic map of international politics has been made anew. Alsace-Lorraine and Constantinople no longer represent the burning questions of diplomacy. New issues and vastly larger fields of action have been opened. Three years ago, we felt that our own international issues, so far as they existed, had little relation to the great world's worry. To-day, we are, for good or bad, in the midst of it all.

Intercommunication and rapid transit have been steadily drawing the ends of the earth together. Silent, mighty forces have long been assembling to the melting-pot the stubborn forms and patterns of the older world. Suddenly the fire is lighted.

Lord Rosebery, while Premier of England, made in Parliament the following statement: "We have hitherto been favored with one Eastern Question, which we have always endeavored to lull as something too portentous for our imagination; but of late a Far Eastern Question has been superadded, which, I confess, to my apprehension is in the dim vistas of futurity infinitely graver than even that question of which we have hith-

erto known." Four years are not past, and "the dim vistas of futurity" have become the arena of the present, and the Far Eastern Question is at the doors of England and at our own. It is a question in which all the world is involved. The centre of disturbance may be now in China, now in Cuba, now in the Philippines, but the disturbances are all in sympathy. It is a question in which the whole history of our race is involved. Its tangled movements viewed simply in their shifting surface phases yield, however, no intelligible statement. They concern too vast an area, too long a tradition; they cannot be understood from the levels of the present. One must seek high ground, for they tell their meaning, they betray the outlines of their plot, only in terms of the world labor, — the drama of the history of the race. For great areas and mighty upheavals the geologist must run the gamut from Archæan and Cambrian to Pleistocene. To-day, in a sense that never before was true, the old, the oldest world of man is sole competent interpreter of the new.

When in the year 326 B. C. Alexander the Great stayed his eastward march in northwestern India at the Sutlej, and turned his course down the Indus to seek the sea, a boundary line was fixed and set which proved to mean for the history of the human race more than any ever created by the act of man. The eastern boundary of Alexander's empire, running from the Jaxartes River, a tributary of the Sea of Aral, southward along the Pamir ranges, "the roof of the world," to the Indus, and then on to the Indian Ocean, divided the world and its history into two utterly distinct parts.

The portion which lay to the east with its two great centres, India and China, and which to-day includes a little over half the population of the globe, had no lot nor share in the life and history of the western part, which we may call our Nearer World. In the long process of mixture and fermentation which history

has suffered since Alexander's time, all the elements within this Nearer World, stretching from Afghanistan and Persia to the shores of western Europe, have yielded their contribution, small or great, to the civilization upon which our modern life is based. The history which we study, whether of events, institutions, ideas, or religions, has all been a history of this Nearer World.

India and China went their own way. The Nearer World knew little of them, gave little to them, received little from them, until after the discovery of the route around the Cape of Good Hope. The intercourse opened by that narrow way is, in the twentieth century, to tread the three broad highways of the Suez Canal, the trans-Siberian railway, the Pacific route, which represent, respectively, England, Russia, America. England, by the Canadian Pacific, shares the Pacific route, and she must soon open another by rail from the Mediterranean to the head of the Persian Gulf.

Alexander's boundary was not a boundary of race. It ran across the bands of blood. A section of the Aryan race, isolated behind its barriers, became the dominant caste and the rulers of India, and developed or administered there a form of life and thought utterly distinct from any other product of the Aryan temper. It was a boundary set in the historic life of man. How real it was the distribution of the great religious faiths of the world will tell. Political institutions and boundaries fade and shift; nothing human yields so permanent a map as faith. The conquests of religions are chiefly those of name and outward form. Unless the population changes, the faith in substance abides.

To the east of Alexander's boundary will be found Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism; to the west, two systems born out of the soil of Alexander's empire, one of the west, Christianity, the other of the east, Mohammedanism, — both of them, in history and outward guise of

statement, the products of Semitism. If a map of the world should be colored so as to represent the predominant religions of different regions, it would appear that Mohammedanism reaches its eastern frontier essentially at the line drawn from the Jaxartes along the "roof of the world" and down the course of the Indus; that is, at Alexander's old frontier. Its territory represents the oriental or non-occidental portion of Alexander's empire. It is itself merely a second growth on western Asiatic soil, a revival and reassertion of orientalism in the reaction from European conquest. And yet, when compared with the fundamental thought of the systems grown in India and China, it shows itself a creation of our world, and not of the remoter one.

Upon our colored map we should find, further, that the territory of Eastern Christianity corresponds in general to the sphere of influence of ancient Athens and Byzantium; that the territory of Roman Catholicism corresponds to the domain of the Western Roman Empire, — Italy, the Spanish Peninsula, France, and the Rhine and Danube valleys of Central Europe; while the old Germani, who withstood the legions of Drusus and Varus, are represented still by the individualistic Protestants of the north.

The civilization of the Nearer World had its birth in the two centres Egypt and Babylonia. It was in the long river valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates that the two types of ordered life we call by the names Egyptian and Assyrian gained their strength and their individuality. Their meeting-place and agora was the eastern Mediterranean, its coast lands and islands. Here the resultant of the Mesopotamian and Egyptian civilizations united as a female principle with the virility of European occidentalism, and the fruit was that civilization upon which European history, and all the history we have hitherto cared for, is based.

Consciousness of the power of individual initiative has been throughout the characteristic feature in occidentalism; passive conformity to the ordinance of fate and the settled order of the world, the spirit of orientalism. The West is aggressive, the East passive; the West finds the source of creation and action in the individual, the East in the governing power, be it state or fate. The West looks outward, and seeks to comprehend and control the material universe of its environment; the East looks within, and, learning from the winds and the stars only the lessons of moral order and the mandates of destiny imposed upon the soul, seeks to know and control the things of the spirit.

In this fabric of the Nearer World joined of the West and the East, the East supplied the informing spirit, the ordered life, the civilization; the West, the moving will and the arm of power. First Greece, then Rome, then in their turn the peoples of the north, assumed the leadership. Fresh blood of will and empire was drawn constantly from the north. But, however empire might change, the old frontier between the West and the nearer East tended to maintain itself where it was when history dawned, — at the *Ægean* and the *Bosporus*. Two years ago all eyes were turned toward the *Ægean*. Crete, Greece, Constantinople, and the Turk were words on every lip. All issues of international politics were quoted solely in terms of the old *Bosporus* question. The history of the Nearer World had simply gone back for another bout on the old field, — the field on which the first contests were fought, and to which most of the contests since have been referred in real or spectred battle.

Viewing history in the large, we cannot fail to see that the world we live in is essentially a Mediterranean world. All its fundamental forms and moulds for law and government, art, architecture, and literature, thought and faith,

were created beside the Mediterranean; all its political and religious struggles, all its wars, were the fighting over of old Mediterranean questions; and as a system of types and forms, it never can be really understood and known except as it be reduced to Mediterranean terms, and studied in the perspective of a Roman, Greek, or Syrian horizon.

Such was the life habit of the Nearer World. To-day all this has changed. Suddenly the centre of interest has shifted from the *Ægean* to the Yellow Sea. A class of questions has arisen, overwhelming, in the magnitude of the issues they involve, all the great questions of earlier days, and none of them admits solution in terms of the Mediterranean; none of them concerns the Mediterranean, or its peoples, or its history. That which the silent course of events has long been preparing, now in the fullness of time is come. Almost without a sign of warning we are transferred from the history of the Nearer World to the history of the Great World, and to that history the life and the interests of the great dominant peoples of the earth will hereafter belong.

To no people is the transition of more profound and fundamental importance than to the people of the United States. It involves for them nothing less than a rethinking of the entire problem of national purpose, destiny, and duty.

The old history, which we have called the history of the Nearer World, dealt with the antagonisms and the blending of its two component factors, occidentalism and orientalism; the new history will record the process of assimilation which follows the uniting of the two halves of the whole world. There can be no question as to which of the two will conquer and control, according to the external forms of conquest; but it is idle for us, in the light of historical experience, to imagine that the blending is to mean nothing more than the absorption of the East by the West, — nothing

more than the exploitation of China and India by the greed and power, or even the enlightenment, of Western nations. Rome conquered Greece, but was conquered by its art, its manners, and its thought. Europe, in the form of Greece, and then of Rome, subjugated Asia; but Asiatic wealth and luxury reshaped European life, and Europe has its religion from the conquered people. We may easily underestimate the solidity of these civilizations we confront, and the permanence of their forms of life and of their moulds of thought. The economic conditions, the political ideas, and the fundamental religious and philosophic thought of our world cannot and will not escape, in the great leveling that is to come, the most far-reaching and momentous transformation. England has touched yet only the surface of India, merely the hem of the garment; but her commerce, the equipment of her life, her governmental mechanism and ideals, have already been radically influenced, and the marvelous effect which acquaintance with Hindu thought is exercising upon men's fundamental thought of the world has spread far beyond the circles of the learned and of the faddists, and, I am persuaded, can be estimated in its profound importance only by the historians of later days.

Both India and China embody types of life and forms of thought which, strange and incomprehensible as they may be to us, have been shapen and polished in the mills of a human experience representing in composite the experience of more human souls than have elsewhere shared a common life.

India is the land of the vast and the boundless, the true motherland of the romantic. Endlessly prolific, she sets no restraint on the imagination. So India lacks that which was to the Greek, as the representative occidental, the supremest virtue, temperate control, — "naught to excess." The tumid, redundant forms of her art, as of her literature and her theogony, attest the absence of that sense

of due economy and fitness which made the creations of the Greek eternal models of restraint and harmony. To the aggressive occidental, time is the opportunity of action, time is money; for the Hindu, there were no days or years, and hence no history.

The occidental is a pluralist; personalities, individual psyches, are for him the starting-points, the prime factors of the universe; to enforce personality and make it effective is the mission of life. The Hindu is a monist; the world-all is the starting-point; personality is an aberration from it; to bring this personality back to rest, absorbed into accord with the world-all, is the toil and mission of life. Knowledge is the recipe of salvation; ignorance is the sin.

China is another cosmos. It is pre-eminently the land of the practical. Its world is the established social order of men fixed in forms and conventions, whose authority is absolute, as their reasons are past finding out. Life is a drama. Men merely play parts. The "look-see" (appearance) and the "make-see" (delusive persuasion) constitute the substance of life. The starting-point and whole of things is neither the world-all nor the individual soul, but the stage and scenery and plot into which the individual must fit the action of his part, and within which take his rôle. There is no truth, no real.

With the Greek it is intemperance or "slopping over" which is the sin, with the Hindu ignorance, with the Chinaman innovation. The purpose of education is, for the Greek, to give personality its maximum of effectiveness; for the Hindu, to endow it with a knowledge that shall reveal the hindrances to union with the world-all; for the Chinaman, to force the individuality, like a Chinese girl's foot into a shoe, into the fixed rôle or craft it must use in this present life. The Greek education is frankly the liberal education; the Chinese, frankly professional and technical.

China has perhaps one fourth the population of the globe, but no one suspects it of schemes of imperial conquest. The "yellow danger" menacing the world comes not from the thrifty tradesmen and peasants of China. China is a nation without a fist. Its people are lacking in any idea or motive around which could be assembled the sentiments of patriotism. Devotion to the honoring of ancestors and solicitude for private gain are the two sentiments of a people who constitute, not a nation nor a state, but a scheme of living.

The new history is to be concerned, then, with the assimilation of these two strange and mutually diverse elements of the farther world to the substance of the nearer world, — just as the old world history involved an assimilation of West and East. With the parallel goes also a contrast. The old history centred about an inland sea. All its issues had their ultimate home by the Mediterranean. In the new history the world is turned wrong side out. The outer ocean is the agora. Power is estimated in terms of navies rather than of armies. Coal is king, and coaling-stations mark the bonds of empire as the Roman military roads did of old. The pattern of the world has been turned inside out. The old world, like an ancient house, was built toward the inside and its colonnaded court; the new is built toward the outside, with windows and veranda.

The old history had its Eastern Question; the new has its Easternmost Question. In the later phases of the old, Turkey was the "sick man;" in the new, it is China; and where the carcass is, there are the eagles gathered together. The old involved the constant query who should be the leader of the occident, — Greece, Rome, France, Germany, England, Russia? The new asks who shall hold the empire and lead the civilization of the world; shall it be the Slav, the Teuton, or the Latin?

The aggressiveness shown by France

in colonial enterprise is scarcely more than artificial; it represents no inner need or impulse except as it be a yearning for bonds and shares. France is really smitten with the palsy of her own prudence and thrift. Families are small. Sons are not put through the school of self-reliance. A nation lacking men who know how to take risks and assume the responsibility of their own choices cannot compete for leadership among the peoples. French is the language of a diplomacy which lives on in the close atmosphere of the old Mediterranean controversies; out in the breezy ocean world, the greater world, the medium of international intercourse tends to be English.

A colder-blooded people than any of the Latin race will win the contest, in these days of organization and calculation and mechanism and coal. The German is patient enough and practical enough. He is, like his Anglo-Saxon brother by nature, a stout champion of individual freedom, but he lacks something his brother possesses. This something it is not easy to describe, but the lack of it allows him to tolerate the yoke of Cæsarism, imported from the Latin world; gives him ready adaptability to the institutions of other peoples, so that he is quickly absorbed; and, most characteristic of all, forbids his appreciation of a game like football.

The character in which the Englishman asserts his right to rule an empire is the character demanded by this most truly Anglo-Saxon sport. It is made up of roughness, willingness to risk, absence of supersensitiveness, fearful directness, and a sublime devotion to fair play. The typical Englishman believes in venturing, hard hitting, blunt truth-telling, equal justice, and personal cleanliness.

England had the start of Continental Europe in preparing for the issues of the new history, in that the English Channel enabled her to free herself early from the more baneful entanglements of the Mediterranean quarrels. England has

long been living in the world whose agora is the open seas. Not until these last days of the nineteenth century, however, has her one prospective rival, Russia, been able to find a way out into the world. This vast power, spanning at the north half the globe, was until this year pent up as an inland state. Archangel and the Baltic ports are ice-blocked for a portion of the year. Vladivostok, founded in 1858, and afterward selected as a terminus for the Siberian railway, is closed to navigation four months in each year. Odessa is blocked at the Bosphorus.

England has diligently kept the barriers up between Russia and the sea. In 1878 she checked her at the gates of Constantinople; in 1886, when Russia was in control of the passes of the Hindu-Kush, and could see her way out to the ocean by way of Afghanistan, British power again raised the dykes, and since then the occupation by England of the Mekran and the Chitral valley has set a double rampart against Russian advance. It remains yet for England to occupy the Persian Gulf, and join it by rail to the coast where Beaconsfield set Cyprus on guard.

The events attending the Chinese-Japanese war were of most serious consequence to England's policy and interest. Before the war began, she was the trusted adviser of China, and her protector against Russian aggression. Before the war ended, England found herself identified with Japan, a nation she had underestimated too long, and suddenly came to appreciate. Russia, supported by her associates, Germany and France, assumed the rôle of protecting friend discarded by England, checked and nullified the victory of Japan, and China is now almost her vassal. That which it has been the constant aim of English diplomacy and power for years to prevent has come about within this year. Russia has a harbor in the Yellow Sea, has gained a foothold on the shore of the iceless ocean. The astute-

ness of Li Hung Chang, on the other hand, has seen the way for bringing the product of Chinese industry to the Western world by the overland route, and China is to be introduced to the West by help and intermediation of Russia. Herein lies the *quid pro quo*.

Russia's strength is in her geographic position. Unmenaced in the rear, spanning Europe and Asia, and knowing no difference between them, she bides her time, and slowly pushes her way south like a mighty glacier. Gradually the barriers give way. Germany, which once held her in check at the west, is now — thanks to Bismarck's anti-English policy, continued by the young Emperor — in league with her and in commercial war with England. In Continental diplomacy she is supreme arbiter. Pan Slavism and the Eastern Church have carried her around Constantinople almost to the shores of the Ægean, and the first opportunity of England's preoccupation will give her exit through the Bosphorus. Steadily she works her way into Central Asia, where the half-oriental temper of her people makes her government peculiarly acceptable, and her administration in general fortunate and wise.

Entered in the lists for the world empire are, then, these two. The conflict is set for which generations have been preparing. Where is our place? Russia is our old-time friend. Whenever we have been at issue with England, Russia has lost no opportunity to show sympathy with us. England is a mother who has constantly ignored or underestimated us. With a blindness of vision almost unparalleled in all the stupidities of statesmanship, her ruling class have committed wrong after wrong against us, in slight and misjudgment and selfishness, all culminating in the attitude toward us during the war for the preservation of the Union. But the heart of the great English middle class has always been right. The English common man, with a fine consciousness of

affinity, regards us as his own, and rejoices in the American states as a creation and vindication of his own kind. The English country squire is fading away, and the plain commoner is coming to a hearing. And we are of one kind. When the battle is set between the Slav and the Anglo-Saxon, our hearts prove us inheritors of more than Anglo-Saxon blood: we are inheritors of the principles embodied in Anglo-Saxon life.

The Slav stands for government which has the sanctions of its authority from above and without; the Anglo-Saxon, for one whose authority has its source in the governed themselves. One follows the rule of expediencies, and holds that what succeeds is right; the other builds solid achievement on the things that are real, and believes in the blunt word of truth. One raises the barriers of restricted privilege; the other opens the markets and the courts of the world to equal opportunity and even justice. One builds on the distrust of the purposes and the intelligence of men; the other, upon the high optimism of democracy. To one the state is a prison or strait-jacket; to the other it is the training school of the race, where responsibility begets character, and free opportunity begets content.

There can be no doubt of our sympathy, — what is our duty? Has the new order of the world brought us new obligations of duty? The old world lingering in the meshes of Mediterraneanism afforded us no interests but such as we might well wish to shun with all their "entangling alliances." The barrier of the ocean removed us from the old world gathered about its inland sea, and set us apart in the far West at one side of the earth. The utilization of this barrier has afforded us the opportunity for establishing ourselves in possession and use of our soil, and for developing our resources and our system of government.

But now the old world has passed. History is turned inside out. The outer

ocean is the agora; the whole world, not half, is involved; and instead of being, as in the old order of things, far at one side, we stand full in the midst, — midway between Europe and its goal in the Farther East. Sooner than any prophet could have foreseen, the question is upon us.

Our old-time policy of resisting arbitrary European interference in the affairs of American peoples has been extended, under the pressure of what we believe is a genuine humanitarian sentiment, into intervention against a European misgovernment in Cuba which had passed the limits of toleration, and, having ceased to be government, had become a case of arbitrary interference in the course of American events.

The moment we took this step we became involved in the great world problems. England's position in the Far East hurried her to our side, and gave us her welcome to participation in wider responsibilities for the order of the world. England and America, alienated in terms of the Nearer World's life, have found each other on the field of the Greater World. They belong together, and their union means not only a check to the Russian menace, but peace and the orderly development of civilization in the world.

Many of us deplored the Spanish war; many of us now look forward with anxious solicitude concerning the effect of victory on the victor; but still, as we survey the movements of human history in the large, we cannot fail to see in all that is occurring the inevitable grist of the mills of the gods and the irrefragable judgments of the Weltgericht. Spain and the Middle Ages could not tarry in the West. We, on the other hand, could not shut ourselves within the walled gardens of our pleasant domesticity, and shun responsibilities that the commerce and intercourse of the larger world exact of those who stand for order and equal justice in the affairs of men.

While, then, we may well be called

upon now to readjust our conception of national purpose and duty to the new order and our new position, we dare not be false to ourselves or our past. Our charter and creed we must interpret, if no longer in the letter, then all the more scrupulously in the spirit. However the letter and the form may fade and vanish away, there are some things that must needs abide. A nation proclaiming government of the people and for the people cannot impose on conquered peoples a foreign sway, or one that finds its supreme motive in the benefits accruing to others than the governed. We must stand as we were founded, a nation that draws diverse interests and diverse communities into peaceful coöperation under

recognition of the rights of the individual man, and the self-government of peoples and states.

Conquest and empire, and all that belongs thereto both of method and of idea, are utterly abhorrent to the theory of those institutions through which America has aspired to enlighten the world, and utterly foreign to the structure our fathers reared out of their stony griefs and cemented with their faith.

It is character that counts in nations as in individuals. Only in loyalty to the old can we serve the new; only in understanding of the past can we interpret and use the present; for history is not made, but unfolded, and the old world entire is ever present in the new.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

THE TREND OF THE CENTURY.

EVERY century has its own characteristics. The two influences which have made the nineteenth century what it is seem to me to be the scientific spirit and the democratic spirit. Thus, the nineteenth century, singularly enough, is the great interpretative century both of nature and of the past, and at the same time the century of incessant and uprooting change in all that relates to the current life of men. It is also the century of national systems of popular education, and at the same time of nation-great armies; the century that has done more than any other to scatter men over the face of the earth, and to concentrate them in cities; the century of a universal suffrage that is based upon a belief in the inherent value of the individual; and the century of the corporation and the labor union, which in the domain of capital and of labor threaten to obliterate the individual. I want to trace, if I can, what has been the trend of this remarkable century in

the domain of thought, of society, of commerce, of industry, and of politics. Especially I want to do this as it concerns life in the United States.

I speak first of the trend of thought; for thought, immaterial though it be, is the matrix that shapes the issues of life. The mind has been active in all fields during this fruitful century; but, outside of politics, it is to science that we must look for the thoughts that have shaped all other thinking. When von Helmholtz was in this country, a few years ago, he said that modern science was born when men ceased to summon nature to the support of theories already formed, and instead began to question nature for her facts, in order that they might thus discover the laws which these facts reveal. I do not know that it would be easy to sum up the scientific method, as the phrase runs, in simpler words.

It would not be correct to say that this process was unknown before the present century; for there have been indi-

vidual observers and students of nature in all ages. The seed idea is to be found at least as far back as the time of Bacon, not to say of Aristotle. But it is true that only in this century has this attitude toward nature become the uniform attitude of men of science. The results that have flowed from this general attitude toward nature have been so wonderful that the same method has been employed by students of other subjects, with results hardly less noteworthy. To this attitude on the part of men of science toward nature we owe the great advances in our knowledge of natural law which this century has witnessed; and from this increased knowledge of natural law the manifold inventions have come that have changed the face of the world. To the scientific method applied to the problems of the past, by men of letters, we owe our ability to understand the hieroglyphs of Egypt and the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylonia.

One of the chief results of the scientific method as applied to nature and the study of the past is the change that it has wrought in the philosophic conception of nature and of human society. By the middle of the century, Darwin had given what has been held to be substantial proof of the theory of the development of higher forms out of lower in all living things; and since then, the doctrine of evolution, not as a body of exact teaching, but as a working theory, has obtained a mastery over the minds of men which has dominated all their studies and all their thinking. The consequences of the doctrine have been very different in different fields of mental activity. In the field of religious thought it has undoubtedly been a source of very serious perplexity, because it has confronted men with the necessity of reshaping their conceptions of the divine method of creation according to a theory exactly the opposite of that which had been previously held. When Copernicus, in the sixteenth century, began to

teach that the earth revolved about the sun, it must have seemed to be doctrine that disputed the most evident of facts. All men in all ages had seen the sun rise in the east and set in the west, and therefore the new doctrine must have appeared, at first sight, to be utterly subversive both of the science of that day and of the religion of that day. The men of science, then as now, easily accommodated themselves to the new teaching as its truthfulness became clear, despite its revolutionary character, for to them it meant only a fresh start along a more promising road; but the opposition of the Church reveals the agony of mind that was involved for the Christian believer, in the effort to restate his conception of man's importance in the sight of God from the point of view of the newly recognized truth, instead of from the point of view of the old error. Still, men have been able to do this, though it took them a long time to do it. The discovery of Copernicus was announced in 1543; yet I read the other day, in the life of Samuel Johnson, the first president of King's College in New York city, that it was by him and his colleagues of Yale, in the early part of the eighteenth century, that even the learned people of Connecticut were led to accept the Copernican theory of the universe instead of the Ptolemaic. Indeed, so late as the first Commencement of King's College, in 1758, one of the students, "in a clear and concise manner, demonstrated the revolution of the earth round the sun, both from astronomical observations and the theory of gravity, and defended the thesis against two of his classmates." These incidents illustrate happily, by the way, how far America was from Europe in those days. It is easy to believe, therefore, that the evolutionary conception of creation, with its sublime suggestion of the limitless possibilities of endless development, will in time be accepted as the basis of men's religious thinking as universally as re-

ligious men now accept the Copernican system of the universe. In the meanwhile, it should be a source of comfort to every man whose mind has been troubled by this new teaching of science that, in this experience, nothing has happened to him which has not happened before ; and it may be observed that if the man of science has thus taught, in a new way, that man is allied to the beasts that perish, he has also shown, by his own wide reading of natural law, that man is capable of tracing the processes of the infinite, thus setting the seal of science to the doctrine of revelation, that man, in his essence, is the child of God.

The effect of the scientific method and of the doctrine of evolution upon philosophy, during the century, has been to bring the philosopher and the man of science closer together. In ancient times the philosopher was in his own person a man of science ; that is to say, he not only knew all of the science that was known, but he was himself the principal agent in advancing man's scientific knowledge. Through the centuries, as man's knowledge of nature has increased, one science after another has been set aside from the domain of philosophy, so to speak, as a field apart. Thus, astronomy, physics, and chemistry have long been recognized as independent fields of knowledge ; and the philosopher has left it to the astronomer, the physicist, and the chemist to enlarge man's knowledge in those fields. During the nineteenth century even psychology has become, to a great extent, an experimental science, so that philosophy, in our day, has come to concern itself once more with all knowledge rather than with special fields of knowledge. Accordingly, we find the greatest philosophers basing their philosophies upon the widest possible survey of facts ; and the greatest scientists turning from their facts to account for them, as they may, by some adequate philosophy. Thus, the theory of evolution, resting as it does upon the

observed facts of nature, has come to dominate the philosophy of the century no less than its science.

In the domain of education one sees the same philosophy at work, having for its handmaid the democratic tendency which has marked the political development of the century. Every public educational system of our day, broadly speaking, is the child of the nineteenth century. The educational system of Germany, which in its results has been of hardly less value to mankind than to Germany itself, dates from the reconstitution of the German universities after the battle of Jena. Whatever system France may have had before the Revolution went down in the cataclysm that destroyed the ancient régime, so that the educational system of France also dates from the Napoleonic period. In the United States, while the seeds of the public school system may have been planted in the eighteenth, or perhaps even in the seventeenth century, it has only been in the nineteenth century, with the development of the country, that our public school system has grown into what we now see ; while in England, the system of national education, in a democratic sense, must be dated from 1870. This attempt on the part of the great nations to provide systematic instruction for the people, from childhood to manhood, from the elementary school to the university, reflects, as it seems to me, the commingling of the two great tendencies of the century, the democratic and the evolutionary. Out of the growth of the democratic principle has come the belief that it is worth while to educate all the children of the state ; and out of the scientific method, which has led to the general acceptance of the evolutionary theory, has been developed the advance in educational method which is so marked a feature of the last decades of the century. Formerly, it was satisfactory to educate a child according to some preconceived theory, or as it had

always been done. To-day, the best systems of education are increasingly based upon the laboratory method, and upon the observation of facts relating to childhood and youth. The new disciplines, also, are freely admitted on even terms with the old.

In other domains of knowledge, such as history and literature, the application of the scientific method has resulted not only in the overthrow of many of our preconceived conceptions in regard to the past, but also in the opening up of vast fields of information which formerly were closed to the seeker after truth, because he did not command the open sesame to its treasures. I think, therefore, the statement is justified which I made at the beginning of this paper, that it is to science we must look for the thoughts which, in the nineteenth century, have dominated and fructified all other thinking. The illumination of the century has proceeded from that source, and the light that has been shed especially by the study of nature has been carried into every nook and corner of human history and human life.

But the consequences of the general scientific attitude toward nature which is characteristic of this century have been twofold. Not only has the scientific method furnished a philosophy of nature and of human life, but, by the great increase in man's knowledge of natural law to which it has led, it has resulted in endless inventions, and these, in turn, have changed the face of the world. It is not my purpose to catalogue these inventions, — not even the most conspicuous of them. I rather want to point out some of the changes in the life of society which have been caused by them. One of the most noticeable of these results is the great increase in the number and size of cities. What the elevator is to the high building the railroad and the steamboat are to the city. They make practicable a city such as without them could not be. In striking contrast

with this tendency of people to concentrate in cities, we observe, on the other hand, a world movement of people which has been facilitated by the same inventions. Man's knowledge of the earth that he inhabits has been made substantially complete during the present century, and the ends of the earth and the islands of the sea have been brought into rapid and easy communication with the centres of the world's life. In other ages, tribes often migrated from one part of the world to another. The path by which they went was stained with blood, and the country of which they took possession they made their own by violence and conquest. But in this century, millions of people, not as tribes, but as families and as individuals, have migrated peacefully from Europe to America, to Australia, to Asia, and to Africa. This world-wide movement of the peoples has been made possible only by the inventions that have built up the cities; but it also reflects, as it seems to me, the influence of the democratic spirit urging men, in vast numbers and upon their own responsibility, always to seek for conditions of life in which they may enter upon life's struggle less handicapped by the past.

The rapid progress of invention during the century has been coincident with one far-reaching change in the habits of society, the importance of which is seldom recognized. I refer to deposit banking. Of all the agencies that have affected the world in the nineteenth century, I am sometimes inclined to think that this is one of the most influential. If deposit banking may not be said to be the result of democracy, it certainly may be said that it is in those countries in which democracy is most dominant that deposit banking thrives best. The first bank in the United States was the Bank of Maryland, opened in Baltimore in 1790. It was open for a year before it had a depositor. Even fifty years ago the discussions of bankers turned mainly upon circulation. Very little attention was

given to the question of deposits. At the present time our banks are comparatively indifferent to circulation; but they aim to secure as large deposits as possible. Deposit banking does for the funds of a country precisely what mobilization does for the army of a country like France. Mobilization there places the entire manhood of the country in readiness for war. Deposit banking keeps every dollar of the country on a war footing all the time. Some one has said that it would have been of no use to invent the railroad, the submarine cable, or the telephone at an earlier period of the world's history, for there would have been no money at command to make any one of them available before this modern banking system had made its appearance. If this be so, then indeed the part that has been played by deposit banking in the developments of the century cannot be overestimated.

During the century the conditions of the world's commerce have been radically altered. It is not simply that the steamboat and the locomotive have taken the place of the sailing-ship and the horse; that the submarine cable has supplanted the mails; nor even that these agencies have led to such improvements in banking facilities that foreign commerce is done, for the most part, for hardly more than a brokerage upon the transaction. These are merely accidents of the situation. The fundamental factors have been the opening up of virgin soil in vast areas to the cultivation of man, and the discovery of how to create artificial cold, which makes it possible to transport for long distances produce that only a few years ago was distinctly classed as perishable. The net result of these influences has been to produce a world competition at every point of the globe, both on a scale never before known, and as regards articles that have been heretofore exempt from all competition except neighborhood competition. Thus, not only has it become impossible to raise wheat pro-

fitably in England or even on our own Atlantic coast, but the price of such an article as butter, for example, in the state of New York, is fixed by what it costs to produce a similar grade of butter in Australia. Under the influence of these changes, the merchant of the early part of the century has become "as extinct as the mastodon." But if these changes have introduced new and strange problems for the merchant, they have also presented problems of no less difficulty to the statesman. In the first half of the century, China was the great source of supply for both tea and silk. At the present time, more than half of the tea consumed in England comes from India and Ceylon, and more than three quarters of the tea consumed in the United States comes from the island of Formosa and from Japan. Even in silk China has largely lost her market to Japan and Europe. Who shall say that this gradual destruction of China's export trade has not had much to do with bringing the ancient empire to the point where it seems about to be broken up? The outflow from the old empire is not sufficient to stem the inflow, and the aggressive commerce of the outside world appears to be ready to break down the ancient barriers and overflow the country, whether it will or no.

This unification of the world, and its reduction in size from the point of view of commerce, reveal some tendencies that are full of interest. The general tendency to protection was the first answer of the statesman and of the nations to the pressure of competition from new quarters. It represented an effort to make the terms of the world competition between young countries and old, between old countries and new, somewhat more even. The remarkable exception to this tendency presented by Great Britain reflects the exceptional situation of Great Britain among the nations. Her home domain is too small to furnish occupation either for her men or for her

money, and therefore the people of the little island have swarmed all over the world. As a consequence, Great Britain's commercial policy is, in a certain sense, a world policy; but it is noticeable that the other great nations, whether young or old, being obliged to frame their policy from a different point of view, have hitherto relied, with few if any exceptions, upon protection to equalize the terms of the competition. Now, however, a second tendency appears to be discernible. If protection represents the attempt of a nation to hold itself aloof, to some extent, from the competition of the world, the tendency of the aggressive nations of Europe to divide up among themselves the undeveloped portions of the earth, and even the territory of weaker nations, seems to me to represent a growing conviction that the policy of protection, from its nature, must be a temporary one; and also to reveal a dimly recognized belief that the true way for the old countries to contend with the semi-civilized, in the long run, is to raise the standard of living in the less advanced countries, so that the semi-civilized shall not be able to drag the most highly developed peoples down to their own level. That is to say, if the first response of the civilized nations to the world competition to which I have referred has been the attempt to limit its unwelcome effects by the erection of artificial barriers at every custom house, the second response seems likely to come in the effort of the strong nations to dominate the weak, — not for their destruction, but for their uplifting. In other words, civilization, being brought face to face with the competition of the semi-civilized, appears to believe that the best way to preserve its own integrity is to introduce the conditions of civilization everywhere. If this be a correct diagnosis of the recent developments of foreign policy on the part of several of the great nations, it indicates a disposition to secure protection in the future by ag-

gressive action, rather than by defensive action as heretofore. I am not discussing the merits of the case, but only trying to point out the possible significance of movements that are likely to have no little influence on the future.

But we should lose sight of one of the most important factors that have been at work in producing these results and in changing the life of men, if we did not consider for a moment the influence of invention in the great domain of industry. In its relation to agriculture this influence appears in three forms: there has been a much more intelligent application of chemistry to the cultivation of the soil; steam power has been very largely substituted for hand power; and the railroad has made accessible vast areas of country which, in any previous age of the world, it would have been impossible profitably to cultivate. In the substitution of machinery for hand power in the domain of manufacture, two incidental results have proved of far-reaching consequence, although neither was necessarily involved in the substitution of the machine for the hand. I refer, first to the division of labor, and second to the interchangeability of parts in many standard manufactured articles. It has added enormously to the productiveness of a factory to divide the labor employed according to the processes. By this means, the labor becomes more expert, the product is increased, and the quality is improved. It is true that the action of the laborer thereby becomes also, to a great extent, automatic; but so does the execution of the skilled musician, as the result of his practice and his skill. It is probable that the mind of the laborer, thus largely set free during his hours of toil, is at work quite as busily as before, and in ways that make him more than ever an active factor in the world's life. The practice of making interchangeable parts in many manufactured articles has also added enormously to the convenience and avail-

ability of such articles. The standardizing of the threads of screws, the sizes of bolts, and the like adds beyond measure to the effectiveness of manufacture and to the convenience of industry. But it is a superficial view of these things to suppose that their effect is exhausted in a tendency to cheapen products and to improve industrial opportunity. It is evident that division of labor is possible under freedom only in a community the members of which are animated by mutual trustfulness and mutual respect. Interchangeable parts are of value only when men trade continually with one another. They involve a recognition of the advantage to be had by considering the general welfare rather than simply one's own convenience. That is to say, both of these things reveal and emphasize the tendency to democracy in industry, which seems to me as marked a feature of our times as the tendency to democracy in the political life of men. In other words, industry rests more and more completely upon the mutual interdependence of the masses of mankind.

Other changes, less material, have taken place in the commercial and industrial world during this same great century. The wage system has become universal, and the corporation and the trade union have become dominant in many branches of industry and commerce. Commodore Vanderbilt laid the foundation of his fortune by operating a small boat on a ferry. The business of transportation grew under his hands to such an extent that even so exceptionally able a man as he could not control it in his own person. Under the form of a corporation, he was obliged to associate with himself many others, in order to carry on the immense business which he developed. The corporation, in this aspect, therefore, is democratic, resting as it does upon the substitution of the ownership of many for the ownership of one. A sailing-ship used to cost comparatively little, and many an individual could af-

ford to have one or two or a small fleet of them. The modern steamship, on the other hand, is exceedingly costly, and there would be few of them indeed if there were no more than could be owned by individuals. But just as in political democracy there is a tendency on the part of the many blindly to follow one, so in corporations one man is apt to determine the efficiency or inefficiency of the corporation. Similarly, in the trade union and other organizations of labor, the organizations which are the most capably led are the most effective.

The corporation and the trade union interest me especially from another point of view, because of the strange contrast they present to the democratic tendencies of the times. Democracy, as a political theory, emphasizes the equality of men and the equal rights and privileges of all men before the law. The tendency of it has been, in this country, to develop in multitudes of men great individuality and self-reliance. Side by side with this tendency, however, we see the corporation supplanting the individual capitalist, and the trade union obliterating the individual laborer, as direct agents in the work of the world. Strange as this contrast is, both tendencies must be consistent with democracy, for the corporation and the trade union flourish most where democracy is most developed. Indeed, they seem to be successful and powerful just because democracy pours into them both its vital strength. The criticisms that are justly enough launched against both probably spring largely from the fact that, by reason of the rapidity of their development, men have not yet learned how to control them so as to secure the maximum of benefit and the minimum of abuse.

In this country, I suppose, there are few who would deny that the corporate form of doing business is not only inevitable, but on the whole advantageous. At the same time, the opinion undoubtedly would be almost as universal that

the abuses in corporate management confront the country with some of the most serious problems that lie before it. The impersonality of the corporation lends itself readily to many abuses from which the sense of personal responsibility saves individual men. The corporation, being a creature of legislation, as it has gradually acquired control of more and more of the field of business, has brought all business into relations with the legislature which are as unfortunate as possible. When business was in private control, legislators interfered comparatively little, because those who conducted the business had votes. Corporations, however, have no votes; but they have money; and it is not exaggeration to say that the people fear, if they do not believe, that the money of the corporations is often more influential in shaping legislation than are the votes of the people. The statement of a railroad magnate, that in Republican counties he was a Republican, and in Democratic counties he was a Democrat, but that everywhere he was for the railroad, was the cynical admission of an attitude easily understood, but none the less dangerous. When one tries to devise remedies for the evident dangers of the situation, it is not easy to be precise. It is possible, I think, to indicate some directions in which to look for improvement, so far as improvement is possible outside of higher standards of public virtue. The fundamental evil in the corporate form of management, undoubtedly, is the loss of personal responsibility. It is a common remark that as directors men will do things which as individuals they would not think of doing. Indeed, the evil lies deeper than this. Because they are directors, and therefore, as they say, trustees for others, they feel constrained to do for the benefit of the stockholders what as individuals they abhor. This reasoning may well be considered fallacious, but that it is very influential in determining the action of corporate di-

rectors cannot be questioned. The remedy for this loss of personal responsibility, so far as there is any remedy by legislation, must come from publicity. When the legislature grants the impersonal form for the conduct of business, and grants, in addition, a limited liability, there is no reason why it should not, at the same time, demand that all of the operations of this artificial person — or perhaps I ought to say, of this combination of natural and privileged persons — should be matters of public record. Theoretically, I cannot believe that there is any reason why the demand for publicity in relation to the actions of corporations should not be carried to any detail to which it may be necessary to carry it in order to secure the result of absolute honesty as toward stockholders, creditors, and the public. It should be observed, perhaps, that corporations naturally divide themselves into two classes, — those which exercise, by virtue of a public franchise, quasi-governmental functions, and those which conduct purely private business. I think the same rule of publicity, as a general principle, should apply to both kinds of corporations; but it is evident that publicity may have to be carried much further in regard to the first kind than in regard to the second.

I think there is one other direction in which corporations can be further controlled to the public advantage. In many of the states, already, it is impossible to organize a corporation without paying in the capital in cash. If this requirement could be extended so as to demand that neither stock nor bonds should be issued except for a cash equivalent, it would strike at the root of one of the evils incident to corporate management which has done much to arouse against corporations popular indignation. I do not know why the law might not require, where stock or bonds are to be issued as the equivalent of invested property, patents, good-will, and the like, that the valuation upon which such issues may be

made should be fixed by public authority. The corporation that means to serve the public honestly and fairly is not likely to object to being required to have assets of full value for all the securities which it offers to the public. It is the corporation which wishes to make money out of the public dishonestly that aims to float all manner of securities that have no value at all, or only a nominal value. I believe it to be a righteous demand that the laws regulating corporations should protect the public much more adequately than they do now against such frauds.

But while it is evident that the corporate form of conducting business has been of wide benefit to mankind, despite the abuses that have attached to it, there may not be such general admission of the truth that the trade union and the labor organization have been equally beneficial. It is sometimes said that labor organizes because capital does, and that it is obliged to do so in self-defense. I am far from saying that there is no truth in this statement, but I think that it is only a partial statement of the truth. Labor organizes, primarily, not simply to contend against capital and for self-defense, but for precisely the same reason that capital does; that is, for its own advantage. It organizes in response to a tendency of the times which labor can resist no more than capital. It is the recognition by labor of the vision of the poet, that "the individual withers and the world is more and more." It may not be denied that organized labor has often been cruel in its attitude to laboring men who wish to work upon an individual basis; but it cannot be justly said that it is more cruel than organized capital has been in its own field. The individual competitor has been removed from the pathway of the trust as remorselessly as the individual laborer has been deprived of work by the labor organization. Indeed, I think it may be said that there is no fault that can be charged against organized labor which may not be charged

with equal truth against organized capital. The forms in which these faults exhibit themselves, from the nature of the case, are different, but in both instances the fault is the same. In the meanwhile, one has only to consider the protectionist policy of nations in order to be able to understand the protectionist policy of the trade unions. No laboring man can tell at what moment a new invention will appear which will deprive him of his livelihood. It is inevitable, at such a time, that men should draw together and present a common front to the problems of life, rather than attempt to contend with them as individual atoms. It is evident, also, that in many directions the trade union has improved the condition of the laboring man, looked at from the point of view of the mass. It seems to me that the true line of development, instead of antagonizing labor organization, is to endeavor to make it responsible, so as to substitute for the irresponsibility of the single laborer the adequate responsibility of the great body of laborers. I have been told that in the most progressive labor unions of England, where the question is an older one than it is here, the aim of the union is to determine by joint action and by agreement with the employers the conditions under which the trade shall be carried on, and the tendency is to be indifferent whether the person employed is in the union or out of the union, provided that the standard regulations thus established for the trade are observed upon both sides. Under such a policy the war of the union is waged against inequitable conditions of life, and not against individual laborers who happen to be outside of the union. It is easy to understand that the employer would prefer to have all such matters entirely under his own control, but it is probably true that, under the complex conditions of modern life, this is no longer absolutely possible anywhere; and it is also probably true that, by a general recognition of this cir-

cumstance, the standard of living may be raised in any community, to the great benefit of all concerned.

The tendency to democracy in politics is unquestionably the dominant political fact of the century. Not to attempt to trace the operation of this tendency everywhere, it seems to show itself not only in the wide extension of the suffrage in such countries as England and the United States, but also in the nationwide army of Germany. It is true that there is little enough of the free spirit of democracy in a military system like that of Germany. On the other hand, the universal suffrage existing in Germany for the election of members of the Reichstag, and the universal demand of the state for military service from all its people, are both of them instances of the use of the democratic spirit of the times in the service of a different polity. In other words, outside of Russia, and possibly even there, monarchical government in Europe is obliged to depend for its support upon the great body of the nation, instead of upon the power of the great and the noble. In England, the monarchy, although it retains the forms and expressions of power that were natural in the time of the Tudors, has become so responsive to the demands of democracy as to give, in effect, a democratic government. In the United States, the century, though it began with a limited suffrage, ends with universal manhood suffrage, and even with woman suffrage in some of the Western States. There is one essential difference, however, which ought never to be forgotten, between the democracy of the United States and the democracy of England. The struggle of democracy in England for centuries has been to convert a government of privilege into a modern democracy. This implies an hereditary disposition on the part of the great body of the people to look up to men of education and position as natural leaders, — a tendency which still remains to temper

very importantly all the activities of English public life. In the United States there is no such tendency. Hence the problem of democracy here is to learn how to educate itself to higher standards, and therefore to the attainment of better results. In other words, democracy in the United States is building on hard-pan, and every advance gained is an advance that reveals the education of the whole people to a higher level. Undoubtedly, universal suffrage and the large immigration of people without any experience in self-government have given form to many of our problems; but I often think there is far too great a disposition among us to magnify the difficulties which these conditions present. If all our failures be admitted, whatever they are, the history of the United States is certainly a marvelous one. Surely, it is bad philosophy to assume that our history is what it is in despite of, and not because of, our democracy. It is a notable fact that hardly an immigrant who remains in this country long enough to become a citizen is willing to return to live in his own home. This is a striking testimony to the fact that, whatever our shortcomings, the average conditions of life are freer and happier here than anywhere else in the world. And our institutions have certainly sufficed to produce a people of the very highest average of intelligence.

The fact is, in my judgment, that our problems arise not so much from universal suffrage as from the effect of the multiplication table applied to all the problems of life. I recollect that Mr. James Bryce, when in this country a few years ago, delivered an interesting lecture which he entitled *An Age of Discontent*. In the lecture he pointed out that during the early part of this century the great desire of men was for political liberty. But when political liberty had been obtained, he said, instead of ushering in an epoch of universal good will, it had brought with it apparently only universal

discontent. Allowing the statement to pass unchallenged, if I were to try to suggest an explanation of this discontent, I should be inclined to say, first of all, that a partial explanation, at least, can be found in the immense increase of popular opportunity that is due to the spread of democracy, and which has resulted in so magnifying every problem that the world has not yet learned how to deal with many of them. The problems are not only new; in scale they are thoroughly in keeping with the times, for nothing is more characteristic of the age than the large units of its enterprise. A single building to-day will hold as many tenants as a block of buildings in the beginning of the century; a single bridge of our time will cost as much as twenty bridges of the earlier day; and so one might go through the entire catalogue of private and public undertakings. But size often makes simple things difficult. Any one building a house in the country, when he has dug a well has solved the problem of his water supply; but to supply water for a great city calls for the outlay of millions of dollars, and for the employment of the best engineering talent in the land. Yet nothing has happened except that the problem has been magnified. Thus the difficulties created by the multiplication table are real; so that the very enlargement of opportunity that democracy has brought with it has faced democracy with problems far harder than were formerly presented to any government.

Another cause of the prevailing discontent, if that be taken for granted, I find in the constant and uprooting changes in life that have been incident to the rapid progress of scientific invention in our day, and from which no class of people have been exempt. The unrest is so general and so world-wide that it is not surprising that men are seeking to find for it some remedy which, by its thoroughness, seems to give promise of a complete cure. Every one is conscious

of the new problems, but no one is wise enough to see how they are to be worked out. Men want a universal panacea. Accordingly, the anarchist and the nihilist say that all government, or even society itself, is a failure; that the thing to do is to destroy the foundations of government or of society as they now exist, and to start fresh. The communist, less radical, says that society is not at fault, but that the institution of private property is the source of all trouble. If communism could be introduced, and the people could own everything in common, then, he thinks, the inequalities and injustices of life would disappear. The socialist, on the other hand, recognizing the fallacy of both claims, says, No, that is not the trouble. The state, as the one preëminently democratic corporation of the day, ought to control the instruments of industry and commerce. When these are controlled by the state, for the general good, instead of being held as now for private advantage, then a better day will be ushered in. And so it goes. It cannot be gainsaid that under every form of government the times are trying men's souls in every condition of life; but there is no universal panacea. There is nothing to be done but patiently to meet each problem in the best way possible, in the confidence that in the long run the outcome will be advantageous to mankind. This, at all events, I think may be said of our own people, and of their equipment for the problems of the times: that the American people, in great crises, by their self-control, by their willingness to make sacrifices, and by their evident honesty of purpose, have gladdened the hearts of their friends, and have encouraged those who love to believe that mankind is worthy of trust. That our country has not perfectly learned the art of self-government goes without saying; but that it has made progress in many and difficult directions I think must also be admitted.

In the meanwhile, some of the pro-

blems of greatest difficulty are those which come simply from our size. Merely to get out the vote of a great city, or of a state, or of the nation requires so much machinery as to give to the machine in politics a power that does not always make for the public good. It is not surprising, therefore, that wherever this problem is greatest, as in the large cities and the large states, there the tendency to the control of the machine by one man, and to the control of the government by one man through his control of the machine, is the most evident. It does not yet fully appear how the country is to secure the legitimate results now obtained through the party machines, without paying to the machines, as such, a price which is out of all proportion to the value of their services. It is not to be believed, however, for one moment, that the wisdom and patriotism of the future will be any less equal to the solution of problems than the wisdom and patriotism of the past have been. It is apparent that the power of the machine, in the last statement, lies in its control of the power to nominate, because the control of that power opens or closes for every man the door to public life. In some way, it must be made easier for men whose aim is simply to serve the public to get into public life and to stay in it without loss of self-respect. The many movements toward primary reform which look to regaining for the people the control of nominations are movements in the right direction. It is evident that the public instinct has recognized the source of the difficulty, and that everywhere men are at work trying to find a remedy for the evils of which they have become aware. The saying, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," did not originate in our day. We are conscious of our own shortcomings and of our own difficulties, and we are apt to forget those out of which the world has grown. We have only to remember these things to gain heart. In a single word, I believe the problem of

good government, in our day and country, is largely a problem of education; and in this view it is interesting to recall what was pointed out not long ago by Dr. Stanley Hall, that education is the one thing as to the value of which all men everywhere, at the present time, are agreed. Not that there is agreement on the methods and detail of education, but all men are agreed that education is a thing to be encouraged, a thing to be desired, a thing to be struggled for, and a thing to profit by. In this education our universities have a large part to play. They are already doing much in the direction of a constructive study of politics and of society. Perhaps they are not doing enough in the direction of the constructive study of industry and commerce, for in an industrial and commercial age both political and social questions are largely shaped by commerce and industry. In economics, the work of the universities is largely critical, not to say destructive; but because of their ability to illuminate the problems of the present with a broad knowledge of what is being done the world over, as well as with the knowledge of the past, and because of their own inherent democracy of spirit which puts them in vital touch with the spirit of the times, I am confident that they may, if they will, make valuable contributions to such a study of industry and commerce as will cause the universities to become still more important factors in shaping the future of the country.

To sum up, therefore, I should say that the trend of the century has been to a great increase in knowledge, which has been found to be, as of old, the knowledge of good and evil; that this knowledge has become more and more the property of all men rather than of a few; that, as a result, the very increase of opportunity has led to the magnifying of the problems with which humanity is obliged to deal; and that we find ourselves, at the end of the century, face to

face with problems of world-wide importance and utmost difficulty, and with no new means of coping with them other than the patient education of the masses of men. However others may tremble as they contemplate the perplexities of the coming century, the children of the universities should find it easy to keep heart; for they know that higher things have been developed in pain and strug-

gle out of lower, since creation began; and in the atmosphere of the university, with its equality of privilege and wealth of opportunity open to all, they must have learned, if they have learned anything of value, the essential nobility of the democratic spirit that so surely holds the future in its hands, — the spirit that seeks, with the strength of all, to serve all and uplift all.

Seth Low.

THE PROPER BASIS OF ENGLISH CULTURE.

SURELY it is time our popular culture were cited into the presence of the Fathers. That we have forgotten their works is in itself matter of mere impiety which many practical persons would consider themselves entitled to dismiss as a purely sentimental crime; but ignorance of their ways goes to the very root of growth.

I count it a circumstance so wonderful as to merit some preliminary setting forth here, that with regard to the first seven hundred years of our poetry we English-speaking people appear never to have confirmed ourselves unto ourselves. While we often please our vanity with remarking the outcrop of Anglo-Saxon blood in our modern physical achievements, there is certainly little in our present art of words to show a literary lineage running back to the same ancestry. Of course it is always admitted that there *was* an English poetry as old to Chaucer as Chaucer is to us; but it is admitted with a certain inconclusive and amateur vagueness removing it out of the rank of facts which involve grave and important duties. We can deny neither the fact nor the strangeness of it, that the English poetry written between the time of Aldhelm and Cædmon in the seventh century, and that of Chaucer in the fourteenth century, has never yet

taken its place by the hearths and in the hearts of the people whose strongest prayers are couched in its idioms. It is not found in the tatters of use, on the floors of our children's playrooms; there are no illuminated boys' editions of it; it is not on the booksellers' counters at Christmas; it is not studied in our common schools; it is not printed by our publishers; it does not lie even in the dusty corners of our bookcases; nay, the pious English scholar must actually send to Germany for Grein's Bibliothek in order to get a compact reproduction of the body of Old English poetry.

Nor is this due to any artistic insensibility on our part. Perhaps it will sharpen the outlines of our strange attitude toward the works of our own tongue if we contrast it with our reverence for similar works in other tongues, — say Greek and Latin. In citing some brief details of such a contrast, let it be said by way of abundant caution that nothing is further from the present intention than to make a silly question as between the value of the ancient classic and the English classic. Terms of value do not apply here; once for all, the prodigious thoughts of Greek poetry are simply invaluable: they permeate all our houses like indirect sunlight; we could not read our life without them. In point

of fact, our genuine affection for these beautiful foreign works is here adduced because, in establishing our love for great poetry in general, it necessarily also establishes some special cause for our neglect of native works in particular.

For example, we are all ready to smile with a lofty good humor when we find Puttenham, in 1589, devoting a grave chapter to prove "that there may be an Arte of our English Poesie as well as there is of the Latine and Greeke;" we remember the crushing domination of the old culture in his time, and before it we wonder complacently at all that icy business of "elegant" Latin verses and "polite" literature, and we feel quite comfortable in thinking how completely we have changed these matters.

Have we? One will go into few moderately appointed houses in this country without finding a Homer in some form or other; but it is probably far within the truth to say that there are not fifty copies of *Beowulf* in the United States.¹ Or, again, every boy, though far less learned than that erudite young person of Macaulay's, can give some account of the death of Hector; but how many boys — or, not to mince matters, how many men — in America could do more than stare if asked to relate the death of Byrhtnoth? Yet Byrhtnoth was a hero of our own England in the tenth century, whose manful fall is recorded in English words that ring on the soul like arrows on armor. Why do we not draw in this poem — and its like — with our mother's milk? Why have we no nursery songs of *Beowulf* and the *Grendel*? Why does not the serious education of every English-speaking boy commence, as a matter of course, with the Anglo-Saxon grammar? These are more serious questions than any one will be prepared to believe who has not followed them out to their logical results.

For the absence of this primal Angli-

¹ Since this was written (about 1880), two editions of the work have been published here.

cism from our modern system goes, as was said, to the very root of culture. The eternal and immeasurable significance of that individuality in thought which flows into idiom in speech becomes notably less recognized among us. We do not bring with us out of our childhood the fibre of idiomatic English which our fathers bequeathed to us. A boy's English is diluted before it has become strong enough for him to make up his mind clearly as to the true taste of it. Our literature needs Anglo-Saxon iron; there is no ruddiness in its cheeks, and everywhere a clear lack of the red corpuscles. Current English prose, on both sides of the water, reveals an ideal of prose-writing most like the leaden sky of a November day, that overspreads the earth with dreariness, — no rift in its tissue nor fleck in its tint. Upon any soul with the least feeling for color the model "editorial" of the day leaves a profound dejection. The sentences are all of a height, like regulars on parade; and the words are immaculately prim, smug, and clean-shaven. Out of all this regularity comes a kind of prudery in our literature. It ought not to be, that our sensibilities are shocked with strong individualities of style like Carlyle's or even Ruskin's. One always finds a certain curious reaction of this sensibility upon these men, manful as they are; they grow nervous with the fine sense of a suspicion of charlatantry in using a ruddy-cheeked style when the general world writes sallow-skinned; and hence sometimes too much color in their style, — a blush, as it were. We are guilty of a gross wrong in our behavior toward these authors and their like. A man should have his swing in his writing. That is the main value of it; not to sweep me off my legs with eloquent propagandism, but simply to put me in position where I may place the frank and honest-spoken view of another man alongside my own, and so make myself as large as two men, *quoad rem*.

But we lack a primal idiomatic bone and substance ; we have not the stalwart Anglicism of style which can tolerate departures, breaks, and innovations ; we are as uncomfortable over our robustious Carlyle as an invalid, all nerves, with a great rollicking boy in the room, — we do not know what he may do next.

How wonderful this seems, if we take time to think what a strong, bright, picture-making tongue we had in the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the powerful old Anglo-Saxon had fairly conquered all the foreign elements into its own idiom ! For it is about with the beginning of that century that we may say we had a fully developed English literary instrument. Chaucer was not, and could not be, the well of English undefiled which Spenser's somewhat forgetful antiquarianism would have him. He was fed with two streams of language which were still essentially distinct in many particulars. It was a long while before the primal English conquered the alien elements into its own idioms, — longer, indeed, in Chaucer's world than in Langland's.

Almost every house will furnish the means of placing in sharp contrast the vivacity and robust manfulness of the English language early in the sixteenth century, and the more flaccid tongue which had begun to exist even as early as the eighteenth. Warton's *History of English Poetry*, for example, collates a couple of stanzas from *The Nut-Brown Maid* — which must belong to the end of the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century — with the corresponding stanzas of a paraphrase made by Prior in 1718. It may not be amiss to make sure by inserting one of these examples here. In the original ballad, the wild lover, testing the girl's affection, cries : —

“ Yet take good hede, for ever I drede
That ye could nat sustayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valeis,
The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
The colde, the hete ; for, dry or wete,

We must lodge on the playne ;
And us abofe none other rofe
But a brake bush or twayne ;
Which some sholde greve you, I believe,
And ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man.”

I cannot see how language could well have put it feattier than that ; but, two hundred years afterward, this is Prior's idea of the way it should have been said :

“ Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sunbeams guarded and of winds afraid,
Can they bear angry Jove ? Can they resist
The parching dog-star and the bleak north-east ?

When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,

We tread with weary steps the longsome plain ;
When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
Berries and acorns from the neighbouring wood ;

And find among the cliffs no other house
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs ;
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste, and, weeping, try
(Though then, alas ! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats where ease and plenty brooding sate ?

Those seats, whence long excluded thou must mourn ;

That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return ;
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove ? ”

Or, if it be objected that this may be an exaggerated single example which proves little, almost every bookcase contains Thomas Johnes's translation of Froissart, in the notes to which occur here and there extracts of parallel passages from Lord Berners's translation, made in the time of Henry VIII. ; and the least comparison of Berners with Johnes shows how immeasurably more bright, many-colored, and powerful is the speech of the former.

And this brightness, color, and power make for the doctrine of this present writing, because they are simply exuberant manifestations of pure Anglicism put forth in the moment of its triumph. We are all prone to forget the odds against which this triumph was achieved.

For four hundred years — that is, in round numbers, from 670 to 1070 — the English language was desperately striving to get into literature, against the sacred wishes of Latin; and now, when the Normans come, the tongue of Aldhelm and Cædmon, of Alfred and Ælfric and Cynewulf, must begin and fight again for another four hundred years against French, — fight, too, in such depths of disadvantage as may be gathered from many a story of the relentless Norman efforts to exterminate the native tongue. Witness, for example, Matthew Paris's account of the deposition of the Bishop of Worcester in 1095 by the Normans because he "was a superannuated English idiot who could not speak French;" or Ralph Higden's complaint, as John Trevisa translates it from the *Polychronicon*: "Children in scole, ayenst the usage and manir of all other nations, beeth compelled for to leve hire owne langage and for to construe hire lessons and hire thinges in French; and so they haveth sethe Normans came first into Engeland;" moreover, "Gentilmen children beeth taught to speke Frensche from the tyme that they bith rokked in hire cradle and kumeth speke and play with a child's broche."

Eight hundred years the tough old tongue has been grimly wrestling and writhing, life and death on the issue, now under this enemy, now under that, when Lord Berners and Sir Thomas More begin to speak.

It is, therefore, with all the sacred sanction of this long conflict that a man can drive home upon our time these following charges: first, that it is doing its best, in most of its purely literary work, to convert the large, manful, and simple idioms of Alfred and Cynewulf into the small, finical, and knowing clevernesses of a smart half-culture, which knows

neither whence it came nor whither it is going; and secondly, that as a people we are utterly ignorant of even the names of the products of English genius during the first four hundred of the eight hundred years just mentioned, insomuch that if a fervent English-lover desire to open his heart to some one about Beowulf, or The Battle of Maldon, or The Wanderer, or Deor's Lament, or The Phoenix, or The Sea-farer, or The Address of the Departed Soul to its Body, or Elene, or the like, he must do it by letter, for there are scarcely anywhere two in a town who have read, or can read, these poems.

In short, our literary language¹ has suffered a dilution much like that which music has undergone at the hands of the weaker devotees since the free use of the semitone began. Soon after the chromatic tone had attained its place a wonderful flexibility shows itself in music, the art expands in many directions, the province of harmony becomes indefinitely large; but this very freedom proves the ruin of the weaker brethren: the facilities of modulation afforded by the minor chords and the diminished sevenths tempt into unmeaning and cloying impertinences of composition, and these have to be relieved, again, by setting over-harsh and crabbed chords in the midst of a too gracious flow of tone.

Now, as music has reached a point where it must pause, and reestablish the dominancy of the whole tone, fortifying it with whatever new tones may be found possible in developing the scale according to primal — or what we may call musically idiomatic — principles, so must our tongue recur to the robust forms, and from these to the underlying and determining genius, of its Anglo-Saxon² period.

In other words, — for what has so far

¹ As distinguished from the modern scientific English, which is certainly an admirable instrument in the hands of Tyndall, of Huxley, and of many more.

² A term for which it is now pretty generally agreed to substitute "Old English." I shall use the two interchangeably in this paper.

been said has been in defense and explanation of the sentence which stands at the beginning of this paper, — culture must be cited into the presence of the Fathers.

In the humblest hope of contributing to that end, I eagerly embrace the opportunity of calling the general reader's attention to the rhythmical movement — and afterward to the spiritual movement — of an Anglo-Saxon poem dating from about A. D. 993, known as *The Death of Byrhtnoth*, or otherwise as *The Battle of Maldon*, which, in the judgment of my ear, sets the grace of loyalty and the grimness of battle to noble music. I think no man could hear this poem read aloud without feeling his heart beat faster and his blood stir.

The rhythm of this poem — let it be observed as the reader goes through the scheme — is strikingly varied in time-distribution from bar to bar. The poem, in fact, counts with perfect confidence upon the sense of rhythm, which is well-nigh universal in our race, often boldly opposing a single syllable in one bar to three or four in the next. I should not call this "bold" except for the timidity of English poetry during the last two hundred years, when it has scarcely ever dared to venture out of the round of its strictly defined iambs, forgetting how freely our folk songs and nursery rhymes employ rhythms and rhythmic breaks, — as "*Peas porridge hot*," for example, or almost any verse out of *Mother Goose*, — which, though "complex" from the standpoint of our customary rhythmic limitations, are instantly seized and co-ordinated by children and child-minded nurses.¹

[Apart from its literary merit, this poem has other features of interest. It is an example, perhaps singular, of an epic contemporary with the events it re-

cites, and probably written by one who had a share in the battle. The poet's point of view never moves from the English side; he does not know what is done or said among the Danes; he knows none of their names, not even that of their leader. We may therefore rely on its being a faithful picture of what was done, said, and even thought during this last resolute stand of England against the vikings.

The incident itself is memorable. In A. D. 979 Æthelred Lack-Counsel (generally called "the Unready") was crowned at Kingston, and the "bloody cloud in the likeness of fire, seen at midnight," which followed that event, may well have seemed to the old chronicler, in the light of later experience, a foretokening of the years to come, when the heavens, night after night, were red with the glare of burning towns and homesteads, and the ground was crimson with the blood of the slaughtered English. For the Danes had begun their terrible invasions, and met with but little resistance. In the next year, Leicester, Thanet, and Southampton were plundered, and the inhabitants "mostly slain," says the chronicle; in the next, Padstow in Cornwall was plundered, and Devonshire harried with fire and sword; in the next, London was burnt. We come at last to the year 991, and we are told: —

"In this year came Anlaf with ninety-three ships to Staines and harried all roundabout that; and then fared thence to Sandwich, and thence on to Ipswich, and overran all that, and so to Maldon [Essex]. And there against them came the ealdorman Byrhtnoth with his army, and fought with them, and they slew the ealdorman and held the battlefield. And in this year for the first time men counselled that they should rather pay tribute to the Danish men for the mickle terror that they wrought at the sea-coasts. And the tribute was at first a thousand pounds. The giver of the counsel was Sigeric the archbishop."

¹ The historical paragraphs following (in brackets) have been supplied by Dr. William Hand Browne.

It is plain from this that the fall of Byrhtnoth snapped the sinews of English resistance ; and from this time forth we read of nothing but feeble and futile musterings of men, without plan or concert of action, and all to no purpose : half-battles lost because the support did not arrive in time ; fleets ordered to help the land force, and coming after all was over ; “ and ever,” says the chronicler, “ when they should have been forwarder, then were they later, ain ever the foes waxed more and more.” And the tribute grew heavier and heavier, and there was less to pay it with, and leaders like Ælfric turned traitors in sheer despair, until the doomed king, crowning a life of imbecility by a deed of bloody madness, slaughtered the peaceful colonists of the Danelagh, and Swegen came in a storm of fire and blood, hurling the wretched descendant of Cerdic from the throne, while England bent her neck to the Danish rule. After half a century, two phantoms of a monk and a warrior, Edward and Harold, seemed to wear the Saxon crown ; but the monarchy of Alfred received its death-blow at Maldon, not because the East Saxon militia was broken, but because Byrhtnoth fell.

And now who was Byrhtnoth ? The chronicler, overmuch given to recording investitures and deaths of bishops and abbots, tells us but little ; but from the Book of Ely, an abbey founded by Byrhtnoth himself, we get glimpses of him, probably from the hand of one who had seen him face to face. He was ealdorman — that is, lord or general — of the East Saxons, and one of the greatest nobles in England. “ He was,” says the monkish historian, “ eloquent of speech, great of stature, exceeding strong, most skillful in war, and of courage that knew no fear. He spent his whole life in defending the liberty of his country, being altogether absorbed in this one desire, and preferring to die rather than to leave one of its injuries unavenged. And all

the leaders of the shires put their trust altogether in him.”

After telling of several of his victories, the historian comes to his last fight. His force was far inferior to that of the invaders, but he hastened to meet them without waiting for reinforcements, — a piece of rashness like that recorded in the poem, where, from mere excess of haughty courage, he disdains to defend the ford of Panta, and lets the vikings cross unmolested, a fatal hardihood which cost him the battle and his life. On his march, when he came to Ramsey Abbey he asked for provisions for his men. The abbot said that it was not possible for him to feed so great a number, but, not to seem churlish, he would receive as his guests the ealdorman and seven others. Byrhtnoth rejected the mean offer with scorn. “ I cannot fight without them,” he said, “ and I will not eat without them,” and so marched on to Ely, where Abbot Ælfsig bounteously entertained him and his force.

“ But the ealdorman, thinking that he had been burdensome to the abbey, would not leave it unrewarded ; and on the following morning bestowed upon it six rich manors, and promised nine more, with thirty marks of gold and twenty pounds of silver, on the condition that if he fell in the battle his body should be brought and buried there. To this gift he also added two crosses of gold and gems, and a pair of curiously wrought gloves. And so, commending himself to the prayers of the brethren, he went forth to meet the enemy.

“ When he met them, undeterred by the multitude of foes and the fewness of his own men, he attacked them at once, and for fourteen days fought with them daily. But on the last day, but few of his men being left alive, and perceiving that he was to die, he attacked them with none the less courage, and had almost put them to flight, when the Danes, taking heart from the small numbers of

the English, formed their force into a wedge, and threw themselves upon them. Byrhtnoth was slain, fighting valiantly, and the enemy cut off his head, and bare it with them to their own country!"

Plainly a prince of men, and the true king of England at that day, though he never wavered in his allegiance to "Æthelred, my prince." And this last day of the "great dim battle" in the east, more worthy the poet's song than that merely fabulous "battle in the west" which the late Laureate celebrated in such singing verse, — this last agony of the last vigorous struggle to free England from the ferocious invaders, is the subject of the poem.

True, Byrhtnoth is not so musical a name as Arthur, and Leofsunu and Wulfmær sound harsh compared with Lancelot and Percivale; but the fantastic chivalry of the Round Table and their phantom-like king are not only historically untrue, but merely impossible, — a bright-hued web of the stuff that dreams are made of, — while these gallant men of Essex and their heroic chief veritably lived, and fought, and died where they stood, rather than yield one foot of English ground or forsake their fallen leader; and they were men of our own race, and it may be that their blood flows in our own veins.

Unflinching courage, personal devotion to the chief, absolute contempt of death, are matters of course in this warrior-poet's mind, and need no particular eulogy.]

I have translated two hundred lines of the poem, — which is a fragment, of three hundred and twenty-five lines in all, lacking the original beginning and end, — with special reference to two matters.

(1.) In the first hundred lines — being the first hundred of the poem as it stands — I have had particularly in view the send and drive of the rhythm: and to keep these in the reader's mind I

have made the translation, so far as the end of that hundred, mostly in dactyls, which continually urge the voice forward to the next word, with an occasional trochee for breath and variety.

(2.) But in my second hundred lines — being those consecutively following the first, up to the hundred and eighty-fifth line of the poem, when I pass to the last sixteen, with an intercalary account in short of the matter of the intervening hundred and twenty-five — I have abandoned the metrical purpose, and changed the paramount object to that of showing the peculiar idioms of Anglo-Saxon poetry: the order of words, the vigorous use of noun and verb, the parallelisms and repetitions (like those of Hebrew poetry, as in the lines near the last, "Ælfnod and Wulfmær lay slain; by the side of their prince they parted with life"), and the like. I have thought that the modern reader might contemplate with special profit the sparing use of those particles — such as "the," "a" or "an," "his," "their," and others — which have made the modern tongue so different from the old, both in its rhythmical working and in its weight or momentum. The old tongue is notably sterner, and often stronger, by its ability to say "man," "horse," "shield," and not "*the* man," "*a* horse," "*his* shield," etc.; and it is an interesting question, at least, whether we might not with advantage educate our modern sense to be less shocked by the omission of these particles at need. Without here adducing many considerations which would have to be weighed before any one could make up his judgment on this point, I have simply called attention to these particles, where modern usage required me to supply them in the translation, by inclosing them in parentheses.

In both the metrical and the unmetrical portions of the translation I have discarded the arrangement into lines as interfering with the objects in view; the poem showing clearly enough, by the

plane of its thought, that it *is* a poem, though presented in whatever forms of prose.

The fragment begins with the last two words of some sentence, "brocen wurde" (was broken), and then proceeds as follows:—

Bade then (that is, Byrhtnoth bade) each warrior loose him his horse and drive it afar, and fare thus on to the hand-fight, hopeful of heart.

Then straightway the stripling of Offa beheld that the earl would abide no cowardly thing: so there from his hand he let fly his falcon, his beloved hawk, away through the wood, and strode to the battle; and man might know that never that youth would fail from the fight when once he fell to his weapon. Thereat Eadric was minded to stand by his ealdorman fast in the fight; forth 'gan bear his javelin foe-ward, manful in mood, whilever that he in his hands might hold his buckler and broadsword; his vaunt he avouched with his deeds, that there he should fight in front of his prince.

Then Byrhtnoth began to array him his warriors, rode and directed, counselled the fighters how they should stand and steadfastly hold to their places, showed them how shields should be gripped full hard with the hand, and bade them to fear not at all. When fairly his folk were formed he alighted in midst of the liegemen that loved him fondliest; these full well he wist that his faithfullest hearth-fighters were.

Then stood forth one from the vikings, strongly called, uttered his words, shouted the sea-rogues' threat to the earl where he stood on the adverse shore: "Me have the scathful seamen sent, and bidden me say that now must thou render rings¹ for thy ransom, and better for you shall it be that ye buy off a battle with tribute than trust the hard-

¹ Rings, that is, of gold, — a favorite form of treasure among our Anglo-Saxon ancestors.

dealing of war. No need that we harm you, if only ye heed this message; firm will we fashion a peace with the gold. If thou that art richest wouldst ransom thy people, pay, for a peace, what the seamen shall deem to be due; we will get us to ship with the gold, and fare off over the flood, and hold you acquit."

Byrhtnoth cried to him, brandished the buckler, shook the slim ash, with words made utterance, wrathful and resolute, gave him his answer: "Hearest thou, sea-rover, that which my folk sayeth? Yes, we will render you tribute . . . in javelins — poisonous point, and old-time blade — good weapons, yet forward you not in the fight. Herald of pirates, be herald once more; bear to thy people a bitterer message: that here stands dauntless an earl with his warriors, will keep us this country, — land of my lord, Prince Æthelred, — folk and field; the heathen shall perish in battle. Too base, methinketh that ye with your gold should get you to ship all unfought-en with, now that so far ye have come to be in our land: never so soft shall ye slink with your treasure away: us shall persuade both point and blade — grim game of war — ere we pay you for peace!"

Bade he then bear forward bucklers, and warriors go, till they all stood ranged on the bank that was east. Now there, for the water, might never a foeman come to the other: there came flowing the flood after ebb-tide, mingled the streams: too long it seemed to them, ere that together the spears would come.

There stood they in their strength by Panta's stream, the East-Saxon force and the ship-host: nor might either of them harm the other, save when one fell by an arrow's flight.

The tide outflowed: the pirates stood yare, many vikings wistful for war.

Bade then the Shelter-of-Men² a war-

² Byrhtnoth.

hardened warrior hold him the bridge, who Wulfstan was hight, bold with his kinsmen, Ceola's son; he smote with his spear the first man down that stepped over-bold on the bridge. There stood by Wulfstan warriors dauntless, Maccus and Ælfere, proud-souled twain; they recked not of flight at the ford, but stoutly strove with the foe what while they could wield their weapons. When they¹ encountered and eagerly saw how bitter the bridgewards were, then the hostile guests betook them to cunning; ordered to seize the ascents, and fare through the ford and lead up the line. Now the earl in his over-bold mood gave over-much² land to the foe. There, while the warriors whist, fell Byrht-helm's bairn³ to calling over the waters cold:—

“Now there is room for you, rush to us, warriors to warfare; God wot, only, which of us twain shall possess this place of the slaughter!”

Waded the war-wolves west over Panta, recked not of water, warrior vikings. There, o'er the wave they bore up their bucklers, the seamen lifted their shields to the land. In wait with his warriors, Byrhtnoth stood; he bade form the war-hedge of bucklers, and hold that ward firm to the foe. The fight was at hand, the glory of battle; the time was come for the falling of men that were doomed.

There was a scream uphoven, ravens hovered, (and) the eagle sharp for carnage; on earth was clamor.

They let from (their) hands (the) file-hard spears, (the) sharp-ground javelins, fly; bows were busy, shield caught spear-point, bitter was the battle-rush, warriors fell, on either hand warriors lay. Wounded was Wulfmær, chose (his) bed of death, Byrhtnoth's kinsman, his sis-

ter's son; he with bills was in pieces hewn. (But) there to the vikings quit-tance made; heard I that Edward slew one sheerly with his sword, withheld not the swing (of it), that to him at feet fell (the) fated warrior. For that his prince said thanks to him—to his bower-thane—when he had time. So dutiful wrought (the) strong-souled fighters at battle, keenly considered who there might quickest pierce with (his) weapon; carnage fell on earth. Stood (they) steadfast. Byrhtnoth heartened them, bade that each warrior mind him of battle that would fight out glory upon (the) Danes.

Waded then (forward) (a) warrior tough, upheaved (his) weapon, shield at ward, and strode at the earl; as resolute went the earl to the carl: ⁴ each of them to the other meant mischief. Sent then the sea-warrior (a) Southern spear that the lord of warriors ⁵ was wounded; he wrought then with his shield that the shaft burst in pieces and that spear broke that it sprang again. Angry-souled was the warrior; he with (his) spear stung the proud viking that gave him his wound. Prudent was the chieftain; he let his spear wade through the viking's neck; (his) hand guided it that it reached to the life of his dangerous foe. Then he suddenly shot another that his corselet burst; he was wounded in the breast through the ring-mail; at his heart stood the fatal spear-point. The earl was all the blither; laughed the valorous man, said thanks to the Creator for the day's-work that the Lord gave him.

Then some (one) of the warriors let fly from his hand a dart that it forth-right passed through the noble thane ⁶ of Æthelred. Then stood him beside an unwaxen warrior,⁷ a boy in fight; he full boldly plucked from the prince the bloody javelin (Wulfstan's son, Wulf-

¹ The pirates.

² Voluntarily drew back and allowed them to gain the hither bank, in order to bring on the fight.

³ Byrhtnoth.

⁴ The churl,—common person or yeoman.

⁵ Byrhtnoth.

⁶ Byrhtnoth.

⁷ That is, a youthful warrior.

mær the young) ; let the sharp (steel) fare back again ; the spear-point pierced that he lay on the earth who before had grievously wounded the prince. Ran there a cunning warrior to the earl ; he wished to plunder the prince of (his) treasures, armor and rings and adorned sword. Then Byrhtnoth drew from sheath his broad and brown-edged sword and smote on the (warrior's) corselet ; (but) too soon one of the pirates prevented him ; he maimed the arm of the earl ; fell to the ground the yellow-hilted sword ; he might not hold the hard blade, not wield (a) weapon. There nevertheless some words spoke the hoary chieftain, heartened his warriors, bade the good comrades go forward ; now no longer could he stand firm on (his) feet ; he looked towards heaven : —

“ I thank Thee, Ruler of nations, for all the delights that were mine in the world ; now do I own, mild Creator, most need that Thou give good to my ghost, whereby my soul may depart unto Thee in Thy kingdom. Prince of (the) angels, may fare forth in peace ; I am suppliant to Thee that the hell-foes may humble it not ! ”

Then the heathen men hewed him and both the chieftains that stood by him ; Ælfnod and Wulfmær lay slain ; by the side of their prince they parted with life.

And hereupon — as the next hundred and twenty-five lines go on to relate —

there was like to be a most sorrowful panic on the English side. Several cowards fled ; notably one Godric, who leaped upon Byrhtnoth's own horse, and so cast many into dead despair with the belief that they saw — what no man had ever dreamed he saw before — Byrhtnoth in flight. But presently Ælfwine and Offa and other high-souled thanes heartened each other and led up their people, yet to no avail : and so thane after thane and man after man fell for the love of Byrhtnoth and of manhood, and no more would flee. Finally (at line 309, after which there are but sixteen lines more of the fragment) we find Byrhtwold, an old warrior, sturdily bearing up his shield and waving his ash and exhorting the few that remained, beautifully crying : —

“ Soul be the scornfuller, heart be the bolder, front be the firmer, as our might lessens ! Here, all hewn, lieth our chieftain, a good man on the ground ; for ever let (one) mourn who now from this war-play thinketh to wend. I am old of life ; hence will I not ; for now by the side of my lord, by the so-beloved man, I am minded to lie ! ”

Then Æthelgar's son (Godric) the warriors all to combat urged ; oft he (a) javelin let hurl — a bale-spear — upon the vikings ; so he among the folk went foremost, hewed and felled, till that he sank in fight ; he was not that Godric who fled from the battle.

Sidney Lanier.

SOME NEGLECTED ASPECTS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

THE people of every nation have their own way of writing history. With all the thoroughness and care of the German scholars, they have never been quite able to emancipate themselves so completely from certain fundamental proclivities as

to present with impartiality all sides of the historical subject that happens to be under investigation. In France, Thiers glorifies the imperialism of Napoleon, and Lanfrey goes as far in the other direction. The Toryism of Hume and

the Whiggism of Macaulay show that each took a retainer on his side. For such reasons, of the thousands of histories with which the world has been flooded, scarcely more than half a dozen can fairly be said to be alive after the lapse of a hundred years. When one has named the works of Herodotus, of Xenophon, of Thucydides, of Julius Cæsar, of Tacitus, and of Gibbon, what other historical books are there, more than a hundred years old, that can be said at the present day to have any real vitality?

It is to be feared that the United States has fared no better than other nations. The fierce democracy of Bancroft blinded him to the other side, and the federalism of Hildreth gives to his work a kindred quality of partiality and incompleteness. However unconsciously, both were great advocates rather than great judges. Other historians have had the same defects, and the popular imagination has been obliged to feed itself upon representations more or less incomplete. Forty years or more ago, one of the foremost of American scholars remarked, before a large audience of university professors and students, that history must be rewritten from the American point of view. Although there may have been some reason for such a declaration, there seems to have been no need to give it special emphasis; for, whatever have been the defects of American historians, lack of patriotism has certainly not been one of them. It may well be doubted whether, in any one of the crucial periods of our history, the unsuccessful side has ever been adequately presented.

Nor have we been altogether fortunate in our historical novels. The importance of fiction as a means of portraying the spirit of a time is not likely to be denied, either by those who conscientiously take an inventory of their own historical knowledge, or by those who stop to consider how it is that their fellows acquire historical impressions. Very many of us would have to admit

that, aside from the somewhat unpalatable and perhaps nauseating intellectual pemmican of the old historical textbooks, we have derived our knowledge of European history chiefly from the historical romances of Scott and the other novelists and dramatists of this century. After all, history is but the way in which the thoughts, the impressions, and the acts of men and women have moved in procession toward some more or less definite end; and it is hardly too much to say that this procession has seldom been so vividly represented by the historians as by the great novelists and dramatists. Of the craft and the cunning by which Louis XI. made France into a nation, have not the most of us learned more from Quentin Durward than from all other sources put together? Has not Woodstock given us a large share of what we know of the spirit and the atmosphere of the great Cromwellian struggle? Do we not really know more of the essential characteristics of Scotch history than we do of the history of New England, or New York, or Virginia? Nobody is likely to deny that The Antiquary and Rob Roy and Kidnapped and A Window in Thrums have done more to make us feel the atmosphere of Scotch life, and make us know how the Scotch have lived and moved and had their being during the last two centuries, than all the histories combined.

The business of acquiring what passes for knowledge is not altogether a question of accuracy, although on the matter of accuracy itself there is not a little to be said. Every historical scholar, as well as every lawyer, knows that one of the most difficult things in the world is to be certain about a fact. Our courts are organized for the purpose of promoting the quest of facts in case of differences of interests and opinions. Did not the great Burke say that the highest function of government was to put twelve good men into a jury-box? It is by no

means always certain that the historical description is more accurate as a representation of the moving forces of society than the novel; but even when it is more accurate, it often fails to make any deep impression on the public, because nine persons are having their opinions rapidly formed from the novel, while only one is slowly reaching his conclusions from the study of history.

It can hardly be claimed that we in the United States have been very successful in presenting historical truth in this way. Not many of our novels have left a lasting impression. Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, it is true, by catching the weird and relentless spirit of Puritanism, and impressing it deeply and permanently upon the imaginations of all readers of good English everywhere, has done more to create a strong and correct understanding of the dominant spirit of New England Puritanism than all the histories of New England put together. Perhaps it should be said that service of a kindred nature was rendered by the representative historical novels of Cooper. But all the works of this author had grave defects. Though the picture was less accurate, it was scarcely less impressive; and consequently, it served its purpose, for right or wrong, in essentially the same way. Americans, as well as Europeans, who fed their juvenile imaginations upon the *Leatherstocking Tales* formed impressions which subsequent knowledge has found it difficult to erase. So strong was this impression that of thousands of people on both sides of the Atlantic it has mattered little that every one who has come into close contact with the Indian — indeed, every one who has even at a distance studied his characteristics with care — knows that he is a rudimentary human being; that, with hardly a trace of real nobility of nature, he is inferior to the white man, even in those lower qualities in which he has generally been thought to excel. It is of little conse-

quence that he has easily been outdone whenever he has come into collision with the white man on even terms; that he is outwitted by the frontiersman in the mysteries of woodcraft, and indeed in all those qualities of resourceful cunning which have been supposed to be his peculiar characteristic. It is curious to reflect how hard it has been to eradicate the impressions of the Indian that were stamped into the minds of all readers of novels some two generations ago.

Hawthorne and Cooper are the two great delineators of the spirit of the times and the localities of which they wrote; but where, until recently, have we been encouraged to look for another? The name of Mrs. Stowe will undoubtedly suggest itself to many minds as an adequate answer; but a little reflection will probably convince any thinking reader that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is not an historical novel in any true sense whatever. That remarkable book was certainly an important contribution to literature and to history. It is no doubt entitled to the unique distinction of having planted controlling impulses in the hearts of millions of people, and of having preached its sermon with a power that to a vast number of its readers was absolutely irresistible. It may be admitted, moreover, that it is not unfaithful in its delineation of what it portrays; for it probably cannot be successfully denied that every one of its horrors could be matched by some actual occurrence. But it still remains true that as a representation of slavery in its completeness, except as a political tract, it has the fatal defect of presenting a single phase of the subject as if it were the whole. Even its unrivaled effectiveness as a political pamphlet cannot rescue it from a one-sidedness which will forever prevent it from taking rank as a great historical novel. *Quentin Durward*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, and *Henry Esmond* are entitled to high rank, not so much because of their exceptional power of plot and description as be-

cause of the fidelity with which they portray or reflect all the phases of the life and society which they undertake to present. Bret Harte has described early life in California with a similar spirit, if not with similar success. Simms had some success in depicting certain phases of early life in the South; Miss Murfree, Joel Chandler Harris, and Thomas Nelson Page have given us graphic pictures of more modern conditions. Miss Wilkins has shown with marvelous skill one side of life in New England; and Paul Leicester Ford has made a strong representation of New York political methods in *The Honorable Peter Sterling*. But since the publication of *The Spy* of Cooper, until within the past year, unless we except Harold Frederic's *In the Valley*, there has been no such representation in fiction of the dominant characteristics of the war for independence. For the most part, we have been obliged to rely, for our impressions of the life and atmosphere of that great contest, upon such representations as the historians have given us. It is not necessary to impute inaccuracy to them, unless it be inaccuracy to give such prominence to certain phases of the question as to leave a warped and imperfect impression upon the mind of the reader. It must be remembered that it is not from the fuller and larger and more carefully prepared histories that popular impressions are derived. They come rather from the books that are used in the public schools. This is evident when we remember how large is the percentage of the children who never pursue their studies beyond the grammar school grades, and that the masses are obliged to be content with popular books.

The school-books naturally present the most obvious events, and they are hardly to be condemned for failing to point out the hidden causes which are so often the potent factors of success and defeat. Thus, it has happened that certain very important phases of the war for inde-

pendence have received scant consideration by those who have had much to do with framing public opinion. Moreover, there is nothing more sure than that the impressions which a child receives of the right and wrong of a dispute are difficult to eradicate.

One of the erroneous impressions lodged in the popular imagination is the supposed unanimity, or approach to unanimity, with which the Revolution was undertaken; and there is also a popular impression, equally erroneous, that the logical and the constitutional objections to the Revolutionary policy were weak and insignificant. The fact is that the Revolutionary War was a civil war in a far more strict and comprehensive sense than was the war between the states which broke out in 1861. But there has never been lodged in the popular imagination any adequate impression of the tremendous significance of those who always insisted upon calling themselves "Loyalists," but who were early stigmatized by their opponents with the opprobrious epithet of "Tories." Did we not all receive a nearly indelible impression from our juvenile reading that the Tories of the Revolution were men of such thoroughgoing badness that simple hanging was too good for them? It is now fair, however, to presume that we are far enough away from that exciting period to admit, without danger of bodily harm, that there were really two sides to the question as to whether fighting for independence was the more promising of the two policies open to the colonists. Until the appearance of Professor Tyler's *Literary History of the Revolution*, who among the historians had fairly presented both sides of the case?

As usual in times of great excitement, the public was divided by more or less indefinite lines into several parties. These may be conveniently classified into four groups, — two on either side. Of those who were governors or other officials of the Crown, and consequently

were ready to stand by the king through thick and thin, nothing need be said. But a second class of opponents to the Revolutionary movement was far more important, and is entitled to more careful consideration. Many, while fully admitting that the policy of the British government was in many respects bad, denied that forceful revolt was the proper way to remedy the evils. They believed, and until the outbreak of the war they boldly asserted, that a loyal and persistent support of the party led by Pitt, Burke, and Fox would finally result in the downfall of the "King's Friends" and the restoration of the Whigs, with all attendant advantages. They declared with confidence that open revolt would inevitably close the lips of those who in England sympathized with the American cause, and would drive all the members of Parliament to the support of the government in putting down what would be regarded as a rebellion. They declared also that in case of failure to secure the adoption of this policy by Parliament nothing would be lost, inasmuch as existing evils were far more than counterbalanced by existing benefits. They pointed out, moreover, that there was no evidence of a general disposition in England to oppress the colonists, and that there could be no lurking danger in the policy they advocated. There were many, too, who took the ground that in any event success by armed resistance was so overwhelmingly improbable as to be practicably impossible, and that an unsuccessful effort would probably augment the evils complained of.

Then, on the other hand, the Revolutionists, also, may be divided into two classes. There were those who protested earnestly against what they regarded as the oppressions of the mother country, but who, up to 1775, believed that reasonable protests would be met with reasonable replies and concessions. The leaders of this class were Washington

and Franklin. Then there were those who at the beginning of the dispute were out-and-out advocates of resistance, and a little later out-and-out advocates of independence.

It is not strange that the latter class finally got the upper hand and secured the adoption of its policy. In times of intense political excitement it is the thoroughgoing who are apt to have their way. It was the Rhetts and the Yanceys who drew Lee and Stephens and the rest of the reluctant South after them into the whirlpool of 1861; and if they had succeeded, they would have been placed in that category of nation-founders in which Otis and Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry now occupy so lofty a position. After all, as has often been said, the most important difference between a revolution and a rebellion is the fact that the one justifies itself by success, while the other condemns itself by failure.

The importance of the Tory element in the Revolutionary War may be judged either by its numbers or by its respectability. Of the exact relative strength of the Tories and the Revolutionists it is not now easy to form a very confident opinion. Indeed, at the time of the war, in the absence of all machinery for taking a census of Loyalists and Revolutionists, the most careful estimate was not likely to be trustworthy. Two facts, however, are certain. One is that the Tories always claimed that if a census could have been taken, or if the question could have been fairly submitted to an unintimidated vote, it would have shown that a very considerable majority of the people throughout the country and throughout the entire war were opposed to the policy of resistance. The other fact is that those members of the Revolutionary party who had the best opportunity for observing and judging — men, for example, like John Adams, of Massachusetts, and Judge McKean, of Pennsylvania — believed that at least one third of the people were at

all times opposed to the war. Moreover, it is obviously probable that many were Loyalists in secret. Indeed, it is well known that in all parts of the country and in all periods of the war many were in the habit of slinking away from the tar and feathers of the Revolutionists, and betaking themselves either stealthily out of the country, or to rocks and caves and other impenetrable hiding-places. Thus, the number of real opponents to the war may easily have been even greater than was apparent.

But aside from the opinions of contemporary judges, if we look into such evidences as are now available, we are forced to the same conclusion. No one can study the energetic and comprehensive measures of the various legislatures without seeing that the Tory element was formidable in numbers as well as in character. The records in Massachusetts show that the Tories were a constant source of anxiety and dread. In Connecticut the strength of the opposing element was still greater. In New York the Dutch and their retainers and supporters were, as a rule, so notoriously opposed to the war that the Tories in the aggregate certainly formed a very considerable majority of the population. Here is a typical example. Judge Jones, in describing the election of members to Congress in April, 1775, says: "The Loyalists, numbering three fourths of the legal voters, marched in a body to the polls, but their adversaries, having collected boys, unemployed sailors, and negroes, threatened all who opposed them. The result of this process was that a majority of the ballots cast were found to be in favor of the Revolutionary members." But even the methods of this patriotic mob as portrayed by Jones were not very successful; for in May of 1775 the New York Assembly passed resolutions approving of the course of the British ministry, — resolutions which gave great satisfaction in England, and went far to convince the government

that the colonial opposition had been greatly exaggerated; that it was indeed insignificant, and could easily be overcome. In New York city, if Washington, soon after his arrival from Boston, had not sent a shivering chill through the enthusiastic opposition of the Tories by promptly hanging the foremost of their leaders, the Loyalist party might have been so successfully organized as to have kept the state solid in its support of the king. It was only this energetic action of Washington, supported as it was a little later by the similar energy of John Jay in judiciously banishing the most formidable of the Tory leaders, that finally brought the dominant forces of New York to the support of the war.

In Pennsylvania it was long doubtful whether the official support of the state could be given to the war movement; and that support was never very thorough or very enthusiastic. What Dr. Mitchell, in Hugh Wynne, has represented as the condition in Philadelphia was the condition throughout the state. It is perhaps significant that when, not long after the evacuation of Philadelphia by Clinton, Arnold was placed in command of the city, he found the Tories in full social sway, and that he came so far under their influence as to fall in love with the most beautiful and accomplished of their daughters, — a proceeding preliminary to that alliance which, years afterward, caused his wife to be called "the saddest as well as the handsomest woman in England." His marriage with Margaret Shippen, however happy from a domestic point of view, yet gave an additional motive for Arnold's final plunge.

Virginia seems to have had about the same proportion of Tories as Massachusetts. In North Carolina, the people, throughout the war, were nearly equally divided in their allegiance between the two Georges. South Carolina was Tory; and Georgia was so true to its royal

namesake that the state not only refused to supply its quota of troops to the American George, but at the moment when the untoward event at Yorktown upset its calculations the legislature was on the point of denouncing the resistance as a failure, and giving its formal allegiance to the British side.

' But it was not in numbers only that the Tories were formidable. They were even more formidable in influence, character, and respectability. It was natural, of course, that they should include not only the considerable class who held office under the king, but also a very large proportion of those whom we should now ban or bless by calling them conservatives. Thus it happened that in the Tory ranks were many clergymen, lawyers, physicians, as well as college graduates in general. Before the war, these men had been considered not only respectable, but eminent, in their several callings. Professor Tyler has admirably shown that even in the political literature of the day the Tories took an important part. While it must be admitted that in the production of the curious concoctions of rhyme and water which in those days passed for poetry the Revolutionary patriots took the lead, yet in elegant, forceful, logical prose, it is hard to see that the writings of such Loyalists as Boucher, Seabury, Leonard, and Galloway were inferior to those of Otis, Dickinson, Paine, and Adams; nevertheless, their writings have been quite forgotten.

But if we turn from literary merit, and consider simply the soundness or the unsoundness of their political and constitutional arguments, we shall find that they are still more worthy of consideration. Indeed, the drift of opinion of the most intelligent constitutional critics of to-day, in America as well as in England, is toward the view that in their constitutional arguments the Loyalist or Tory writers had a strong case. Naturally, the long succession of British con-

stitutional lawyers, from Lord Mansfield down to Sir William Harcourt, have uniformly and almost if not quite unanimously held that, according to the immemorial custom of the realm, — that is, according to the British Constitution, — the enactments of the imperial Parliament, consisting of Crown, Lords, and Commons, are constitutionally binding upon all British subjects. While they freely admit the authoritative force of the maxim, "No taxation without representation," they insist at all times that the maxim never has had, and has not now, the meaning that was attached to it by Otis, Dickinson, and the other colonial writers. They maintain that, in Parliament, the king, or the queen, represents all the members of the royal family; the House of Lords, all the members of the nobility; and the House of Commons, all the commonalty of the colonies as well as of the mother country. According to the British theory, every member of the House of Commons represents no more truly the people who elect him than he does also all the other members of the commonalty, both in Great Britain and in the colonies. It was in accordance with this theory that the great cities of the manufacturing districts, which until recently had never sent a single member to the House of Commons, were held to be as truly represented as were London and York. This doctrine carried with it the same right to tax the colonies as to tax the citizens of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds; and the denial of that right by the colonial orators and essayists appears never to have made the least impression upon the constitutional lawyers of the mother country. Even Burke, who pleaded so eloquently and vehemently for conciliation with America, freely admitted, and never for a moment denied, that the government was acting within its constitutional rights. His contention was that, although Parliament possessed the constitutional right

to impose taxation, it was nothing less than consummate madness to attempt to exercise that right, inasmuch as such action would inevitably, sooner or later, result in the loss of the colonies.

Now, this was exactly the ground taken by the American Tories, and exactly the opposite of the doctrine promulgated by the colonial writers on the Revolutionary side. There were two dominant notes in the contentions of the opponents of the British policy during the whole of the thirteen long years before the spring of 1776. The first was that the British Parliament had no constitutional right to tax the colonies; and the second, that it was the duty of the self-respecting colonists to resist the exercise of every unconstitutional act. Accompanying these assertions was the emphatic and oft-repeated declaration that nobody sought or was in favor of independence. As late as the time when the first Continental Congress adjourned in October, 1775, the idea of independence met with no favor from Washington; and Franklin, who was then the American agent in London, assured the members of the British Parliament that he had "never heard of anybody, drunk or sober, who favored independence."

In view of all these facts, what wonder is it that the Tories, or what may be called the British party in America, contained within its ranks many of the most intelligent and the most highly educated people of the colonies? In 1778 the legislature of Massachusetts banished and confiscated the property of three hundred and ten of the most prominent of the Tory leaders of that state. Who were they? In scanning the list of names, Professor Tyler significantly remarks that it reads "almost like the bead-roll of the oldest and noblest families concerned in the founding and up-building of New England civilization." Dr. George E. Ellis, some years ago, pointed out the fact that in that list of three hundred and ten persons more

than sixty were Harvard graduates. Nor was this exceptional. In the Middle States and in the South the Loyalist party contained a large representation of the graduates of Yale, Princeton, William and Mary, and Pennsylvania. Some of these were put to death, some were banished, and some were driven into hiding-places, whence, at the close of the war, they emerged only to be the targets of contempt and of all forms of abuse. A careful investigation of this phase of the contest will unquestionably lead every student to the conclusion that the ranks of the Tories contained a very considerable portion of the most thoughtful, the most intelligent, and the most refined of the colonial people.

That every effort should be made to destroy the power and the influence of these people while the war was going on was as natural as the attempt to make the cause successful. But, unfortunately, the severity of public opinion was not relaxed at the close of the war. Mr. Goldwin Smith has pointed out that there are special and exceptional reasons why the end of a civil war should always be followed by amnesty. But there was no amnesty at the close of the Revolutionary War. A single instance will serve as an example of the spirit that was shown. At the final evacuation of Charleston, after the treaty of peace had been signed, the departing British fleet took all the Tories it could carry. Those who, unhappily, were compelled to remain behind were subjected to the utmost indignities. "They were imprisoned, whipped, tarred and feathered, dragged through horse-ponds, and finally twenty-four of their number were hung upon a gallows in sight of the last of the retiring British." So strenuous was the public opinion of the patriots everywhere that even the protests of officers and other men of influence were in vain. General Greene declared that it was "an excess of intolerance to persecute men for opinions which twenty years before had been the

universal belief of every class of society ;" and John Jay denounced the "injudicious punishment and unmanly revenge," following the Revolution, as "without a parallel except in the annals of religious rage in the time of bigotry and blindness."

The effect of the spirit so generally shown in all parts of the country was injurious in many ways. Mrs. Anne Grant, the vivacious and intelligent Scotch lady who lived for many years in America, and then wrote her interesting and valuable book, compares the loss of the colonies in expatriating the Loyalists after the Revolutionary War to the loss of the French in driving out the Huguenots after the Revocation ; and Mr. Goldwin Smith, speaking of the fact that the expatriated Tories generally betook themselves, with all their rankling sense of injustice, to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the Canadas, remarks that if a power hostile to the republic should ever be formed under European influence in the north of the continent, the Americans would owe such an event to their ancestors who refused amnesty to the vanquished in civil war.

There is another phase of the war to which attention has not perhaps been sufficiently called, namely, what might be termed fortuitous good fortune, — in Puritan phraseology, "special providence." It is military commonplace to remark that the issue of a battle often turns upon a very trifling circumstance. Napoleon used to say that in war a grain of sand would sometimes turn the scale ; and yet that great commander was a firm believer in the doctrine that providence fights on the side of the heaviest battalions. But in the Revolutionary War providence often seemed to prefer the other side. Several times nothing less than the Puritan's "providential interposition" prevented a defeat, which might speedily have ended the contest. For instance, during the siege of Boston, although Tories and spies were every-

where, it was never revealed to the British that for several months the colonists had not ammunition enough for a single battle. If an assault upon the Americans had been made, it is difficult to see how the British could have failed of overwhelming success. So, too, after the battle of Long Island, when the capture of the entire American force seemed inevitable, the army was saved partly, no doubt, by the consummate skill of Washington in bringing the boats together, but partly, also, by a dense fog which enabled twelve thousand men, with all their guns and supplies, to cross the river without attracting the attention of the British pickets or the British fleet. When, a little later, in spite of Washington's vigorous exhortations and the flat side of his heavy sword, American recruits gave way on the first fire of the British at Kipp's Bay, the whole of his force in New York seemed to face inevitable annihilation. The British fleet guarded both shores of Manhattan Island, and the British army was above the Americans, opposite to what is now the East Thirty-Fourth Street Ferry. All that was needed to smother the American force, and apparently the American cause, was to march without delay across the island, and to hold the Americans with a large army in front and a naval force in the rear, as afterward Washington held Cornwallis at Yorktown. Howe's army was more than twice as large as Washington's ; but the doom which the American commander with the flat and the edge of his sword could not prevent, the wit of Mrs. Murray, the resourceful mother of Lindley Murray, readily averted. Occupying the Murray country-seat, or mansion, as it was then called, on Murray Hill, she was directly in the line of the British march. The detention of the army for several hours by her tempting tea and other refreshments set before the officers enabled General Putnam, by a rapid movement up the west side of the island, to

take the American force out of the trap before it was inexorably closed.

A still more striking instance of kindred nature was the reason why General Howe made his fatal move toward Philadelphia in 1777, instead of sending half of his troops northward to act with Burgoyne. The British plan of campaign, which resulted in the capture of the northern army, was so well designed and so comprehensive in its nature as to cause the most serious apprehensions. The plan to attack the Hudson from three directions — from Montreal, from Oswego, and from New York — certainly gave every promise of success. It failed simply for the reason that there was not proper coöperation of the three forces. In the absence of Howe's coöperation with Burgoyne, the people of New England and New York so generously destroyed the supplies upon which the enemy depended, and turned out in such force, as to compel the invaders either to starve or to surrender. Moreover, St. Leger, even after the defeat of Herkimer at Oriskany, was scared away from the siege of Fort Stanwix by the false report of American successes. These several failures could hardly have occurred but for one very curious incident.

The war office in London, as is now well known, having designed the campaign, issued general orders for the three expeditions; but, in giving preliminary directions to Sir William Howe, the department ordered him to await detailed instructions. These instructions were duly made out, directing him to divide his force, and to leave in New York only men enough to defend the city against any attacks that might be made by Washington, while with about half of his army he was to march north for the purpose of uniting and coöperating with Burgoyne. The plan threatened to cut off New England from the rest of the colonies, and also to rescue the state of New York. It is not easy to see

how it could have failed if carried out as devised. But the final instructions to Howe did not arrive. His consequent inactivity made it possible for Schuyler at Albany, when he found that Burgoyne was likely to be taken care of, or at least was advancing so slowly through the woods to Whitehall as to cause no special anxiety, to send Arnold up the Mohawk to relieve Fort Stanwix and drive back the invading force under St. Leger. Arnold's success, it will be remembered, was so rapid and so complete as to enable him to return in time to play the leading part in the final entrapment of Burgoyne. Thus, so far as we can see, it was the delay of the anticipated orders of Howe that left Burgoyne to complete isolation and at the mercy of people who flocked to the standard of Gates.

But why did not these orders arrive? The reason was not discovered until afterward, when it was quite too late. It was found that the papers had been duly made out for the signature of the minister of war, Lord George Germain; but the punctilious fastidiousness of that officer was dissatisfied with the copy that had been prepared, and he ordered that a new and "fair" copy should be written out before he would sign it. When this copy was completed it was placed in the proper pigeon-hole to await the signature of the minister. Meantime, Lord George, having gone to his country-seat, was absent so long that on his return the order was not recalled to mind. After Howe, acting in accordance with the traitorous advice of General Charles Lee, had moved toward Philadelphia, and Burgoyne had surrendered, the order was rescued from its innocent pigeon-hole to mock the fastidiousness of the minister. Had the order been sent, who will undertake to say what its influence would have been on the fate of the Revolution?

One other example only will be offered. There is abundant reason to believe that the British government, as well as the

British officers, regarded the war as practically at an end, when, in the early winter of 1776, New Jersey had been cleared and Washington had been driven south of the Delaware. Howe had received his knighthood for the capture of New York, and Cornwallis, thinking his services no longer needed, had sent his portmanteau on board a ship, with the purpose of embarking immediately for home. That audacious recrossing of the Delaware on Christmas night, which caused Frederick the Great to put Washington into the rank of great commanders, broke up the New York festivities, and called for immediate punishment. When Cornwallis's army played the return move, the Americans were in unquestionable peril. With the broad Delaware and its floating ice in Washington's rear, and a British army twice the size of his own in front, it is not difficult to understand why Cornwallis thought he had at last, as he said, "bagged the old fox." If the British commander had attacked vigorously on the afternoon of his arrival, as Washington, Grant, Lee, or any other great general would have done, the chances seem to have been more than ten to one that Washington and his whole army would have been taken prisoners. But Cornwallis was so sure of his game that he made the most stupendous blunder of the war, and decided to refresh his men by a night's sleep. It was a blunder precisely like that which prevented General W. F. Smith from taking Petersburg in June of 1864; and it appears to have been simply this mistake that enabled Washington not only to draw his army out of extreme peril, but also to fall upon the enemy at Princeton early the next morning, and, by threatening the British stores throughout the state, to force Cornwallis back into New York, and so, at the end of the campaign, to take possession of the whole of New Jersey with the exception of two or three stations on the Hudson. When Cornwallis finally

surrendered at Yorktown, well might he express his admiration of the wonderful skill which had suddenly hurled an army four hundred miles with such accuracy and deadly effect, and then generously add, "But, after all, your excellency's achievements in New Jersey were such that nothing could surpass them."

One fact which, in the popular representations of the Revolutionary War, seems often either to have been overlooked or not to have been sufficiently emphasized, is the remarkable degeneration of Congress after the war had really begun. The first Continental Congress had brought together many of the very ablest men in the country. The colonies fully realized that questions of the utmost importance were to be considered, and they selected the best men as their representatives. With the possible exception of the Constitutional Convention, no other such body of men has ever yet come together in the history of the country. Its qualities went far to justify the remark of the elder Pitt to Franklin that it was "the most honorable assembly since the times of Greece and Rome."

But its successor was not of the same character. Moreover, for reasons which are not difficult to understand, a marked deterioration took place as time went on. As soon as the Declaration of Independence had been put forth, the people of the individual states began to think of organizing their own governments; and they naturally called into the service of constitution-making the ablest men they could command. To adopt thirteen new constitutions and to set thirteen new governments in motion made large drafts upon the available intelligence of the country.

Added to this depleting influence was the still further necessity of a strong representation in Europe. One has only to recall the names of those who were governors of states, and of those who were engaged in France, in Holland, and

in Spain, between 1776 and 1783, to understand that if these men had been in Congress they would have furnished a swaying and a staying power of incalculable value. Then, too, the army had drawn into its ranks large numbers of prominent men who otherwise would have been in Congress. Nor can we forget what may as well be called the disaffected element. Samuel Adams, as soon as he had succeeded in fairly launching the Revolution, was so energetic in the exercise of his doctrine of state sovereignty that he seems to have dreaded the power of the confederated states scarcely less than he dreaded that of George III.; and consequently he was an almost unceasing obstructionist to the cause of military efficiency. The fiery impatience of John Adams was as much in favor of the absurd and impossible policy of a "short and violent war" in the darkest period of the Revolution as was the impatience of Horace Greeley in 1862. Indeed, with the exception of Gouverneur Morris and John Jay, none of the members of Congress seem to have realized that the only practicable way of conducting the war to a successful close was the patient policy that was persistently followed by the commander-in-chief.

Now, a simple enumeration of these various facts is enough to show why it was that the second Continental Congress was so inferior to its great predecessor. When we look into its methods of dealing with the war, we ought not to be surprised to find that it was very far from being that unselfish body of intelligent patriots into which it seems to have been converted by the transforming and consecrating influence of time. On the contrary, it is not too much to say that one of the greatest difficulties that Washington had to contend with was the stupid, meddling, and obstructing inefficiency of those who sat at Philadelphia and at Yorktown for the supreme control of Continental affairs.

At some of the meetings of that Congress not more than a dozen members were present, and these were often men of small ability and dogged pertinacity. It was almost harder for Washington to persuade—that is, to conquer—Congress than it was to conquer the British. One who looks through the long and pathetic series of letters of the great commander, and studies them with the single purpose of understanding the relations of Congress to the struggle that was going on, is likely to be amazed not only at the wisdom and tact of Washington, but at the almost infinite stupidities and difficulties with which he had to contend. The embarrassments that arose from these relations were partly political, but they were also largely military. New England, though it had heartily supported Washington at the beginning, found its courage oozing out and becoming lukewarm soon after the theatre of active operations was transferred to New York. It is not altogether strange that, while Washington was being driven from the centre of operations and steadily forced out of New Jersey, the New Englanders should point at what they could do at Bennington and Saratoga when they were energetically commanded; or that the New England sentiment, led by John Adams, had, in consequence, some sympathy with the Conway Cabal.

Neither Bancroft nor Hildreth nor any one of the older historians has adequately described the strength and the nature of the prevailing dissatisfaction. It is only in the light of letters and other documents that have become available within the past twenty years that we are able fully to understand the spirit of the time. Dr. Mitchell shows that spirit perfectly when he puts into the Diary of Jack Gainor these words: "Most wonderful it is, as I read what he wrote to inefficient, blundering men, to see how calmly he states his own pitiful case, how entirely he controls a nature violent and

passionate beyond that of most men. He was scarcely in the saddle as commander before the body which set him there was filled with dissatisfaction." This expression of the novelist describes the situation better than do any of our historians, with the exception of John Fiske. It may be added that matters were brought to a favorable crisis only when Washington intimated that he might be driven to resignation, declaring, "It will be impossible for me to be of any further service, if such insuperable difficulties are thrown in my way."

Moreover, it was largely the short-sightedness as well as the energy of John Adams which led Congress to tolerate the policy of short enlistments. This policy Washington tried in every possible way to prevent, but his efforts were only partially successful. It was not till he failed in his appeals to Congress, and in his individual appeals to the governors of the various states, that he finally felt obliged to concentrate his views in the memorable Circular to States of October 18, 1780. What can be more instructive or suggestive than the following words? —

"We have frequently heard the behavior of the militia extolled upon one and another occasion by men who judge from the surface, by men who had particular views in misrepresenting, by visionary men whose credulity easily swelled every vague story in support of a favorite hypothesis. I solemnly declare I never was witness to a single instance that could countenance the opinion of militia or raw troops being fit for the real business of fighting. I have found them useful as light parties to skirmish in the woods, but incapable of making or sustaining a serious attack. This firmness is only acquired by habit of discipline and service. . . . We may expect everything from ours that militia is capable of, but we must not expect from them any services for which regulars alone are fit. The battle of Cam-

den is a melancholy comment upon this doctrine. The militia fled at the first fire, and left the Continental troops, surrounded on every side and overpowered by numbers, to combat for safety instead of victory."

Not only was Congress inefficient in securing a proper organization, but it was equally inefficient in dealing with supplies. Later investigations have shown that the sufferings at Valley Forge did not arise from a general inadequacy of food and raiment, but from the fact that the commissariat department was so woefully remiss in the distribution of supplies where they were needed. It soon came to be known that at the very moment when thousands of Washington's troops were freezing and starving for want of blankets and food an abundant supply was accessible not many miles away. The mischief had been done when Congress, in opposition to Washington's advice, reorganized the commissariat department in 1777. At that time Congress decided to divide responsibility, and in place of Colonel Joseph Trumbull, who had been the successful head of the department, it put two men with coequal authority to do his work, — the one to make the purchases, and the other to distribute the supplies. Then, too, as if for the purpose of insuring chaos, the subordinate officers were made accountable to Congress rather than to the heads of the department. Colonel Trumbull, who was retained in one of the places, was soon so disgusted with the inevitable results that he resigned. Is it strange that at one time the army was two days without meat, and three days without bread?

The quartermaster's department was scarcely better. It was afterward ascertained that at the very time when, as Washington wrote, twenty-eight hundred and ninety-eight men were "unfit for duty because they were barefoot and otherwise naked," "hogsheads of shoes,

stockings, and clothing were lying at different places on the roads and in the woods, perishing for want of teams, or of money to pay the teamsters."

But even worse than all this, those who provided the supplies were tainted with pecculation and fraud. The historical student, as he gives up the idea that the legislation of the time was supremely wise, must also, however reluctantly, abandon the idea that the Revolutionary period was an age of spotless political virtue. Again and again Washington pleaded with Congress and with the chief officers of the individual states. In appealing to President Reed, of Pennsylvania, on the 12th of December, 1778, to bring those whom he calls the "murderers of our cause" "to condign punishment," he unbridled his passion and sent these energetic words: "I would to God that one of the most atrocious in each state was hung in gibbets upon a gallows five times as high as the one prepared by Haman." The situation seemed so desperate that, only six days later, he wrote to Benjamin Harrison, Speaker of the House of Delegates of Virginia, "As there can be no harm in a pious wish for the good of one's country, I shall offer it as mine that each state will not only choose, but compel their ablest men to attend Congress."

But Washington's prayer, for this once at least, was not answered. When, as time wore on, the French ministers arrived, they naturally had little difficulty in playing upon the credulity and simple-mindedness of the members. It is now well known that the policy of France in the alliance was twofold. She not only insisted that the colonies should not make peace until independence was recognized, but she was secretly determined that the colonies should not be so overwhelmingly successful as to endanger the interests of France and her allies by including the Canadas and the territories lying in the West and South. This latter phase of French

policy, revealed as it has been by the publication of the correspondence between the French government and their ministers in America, has made it certain that Gérard, Marbois, and Luzerne employed all those arts of dissimulation, as well as of flattery, which have been called the *mensonge politique*. The letters of Vergennes to the envoys contain frequent references to *donatifs*, and those of de Circourt to *secours temporaires en argent*. These expressions refer unmistakably to bribery, for Vergennes writes to Luzerne, "His Majesty further empowers you to continue the gifts which M. Gérard has given or promised, and of which he will surely have handed you a list." The list of persons here referred to, who were to be persuaded with money, has not been disclosed; but Durand tells us that Tom Paine, who was then the secretary of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and of course knew all its secrets, was engaged by the French minister, for a thousand dollars a year, "to inspire the people with sentiments favorable to France." No doubt the rascal earned his money, but who the other members were that were thus inspired we do not know. That such "inspiration," however, was used to a greater or less extent there can be no possible doubt. One of the biographers of John Jay relates that, some thirty years after the events here mentioned, Gouverneur Morris went over from Morrisania to visit his old friend Jay at Bedford. During their conversation Morris suddenly ejaculated through clouds of smoke, "Jay, what a set of damned scoundrels we had in that second Congress!" "Yes," said Jay, "that we had," and the venerable ex-Chief Justice knocked the ashes from his pipe.

But perhaps the most important of all the neglected phases of the Revolutionary struggle is the stupendous fact that Great Britain was prevented from prosecuting the war with vigor by complica-

tions in Europe. It would only partially express the truth to say that England fought the colonies with one hand tied behind her, or even to declare that it was only her left hand that was free. No adequate impression of the relations of the forces engaged can be obtained without keeping constantly in mind several all important facts that have too often been neglected.

It is necessary to remember that France had but recently been as bitterly humiliated by England as she was a century later by Germany. Those marvelous years of the domination of the elder Pitt had not only converted the Kingdom of England into the British Empire, but had accomplished this prodigious result mainly at the expense of France. It was from the French that India was taken by Clive and Pockock, as Canada was taken by Wolfe and Saunders. Not only was France stripped of her magnificent colonial possessions in Africa, as well as in Asia and America, but she saw her navy everywhere defeated and dispersed, and her commerce completely destroyed. These events had occurred less than twenty years before the outbreak of the American war; and the natural consequence was that the hostile feelings of the people of France toward England from 1763 to 1778 were quite as intense as the feelings of the same people toward Germany during the fifteen years after the treaty of 1871. Everybody now knows that if, during that period, Germany had in any way become seriously involved with a foreign power, the French would have seized the opportunity to wipe out the humiliation that had overwhelmed them at Sedan and Paris. Of kindred nature had been the relations of England and France a hundred years before.

But even this was not all. The attitude of England in regard to the right of search had made her practically the enemy of every one of the European

powers. While for some years there was no outbreak, it was evident that nothing but the utmost circumspection could prevent a hostile alliance of the most formidable character. The fact that Catherine II. was prevented from a declaration of war only by the earnest advice of Frederick the Great shows that there was not a little danger of a general European conflagration. Moreover, the English entered upon the American war with a full knowledge of all this rankling hatred upon the part of France, and of the certainty that if at any time the French should see an opportunity to interfere with success they would not fail to do so, and in all probability would draw several of the other European nations after them.

Nor must it be supposed that France had been so completely and permanently crippled as no longer to be formidable. Indeed, the nation had recovered from the material disasters of 1759 nearly as rapidly as, more than a century later, she recovered from the disasters of 1871. But, as their strength grew, the French seemed to remember all the more vividly that their navy had been ruined, root and branch, and that whenever a French merchantman had ventured out of port it had been pounced upon by some watchful British cruiser. The "armed neutrality" of the Baltic powers had not yet been directed against the supremacy of the sea power of England, and consequently not a ship of any nation, suspected of transporting goods out of a French port or destined to it, was exempt from search and confiscation; nor could it be forgotten that it was to counteract this exercise of what seemed like omnipotence as well as omniscience that the family compact was made which bound Spain to declare war against England within a year after war was declared by France. It has not always been remembered by American historians that it was chiefly the discovery of this secret alliance by Pitt, and the opposition of

the headstrong young king to the measures by which the great minister proposed to thwart the alliance, that led to Pitt's downfall, and the substitution of Newcastle and Bute in his place.

Moreover, the situation was aggravated by certain other very irritating conditions. On the one hand, the needless failure of Byng to relieve Minorca, and the consequent fall of that important island into the hands of the French, was a source of such infinite chagrin to the English that it could not be wiped out by the mere execution of an admiral; while, on the other hand, the possession of Gibraltar by the British was so constant a humiliation to the Spanish that an offensive and defensive alliance between France and Spain was the inevitable consequence of the situation. These inflammatory elements were so menacing that Pitt, at one time, made the remarkable proposal to Spain to give up Gibraltar as the price of an alliance for the recovery of Minorca. The mere fact that such terms were offered is enough to show the gravity of the situation. At least, it may be said that if the answer of Spain had been different, either France would never have gone to the help of America, or in doing so she would have had Spain as an enemy rather than as an ally. But, whatever the course of France, the union of England and Spain might easily have turned the scale of the war; for, without the French alliance, it is impossible to see how the colonies could have escaped from being overwhelmed by England and Spain combined. Even if France were not prevented from the alliance, her fleet could not have stood against the united navies of England and Spain; the expedition of de Grasse would have been impossible, and the Yorktown campaign could not have occurred. Thus, it is easy to see that if Pitt's proposal had been accepted Eng-

land might not only have regained Minorca, but might also have retained the American colonies. Such a result would hardly have been a dear purchase even at the tremendous price of Gibraltar.

The main significance of all these conditions for our purpose is the fact that the English knew of the discoveries of Pitt; that they were fully aware that Spain and probably other European nations would be allied with France whenever the French government should see fit to go to the assistance of the revolting colonies. As is well known, the consummation of this twofold project would have occurred much earlier than it did but for the natural reluctance of Louis XVI. to assist organized opposition to royal authority. These conditions, moreover, explain why it was that while England had not less than two hundred thousand men under arms, on land and sea, not more than about twenty thousand of them could be spared for the war in America. They also explain why it was that England decided to resort to the unusual method of using a part of the vast wealth she had recently acquired by her commercial supremacy for the employment of mercenary troops from Germany.

From the letters and other papers that are now coming to us in authentic form and in rich abundance, we are learning more perfectly than ever before how it was that the Revolution was achieved. These revelations seem likely to teach us that from the beginning to the very end the Revolution was a far more desperate and a far more doubtful struggle than the historians have led us to believe. They teach us also that it was kept from the disaster that seemed again and again ready to overwhelm it, chiefly by that watchful wisdom of Washington which, to use Goethe's phrase, was as unhesitating and as unrelenting as the stars.

Charles Kendall Adams.

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF SPANISH CHARACTER.

THERE is something enigmatical and peculiar in the make-up of the Spaniard, — *du je ne sais quoi*, as a Frenchman might express it. In trying to fathom Iberian ways of thought and feeling, we are frequently forced to fall back on the supposition of a recent writer, that "there is something Spanish in the Spaniard which causes him to behave in a Spanish manner." I remember that when I visited Spain, a few years ago, I was somewhat disappointed in the appearance of the country itself, though it has all the beauty of line and color of a land for the most part devoid of turf and trees. I found, however, an ample compensation in the interest afforded by this intense idiosyncrasy of the national temperament. Abandoning the beaten paths of travel, I spent several months journeying over the Peninsula on foot, from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar. In this way, I was enabled to get beyond the French civilization of Madrid, and penetrate to the old Spanish civilization which still lingers in the villages and provincial towns. But even with these opportunities for observation I was often at a loss to formulate my impressions of the Spaniards. This arose partly from the strong Moorish and Oriental element which combines in them so strangely with European traits, partly from Spain itself being preëminently the land of puzzling anomalies. Both in the country and in the national character a shining virtue usually goes hand in hand with an egregious fault. In no like area in Europe, perhaps not in the world, do there exist such extremes of dryness and moisture, heat and cold, fertility and barrenness, such smiling landscapes and such dreary desolation. And contrasts such as we find between the arid steppes of Aragon and the huerta of Valencia, between the bleak uplands of Castile and the palm

groves of Elche, between the wind-blown wastes of La Mancha and the vega of Granada, are not without counterpart in the character of the inhabitants. What, for instance, can be affirmed of a Catalan which will also hold true of a native of Seville? I remember that a theatre audience at Madrid thought it the height of comic incongruity when a stage valet declared that he was a mixture of Galician and Andalusian. ("Yo soy una mezcla de Gallego y Andaluz.") It is hard, indeed, to avoid a seeming abuse of paradox and antithesis in speaking of Spain, — "that singular country, which," in the words of Ford, "hovers between Europe and Africa, between civilization and barbarism; that land of the green valley and barren mountain, of the boundless plain and broken sierra; those Elysian gardens of the vine, the olive, the orange, and the aloe; those trackless, vast, silent, uncultivated wastes, the heritage of the wild bee; . . . that original unchanged country, where indulgence and luxury contend with privation and poverty, where a want of all that is generous or merciful is blended with the most devoted heroic virtues, where ignorance and erudition stand in violent and striking contrast."

We almost refuse to credit Madame d'Aulnoy's account of the mingled squalor and magnificence, barbarism and refinement, that existed at Madrid toward the end of the seventeenth century, when Spain, isolated from the rest of Europe, was still free to express her antithetical nature. Throughout nearly everything Spanish there runs this chiaroscuro, this intense play of light and shade. In the history of what other nation do we find such alternations of energy and inertia, such sudden vicissitudes of greatness and decay? On the one hand, Spanish religion in the sixteenth century culminated

in the Inquisition; and on the other, it attained to the purest spirituality and Christian charity in Santa Teresa, Fray Luis de Leon, and San Juan de la Cruz, the last of the great mystics, the splendid sunset glow of mediæval Catholicism. The brilliant literature of the Golden Age died away abruptly into platitude and insignificance. Among the masterpieces of this literature itself we pass with little interval from heights of mysticism and strains of lyric eloquence to the works of the picaresque writers, recounting the exploits of rogues and vagabonds. Spanish society, which until recently had no middle class, suggested to Cervantes the perfect antithesis of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; and in Sancho Panza himself, the Spanish peasant of Cervantes' time and of to-day, there is the contrast between his shrewd mother wit and his ignorance and credulity. Spain has left almost entirely uncultivated that intermediary region of lucidity, good sense, and critical discrimination which France has made her special domain.

Perhaps the first requisite to getting a clear notion of the Spaniard is to realize in what respects he is *not* like the Frenchman. We should not allow ourselves to be misled by any supposed solidarity of the Latin races. In certain essential traits the Spanish differ from the French almost as much as the Hindus from the Chinese, and in somewhat the same manner. The chief thing that strikes one in French literature is the absence of what the Germans call *Innerlichkeit*, of inwardness, — the subordination of everything in man to his social qualities; among the Spaniards, on the other hand, there is vastly greater capacity for solitude and isolation. In France, reason, insufficiently quickened by the imagination, easily degenerates into dry rationalism; whereas in the land of Don Quixote the imagination tends to break away from the control of the senses and understanding, and is unwilling to accept the limitations of the real,

and then follows the inevitable disenchantment when the world turns out to be different in fact from what it had been painted in fancy. *Engaño* and *desengaño*, illusion and disillusion, eternal themes of Spanish poetry!

Intimately related to this intemperate imagination of the Spaniard is his pride, his power of self-idealization, his exalted notion of his personal dignity. He is capable of almost any sacrifice when appealed to in the name of his honor, — the peculiar form his self-respect assumes, — and of almost any violence and cruelty when he believes his honor to be offended. The Spanish classic theatre revolves almost entirely around this sentiment of honor, which is mediæval and Gothic, and the sentiment of jealousy, which is Oriental. It was by working upon his pride and sense of honor far more than upon his religious instinct that Rome induced the Spaniard to become her champion in her warfare against the modern spirit. He looked upon himself as the *caballero andante* who sallied forth to do heroic battle for Mother Church.

This self-absorption of the Spaniard has interfered with his acceptance of the new humanitarian ideal. Don Juan, in Molière's play, tells his valet to give alms to the beggar, not for the love of God, but for the love of humanity. In fact, since the time of Molière man has been substituting for the worship of God and for the old notion of individual salvation this cult of Humanity, this apotheosis of himself in his collective capacity. He has idealized his own future, and thus evolved the idea of progress. He has dwelt with minute interest on his own past, and has thus given rise to the historical spirit. He has ministered with ever increasing solicitude to his own convenience and comfort, and has sought to find in this world some equivalent for his vanished dream of paradise. The individual has so subordinated himself to this vast common work that he has almost lost the sense of his independent

value. "The individual," said M. Berthelot only the other day, "will count for less and less in the society of the future."

The Spaniard, however, refuses thus to identify the interests of his individual self with the interests of humanity. He is filled with that subtle egotism, engendered by mediæval religion, which neglected man's relation to nature and his fellows, and fixed his attention solely on the problem of his *personal* salvation. In the olden time, it was not uncommon for a pious Spaniard, on dying, to defraud his earthly creditors in order that he might pay masses for the welfare of his soul; and it was said of such a man that he had "made his soul his heir." The Spaniard remains thus self-centred. He has little capacity for trusting his fellow men, for coöperating with them and working disinterestedly to a common end; he is impatient of organization and discipline. And so, as some one has remarked, he is warlike without being military. We may add that he is overflowing with national pride without being really patriotic. He still has in his blood something of the wild desert instinct of the Arab, and the love of personal independence of the Goth. "You would rather suspect," says an old English author, speaking of the Spaniards, "that they did but live together for fear of wolves." As a public servant the Spaniard is likely to take for his motto, "*Après moi le déluge*," or, as the proverb puts it, "*El ultimo mono se ahoga*" (The last monkey gets drowned).

In the Spaniard's indifference to bodily comfort and material refinements we find traces of the Oriental and mediæval contempt for the body.

"Le corps, cette guenille, est-il d'une importance,

D'un prix à mériter seulement qu'on y pense ?"

However, those happy days of Spanish abstemiousness which Juan Valera describes have passed, never to return; that

golden era before the advent of French cookery, when all classes, from grandee to muleteer, partook with equal relish of the national mixture of garlic and red peppers; when window-glass was still a rarity in the Peninsula; when, if a tenth part of the inhabitants of Madrid had taken it into their heads to bathe, there would have been no water left to drink, or to cook those *garbanzos* (chick-peas) so essential in the Spanish dietary. But in spite of the spread of modern luxury, which Señor Valera looks upon with ascetic distrust, the Spaniards still remain in the mass the most temperate people in Europe.

The cruelty of the Spaniard — or rather, his callousness, his recklessness of his own life and of the lives of others — is another mediæval and Oriental survival; and then, too, there underlies the Spanish temperament I know not what vein of primitive Iberian savagery. Madame d'Aulnoy relates that on a certain day of the year it was customary for court gallants to run along one of the main streets of Madrid, lashing furiously their bare shoulders; and when one of these penitents passed the lady of his choice among the spectators, he bespattered her with his blood, as a special mark of his favor. Insensibility to the suffering of animals, though general in Spain, is not any greater, so far as my own observation goes, than in the other Latin countries. Possibly, mediæval religion, in so exalting man above other creatures, in refusing to recognize his relations to the rest of nature, tended to increase this lack of sympathy with brute creation. The Spanish peasant belabors his ass for the same reason that Malebranche kicked his dog, — because he has not learned to see in it a being organized to feel pain in the same way as himself.

Closely akin, also, to the Spaniard's mediæval and aristocratic attitude toward life is his curious lack of practical sense and mechanical skill. "The good

qualities of the Spaniards," writes Mr. Butler Clarke, "alike with their defects, have an old world flavor that renders their possessors unfit to excel in an inartistic, commercial, democratic, and skeptical age." Juan Valera admits this practical awkwardness and inefficiency of the Spaniard, but exclaims, "Sublime incapacity!" and discovers in it a mark of his "mystic, ecstatic, and transcendental nature." The Spaniard, then, finds it hard to light a kerosene lamp without breaking the chimney, much as Emerson made his friends uneasy when he began to handle a gun. Unfortunately, nature knows how to revenge herself cruelly on those who affect to treat her with seraphic disdain, and on those who, like the Spaniards, see in a lack of prudence and economy a proof of aristocratic detachment. "Qui veut faire l'ange fait la bête." After centuries of mortal tension, man has finally given over trying to look upon himself as a pure spirit. (Indeed, in the case of M. Zola and his school, he has tried to look upon himself as a pure animal.) He has been gradually learning to honor his senses and to live on friendly terms with nature. The Spaniard, however, has refused to adjust himself to the laws of time and space. He is unwilling to recognize that the most sublime enterprises usually go amiss from the neglect of the homeliest details. He has failed to develop those faculties of observation and analysis by which man, since the Renaissance, has been laying hold upon the world of matter with an ever firmer grasp. The splendid sonorities of the Spanish language serve in its poetry as a substitute for the exact rendering of nature, and take the place of a precise mastery of facts in the speech of the orator in Cortes. The Spaniard is reluctant to mar the poetry of existence by an excessive accuracy. Steamboats are advertised in Spanish newspapers to start at such and such an hour *more or less* (*mas ó menos*). Procrastination is the national vice. As

I walked along the alameda at Saragossa, shortly after arriving in Spain, the words I caught constantly rising above the hum of voices were, "mañana, mañana por la mañana, mañana" (to-morrow, to-morrow morning, to-morrow). "In Spain," says Ford, "everything is put off until to-morrow — except bankruptcy." "A thing in Spain is begun late, and never finished," runs a native proverb (*En España se empieza tarde, y se acaba nunca*); and again, "Spanish succor arrives late or never" (*Socorro de España ó tarde ó nunca*).

Along with this Oriental disregard for the value of time there is a dash of Oriental fatalism. I remember once talking the matter over with an old peasant, as we walked together over the pass of Despeñaperros into Andalusia. "In this accursed world," he ended by saying, "a man who is born a cuarto" (a copper coin) "is not going to turn out a peseta" (a coin of silver). A curious comparison might be made between this true Eastern fatalism of the Spaniard, the fatalism of predestination, and that fatalism of evolution which seems to be gaining ground with us.

Another Oriental and mediæval trait in the Spaniard is his lack of curiosity. "Quien sabe?" (Who knows?) is the formula of his intellectual indifference, just as "No se puede" (It is impossible) is the formula of his fatalism. The modern world is coming more and more to seek its salvation in the development of the reason and intelligence; and from this point of view Renan is consistent in exalting "curiosity" above all other virtues. Christianity, on the other hand, may justly be suspected of having insufficiently recognized from the start the rôle of the intellect, and at times has inclined to show a special tenderness toward ignorance. Pascal was but true to the tradition of the Christian mystics when he branded the whole process of modern scientific inquiry as a form of concupiscent, — *libido sciendi*, the lust of know-

ing. When he felt the rise within him of the new power of the reason which threatened the integrity of his mediæval faith, he exclaimed in self-admonishment, "You must use holy water and hear masses, and that will lead you to believe naturally and will *make you stupid*." Spain, for several centuries back, has applied with great success this panacea of Pascal for any undue activity of the reason. The abject ignorance into which she has fallen is the result, then, partly of Christian obscurantism, and in part of Oriental incuriousness.

Which is worse, after all, some of us may be prompted to ask in passing, this incuriousness of the Spaniard, or that eager inquisitiveness of his antipode the American, which leads him to saturate his soul in all the infinite futility of his daily newspaper? Spain may at least owe to her ignorance some of that wisdom of little children so highly prized by Christianity. "There is more simplicity, kindliness, and naïveté in Spain than in the rest of Europe," writes Wilhelm von Humboldt to Goethe. Other Western countries are showing signs at present of intellectual overtraining. The impression we get from a typical Parisian Frenchman of to-day is that the whole energy of the man's personality has gone to feed the critical intellect, at the expense both of what is below and of what is above the intellect, — of the body and the soul. The critical intellect of the Spaniard has been so stunted and atrophied by centuries of disuse that he has lost the very sense of his deficiency. Education is as truly the last object of his concern as it is the first of the American.

Juan Valera, who has analyzed with great acuteness the causes of Spanish decadence, says that Spain's head was turned in the sixteenth century by her sudden accession to world-wide dominion, coinciding as it did with her triumph, after seven centuries of conflict, over the Moors. She became filled with a fanatical faith in herself, with a "delirium

of pride," and since then has hugged with desperate tenacity, as embodying absolute and immutable truth, those mediæval forms to which she ascribed her greatness. In the meanwhile, the rest of the world has been quietly changing from a mediæval to a Greek view of culture. It has been discovering that growth is not in one, but in a multitude of directions, and that the nation no less than the individual is greatest which can take up and harmonize in itself the largest number of opposing qualities. France, indeed, has been almost fatally crippled by her attempt to carry into modern times the principle of mediæval exclusiveness. Sainte-Beuve traces to the persecution of the Jansenists and the expulsion of the Huguenots a loss of balance in the French national character. It was perhaps no idle fancy that led the Parisian Nefftzer to exclaim, as he heard the boom of the German guns about the city in the siege of 1870, "We are paying for Saint Bartholomew's Day!" The history of Spain bears still more tragic witness to the truth of Emerson's saying that exclusiveness excludes itself. Nearly all her skill in finance, manufacture, and agriculture departed from her with the banishment of the Jews and Moriscos; and the Inquisition shut that intellectual element from her life which was needed as a corrective of her over-ardent imagination and narrow intensity.

However, modern ideas have fairly got a footing in Spain during the past forty years, and new and old have been arrayed against each other with a truly Iberian vividness of contrast. This battle between mediæval and modern is the favorite topic of recent Spanish literature. It has been treated, often with great power, by novelists like Galdós, Alarcón, and Valera, and has inspired the work of poets like Nuñez de Arce and Campoamor. It is curious, this spectacle of a nation hesitating between contradictory ideals. Spain looks doubtfully on

our scientific and industrial civilization, and in the very act of accepting it feels that she is perhaps entering the path of perdition. She does not share our exuberant optimism, and has misgivings about our idea of progress. She cannot, like other Western nations, throw herself with fierce energy upon the task of winning dominion over matter, and forget,

"In action's dizzying eddy whirl'd,
The something that infects the world."

She is haunted at times by the Eastern sense of the unreality of life. It is no mere chance that the title of the most famous play of Spain's greatest dramatist is *La Vida es Sueño*, Life is a Dream. This note, which is heard only occasionally in English, and notably in Shakespeare, recurs constantly in Spanish from the Couplets of Manrique to Espronceda. Wisdom, often for the Spaniard as always for the Oriental, reveals herself as some strange process of solitary illumination, comparable to the awakening from a dream. "The mysterious virgin," she calls herself in Espronceda's poem, "on whom man bestows his last affections, and in whom all science becomes mute."

"Soy la virgen misteriosa
De los últimos amores," etc.

Whereas Bacon, speaking for the West, says that the way of knowledge is one that no man can travel alone.

We might augur more hopefully of Spain's attempt to enter upon the path of modern progress if she had been more happily inspired in the choice of a model. Wilhelm von Humboldt, one of the few philosophical observers of Spain, remarks that her greatest misfortune is her geographical position. All her ideas come to her through France, and France is above all dangerous to her. In that ideal cosmopolitanism of which Goethe dreamed, each country was to broaden itself by a wise assimilation of the excellencies of other nationalities. The actual cosmopolitanism which has arisen during the present century has perhaps

resulted in an interchange of vices rather than of virtues. I have sometimes been tempted to see a symbol of this cosmopolitanism in a certain square at Florence whose fine old native architecture has given way to a cheap imitation of the Parisian boulevard; and over the front of one of these modern structures appear in flaming letters the words "*Gambrius Halle*"!

In theory, Spain should have sent hundreds of her young men to German universities and to English and American technical schools, in order that they might thus acquire the scientific method of the Teuton and the practical and executive instinct of the Anglo-Saxon. She should have fostered among her sons an interest in commerce, in manufacture, and above all in agriculture; they should have been encouraged to go forth and reclaim the waste tracts of their native land, plant forests, and heal that long-standing feud between man and nature which in Spain is written on the very face of the landscape.

Instead of this, she has turned for her exemplar to France, to the ideal, infinitely seductive and infinitely false, embodied in Paris. She has been guided in this choice by her incurably aristocratic instinct. It is estimated that in the days of Spanish greatness only three million out of a population of nine million consented to work; and Spain still remains a nation of aristocrats. Every true Castilian still aspires to be a *caballero*, or horseman; the Spaniard is unwilling to come down from his horse and put his shoulder to the work of modern civilization. I find in an old English author the following judgment on Spain, which has lost little of its truth: "The ground is uncultivated partly through the paucity and partly through the pride of the people, who breed themselves up to bigger thoughts than they are born to, and scorn to be that which we call ploughmen and peasants. . . . And if you take men of that nation, before they have spoiled

themselves, either by getting some great office at home or else by much walking abroad, to seek some employment or fortune there, you shall find them for the most part to be of noble and courteous and quiet minds, in the very natural constitution thereof. Whereas, if you show them a new and sweeter way of life, either at home or abroad, it intoxicates them so with the vanities and vices of the world that they are many of them quickly wont to suck the venom in, and become the very worst of men. So that naturally I hold them good; and that by accident and infection they grow easily to be stark naught."

The Spaniards, then, have sucked in the venom of the Parisian boulevard, and have raised up in their capital a showy façade of borrowed elegance to which nothing in the country corresponds. I know of no more startling contrast, even in Spain, than to pass suddenly from some gray, poverty-stricken village of Old Castile into the factitious glare and glitter of the Fuente Castellana at Madrid. The highest ambition of thousands of young Spanish provincials is to swagger about in close-fitting frock coats, and seek for political preferment, any meaner occupation being unworthy of such noble hidalgos. Government places are few compared with the number of applicants; they are ill paid and of uncertain tenure, and the officeholder has little choice except to steal or starve. The vicious traditions of the old absolutism have thus united with the new frivolity to produce in the modern Spanish official that harmonious blending of corruption and incompetency with which we are familiar.

However, we must remember how little these *afrancesados*, these café-haunting, Frenchified Spaniards of Madrid really represent the nation. In Spain, even more than in France and Italy, the germs of promise for the future are to be sought anywhere rather than in the upper classes. Even among the upper

classes, if we are to judge from recent literature, there are those who do not accept the French ideal of *l'homme moyen sensuel*, who would have the Spanish character come under certain modern influences, without therefore sacrificing its own native gravity and religious seriousness. It is encouraging to note in many of the Spanish books published of late years something of that robustness and virility wherein lies the natural superiority of the Spaniard over the other Latins. Spain has as yet no decadent writers, no Zola and no Gabriele d'Annunzio.

To speak, then, of the lower classes, there is a singular agreement among those who have really mingled with them as to their natural possibilities for good. "I have found in Spain," says Borrow, "amongst much that is lamentable and reprehensible, much that is noble and to be admired, much stern, heroic virtue, much savage and horrible crime; of low, vulgar vice very little, at least amongst the great body of the Spanish nation. . . . There is still valor in Asturia, generosity in Aragon, probity in Old Castile." But how far will these old world virtues of the Spanish peasantry be able to withstand the contact with nineteenth-century civilization? Will not the profound poetry of their simple instinctive life fade away at its touch, and the racy originality of their native ways be smothered under its smug uniformity? Will they be able, in short, to make the difficult passage from the mediæval to the modern habit of mind without falling into anarchy and confusion? More than any other land, Spain came under the control of that Jesuitical Catholicism issued from the Council of Trent which has poisoned the very life-blood of the Latin races; which, rather than lose its hold upon the minds of men, has consented through its casuists to sanction self-indulgence; which has retarded by every means in its power the development of those virtues of self-reliance

and self-control that more than any others measure a man's advancement in the modern spirit; and now that the Spaniards are escaping from the artificial restraint of their religion they are left, passionate and impulsive children, to meet the responsibilities of nineteenth-century life. From my observation of the common people, I should say that already the power of the priesthood is broken, that respect for the institution of monarchy is undermined, and that there is a rapid drift toward republicanism joined to a profound distrust of the present rulers. The *desengaño*, or rude disillusion, they are likely to experience before the end of the present struggle may result in some fierce outburst, boding disaster to the political jobbers at Madrid. Yet no prudent man would risk a prophecy about Peninsular politics; for Spain is *le pays de l'imprévu*, the land of the unexpected, where the logical and obvious thing is least likely to happen; and that is perhaps one of the reasons why she still retains her hold on the man of imagination.

Whatever comes to pass, we may be sure that Spain will not modify immediately the mental habits of centuries of spiritual and political absolutism. In attempting to escape from the past, she will no doubt shift from the fanatical belief in a religious creed to the fanatical belief in revolutionary formulæ, and perhaps pass through all the other lamenta-

ble phases of Latin-country radicalism. Yet if space allowed I could give reasons for the belief that there are more elements of real republicanism in Spain than in France or Italy. This remark, as well as nearly everything else I have said, I mean to apply especially to the Castiles, Aragon, and the northwestern provinces, the real backbone of the Peninsula.

In any case, those who have a firsthand knowledge of Spain will be loath to place her on that list of "dying nations" to which Lord Salisbury recently referred. She is still rich in virtues which the world at present can ill afford to lose. It remains to be seen whether she can rid herself of the impediments which are rendering these virtues ineffectual. Will she be able to expel the Jesuit poison from her blood? Will she learn to found her self-respect on conscience, instead of on the mediæval sentiment of honor, and come to rely on action, the religion of the modern man, rather than on Maria Santissima? Chief question of all, will she succeed in taming her Gotho-Bedouin instincts, and become capable of the degree of orderly coöperation necessary for good government? Alas! the Spaniards themselves relate that the Virgin once granted various boons to Spain, at the prayer of Santiago, but refused the boon of good government, lest then the angels forsake heaven, and prefer Spain to paradise.

Irving Babbitt.

MY FRIEND AH-CHY.

I FIRST met him at a port on "the river," — by which shorter but satisfactorily definite title all China residents designate the great Yangtsze Kiang.

The importance of that magnificent natural highway few of those who have not lived in China realize. Flowing

thousands of miles through province after province, it bears on its rushing current hundreds of thousands of tons of produce yearly, in every conceivable kind of craft, — from the stately river steamers, which remind one of those which ply on the Hudson, the ocean-going tea clip-

pers, the coastwise lorchas, and junks of every size, down to the tiny sampans; and every boat bears upon either side a painted eye, for as any Chinaman will tell you, "Suppose no got eye, how fashion can see; and suppose no can see, how fashion can walkee?" Some day the river will be written of as it deserves, and the description of its wonderful gorges and rapids, its varied beautiful scenery, its yearly rising and falling, will be as interesting as instructive. In summer it often reaches a height of forty feet above its winter level, inundating cities and large tracts of land along its banks. It flows through the finest tea-growing country, and all the porcelain which is used in the empire is distributed over its waters. It is ever changing, ever interesting, and always picturesque, — seeming to me a necessary background for my friend Ah-Chy, as he was a citizen of one of the river ports.

Meeting Ah-Chy first as the compradore of one of the largest tea merchants, who was our neighbor and friend, we had many opportunities of acquaintance with him. Tall, handsome, erect, between forty and fifty years of age, with the most wonderful command of pidgin English¹ it was ever my good fortune to listen to, he was a delight to encounter; and our interest in collecting porcelain brought us so often into our neighbor's go-down to inspect fresh installments that we encountered him frequently. He had taken a lower literary degree, I believe, and was eligible for official position and promotion.

We were a very small foreign community, — foreign in China means any nationality not Chinese, — fourteen all told; yet a very cosmopolitan little circle, including English, French, Russian, American, Scotch, Danish, and German representatives; and for a time I found

myself in one of the most enviable, delightful positions in the world, — that of being the only lady in the port.

On the occasion of a great review of Chinese troops gathered from many parts of the province, and the consequent congregating of its highest officials who were the inspecting dignitaries, it came about that we were bidden to a dinner given at the residence of China's large Mercantile Marine Company to meet these provincial magnates. The dinner was served entirely in foreign style, doubtless because of the wish to honor the foreign officials present, and to the great delight of the one lady she was included in the invitation. Perhaps her presence was added to make it seem entirely foreign to the Chinese participants.

As I entered the drawing-room all the gentlemen rose, and in response to my inclination — intended to be very courteous — toward each of the gorgeously appareled Chinese, and my murmured "Ta-yen hao," each in turn raised his hands slowly to his face, the right clasped over the left, while I heard in reply, "Tai Tai hao." I had quite forgotten to ask, as I had fully purposed, what was the proper salutation to make on being introduced to such high and mighty personages; but suddenly remembering that I had always heard my husband addressed as "Ta-yen," and knowing it to be a Chinese official title, I boldly made my little endeavor to be polite, and was afterward told, to my great relief, that I could not have done better.

The Chinese were indeed magnificently robed. From the official hat (which, according to their code of manners, it is discourteous to remove), with flaring black velvet rim, in some cases crowned with a beautiful pink coral bead an inch in diameter, from under which peacock feathers hung down over the back to the

¹ "Pidgin" is a corruption of the word "business," and "pidgin English" is the queer jargon of broken English arranged according to the Chinese idiom, which, ever since its intro-

duction at Macao as the medium of intercourse between foreigners and Chinese, has formed the language in which the greater part of the domestic and commercial relations are carried on.

coat collar; the satin coats, with medallions embroidered in every hue, or perhaps only in shades of blue, and dark soft sable linings, a short coat over a long one of different color; down to the high black satin boots with their wooden white-covered soles, they were each well worth study and admiration. They were stately, decorous, polite, without even the shadow of a smile on their faces, which might have looked expressionless except for the brightness and intelligence of their eyes.

Not so the foreign officials present, who, as they bowed in response to my greeting, smiled almost audibly in very evident enjoyment of the scene. It was the first time some of the Chinese gentlemen had been brought face to face with a foreign lady; and to have that experience at an official dinner, to see her in full evening toilette, décolleté, must have been a terrible shock to their ideas of what was *convenable*.

When dinner was announced by the long-coated Chinese butler, the official highest in rank rose, bowed before me, and offered me his arm. Rising, I took it, or tried to take it; for I occupied myself all the way from the drawing-room to the dining-room, through a hall unusually long,—and we went very slowly,—in trying to find out with the tips of my gloved fingers whether or not there was any arm inside the wide, satin, sable-lined sleeve. That there were several layers of silk under-jacket sleeves, besides, I made sure, and as I neared the dining-table I had just arrived at what I thought was solid enough to be an arm. How I longed to give it just a little hard pinch to find out if I were correct! But even if I had pinched it suddenly and viciously, looking up into the face of my magnificent escort meanwhile, to find out if he had felt it in the least, I am sure he would have made no sign whatever. He would not have believed the evidence of his own senses if they had endeavored to tell him that

a woman, and that woman a foreigner, was trying to pierce the mantle of his dignity. Fortunately, my very little understood duty as the wife of a foreign official kept me from playing any such prank, but it was a terrible temptation.

The deftness and aptitude with which the Chinese used the new and utterly unaccustomed knives, forks, and spoons, in lieu of their universally useful chopsticks, without showing that they were closely watching what ought to be done with them, was perfectly wonderful. They simply waited a second or two after they were served with a course, and, glancing apparently quite casually round the table, proceeded to use whatever the foreigners did and in exactly the same manner. It was fascinating to watch all these details, and I found that I had to keep myself well in hand, for fear that, in my interest and amazement, I should be detected observing them, and should show that I had less politeness than these quiet, keen-eyed, imitative representatives of one of the oldest and most ceremonious civilizations.

The dinner-table was beautifully decorated with flowers and leaves laid on the white table-cloth in many different designs, surrounding the quaintly shaped dishes of fruit and sweetmeats. The variety of ways in which a Chinese butler can adorn a table is endless and marvelous, and was always a pleasure and surprise to me in my own home. In China, no hostess needs to oversee the arrangements for a dinner-party, but can walk in with her guests as free from care or anxiety as any of them, without even having looked beforehand to see that everything is in order. Each table napkin is folded in a distinctive shape, sometimes imitating a swan or a bird, with a colored paper eye stuck on either side of the rather queer-looking head, while a button-hole bouquet is tucked in at the top, ready for the guest to appropriate as he sits down. The carving and serving are done entirely from the sideboard, and

there are as many men to wait at table as there are guests, for each guest brings his own servant. The butler of the host looks after the opening and serving of the wine, deputing the carving meanwhile to some other butler he can trust. I think it shows the prevailing honesty of the servants who are thus gathered together at every dinner-party (and they are many; I can well remember dining out eleven consecutive evenings) that I never heard of a case of theft. All the domestics of the household where the dinner-party was in progress were busy in the dining-room, pantry, or kitchen, the rest of the house being quite unoccupied; and as we never locked up any of our personal belongings, it would have been easy enough for a servant to slip away and help himself to anything he might fancy.

Chinese butlers have, too, a strange system of give and take, which twenty-five years ago used to prevail much more extensively than it does now; in fact, it was then universal. At the first large dinner-party to which I was invited — I went as a bride — I found myself eating with my own brand-new knives, forks, and spoons. I stared at them very hard, but there could be no mistake, for there was the fresh monogram. I was dreadfully distressed, but did not dare to say anything. When I reached home I told my husband rather tremblingly, for I was quite sure they had been stolen. To my amazement, he only laughed and said, "Oh, you will get quite used to it very soon; and when you have too many guests, you will find that instead of asking you to get more supplies the butler will just get your neighbors', and always make up the deficiency." And so it proved. I can well remember, once when my husband had asked eight in to dinner only half an hour before the usual time (one for each of the delicious first spring snipe he had just shot), that there appeared later a splendid roast leg of mutton as one of our courses. Now I knew that we had no mutton, for ear-

lier in the day the cook had been bewailing the non-arrival of the Shanghai steamer by which it always came. Turning to the gentleman on my left, I asked, "Did your steamer come from Shanghai to-day?"

"Yes. Why?"

I looked down to the other end of the table, where my husband was carving the unexpected treasure trove with very evident enjoyment. "Well, ours did not," said I, "and yet" —

He caught sight of the mutton. "Oh, I suppose that is mine," he laughed. "No doubt yours will come to-morrow, and probably be much better; so I shall be the gainer this time, and shall enjoy it all the more."

The cooks kept very strict accounts among themselves, I am sure, and we never suffered by these exchanges, while it was unspeakably comforting to know that at any time, if occasion arose, we could feel quite sure of having our neighbor's dinner, cooked in his kitchen and handed over the wall, provided only we remembered to invite him.

Away in a northern port, a party of bachelors were once enjoying themselves in a happy, hearty fashion round the dinner-table; and among them was a fresh arrival from Scotland, whose means of smiling were so capacious that really, when he laughed, which he did almost continuously, there was ever present the old danger of the upper part of his head becoming an island. There was also a gentleman who had spent much time in the interior, and whose knowledge of Chinese was both profound and varied. While conversation and laughter abounded, he chanced to overhear a remark made by one of the "boys" who was waiting at table; and, while pretending not to listen, he soon found out that every foreigner present was being spoken of by a nickname which referred to his personal appearance.

When the servants had retired, and the foreigners were enjoying their coffee

and cigars, the sinologue told the others what he had overheard, and mentioned as many of the sobriquets as he could remember. The young Scotchman's was not among them, so he proceeded, next day, to find out from his own "boy" what it was. When he got him into the room, he locked the door, stood with his back to it, and told the badly scared servant he would not let him out until he confessed. By dint of coaxing and threats he finally induced the poor frightened Chinaman to blurt out that it was "codfish mouth." The entire appropriateness of the nickname overcame him, and he shouted with laughter, making the fitness still more apparent. One of the funniest parts of it all was to watch the faces of his friends when he told them the story, which he did many times and often. Their sense of politeness would make them struggle bravely not to laugh; but when, having reached the climax, he bestowed upon them the full comprehensiveness of his smile, it was absolutely impossible not to join in the hearty laughter which he always led with contagious good humor.

I have often wondered since in how many other ways we foreigners were ridiculed by our quiet, demure-looking domestics. But I must get back to my official dinner, even at the risk of being made fun of.

Beside me at table, to my great delight, I found Ah-Chy, and my husband nearly opposite. After dinner had begun, one of the Chinese magnates at my husband's side began telling him an adventure of the previous evening, when he had accompanied home one of his colleagues who had imbibed too freely of champagne. While he was describing the struggles and antics of his unsteady friend, I looked up, caught my husband's eye, and laughed heartily. The official stared, turned, and asked quickly in Chinese (he could neither speak nor understand one word of English), "Does your honorable wife understand Chinese?"

When my husband answered in the affirmative, the poor man was painfully distressed and shocked, because he thought he had been telling an indiscreet story. He was unnecessarily penitent, making humble apologies and explanations, protesting that he had no idea whatever that I understood his language even a little, else he would never have transgressed in such a manner. He was with difficulty persuaded that I was in reality very much amused, and not in the least shocked; which in turn must have upset his ideas, and probably started him wondering as to the emancipation (he would have called it something very different) of foreign women.

Ah-Chy had been enjoying it all, meantime, in several ways, and after we had talked on many matters of local interest I suddenly said to him, "How many piecee wife you just now have catchee [got], Ah-Chy?"

"Just now? Oh, just now have catchee seven piecee, before time have catchee eight piecee, one piecee have makee finish, so just now have catchee seven piecee."

"Makee finish, what thing you talkee? I no savey what thing belong makee finish."

"Oh, makee finish belong all same you talkee makee die, one piecee makee die, all same makee finish."

"What side you number one [first] wife, Ah-Chy?"

"Oh, he belong Kwangtung side, you savey, he no likee stop this side, so he makee stop Kwangtung, you plenty savey China fashion no belong all same foreign fashion number one wife any time wantee stop he own home." (There is only one gender in pidgin English; everything is masculine.)

After a little I turned and said laughingly, "Ah-Chy, talkee my [tell me], what piecee wife you likee more better just now?"

He threw his head back with a hearty laugh, and with a twinkle in his eyes

said, "Well, I think I likee number five piecee more better just now. He belong good-look-see [pretty] and plenty young."

"You belong all same Bluebeard with your eight piecee wife, Ah-Chy."

"Who man you talkee? Who belong Bluebeard?"

"Oh, he belong one piecee man, live long time ago, and he have catchee eight piecee wife, and by and by he no likee, so he cuttee all he heads off."

"I no belong all same Bluebeard!" he cried. "What for because I talkee you one piecee wife have makee finish, you talkee my belong all same Bluebeard? I no likee you talkee my so fashion."

I appeased him after a time with many assurances that I had only been telling an old fairy tale; but, to my intense surprise and amusement, he went next day into my husband's office to ask him, "What for your Tai Tai have talkee my belong all same Bluebeard?" On my husband's also assuring him that I was only joking with him, he went away content, for he also dearly loved a joke.

The dinner was a matter of so many courses that I have forgotten all about them, as just such dinners of great length and variety were our universal custom, beginning at eight o'clock in the evening, and often lasting two or more hours. During the long time we sat at table Ah-Chy was ever ready to amuse me by talking on any and every subject. At times it was wholly impossible for me to master the torrent of words in their queer pidgin English setting, and then I would laugh and say, "Oh, man, man [slower], please, Ah-Chy." At which he would stop, look rather astonished for an instant, smile, and answer, "Oh, I savey, you no savey all I talkee," and go on again as rapidly as before. The solemn gorgeous official on the other side vindicated his idea of what was due to his dignity by treating me with studied though chilling courtesy. He occasionally handed me a dish of sweetmeats

within his reach, between the courses, as the only acknowledgment of my inferior (because feminine) existence.

My vis-à-vis of the bibulous story was at first very circumspect in his further remarks; but I noticed that after he had himself partaken of several glasses of the ever tempting champagne (the only foreign wine the Chinese are universally very fond of) he forgot his late embarrassment, and only now and then regarded me suddenly with a rather frightened look, as if he had just remembered me, and ought to be careful. The look passed quickly away, but was upsetting to my gravity, and I found myself almost laughing aloud every time. It was easy to see that he was a genial soul, and he seemed thoroughly to enjoy the chance of talking so unreservedly with a foreigner who understood him well enough to be able to give back joke for joke in his own language.

Some time afterward, my curiosity — which was then a source of great distress to my family and friends, and which now I wish I had gratified a thousand times more — led me to desire to see the interior of a Chinese pawnshop. The great tall buildings here and there all over the city, raising their blank walls high above the two-storied uniformity of the vast acreage of the other houses, had a sort of fascination for me.

Ah-Chy came to my aid. His brother owned a large pawnshop in the city, and he volunteered to escort me thither. I suspect Ah-Chy had had a hand in establishing his brother in pawnbroking, and had himself a large interest in the concern; for in China as elsewhere this is said to be an exceedingly lucrative business. However that may be, it happened that one day my husband and I got into our sedan chairs, each with four bearers, and preceded by Ah-Chy, also in a chair, were soon swinging along through the narrow, crowded, wonderfully picturesque streets of the native city. I was always glad of an opportunity to make

an expedition into these strange regions, but I was always a little afraid, and made it a rule to have my chair go in advance of my husband's; for the coolies went so quickly, and the crowd was so dense, that his chair could easily turn a corner ahead, and in less time than it takes to tell it I might find myself alone on the streets, many miles from home, and without the faintest idea how to get back. The natives never got accustomed to the sight of a foreign lady, and any shop we entered was sure to be soon besieged by an eager crowd, jostling one another good-naturedly to get a better view of the stranger.

Oh, those streets, those streets! How can they be described so that one who has never seen them can even imagine what they are like? The highways of Egypt (Cairo, for instance) have more picturesque coloring, because of the gorgeousness and variety of the head-dresses and clothing of the wearers, gathered together as they are from every nation under the sun. But Chinese streets are unique. The shops, all wide open to the street, with their endless variety of wares spread in full view, are hung on both sides with multitudinous signs of every length and color, brilliant with gold, green, or red lettering. There are evil smells of awful intensity; and the tremendous tide of human life is forever flowing through. Tinkers of every kind abound, each plying his craft at the door of the shop which has supplied him with something to mend. Here is a carnival of repairing,—cobbling shoes, mending broken porcelain and glass, riveting umbrellas. There are women mending and patching garments for so many cash each, then moving on with their little bamboo stools in search of more work; barbers busy shaving or shampooing customers, or dressing their hair; men with cook-shops slung on their shoulders from a bamboo, one end weighted with the little earthen charcoal stove, the other with the stock in hand,—probably cakes to fry in

evil-smelling castor oil; children of all sizes playing in seeming unconsciousness of the din around them; beggars in every stage of filth and tatters. There are Buddhist priests with shaven heads and dirty yellow robes, and the ever present, ever empty gourd held out for alms; dogs of every mongrel type; coolies emptying into buckets, by means of long-handled bamboo ladles, the drainage from the huge kang sunk in the ground at street corners; presently they swing the buckets over their shoulders and stride away, utterly indifferent to the stench they trail behind; and as if to supplement the coolies' task, pigs go grunting along, performing their office of scavengers. All these and more are crowded together in streets only wide enough to allow two sedan chairs to pass each other.

When an official goes abroad in his chair, he usually has a coolie who runs ahead — *run* he must, for the chair-bearers keep up a wonderfully fast gait — and shouts at the top of his voice, "Chia Quang Ah!" which means, I believe, "Give light, give light," and is the polite form of saying, "Make way, there." I only hope it is more courteous than it sounds, but it certainly makes the pedestrians scuttle into the open shops to get out of the way. So heralded, we brushed through the narrow streets on our visit to the pawnshop. When we entered the huge building I was almost appalled at its size, and amazed at the order and cleanliness of its vast interior. On the long rows of shelves, running up to a great height, with little passageways between, there were thousands upon thousands of bundles, each carefully wrapped up, the little tag with its number hanging in full view from the end. The intense silence and the dim light made it so eerie that I was glad to get out into the sunlight again and hear Ah-Chy's cheery flow of pidgin English.

I have been told that at the beginning of summer the wealthy Chinese all pawn their furs, of which they have an enor-

mous number and variety; redeeming them when the cold weather returns. Out of these pawnshops come a great many of the curios which foreigners find at the shops in the native cities. They are pledged very often by decaying Chinese families, and never redeemed; after a certain length of time — I have forgotten just how long Ah-Chy said it was — the pawnbroker is allowed to sell them.

When summer came, Ah-Chy frequently urged us to visit him at his house on an island in the lake near the city; and little knowing the pleasant things in store for us, we started one hot afternoon with some foreign gentlemen friends to see his summer home. As we stepped out of our boat we found ourselves on what seemed to be enchanted ground. No description can do justice to the beauty of the little island. We walked up by tiny circuitous paths from the marble steps where the waves twinkled against the white stone. At every turn there were delightful surprises: a miniature landscape with tiny lakes, little rivulets and waterfalls, the daintiest of fairy bridges, toy summer-houses perched in nooks on artificial mountains scarcely twelve inches high; and out of every crevice peeped delicate maidenhair ferns, tiny shrubs, and wee wild flowers. It made an exquisite animated willow-pattern plate scene, and oh, so beautiful! On every side were these artificial landscapes, blended so ingeniously with the natural beauties that it was often impossible to tell where the one ended and the other began. Here was an evergreen shrub trained on a wire frame to represent a deer, life-size, with head and horns of colored clay, looking strangely queer as they poked out of the body of living green; there were men and women of the same growing shrub, in native costume, life-size, with heads and hands placed in the proper position, and looking, it must be confessed, exceedingly grotesque. Dotted here and there were porcelain barrel-shaped garden-

seats of every hue, and immense bowls, beautifully decorated, full of water, in which swam the lovely little gold and silver fish of which the Chinese are so fond.

With so many claims to our admiration on every hand, we went slowly up to the house on the highest part of the island. We were delighted to find that from one balcony we could look straight down into the lake below, and also away to the magnificent range of mountains beyond. From that side there was nothing whatever to remind us of the great toiling city which lay just behind us, and the view was exceedingly grand.

At the invitation of our courteous, smiling host we entered the house. Everything was in the most orthodox Chinese style; all the furniture, most elaborate in design, very stiffly arranged. After admiring the many beautiful bronzes, cloisonné porcelains, embroideries, lanterns, etc., we were taken into our host's bedroom, where there was a magnificent Ningpo canopied bedstead, carved and inlaid with ivory. The sides and foot were in the shape of an enormous circle, the corners filled in with open carved wood and ivory. The blankets were laid in long, straight, narrow folds at the foot of the bed, and the pillows and mat were of the finest woven cane.

After praising everything most enthusiastically, I turned suddenly to Ah-Chy and said, "This belong your room?"

"Yes. You thinkee belong number one handsome?"

"Yes, indeed; but what side your six piecee wife have got? I no can see any room this side belong your wife."

He drew himself up very quickly to his full height of over six feet (I am only five feet two inches), raised his arm, and, pointing to another pretty building of which we could just see the irregular skyline above the trees and shrubs, said in a tone of perfectly indescribable scorn, "Have got that side. Suppose my wantee, my sendee; talkee he come."

"Oh!" I gasped. Then, pretending to shake in my shoes with fear and consternation, I said, "I am plenty glad I no belong China wife, Ah-Chy. I no likee any man talkee my so fashion."

His face broke into a smile; he really had looked very angry as he answered me. Now, turning to me with the most courteous inclination, he paid me the prettiest compliment I have ever received: "Tai Tai, suppose my could catchee one piecee wife all same you, one piecee can do, and my all time likee he stop this side."

The repartee was so quick and so perfect that we were all taken by surprise, and my friends and husband greeted it with acclamation. Upon my laughing protest that I could never believe myself capable of equaling "eight piecee wife," he began, to my dismay, to enumerate my accomplishments, beginning with, "You makee number one music, makee ridee bobbery [frisky] pony," and, abetted by the encouragement and laughter of my friends, went on through a long list up to the climax, which he reached in saying, "You just now plenty young and have catchee two piecee boy." That appealed to him most, for his own two sons had died, and he had been obliged to adopt one, in order to insure a descendant who would worship at his grave and keep his memory green. It is the greatest misfortune and sorrow a Chinaman knows to be sonless, and I felt my heart deeply touched with pity for the man, in the midst of the badinage and fun in which we were all engaged.

Meantime, we had been sauntering through the rooms, and found ourselves again in the large cool salon overlooking the lake, where we rested and did ample justice to the champagne, crystallized fruits, and cakes awaiting us. Then the gentlemen lighted their cigars and I a cigarette, to the delight of our host, who congratulated me, saying, "Ah, Tai Tai, you can smokee all same China wife."

"Yes, but my no can smokee pipe, Ah-Chy."

"Maskee [no.matter]. Cigarette more better look see. My think by an by China lady savey smokee allo same."

Before we left, Ah-Chy took us to see his dwarfed fir, a tiny but perfect tree, about nine inches high, which grew in a beautiful porcelain flower-pot, standing on a garden-seat, evidently in a place of honor, and showing evidence of the greatest care and attention. He told us it had been planted by his father on the day his son Ah-Chy was born, and it was easy to see that he held it in the greatest veneration. He added quite seriously that when he had been ill the little tree had drooped and pined, recovering always as he grew better, and that when he died it would die too. It certainly looked then as fresh and healthy in its tiny way as our host in his vigorous manhood, and we sincerely congratulated him upon its flourishing condition. He seemed much pleased and touched by our expressing the hope that it would be many a long year before there was any evidence that less fortunate days had come upon either of them. We strolled down to the lake by another exquisite pathway, and, after thanking our host for the pleasure of the afternoon, rowed away into the sunset, leaving him gazing after us with manifest kindness and good will.

Among the pleasant recollections of our leave-taking of the port are Ah-Chy's regrets that we were going away, and his warmly expressed hope that we might be ordered back again before long. Several years afterward, while we were stationed at a southern port, I was much astonished at seeing our usually very solemn-faced butler appear at the drawing-room door with a comical smile. It was instantly explained by the announcement, "Tai Tai, Ah-Chy have got" (is here); and in walked my old friend, looking just as well and happy as ever. I chaffed him about being tied to his

number one wife's apron-strings by at least one thread, in spite of the attractiveness of some of the "six pieceee" away up the river. He laughed, and admitted having come south to see her, saying, "Must wantee come every two or three year, makee look see how fashion have got" (how she is). After a long talk over old times, in what seemed to me more rapid pidgin English than I had ever heard even him use, Ah-Chy bade me good-by, reiterating the hope

that we might be ordered back to our former home.

So out of my life passed my friend; and as I end this little sketch of him I am very conscious that I am loath to finish it. It seems like breaking one of the links which bind me to the old happy, interesting life of which he formed a part. Every remembrance of him is pleasant, courteous, and amusing, so that it is not surprising that I am sorry to take leave of my friend Ah-Chy.

Christina Ritchie.

WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD.

"I have seen wicked men and fools, a great many of each; and I believe they both get paid in the end, but the fools first." — ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I.

IT was a strange crew for the fore-castle of an outward-bound, deep-water American ship. Mr. Jackson, the mate, — a gray-eyed giant, — looked in vain for the heavy foreign faces, the greasy canvas jackets and blanket trousers, he was accustomed to see. Not that these men seemed to be landsmen; each carried in his face and bearing the indefinable something by which sailors of all races may distinguish one another from fishermen, tugmen, and deck hands. They were all young men, and their intelligent faces — blemished more or less by marks of overnight dissipation — were as sunburned as those of the two mates who were taking their individual measures. Where a hand could be seen, it showed as brown and tarry as that of the ablest of able seamen. There were no chests among them, but the canvas clothes-bags were the genuine article, and they shouldered and handled them as only sailors can. Yet, aside from these externals, they gave no sign of be-

ing anything but well-paid, well-fed, self-respecting citizens, who would read the papers, discuss politics, raise families, and drink more than was proper on pay nights, to repent at church in the morning. The hands that were hidden were covered with well-fitting gloves, kid or dogskin. All had on white shirts and fashionable neckwear; their shoes were polished, their hats in style, and here and there, where an unbuttoned, silk-faced overcoat exposed the garment beneath, could be seen a gold watch-chain with tasty charm.

"Now, boys," said the shipping-master cheerily, as he unfolded the Articles on the capstan-head, "answer and step over to starboard as I call your names. Ready! Tosser Galvin."

"Here!" A man carried his bag across the deck.

"Bigpig Monahan."

Another, as large a man as the mate, answered and followed.

"Moccasey Gill."

"Good God!" muttered the mate as this man responded.

"Sinful Peck."

An undersized man with a cultivated blonde mustache lifted his hat politely to the first officer, disclosing a smooth, bald

head, and passed over, smiling sweetly. Whatever his character, his name belied his appearance; for his face was cherubic in its innocence.

"Say," interrupted the mate angrily, "what kind of a game is this, anyhow? Are these men sailors?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Jackson," answered the shipping-master hurriedly; "you'll find 'em all right. And, Sinful," he added, as he frowned reprovingly at the last man named, "don't you get gay till my receipt is signed and I'm clear of you."

Mr. Jackson wondered, but subsided, and, each name bringing forth a response, the reader called off Seldom Helward, Shiner O'Toole, Senator Sands, Jump Black, Yampaw Gallegher, Ghost O'Brien, Sorry Welch, Yorker Jimson, General Lannigan, Turkey Twain, Gunner Meagher, and Poop-Deck Cahill.

Then the astounded Mr. Jackson broke forth profanely. "I've been shipmates," he declared between oaths, "with freak names of all nations, but this gang beats me. Say, you," he called, "you with the cro'jack eye, there, — what's that name you go by? Who are you?" He spoke to the large man who had answered to "Bigpig Monahan," and who suffered from a slight distortion of one eye.

But, instead of civilly repeating his name, the sailor said curtly and coolly, "I'm the man that struck Billy Patterson."

Fully realizing that the mate who hesitates is lost, and earnestly resolved to rebuke this man as his insolence required, Mr. Jackson secured a belaying-pin, and had almost reached him when he found himself looking into the bore of a pistol held by the shipping-master.

"Now stop this," said the latter firmly, — "stop it right here, Mr. Jackson. After you've signed my receipt for 'em you can do as you like; but if you touch one of 'em 'fore you've signed, I'll have you up 'fore the commissioner. And you fellers," he said over his shoul-

der, "you keep still and be civil till I'm clear o' you. I've used you well, — got your berths and charged you nothin'. All I wanted was to get Cap'n Benson the right kind of a crew."

"Let's see that receipt," snarled the mate. "Put up that gun, too, or I'll show you one of my own. I'll tend to your good men when you get ashore." He glared at the quiescent Bigpig, and followed the shipping-master — who, however, still held his pistol ready — over to the rail, where the receipt was produced and signed.

"Away you go, now, — you and your gun," said the mate.

The shipping-master, with a good-by call to the crew, scrambled down the side to the waiting tug, which then gathered in its lines and steamed away.

Wrathful of soul, Mr. Jackson turned to the men. They had changed their position; they were now close to the fire-rail at the mainmast, surrounding Bigpig Monahan, who, with an injured expression, was shedding outer garments and voicing his opinion of Mr. Jackson. He had dropped a pair of starched cuffs over a belaying-pin and was rolling up his shirt-sleeves, and Mr. Jackson was just about to interrupt the discourse, when the second mate called his name. Turning, he beheld him beckoning violently from the cabin companionway, and joined him.

"Got your gun, Mr. Jackson?" asked the second officer anxiously, as he drew him within the door. "I've got mine. I can't make that crowd out; but they're lookin' for fight, — that's plain. When you were at the rail they were sayin', 'Soak him, Bigpig. Paste him, Bigpig. Put a head on him.' They might be a lot o' prize-fighters."

Mr. Becker, squat, broad, and hairy, was not afraid, — his duties forbade it; he was simply human and confronted with a new problem.

"Don't care a rap what they are," answered the mate. "We'll overhaul

their dunnage for whiskey and sheath-knives and turn them to. Come on; I'm heeled."

They stepped out and advanced to the capstan amidships, each with a hand in his trousers pocket.

"Pile those bags against the capstan here and go forrard!" ordered the mate in his most officer-like tone.

"Go to h—l," they answered — "What for — They're our bags, not yours — Who in h—l are you, anyhow — What are you — You talk like a p'liceman."

Before this irreverence could be replied to, Bigpig Monahan advanced.

"You're spoilin' for somethin', old horse," he said. "Put up your hands." He threw himself into an aggressive attitude, one big fist within six inches of Mr. Jackson's nose.

"Go forrard!" roared the officer, his gray eyes sparkling.

"We'll settle this, then we'll go forrard. There'll be fair play, — these men'll see to that; you'll only have me to handle. Put up."

Mr. Jackson did not "put up." He repeated his order, and was struck on the nose; not a hard blow, — a preliminary tap which started blood. He immediately drew his pistol and shot the man, who fell with a groan.

An expression of shock and horror overspread the face of every man in the crew, and they surged back, away from that murderous pistol. A momentary hesitancy followed; then horror gave way to furious rage, and carnage began. Coats were flung off, belaying-pins and capstan-bars seized. Inarticulate, half-uttered imprecations drowned the storm of abuse with which the mates justified the shot; and two distinct bands of men swayed and zigzagged about the deck, the centre of each an officer fighting according to his lights, — shooting as he could between blows of fists and clubs. Then the smoke of battle thinned, and two men with sore heads and bleeding

faces retreated hurriedly to the cabin, followed by snarling maledictions and threats.

It was hardly a victory for either side. The pistols were empty and the fight was taken out of the mates for a time, and on the deck lay three moaning men, while two others clung to the fife-rail, draining blood from limp, hanging arms. But eleven sound and angry men were left, and the mates had more ammunition. They entered their rooms, mopped their faces with wet towels, reloaded their firearms, pocketed the remaining cartridges, and returned to the deck, the mate carrying a small ensign.

"We'll run it up to the main, Becker," he said thickly, — for he suffered, — ignoring in his excitement the etiquette of the quarter deck.

"Ay, ay," said the other, equally unmindful of his breeding. "Will we go for 'em again?" The problem had defined itself to Mr. Becker: these men would fight, but not shoot.

"No, no," answered the mate, "not unless they go for us and it's self-defense. They're not sailors; they don't know where they are."

So, while the uninjured men were assisting the wounded five into the fore-castle, the police flag was run up to the main truck, and the two mates retired to the poop-deck to wait and watch.

But either because the ship lay too far over on the Jersey flats for the flag to be noticed, or because harbor police share the fallibility of their shore brethren in being elsewhere when wanted, no shiny black steamer with blue-coated guard appeared to investigate the trouble, and it was well on toward noon before a tug left the beaten track to the eastward and steamed over to the ship. The officers took her lines as she came alongside, and two men climbed the side ladder, — one a Sandy Hook pilot, the other the captain of the ship.

Captain Benson, in manner and appearance, was as superior to the smooth-

shaven and manly-looking Mr. Jackson as the latter was to the misformed and hairy second mate. With his fashionably cut clothing, steady blue eye, and refined features, he would have been taken for an easy-going club man or educated army officer rather than the master of a working craft. Yet there was no lack of seamanly decision in the leap he made from the rail to the deck, or in the tone of his voice as he demanded, "What's the police flag up for, Mr. Jackson?"

"Mutiny, sir. They started in to lick us, and we've shot five."

"Lower that flag at once."

Mr. Becker obeyed this order; and as the flag fluttered down, the captain received an account of the crew's misdoing from the mate. He stepped into his cabin, and, returning with a double-barreled shot-gun, leaned it against the booby-hatch, and said quietly, "Call all hands aft who can come."

Mr. Jackson delivered the order in a roar, and the eleven men, who had been watching the newcomers from the fore-castle doors, straggled aft and clustered near the capstan, all of them hatless and coatless, shivering palpably in the keen December air. With no flinching of the eyes, they stared at the captain and the pilot.

"Now, men," said Captain Benson, "what's the matter with you?"

A red-haired, Roman-nosed man stepped out of the group. "Are you the captain here? There's matter enough," he answered defiantly. "We ship for a run down to Rio Janeiro and back in a big schooner, and here we're put aboard a square-rigged craft that we don't know anything about, and the steward says she's bound for Callao. And 'fore we're here ten minutes we're howled at and shot. Bigpig Monahan's got a hole in his shoulder big enough to shove his fist in, — thinks he's goin' to die. He's bleedin' — they're all bleedin' — like stuck pigs. Sorry Welch and

Turkey Twain 've got broken arms, and Jump Black and Ghost O'Brien got it in the legs and can't stand up. What kind o' work is this, anyhow?"

"That's perfectly right. You were shot for assaulting your officers. Do you call yourself able seamen, knowing nothing of square-rigged craft?"

"We're able seamen on the lakes. We can do our work in schooners."

Captain Benson's lips puckered, and he whistled softly. "The lakes!" said he. "What part of the lakes?"

"All o' them. We live in Oswego; we're all union men."

The captain took a turn or two along the deck, then faced them and said: "Men, I've been fooled as well as you. I would not have an Oswego sailor aboard my ship if I could help it, much less a whole crew of them. I've been on the lakes, and know the aggressive self-respect of your breed. Although I paid five dollars a man for you, I'd put you ashore and ship a new crew but for the fact that five wounded men going out of a ship will involve explanation that will delay my sailing and incur expense to my owners. However, I give you the choice, — to go to sea and learn your work under the officers, or go to jail as mutineers; for to protect my mates I must prosecute you all."

"S'pose we do neither?"

"You will probably be shot, to the last resisting man, either by us or the harbor police. You are up against the law."

They looked at one another with varying expressions on their faces; then one asked, "What about the bunks? There's no bedding."

"If you failed to bring your own, you will sleep on the bunk-boards."

"And that stinkin' swill the Chinaman's cookin' in the galley, — is that for us?"

"You will get the provisions provided by law, — no more; and you will eat in the fore-castle. Also, if you have neg-

lected to bring pots, pans, and spoons, you will eat without them. This is not a lake vessel, where sailors eat in the cabin, with knives and forks. Decide this matter quickly."

The captain began pacing the deck, and the listening pilot stepped forward and said kindly, "Take my advice, boys, and go along. You're in for it, if you don't."

They thanked him with their eyes for the sympathy, and conferred together for a few moments; then their spokesman called out, "We'll leave it to the fellers forrard, cap'n," and forward they trooped. In five minutes they were back, with resolution in their faces.

"We'll go, cap'n," their leader said. "Bigpig can't be moved without its killin' him, and says if he lives he'll follow your mate to hell, but he'll pay him back, and the others talk the same way; we'll stand by 'em, — we'll square up this day's work."

"Mr. Jackson," said the captain, "overhaul their dunnage, turn them to, and man the windlass."

And so, with a crippled crew of schooner sailors, the square-rigger *Almena* towed to sea, — smouldering rebellion in one end of her, the power of the law in the other, murder in the heart of every man on board.

II.

Five months later, the *Almena* lay at an outer mooring-buoy in Callao Roads, again ready for sea, but waiting. Beyond the faint land and sea breeze there had been no wind for several days, and Captain Benson had taken advantage of the delay to give a dinner to some captains with whom he had fraternized on shore. "I've a first-rate steward," he had told them, "and I've the best trained crew that ever went to sea. Come, all of you, and bring your first officers. I want to give you an object

lesson on the influence of matter over mind that you can't learn in the books."

So they came, at half past eleven, in their own ships' dingeys, which were sent back with orders to return at night-fall, — six big-fisted, more or less fat captains, and six big-fisted, beetle-browed, and embarrassed first mates. As they climbed the gangway they were met by Captain Benson and led to the poop, the only dry and clean part of the ship; for the *Almena's* crew were holystoning the main deck. This operation consists of grinding off the oiled surface of the planks with sandstone, and the resulting slime of sand, oily wood pulp, and salt water made walking unpleasant, as well as being very hard on polished shoe leather. But in this filthy mess the men were on their knees, working the six-inch blocks of stone technically called "bibles" back and forth with about the speed and motion of an energetic woman over a wash-board. The mates also were working. With legs clad in long rubber boots, they filled buckets at the deck-pump and splashed water around where needed, occasionally throwing the whole bucketful at a doubtful spot on the deck to expose it to criticism. As the visitors lined up against the monkey-rail and looked down on the scene, Mr. Becker threw a bucketful, — as only a second mate can, — and a man who happened to be in the way was rolled over by the unexpected impact.

"Get out o' the way, there!" he bawled, eying the man sternly. "What are you gruntin' at? Water won't hurt you, — soap neither." He went to the pump for more water, and the man, gasping and choking slightly, crawled back to his holystone. It was Bigpig Monahan, hollow-eyed and thin, slow in his voluntary movements; without his look of injury, too, — as though he might have welcomed the momentary respite for his aching muscles.

Now and then, when the officers' backs were partly turned, a man would stop,

rise erect on his knees and bend backward. A man may work a holystone much longer and press it much harder on the deck for these casual stretchings of contracted tissue; but the two mates chose to ignore this physiological fact, and a moment later a little man, caught in the act by Mr. Jackson, was also rolled over — not by a bucket of water; by the boot of the mate, who uttered words suitable to the occasion and held his hand in his trousers pocket, while the little man, grinning with rage, resumed his work.

"There," said Captain Benson to his guests, "see that little devil? See him show his teeth? That is Sinful Peck. I've had him in irons with a broken head five times, and the log is full of him. I towed him over the stern running down the trades to take the cussedness out of him, and if he had n't been born for higher things he'd have been drowned."

"So this is your trained crew, is it, captain?" said a grizzled old skipper of the party. "What ails that fellow down in the scuppers?"

"Ran foul of the big end of a hand-spike," answered Captain Benson. "He'll carry his arm in splints all the way home, I think. His name is Gunner Meagher. Their names are unique, but they signed them and will answer to them. Look at that outlaw down there by the bits: that is Poop-Deck Cahill. Looks like a prize-fighter, does n't he? But the steward tells me he was educated for the priesthood, and fell by the wayside. That one close to the hatch, with the red hair and hang-dog jib, is Seldom Helward. He was shot off the cro'jack yard. He fell into the lee clew of the cro'jack, so we pulled him in."

"What did he do, captain?" asked the grizzled skipper.

"Threw a marlinespike at the mate."

"Ought to ha' killed him on the yard. Are they all of a kind?"

"Every man, — schooner sailors from

the lakes. Not one knew the ropes or his place when we sailed. I've set more bones, mended more heads, and plugged more shot-holes this voyage than ever before, and my officers have grown perceptibly thinner. But little by little, man by man, we've broken them in. They're keeping a log, I learn; every time a man gets thumped they enter the tragedy and all sign their names. They're going to law." Captain Benson smiled dignifiedly at the outburst of laughter evoked by this, and the men below lifted their haggard, hopeless faces an instant and looked at the party with eyes that were furtive, catlike. They could not hear, but knew that they were being laughed at.

"They got a little law here," resumed the captain. "The consul put them all in the calaboose for fear they'd desert, and they complained that they were half starved when I took them out. To tell the truth, they did n't throw any grub overboard for a while. Nevertheless, a good four weeks' board-bill comes out of their wages. I don't think they'll have much due them at New York. The natives cleaned out the fore-castle when they were in jail, and they'll have to draw heavily on my slop-chest."

"Captain," said another skipper of the party, "I'd pay that crew off. You ought to have let them run, or worked them out and saved their pay. Look at them, — look at the devils in their eyes. I notice your mates seldom turn their backs to them. Take my advice; get rid of them."

"What?" answered Captain Benson, with a smile. "Just when we have them under control and useful? Oh no. I'd only have to ship a crowd of beach-combers and half-breeds at double pay. I've taken those sixteen hellyons round the Horn, and I'll take them back. I'm proud of them. Just look at them," he added vivaciously; "docile and obedient, — down on their knees with bibles in their hands."

"And the name of the Lord on their lips," grunted the adviser; "but not in prayer, I 'll bet you."

"Hardly," laughed Captain Benson. "Come below, gentlemen; dinner must be ready."

Dinner was not ready, but they seated themselves at the cabin table, and while waiting passed around a decanter of appetizing yellow fluid, and drank to a speedy and pleasant passage home for the *Almena* and further confusion to her misguided crew. Then they discussed the depravity of sailors, until the steward, assisted by the Chinese cook, appeared with the dinner. For lack of facilities the mild-faced and smiling steward could not serve the dinner in the style which it deserved. He would have liked, he explained, to bring it on in separate courses. But one and all disclaimed such frivolity. There was the dinner, and that was enough. And it was a splendid dinner; but, either because thirteen men had sat down to the table, or because the fates were unusually freakish, it was destined that not one man there should partake of it. On deck things had been happening; and just as the steward had placed the last smoking dish on the table, a wet, bedraggled, dirty little man, his clothing splashed with the slime of the deck, his eyes flaming green, his face expanded to a smile of ferocity, appeared in the forward doorway holding a cocked revolver which covered them all. Behind him in the passage were other men, equally unkempt, their eyes wide open with excitement and anticipation.

"Don't you move," yelled the little fellow, — "not a man! Keep yer hands out o' yer pockets — put 'em over yer heads — that's it — you too, cap'n."

They obeyed him (there was death in the green eyes and smile), all but one. Captain Benson sprang to his feet with a hand in his breast pocket.

"You scoundrels!" he cried as he drew forth a pistol. "Leave this" — The

speech was stopped by a report, — deafening in the closed-up space, — and Captain Benson fell heavily, his pistol rattling on the floor.

"Shoot me off a yard, will ye?" growled another voice through the smoke. In the after door were more men, the red-haired Seldom Helward in the van, holding a smoking pistol. "Get the gun, one o' you!" he called.

A man stepped past and picked up the captain's pistol, which he cocked.

"One by one," said Seldom, his voice rising to the pitch and timbre of a trumpet-blast, "you men walk out of the forward companion with your hands over your heads. Plug them, Sinful, if two move together, and shoot to kill."

Taken by surprise, the guests, resolute men though they were, obeyed the command. As each rose to his feet, he was first relieved of a bright revolver, which served to increase the moral front of the enemy, then led out to the booby-hatch, on which lay a newly broached coil of hambro-line and a pile of thole-pins from the locker within. Here he was searched again, for jack-knife or brass knuckles, bound with the hambro-line, gagged with a thole-pin, and marched forward — past the prostrate first officer, quiet and pale in the slime, and the agonized second officer, gagged and bound to the fife-rail — to the port fore-castle, where he was locked in with the Chinese cook, who, similarly treated, had preceded. The mild-faced steward, weeping now, was sternly questioned, and allowed his freedom on promising not to "sing out" or make trouble. Captain Benson was examined, his injury was diagnosed as brain concussion from the glancing bullet, more or less serious, and he was dragged out to the scuppers and bound beside his unconscious first officer. Then, leaving them to live or die as their subconsciousness determined, the sixteen mutineers sacrilegiously reëntered the cabin and devoured the dinner.

When you have cursed, kicked, and

beaten a slave for five months, it is always advisable to watch him for a few seconds after administering correction, to give him time to realize his condition; and when you have carried a revolver in your right-hand trousers pocket for five months, it is advisable occasionally to inspect the cloth of the pocket, to make sure that it is not wearing thin from the chafe of the muzzle. Mr. Jackson had ignored the first rule of conduct; Mr. Becker, the second. Mr. Jackson had kicked Sinful Peck once too often; but not knowing that it was once too often, had immediately turned his back, and received thereat the sharp corner of a bible on his bump of inhabiteness, — which bump must have responded in its function; for Mr. Jackson showed no immediate desire to move from the place where he fell. Mr. Becker, on his way to the lazaret in the stern for a bucket of sand to assist in the holystoning, had reached the head of the poop steps when this occurred, and, turning at the sound of his superior's fall, bounded to the main deck without touching the steps, reaching for his pistol as he landed, only to pinion his fingers in a large hole in the pocket. Wildly he struggled to reclaim his weapon, down his trousers leg, but he could not reach it; his anxious face betrayed his predicament to the wakening men, and when he looked into Mr. Jackson's pistol, held by Sinful Peck, he submitted to being bound to the fife-rail and gagged with the end of the top-gallant sheet, a large rope which filled his mouth and hurt. Then the firearm was recovered, and the descent upon the dinner-party planned and carried out.

Without the vocal expression of emotion, the conduct of these men, after that good dinner, was somewhat similar to that of a kennel of hunting-dogs loosed after confinement on a fine day. They waltzed, boxed, wrestled, flung each other about the deck, threw handspings and cartwheels, — those not too weak, — buffeted, kicked, and clubbed the suffer-

ing second mate, reviled and cursed the unconscious captain and chief mate, and when tired of this, as children and dogs of play, they turned to their captives for amusement. The second mate was taken from the fife-rail, with hands still bound, and led to the forecastle; the gags of all and the bonds of the cook were removed, and the forecastle dinner was brought from the galley. This the prisoners were invited to eat. There was a piece of salt beef, boiled a little longer than usual on account of the delay. It was black, brown, green, and iridescent in spots; it was slippery with ptomaines, filthy to the sight, stinking and nauseating. There were potatoes, a year old, shriveled before boiling, hard and soggy, black, blue, and bitter after the process. And there was the usual "weevily hard-tack" in the bread-barge.

Protest was useless. The unhappy captives surrounded that dinner, and, with hands behind their backs and disgust in their faces, masticated and swallowed the morsels which the Chinese cook put to their mouths, while their feelings were further outraged by the hilarity of the men at their backs, and their appetites occasionally jogged into activity by the impact on their heads of a tarry fist or pistol-butt. At last a portly captain began vomiting, and this being contagious the meal ended; for even the stomachs of the sailors were affected.

There were cool heads among that crowd of mutineers, — men who thought of consequences: Poop-Deck Cahill, square-faced and resolute, but thoughtful of eye and refined of speech; Seldom Helward, — who had shot the captain, — a man whose fiery hair, arching eyebrows, Roman nose, and explosive language indicated the daredevil, but whose intelligent though humorous eye gave certain signs of repressive study and thought; and Bigpig Monahan, already described. These three men went into executive session under the break of the poop, to the conclusion that the con-

sul who had jailed them for nothing would probably hang them for this; and, calling the rest to the conference as a committee of the whole, they outlined and put to vote a proposition to make sail and go to sea, leaving the fate of their captives for later consideration, — which was adopted unanimously and with much profanity, the central thought of the latter being an intention to “make ’em finish the holystoning for the fun they had laughing at us.” Then Bigpig Monahan sneaked below and induced the steward to toss through the storeroom deadlight every bottle of wine and liquor which the ship carried.

Six second mates on six American ships watched doubtfully as sails were dropped and yards mastheaded on board the *Almena*, and at last sent six dingies, which could only muster around the mooring-buoy, where a wastefully slipped shot of anchor-chain told that all was not right. But by the time the matter was reported ashore, the *Almena*, having caught the newly arrived southerly wind of the coast, was hull down at sea.

Four days later, one of her boats, containing twelve sore-headed men, with faces disfigured and clothing ruined — particularly about the knees of the trousers — by oily wood pulp, came wearily into the roadstead from the open sea, past the shipping and up to the landing at the custom-house docks. From here the twelve went to the American Consulate and entered bitter complaint of inhuman treatment at the hands of sixteen mutinous sailors on board the *Almena*, — treatment so cruel that they had welcomed being turned adrift in an open boat; whereat the consul, deploring the absence of man-of-war or steamer to send in pursuit, took their individual affidavits; and these he sent to San Francisco, from which point the account of the crime — described as piracy — spread to every newspaper in Christendom.

III.

A northeast gale off Hatteras: immense gray combers, five to the mile, charging shoreward, occasionally breaking, again lifting their heads too high in the effort, truncated as by a knife, and the liquid apex shattered to spray; an expanse of leaden sky showing between the rain-squalls, across which dull background rushed the darker scud and storm-clouds; a passenger steamer rolling helplessly in the trough, and a square-rigged vessel, hove to on the port tack, two miles to windward of the steamer and drifting south toward the storm-centre. This is the picture that the sea-birds saw at daybreak on a September morning; and could the sea-birds have spoken, they might have told that the square-rigged craft carried a navigator who had learned that a whirlwind fury of storm-centre was less to be feared than the deadly Diamond Shoals — the outlying guard of Cape Hatteras — toward which that steamer was drifting, broadside on.

Square-faced and thoughtful of eye, clad in yellow oilskins and sou’wester, he stood by the after companionway, intently examining through a pair of glasses the wallowing steamer to leeward, barely distinguishable in the half-light and driving spindrift. At the wheel stood a little man, who sheltered a cheerful face under the lee of a big coat collar and occasionally peeped out at the navigator.

“What d’ye make of him, Poop-Deck?” he asked.

“He’s in trouble, Sinful; there goes his ensign — American — union down.”

From a flag-locker within the companionway Poop-Deck drew out the stars and stripes, which he ran up to the monkey-gaff. Then he looked again.

“Down goes his ensign — up goes the code pennant. He wants to signal. Come up here, boys!” he shouted.

As six men who had been pacing the main deck climbed the poop ladder, he bent on the corresponding code signal to the other part of the halyards and ran it up, while the ensign fluttered down. "Go down, one of you," he said, "and get the signal-book and shipping-list. He'll show his number next. Get ours ready, — R. L. F. T."

One of the sailors sprang below for the books named, the others hooked together the flags forming the ship's number, and Poop-Deck resumed the glasses.

"Q. T. F. N.!" he exclaimed. "Look it up."

The books had arrived, and while one man lowered and hoisted again the code signal — which was also the answering pennant — the others pored over the shipping-list.

"Steamer Aldebaran, of New York," they said.

The pennant came down, and the ship's number went up to the gaff.

"H. V.!" called Poop-Deck, as he scanned two flags now flying from the steamer's truck. "What does that say?"

"Damaged rudder — cannot steer," they answered.

"Pull down the number and show the answering pennant. Let's see that signal-book." Poop-Deck turned the leaves, studied a page for a moment, then said, "Run up H. V. R. That says, 'What do you want?' and it's the nearest thing to it."

These flags took the place of the pennant, and Poop-Deck again watched; noting first the steamer's answering signal, then the letters K. R. N.

"What does K. R. N. say?" he asked.

They turned the leaves, and answered, "I can tow you."

"Tow us!" exclaimed three or four together. "We're all right. We don't want a tow. How can he tow us when he can't steer?"

"He wants to tow us so that he *can* steer, you blasted fools," said Poop-

Deck. "He can go where he likes with a big drag on his stern."

"That's so. Where's he bound?"

"Did n't say; but he'll fetch up on the shoals soon, if we don't help."

"Towline's down the fore-peak," said one. "Could n't get it up in an hour," remarked another. "Yes, we can," rejoined a third. Then, all speaking at once, and each raising his voice to its limit, they argued excitedly: "Can't be done — Coil it on the fore-castle — Yes, we can — Too much sea — Run down to windward — Line ud part, anyhow — Float a barrel — Shut up — I tell you we can — Call the watch — Seldom, yer daft — Need n't get a boat over — Hell ye can — Call the boys — All hands with heavin'-lines — Can't back a topsail in this — Go lay down — Soak yer head, Seldom — Hush — Dry up — Nothin' you can't do — Go to hell — I tell you, by God, we can — Do as I say, and we'll get a line to him or get his."

The affirmative speaker, who had also uttered the last declaration, was Seldom Helward. "Put me in command!" he yelled excitedly. "Do what I tell you and we'll make fast to him!"

"No captains here," growled one, while the rest eyed Seldom reprovingly.

"Well, there ought to be. You're all rattled, and don't know any more than to let thousands o' dollars in salvage slip by you."

"Salvage?"

"Yes, salvage. Big boat — full o' passengers and valuable cargo — shoals to looward of him — can't steer. You poor fools, what ails you?"

"Foller Seldom!" vociferated the little man at the wheel. "Foller Seldom and ye'll wear stripes!"

"Shut up, Sinful. Strike the bell. Call the watch, — it's near seven bells."

The uproarious howl with which sailors call the watch below was delivered down the cabin stairs, and soon eight other men came up, grumbling at the premature wakening, while two more

came out of the fore-castle and joined one who, during the signaling, had remained forward. Seldom Helward's proposition was discussed noisily in joint session on the poop, and finally accepted.

"We put you in charge, Seldom," said Bigpig Monahan sternly, "against the rule, 'cause we think you've got some good scheme in your head. But if you have n't, — if you make a mess of things just to have a little fun boss-in' us, — you'll hear from us. Go ahead, now, you're cap'n."

Seldom climbed to the top of the after house, looked to windward, then to leeward at the rolling steamer, and called out, "I want more beef at the wheel. Bigpig, take it; and you, Turkey, stand by with him. Get away from there, Sinful. Give her the upper main-topsail; the rest of you, and Poop-Deck, you stand by the signal halyards. Ask him if he's got a towline ready."

Protesting angrily at the slight put upon him, Sinful Peck relinquished the wheel and accompanied the others to the main deck. Two men went aloft to loose the topsail, while Poop-Deck examined the signal-book.

"K. S. G. says, 'Have a towline ready.' That ought to do," he said.

"Run it up," ordered the newly installed captain, "and watch his answer."

Up went the signal, and as the men on the main deck were manning the top-sail halyards Poop-Deck made out the answer, — V. K. C.

"That means, 'All right,' Seldom," he said, after examining the book.

"Good enough; but we'll get our line ready, too. Get down and help 'em masthead the yard; then take 'em forward and coil the towline abaft the windlass. Get out all the heavin'-lines, too."

Poop-Deck obeyed, and while the main-topsail yard slowly arose to place Seldom himself ran up the answering pennant, and then a repetition of the steamer's last message, "All right."

This was the final signal displayed. It was lowered, and for a half-hour Seldom waited until the others had lifted a nine-inch hawser from the fore-peak and coiled it down. Then came his next orders in a continuous roar: —

"Three hands aft to the spanker sheet — stand by to slack off and haul in. Man braces for wearing ship, the rest o' you. Hard up the wheel. Check in starboard main and cro'jack braces. Shiver the topsail. Slack off that spanker."

His orders were obeyed. The ship paid off, staggered a little in the trough under the right-angle pressure of the gale, swung still farther, and steadied down to a long, rolling motion, dead before the wind, heading for the stern of the steamer. Yards were squared in, the spanker hauled aft, staysail trimmed to port, and all hands waited while the ship charged down the two miles of distance. "Handles like a yacht," muttered Seldom, as, with brow wrinkled and keen eye flashing above his hooked nose, he conned the steering from his place near the mizzenmast.

Three men separated themselves from the rest and came aft. One was tall, broad-shouldered, and smooth-shaven, with a palpable limp; another, short, broad, and hairy, showed a lamentable absence of front teeth; and the third, a blue-eyed man, slight and graceful of movement, carried his arm in splints and sling.

"I wish to protest," said this man as they climbed the poop steps. "I am captain here under the law. I protest against this insanity. No boat can live in such a sea. No help can be given that steamer."

"I bear witness to the protest," said the tall man.

The short, hairy man might also have spoken, but had no time.

"Get off the poop!" yelled Seldom. "Go forrard where you belong!" He stood close to the bucket-rack around the

skylight. Seizing bucket after bucket, he launched them at his visitors, with the result that the big man was tumbled down the poop steps head first, while the other two followed, right side up, but hurriedly, and bearing some sore spots. Then the rest of the men set upon them, much as a pack of dogs might worry strange cats, and kicked and buffeted them forward.

There was not much time for amusement of this sort. Yards were braced to port, for the ship was careering down toward the steamer at a ten-knot rate. Soon black dots on her rail resolved into passengers waving hats and handkerchiefs, and black dots on the boat-deck into sailors standing by the end of a hawser which led up from the bitts below on the fantail. The ship came down until it might have seemed that Seldom's intention was to ram the steamer. But not so; when a scant two lengths separated the two craft, he called out, "Hard down! Light up the staysail sheet and stand by the fore braces!"

Around came the ship on the crest of a sea, sank into the hollow behind, shipped a few dozen tons of water from the next comber, and lay fairly steady with her bows meeting the seas and the huge steamer not a half-length away on the lee quarter. The fore topmast staysail was flattened, and Seldom closely scrutinized the drift and heave of the ship.

"How's your wheel, Bigpig?" he asked.

"Hard down."

"Put it up a little; keep her in the trough."

He noted the effect on the ship of this change; then, as though satisfied, roared out, "Let your fore braces hang forrard there! Stand by heavin'-lines fore and aft! Stand by to go ahead on that steamer when we have your line!" The last injunction, delivered through his hands, went down the wind like a thunder-clap, and the officers on the steamer's bridge,

vainly trying to make themselves heard against the gale, started perceptibly at the impact of sound, and one of them went to the engine-room speaking-tube.

Breast to breast the two vessels lifted and fell. At certain moments, it seemed that the ship was to be dropped bodily on the deck of the steamer; at others, her crew looked up a hundred-foot slope to where the other craft was poised at the crest. Then the steamer would drop, and the next sea would heave the ship toward her. But it was noticeable that every bound brought the ship nearer, and also farther ahead; for the sails were doing their work.

"Kick ahead on board the steamer!" thundered Seldom from his eminence. "Go ahead! Start the wagon — or say your prayers, you blasted idiots!"

The engines were already turning. But it takes time to overcome three thousand tons of inertia, and before the steamer had forged ahead six feet the ship had lifted high above her and descended her black side with a grinding crash of wood against iron. Fore and main channels on the ship were carried away, leaving all lee rigging slack and useless; lower braces caught in the steamer's davit cleats and snapped; but the sails, held by the weather braces, remained full, and the yards did not swing. The two craft separated with a roll, and came together again with more scraping and snapping of rigging. Passengers left the rail, dived indoors, and took refuge on the opposite side, where falling blocks and spars might not reach them. Another leap toward the steamer resulted in the ship's main topgallantmast falling in a zigzag whirl, as the snapping gear aloft impeded it, and, dropping athwart the steamer's funnel, neatly sent the royal yard with sail attached down the iron cylinder, where it soon blazed and assisted the artificial draft in the stoke-hold. Next came the fore topgallantmast, which smashed a couple of boats; then, as the round

black stern of the steamer scraped the lee bow of the ship, jib-guys parted and the jib-boom itself went, snapping at the bowsprit-cap, with the last bite the ship made at the steamer she was helping. But all through this riot of destruction — while passengers screamed and prayed, while officers shouted and swore on the steamer, and Seldom Helward, bellowing insanely, danced up and down on the ship's house, and the hail of wood and iron from aloft threatened their heads — men were passing the towline.

It was a seven-inch steel hawser with a manila tail, which they had taken to the fore topsail sheet bitts before the jib-boom had gone. Panting from their exertions, they watched it lift from the water as the steamer ahead paid out with a taut strain; then, though the crippled spars were in danger of falling and really needed their first attention, they ignored the fact and hurried aft as one man to attend to Seldom.

Encouraged by the objurgations of Bigpig and his assistant, who were steering now after the steamer, they called their late commander down from the house and deposed him in a concert of profane ridicule and abuse, to which he replied in kind. He was struck in the face by the small fist of Sinful Peck, and immediately knocked the little man down. Then he was knocked down himself by a larger fist, and, fighting bravely and viciously, became the object of fist-blows and kicks, until, in one of his whirling staggers along the deck, he passed close to a short, broad, hairy man, who, yielding to the excitement of the moment, added a blow to Seldom's punishment. It was an unfortunate mistake; for he took Seldom's place, and the rain of fists and boots descended on him until he fell unconscious. Mr. Helward himself delivered the last quieting blow, and then stood over him with a lurid grin on his bleeding face.

"Got to put down mutiny though the heavens fall," he said painfully.

"Right you are, Seldom," answered one. "Here, Jackson, Benson, drag him forrard; and, Seldom," he added reprovingly, "don't you ever try it again. Want to be captain, hey? You can't; you don't know enough. You could n't command my wheelbarrow. Here's three days' work to clear up the muss you've made."

But in this he spoke more, and less, than the truth. The steamer, going slowly and steering with a bridle from the towline to each quarter, kept the ship's canvas full until her crew had steadied the yards and furled it. Then, an uncanny appearance of the sea to leeward and a blackening of the sky to windward indicated a too close proximity to the shoals, and probable increase of wind and sea. The steamer waited no longer. With a preliminary blast of her whistle, she hung the weight of the ship on the starboard bridle, gave power to her engines, and rounded to, very slowly, head to sea, while the men on the ship, who had been carrying the end of their hawser up the fore topmast rigging, dropped it and came down hurriedly.

Released from the wind pressure on her strong side, which had somewhat steadied her, the ship now rolled more than she had done in the trough; and with every starboard roll were ominous creakings and grindings aloft. At last came a heavier lurch, and both crippled topmasts fell, taking with them the mizzen topgallantmast. Luckily, no one was hurt, and the men disgustedly cut the wreck adrift, stayed the fore and main masts with the hawser, and, resigning themselves to a large subtraction from their salvage, went to a late breakfast, — a savory meal of fried ham and potatoes, hot cakes and coffee, served to sixteen in the cabin, and an unsavory mess of hard-tack hash, with an infusion of burnt bread-crust, peas, beans, and leather, handed, but not served, to three in the forecabin.

Three days later, with Sandy Hook

lighthouse showing through the haze ahead, and nothing left of the gale but a rolling ground-swell, the steamer slowed down, so that a pilot boat's dingey could put a man aboard each craft; and the one who climbed the ship's side was the pilot who had taken her to sea, outward bound, and sympathized with her crew. They surrounded him on the poop and asked for news, while the three men forward looked aft hungrily, as though they would have joined the meeting, but dared not. Instead of giving news the pilot asked questions, which the men answered.

"I knew you'd taken charge, boys," he said at last; "the whole world knows it, and every man-of-war on the Pacific stations is looking for you. But they're looking out there. What brings you round here, dismasted, towing into New York?"

"That's where the ship's bound, New York. We took her out; we bring her home. We don't want her; don't belong to us. We're law-abidin' men."

"Law-abiding men?" asked the amazed pilot.

"You bet. We're goin' to prosecute those dogs of ours forrard to the last limit of the law. We'll show 'em they can't starve and hammer and shoot American citizens just 'cause they've got guns in their pockets."

The pilot looked forward, answered a nod, and asked, "Who's captain?"

"Nobody!" they roared. "Had enough o' captains — This ship's an unlimited democracy — Everybody's just as good as the next man — All but the dogs; they sleep on the bunk-boards, do as they're told, and eat salt mule and dunderfunk, same as we did goin' out."

"Did they navigate for you? Did no one have charge of things?"

"Poop-Deck, here, picked up navigation, and we let him off steerin' and standin' lookout. Then Seldom wanted to be captain just once, and we let him — well, look at our spars."

The pilot looked. Then the men ex-

plained the meeting with the steamer and Seldom's misdoing, and requested information about the salvage laws.

"Boys," said the pilot, "I'm sorry for you. I saw the start of this voyage, and you appear to be decent men. You'll get no salvage; you'll get no wages. You are mutineers and pirates, with no standing in court. Any salvage which the *Almena* has earned will go to her owners, and to the three men whom you deprived of command. What you can get — the maximum, though I can't say how hard the judge will lay it on — is ten years in state's prison and a fine of two thousand dollars each. We'll have to stop at quarantine. Take my advice: if you get a chance, lower a boat and skip."

They laughed at the advice. They had only repressed inhuman brutality.

An hour later the pilot pointed to the *Almena's* number flying from the steamer's truck. "He's telling on you, boys," he said. "He knew you when you helped him, and used you, of course. Your reputation is international and bad. See that signal-station ashore there? You'll find a police boat at quarantine."

He was but partly right. Not only a police boat, but an outward-bound man-of-war and an incoming revenue cutter escorted the ship to quarantine, where the towline was cast off and an anchor dropped. Then, in the persons of a scandalized health officer, a naval captain, a revenue marine lieutenant, and a purple-faced sergeant of the steamboat squad, the power of the law was rehabilitated on the *Almena's* quarter deck, and the strong hand of the law closed down on her unruly crew. With blank faces, they discarded, to shirts, trousers, and boots, the slop-chest clothing which belonged to the triumphant Captain Benson, and descended the side to the police boat, which immediately steamed away. Then a chuckling trio entered the ship's cabin and ordered the steward to bring them something to eat.

Now, there is no record, either in the reports for that year of the police department, or from any official babbling, or from later yarns spun by the sixteen prisoners, of what really occurred on the deck of that steamer while she was going up the bay. Newspapers of the time gave generous space to speculations written up on the facts discovered by reporters; but nothing was ever proven. The facts were few. A tug met the steamer in the Narrows about a quarter to twelve that morning, and her captain, on being questioned, declared that all seemed well with her. The prisoners were grouped forward, guarded by eight officers and a sergeant. A little after twelve, a Battery boatman observed her coming, and hied him around to the police dock to have a look at the murderous pirates he had heard about, only to see her heading up the North River, past the Battery. A watchman on the elevator docks at Sixty-Third Street observed her charging up the river a little later in the afternoon, wondered why, and spoke of it. The captain of the *Mary Powel*, bound up, reported catching her abreast of Yonkers. He had whistled as he passed, and, though no one was in sight, the salute was politely answered. At some time during the night, residents of Sing Sing were wakened by a sound of steam blowing off somewhere on the river; and in the morning, a couple of fishermen, going out to their pond-nets in the early dawn, found the police boat grounded on the shoals. On boarding her they had released a pinioned, gagged,

and hungry captain in the pilot-house, and an engineer, a fireman, and two deck hands, similarly limited, in the lamp-room. They pried open the nailed doors of the dining-room staircase, and liberated a purple-faced sergeant and eight furious policemen, who chased their deliverers into their skiff, and spoke sternly to the working force.

Among the theories advanced was one by the editor of a paper in a small Lake Ontario town, to the effect that it made little difference to a lake sailor whether he shipped as captain, mate, engineer, sailor, or fireman, and that the officers of the New York Harbor Patrol had only underestimated the calibre of the men in their charge, leaving them unguarded while they went to dinner. But his paper and town were small and far away, he could not possibly know anything of the subject, and his opinion obtained little credence.

Years later, he attended as guest a meeting and dinner of the Shipmasters and Pilots' Association of Cleveland, Ohio, when a resolution was adopted to petition the city for a harbor police service. Captain Monahan, Captain Helward, Captain Peek, and Captain Cahill, having spoken and voted in the negative, left their seats on the adoption of the proposition, reached a clear spot on the floor, shook hands silently, and then, forming a ring, danced around in a circle, the tails of their coats standing out in horizontal rigidity, until reproved by the chair.

And the editor knew why.

Morgan Robertson.

DRIFTWOOD.

THE storm was over. Dawn came with a clear sky and no wind. Though a white-streaked, leaping sea still dashed and thundered upon the encircling reef, the water inside was flat and noiseless save for a gentle plashing at its edge. When, with tropic haste, the sun rose and proclaimed the day, the ocean seemed to have forgotten its anger. Beyond the boiling reef it had become a merry dancing sea of sapphires and diamonds, deep blue and sparkling white; inside the barrier it lay a placid zone of cobalt, which gradually turned to green as it neared the shore and the yellow sand showed through it. But on the island the palms were bent and tattered; the foliage of the undergrowth was shriveled and blackened as by a frost; and all along the strand there ran a dark, irregular line of sea-wreck.

A few yards above high-water mark, face downward at the foot of a giant palm, lay a man. One arm rested under his forehead; the other was stretched out before him. Upon the latter a full-rigged ship had been tattooed. His head and feet were bare, and his torn clothes were still wet.

The sun climbed, the heat increased, the frightened birds in the thickets took courage and began to call again, but the man did not move; for he was spent by his struggle with the sea.

Later, a gaudy lowrie shrieking overhead roused him, and he sat up, staring about him with wild, frightened eyes. Then, slowly, painfully, he rose, and limping down to the water, he stood, swaying unsteadily, with one hand shading his weak eyes, and looked anxiously seaward.

Now that the tide was out, he could see the swart, jagged crest of the reef upon which the ship had struck. A flock of sea-birds circled and screamed above it

in one place, but except the birds, the rocks, and the sea there was nothing.

The man sat down heavily, and covered his face with his hands. Again he lifted his head, and gazed sightlessly at the far-away horizon. After a little while a wandering crab caught his attention. He watched it stupidly for a moment; then suddenly pounced upon it, pulled off its claws, and carried it above the tide-mark. Now that the instinct of self-preservation was stirred in him, he began to search for food. Instead of striking into the forest, as a landsman would have done, he clung tenaciously to the one thing he knew and called his friend,—the sea. The tangled underbrush, the shadowy glades, the mysterious noises of the forest, all caused him apprehension; but on the shore, with the sound of the ocean in his ears and the invigorating smell of seaweed in his nostrils, he felt more confidence.

Some rock-oysters, chipped laboriously from the stones uncovered by the tide, appeased his hunger. Water he found in the hollows of the higher rocks. Though the salt spray had mingled with the rain and made it brackish, it contented him.

Strengthened and encouraged by his meal, he washed the sand from his black hair and beard, cleansed his torn hands and feet, and, manlike, began to plan. He would see what material he had at hand, what wreckage had been washed up, and would search for his shipmates who had taken to the boats. It could not be possible that he alone out of all the ship's company had reached the island,—he who had been the last to leave the ship. No, surely he was not alone! Cheered by this new thought, he started hopefully along the beach, turning to the right, with a sailor's way of doing things "with the sun."

The masses of fresh kelp which marked the limit of the sea's late flood were mixed with sponge growths, coral, polyps, shells, sea-fans, and dead fish. The shore was littered with strange things wrenched from the ocean-bed. Sometimes the man stopped and looked at these things curiously, and once he put a lustrous cowrie in his pocket.

As he walked on and on, however, such objects ceased to interest him; for he was seeking wreckage and his fellow men, and he found neither. At every point that cut off his view he would say, "I shall see them when I round that," and he would put forth all his strength to reach it; but each time he stood at the turn and opened a new prospect, disappointment awaited him.

The day wore on, and he became very weary. His limping gait grew slower and slower. His head dropped on his chest. A wide bay, without a cheering sign, had to be skirted before he could reach the next cape; and he felt that he could not go much farther.

Presently, a long white object lay at his feet, and with a cry of joy he opened his half-shut eyes. It was an oar. He looked eagerly round for the boat to which it belonged; but no boat was to be seen, neither was there a footprint nor any trace that one had landed there.

"Capsized!" he muttered despondently, and shouldering the oar he limped on.

He had gone but a short distance, however, when he stopped again. This time it was before a "fancy" ship's bucket. The wood was white, the hoops were blue, and the rope handle was an elaborate piece of sailor handiwork. As he turned it over thoughtfully with his foot, he started; for he saw that the name painted upon it was not the name of his ship, but that of another vessel. Then he dropped the oar, and found that it too was branded with the strange name.

"D-r-u-i-d, Druid," he said. "My God! Then there were two wrecks!" After a pause he continued: "And only

one man saved! Ha! ha! ha! What a joke! Ha! ha!" and he broke into shouts of hoarse laughter.

Suddenly his unnatural merriment ended; for far down the beach, near to the water's edge, there was a dark something that moved. Though at the moment it was still, the man could have sworn that he had seen it stir, and was instantly filled with a vague fear. Rigid and breathless, he stood and watched the thing. It moved again. Then, cautiously, with mingled feelings of curiosity, fear, and hope, the man approached it. At one moment it looked like a roll of seaweed, at another a seal, and at yet another a human body. As he got nearer, he saw that a rocking motion was given to the thing by an occasional wave that ran up higher than its fellows, and that the thing itself was a woman.

Forgetting his weariness and pain, the man ran; then stopped, looking down with dismay at the piteous heap before him. The woman lay on her side in a little bed which the weight of her body and the incoming waves had made in the sand; her face and hands were pallid, her lips were set, and her long brown hair was spread upon the beach like a delicate seaweed. About her waist two life-belts had been securely lashed, and from her neck there hung by a silken string a small chamois bag.

As the man bent over her he was filled with pity, and tears rolled down his cheeks, — tears that were partly for her, and partly for his lonely self. Why, oh why, had she not lived? He touched her cold hands and face, placed his ear to her mouth, but could detect no life. On a sudden a new hope sprang within him, and, growing strong with it, he lifted the woman in his arms and staggered up the beach, where he laid her down in the warm sand, out of the reach of the sea.

Quickly loosing the life-belts from about her waist, he found to his delight that she was still warm. Though she was apparently drowned, life was not ex-

tinged, and, with a sailor's knowledge, he began at once to practice the methods used to produce artificial breathing. He worked with grim, deliberate perseverance, until she breathed naturally; then he restored warmth and circulation by stones which had lain in the sun and by rubbing. At last the woman opened her large blue eyes, and gazed wonderingly into the man's eager face. Then she closed them again and fell asleep. With a great joy in his heart the man rose, and went away to collect shellfish; for he knew now that the woman would not die.

After the castaways had lived upon rock-oysters and cocoanuts for two days the man made a fire-drill, and by dint of much labor produced fire, which he kept burning day and night. With a sharp stone he hewed out a rude spear for spearing fish, and a throwing-stick to kill the many tame birds that flew about the island. Turtle eggs he found in a cove near by, and in the forest an abundance of yams and plantains. When there was no longer any need of being anxious about food, he built the woman a little hut of boughs, so that she might be sheltered from the heavy rains and be alone.

The woman, however, grieved exceedingly, and would not be comforted. All day she sat in the shadow of the palms, staring at the sea. Though she tried to be brave before the man, he would often return from hunting or fishing to find her weeping bitterly.

Fearful that she would go mad or die, he tried to distract her by seeking her advice and help. He taught her to twist cocoa fibre into strings and ropes, to make a net from the same material; he stripped the life-belts of their canvas coverings, and asked her to make him a coat; he took her with him to the cove for turtle eggs and to the forest for fruit, making pretense always that he needed her assistance. And ever he spoke in strong, hopeful words of the future.

Some day, he told her, a ship would come and carry them away from their island prison. So cheery, so full of faith was he that she came to believe him; whereupon her grief abated and her courage came back.

One day he came to her and said, "On the other side of the island I have found a better place to live than this. There is plenty of good water and fruit, and a high cliff from which to keep a lookout; and a signal-fire lighted on the cliff could be seen for thirty miles. Shall we go?"

The woman's eyes brightened, and she said, "Yes! yes! Let us go at once."

When they reached the new place, and the woman saw the cliff, the crystal rivulet that went singing across the yellow sand to the sea, and the wealth of gay, perfume-laden flowers that decked the slope, she cried, "Oh, how beautiful!" For the first time since she had been upon the island she smiled.

As soon as they were settled in their new camp the man began to build a huge bonfire on the bald summit of the cliff. As all the wood had to be carried from below, and as he had neither axe nor knife to aid him, the task was a long and hard one. He laid alternate layers of dry wood and green branches, so that the fire, when lighted, should send up a column of black smoke. It took him three weeks to raise the pile to the size he wanted, and during this time the woman helped him bundle the wood and cooked their simple meals.

When the great work was finished and ready for the torch, they went up and looked at it admiringly, and both were filled with eager hopefulness. They felt now that they were ready for the ship; that when she came they should be seen and saved.

Each morning and evening they climbed to their lookout, the man carrying a large bundle of sticks, the woman a small one; for it pleased them to increase the size of their beacon. Panting they would reach

the top, and, dropping their burdens, seat themselves in the cool breeze of the height, to scan the horizon and anticipate the coming of the ship. Sometimes they speculated upon her, — wondered from which direction she would come, whether she would be a steamer or a sailing vessel, and whither she would take them. The ship, indeed, was the one theme of their conversation, their one and only hope, their future.

Time went on, the weeks grew to months, but no vessel appeared. Such was their faith, however, that they did not cease to believe, nor stop adding fuel to their great unlighted beacon. In this common work and faith, in spite of daily disappointment, they drew closer together, and were strangely content. Plain food, physical labor, and an open-air life brought the color back to the woman's cheeks, gave health and vigor to both man and woman. Laughter came to their lips easily, gladness to their eyes; they sang as they worked, went hand in hand through the forest plucking flowers, and, as though by magic, became children again.

They deceived themselves into thinking that these things were born of sympathy and their mutual interest. Yet, notwithstanding this, there was one subject which they guiltily avoided, — the past. In the beginning the past had been their chief topic, but as the months went by they tacitly agreed to bury it.

The man, being an ingenious, handy fellow, made tools out of the iron hoops of the bucket he had found, and with them manufactured many things that they needed. Before the rainy season set in he built a stone house for the woman, which he made waterproof with a thatch of reeds; and for himself he hollowed out a little cave at the foot of the cliff. As soon as these things were accomplished he set to work making a bark canoe, for he wished to search the barrier reef for wreckage.

In everything they did, however, nei-

ther the man nor the woman forgot that their work was but a makeshift, — that it was merely to tide them over until they were rescued. Nor did they cease to climb the cliff morning and evening, nor to add continually to their monster signal, nor to plan for the coming of the ship.

And in all they undertook, all their plans and anticipations, they found a happiness which constantly brought them nearer and nearer together.

By the calendar which the man had scratched upon the smooth surface of a rock, the castaways had been imprisoned by the sea nearly five months before the awakening came. Then, one day, while he was gathering fruit, he looked out over the ocean and saw a great white vessel standing close in to the island. Thereupon he ran down quickly to the beach where the woman was, crying joyously, "The ship! The ship!"

When she saw it she laughed and cried by turns. For a moment they stood holding each other's hands very tightly, and looking rapturously at this the realization of their one hope.

Their ship had come at last!

Then the man plucked a burning brand from the camp-fire, and ran with all his speed up the winding pathway they had worn to the beacon. On the way he snatched a handful of dry grass, with which to kindle the blaze. Excited, breathless, and flushed, he impatiently shook himself clear of the view-destroying underbrush, and reached the hilltop. The vessel was then almost abreast of the cliff, and so near that he could look down and see people upon her deck.

Realizing that no time was to be lost, the man knelt hurriedly at the foot of the bonfire, thrust the dry grass beneath a mass of small dead wood, and began to blow the smoking firebrand into life. At the third puff, however, he stopped; his hands fell limply at his sides; his face became contorted, and he shrank back from the pile, shuddering. For at

that moment there came to him knowledge, and with it fear. He knew then that he loved the woman, and he knew that the lighting of the fire meant separation. Fearfully he laid the brand down; then rose and edged away from it as though it were a snake.

"I will not! I will not!" he muttered fiercely. "I will tell her the brand went out."

After a brief struggle, however, the man's better nature asserted itself, and he came back. With a trembling hand he again lifted the fire-stick. Once more the charcoal glowed; once more he was on the point of sending aloft the signal. But as he hesitated he heard quick steps behind him, and a sound, — half cry, half

sob. He turned, and saw that it was the woman.

Now, when the man and the woman looked into each other's eyes they understood all. With a smile upon her love-illuminated face, the woman lifted the fire-brand and threw it into the sea beneath them. Then the man opened his arms, and the woman came to them.

And there at the edge of the cliff, with their signal-fire behind them, these two, who had drifted so strangely together, stood and watched the ship sail away. A thin haze rolling up from the southward soon enveloped the vessel. She became a phantom shape, then a thin dark line, which grew fainter and fainter, and finally disappeared.

H. Phelps Whitmarsh.

THE TINKLING SIMLINS.

It was admitted that there was no other man around North Pass who could get together so good a force of berry-pickers as Abe Tweedy, — or Twiddy, as he was known by word of mouth. He went out into the wilds of Johnson County to engage them in April; imported them to the Floyd farm, near the pass, in May, when strawberries were beginning to ripen; and "bossed" them with forceful patience and suavity until the last blackberry was off the vines in August. The inhabitants of "old John-sing" were a lawless people in those days, but it was Tweedy's boast that in ten years there had been no "killings" in his gang, and scarcely ever a fight or a drawn knife, while the quarreling was only enough to give a little human interest to the long, hard seasons. Year after year the same families joined his force. Friendships or jealousies which had been interrupted during the winter began afresh along the strawberry rows, and ran their course from the bleak, chilly,

showery days when Tweedy kindled a bonfire on the edge of the field, so that his gang could warm its numbed hands and dry its dew-drenched clothing, to other days of perfect sunshine and delight; and on to others still, when the aroma of the raspberries hung like an overpowering incense in the quivering air, and Tweedy advised the pickers to put moist raspberry leaves in their hats and bonnets to keep off the sun.

It was the beginning of such a day of fainting heat, and Tweedy had made the rounds of the field with a water-bucket and a dipper. He passed over a little rise of ground, and found himself near a girl who had fairly buried her head in the waving branches of a tall raspberry bush, and was searching for the great, red, perfect berries which grow beneath the leaves.

"Fine warm day," he said, setting down the bucket, and taking off his hat to wipe his forehead. The girl did not seem to hear, so he stood a moment

looking at her. Her skirt was soaked to the waist with the heavy dew which shimmered on the leaves and berries, her sleeves were wet to the shoulders and clung about her strong round arms, and even the ruffle of her sunbonnet was limp from brushing against the vines. It was very early although it was so warm. The sun was low in the east, and its light fell in an almost level flood of gold across the tops of the vines, which were all staked and trained high, so that the field looked like a vineyard. Far away toward the horizon, the morning shadows were still lurking among the wild blue hills. It seemed a pity that the girl should be soaked with dew and have her head buried in a raspberry bush. Tweedy tried a new tone. "Look out you pick them berries clean, Cynthy Lence," he said.

She straightened herself, and pushed her bonnet back from a calm-looking face with moist curls flattened against the temples. "'Pears to me, when I stand on my haid in a bush, it's a sign I'm searchin' pretty close for 'em," she answered, freeing the curls with her hand.

Tweedy lifted the dripping dipper out of the bucket and held it toward her. "I knowed you would n't stop workin' long enough to take a drink 'less'n I faulted yore work," he said. "It ain't my place, as boss, to make a fuss about anybody's doin' too much; but jus' countin' myself as Abe Twiddy, I cain't sense why you drive yoreself so hard. If you want to show that you can pick two boxes to Buck Anderson's one, you done that long ago."

The girl had come a step toward him to take the dipper, but her hand dropped and she did not take it.

"Pshaw!" he said, holding it out further. She shook her head. "Pshaw!" he repeated, "you 're the faithfulest worker I've got in this field; you don't need any boss, an' someway I cain't never count myself as anything but Abe Twiddy when I'm talkin' to you. . . . Stan'

still a minute; it's bound to be said. I cain't help seein' that you-uns is workin' yoreself so unmerciful jus' because Buck Anderson married that old Widder Tate instead of you. He's a heap sorrier about it 'n you be, an' she's run him right up agin the wall, too; he das n't lift a eyelash 'less'n she says, 'Eyelashes up!' like we used to play. It don't look to me like there's the stuff in him for a girl to keer so much about."

The girl was looking at him so steadily that he began to hesitate. "You see, Cynthy, I'm a mighty old acquaintance of yorn," he apologized. "I been bossin' you now since you was jus' big enough to stan' under the raspberry vines an' pull the berries off'n the low branches; they mos'ly went into yore mouth, too. Now don't it look like it was tol'able nateral I should take an interest?"

She smiled at him with a sparkle of resentment in her eyes. "Nobody's keepin' you from takin' an interest, if you want to," she said. "I don't keer."

All the rugged lines in Tweedy's face took a sudden downward turn. He was not used to finding himself of small account, and if any one who cared had been watching him, it would have been evident that he was not only perplexed, but pained. At last he picked up the water-bucket and started along the row, but, pausing, looked at the girl again. She had bent into the bush once more, and he went slowly away, feeling as if he had lost something there among the raspberry leaves.

The heat grew more oppressive as the day went on, and Tweedy noticed the listless, sullen spirit of his gang. The talk and laughter which usually passed between the rows died out, and only an angry mother raised her voice now and then to threaten a child, or Buck Anderson's wife (still known as "the Widow Tate") was heard railing at her husband. Tweedy himself was indefatigable in good works and in good cheer. He took the heavy hand-crates from the red-faced,

panting children who were carrying them to the shed, and, as he passed, he stopped to joke with the row of old women who were playing truant openly and smoking their pipes in the shadow of a tree. But his jokes fell back on him like those of an actor who is facing a stolid house. There was no air stirring, the weight of the atmosphere rested heavy on the field, and all the time he was thinking of Cynthia with her head hidden in the raspberry bush. Again and again he started to go to see if she still had it there; but talking to her seemed so useless that he did not go until the whole force worked its way over the knoll which had separated her from the others, and he caught sight of her only a few bushes beyond the place where she had been before. She was picking as slowly and wearily as any of the rest, and he hurried toward her, reproaching himself for having taunted her. After all, it was quite as much a pity for her to work slowly as to work swiftly on account of a man like Anderson, and he was ready to tell her so, when he noticed that Anderson and his wife were picking on the row next hers. Through all the season he had been quietly keeping them at a distance from her, but that morning she had come into the field so much earlier than any one else that she had already passed over the knoll when the others began, and so he had been careless in giving out the rows. Anderson's black head and thin shoulders were moving rapidly toward Cynthia, but his wife had come to a full stop, and was staring over the bushes at the girl, with a pair of cold blue eyes. Tweedy knew that the Widow Tate had more than once drawn a knife and attacked persons against whom she had a prejudice; and as she finally strode forward from one bush to another, he fancied he could see the swing of a knife in the limp folds of her gown; his thoughts followed her with foreboding, even while he called himself a fool, and took off his hat and fanned himself

as if fanning up a new idea. The widow seemed to have seen all she wished to see of Cynthia, however, and Tweedy drew a breath of relief as he saw her fill the last box in her hand-crate and start off toward the shed. Tweedy hurried away, too, suddenly realizing that he was not plain "Abe Twiddy," but a boss, and that this would be a good time to do a little bossing in the parts of the field at a distance from Cynthia; he called them "the far parts of the field."

Meanwhile, the pickers moved slowly along their rows, and the sun rose slowly higher and shot its rays at them with greater force. Cynthia could feel the sharp impact of the heat upon her head; she could feel, too, the strange piercing of an unseen steady gaze. Thinking the Widow Tate might still be looking at her, she tried to keep her own eyes doggedly upon her work; but at last she glanced up, and saw the widow's sunbonnet just passing out of sight on its way to the shed. It was Buck Anderson who was looking at her. She had not seen him so close at hand for nearly a year, and his haggard face startled her. It did not seem possible that this was the man with whom she had gayly "raced the field" last season; for though he might not have been a strong man then, he had been free and light-hearted. She had never seen a human soul in punishment before, and she took an involuntary step toward him, wonder and pity in her eyes.

Anderson glanced over his shoulder to be sure that his wife was out of sight, and then hurried toward her, shaking as if he had a chill.

"I've wanted a chance to talk to you," he began in a husky voice. "I pretty nigh died las' winter, an' I'll die this winter, so I can talk where a well man would be obleeged to keep his mouth shet. After I had axed you-uns, an' you would n't have me, Cynthia, I was plumb wild; I did n't keer what I did, an' I jus' got married out of devil-

ment, because I knowed folkses would say I'd throwed you-uns over to git the Widder Tate's wheat farm in the bottoms; an' I 'lowed it would spite you to have the name o' bein' cut out by the widder. I reckon she took me because she had seed how fast I could work, an' she allowed I'd make a right good hand on her farm an' hyar in the berry fields before wheat harvest; but she drove me too hard. I took a cold last winter" — He stopped with a sort of gasp from having said so much and spoken so rapidly. He seemed to have very little strength, and Cynthia noticed that he reeled slightly and put his hand to his head before he went on, while his eyes sought hers with a weak man's longing for compassion. "She drove me to work when I was n't fit," he began again, trying hard not to make each word an appeal. "I had had pneumony, an' goin' out like that I pretty nigh died."

Cynthia was struggling against the shock of the change in him. Her eyes roamed out across the field as she listened to his nervous, hurrying voice, and half consciously she noted how many of the pickers had stopped work to stare across the walls of shimmering green, and wonder what her old lover was saying to her while his wife was gone. They were all like Tweedy: they thought that she had been mourning for him. She was glad that it was she who had borne the humiliation of their sympathy instead of Anderson, yet she resented their inquisitive interest and their theories. It was not her fault that a man too slight for her to love had loved her, though perhaps, if she had been thinking less of other things, she might have seen that he cared for her, and have kept him from caring quite so much; but she had thought of nothing except to be the best and swiftest picker in Abe Tweedy's gang.

"What made you work when you was n't fit?" she asked.

Anderson shook his head. "You-uns

could n't onderstand it," he said wearily. "You-uns is one of the sort that jus' goes as they please, an' don't gee nor haw when folkses jerk the lines; but I'm mighty tender to the bit. I don't know how she did it, but she jus' slipped a curb into my mouth the first day, an' she's been a-gee-hawin' an' a-whippin' me up ever since. I 'lowed I would n't git the chance to say airy word to you-uns before I was drove onderground, an' I wanted to tell you that I only married for devilment, an' she's paid me out, — that's all."

He stopped, but his hollow, sorrowful eyes still lingered on the girl's face, and, for the first time in her life, her heart admitted the claim of his unanswered love. Even his weakness suddenly became sacred from the judgment of her strength. Her face grew full of sorrow for him, but though her lips moved once or twice, she could not find a word to say. The silence of the breathless morning was so deep that she could almost hear what two women were whispering together in a row near by.

"Oh," Anderson began again in his hoarse, eager voice, "you don't lay up no grudge agin me, do you? I did it for devilment, but I've been paid out a'ready; an' when I think I've got to go on an' live with her till I die, an' have her stand by me then an' shet my eyes, I reckon I'll have paid more than the little spite it was to you to have a man you did n't keer for throw hisse'f away."

Cynthia went a step closer to him, regardless of the sharp laugh with which the women ended their conference in the other row. Her heart seemed to beat itself against a barrier of wordlessness. "Buck," she said, "I'm mighty sorry for you, an' if I've ever laid up any grudge or keered a little, it ain't anything beside what you've been through; an' I'll say it before my Maker, it's all my fault. I — I wisht there was something I could do."

Anderson looked at her, wondering if all the feeling in her face could be for him; and when he saw it really was for him, a sob came up into his throat, and with a single broken word he went back to his row.

Just then Tweedy came along, his water-bucket swinging at his side. "What's the matter?" he asked Cynthia. "You've scarcely moved a foot since I was talkin' to you an hour ago."

She smiled a little, and there was still something tender in her eyes. "'Pears to me you-uns is mighty hard to please to-day, Mr. Twiddy," she replied. "A hour ago you was faultin' me 'cause I picked too fast."

"Well, you *was* pickin' too fast," he said, and his voice was testy; "thar's a gait betwixt runnin' yore head off an' standin' still."

He had never spoken like that to her before, and she looked at him with a startled face. "I was tryin' to please you-uns," she began, — "that is, in the first place. Jus' the las' few minutes I been talkin' to Buck Anderson."

"So I've heard an' seen," he said. "The word of it is clear acrost the field."

Her features hardened. "An' you come acrost to stop it?" she inquired.

"Well, bein' the boss, I naterally have to come this way once in a while," he returned evasively, stooping to pull off a red berry she had missed. It did not prove to be as ripe as he had thought. He jerked at it until it crumbled in his hand, and then laughed as he threw the pieces away. She watched him scornfully, but when he finally looked up at her, though his lips still laughed, his eyes were as frank and steady as her own. "I'm in an awkward place, Cynthia," he said. "I know you think I meddle too much, an' yet I'm bound to keep things as quiet an' peaceable as I can; an' somehow, I'm bound likewise to keep you from trouble, if I can. I know you call it yore own business if

you choose to pass a word with Buck, same as if he was any other man, an' so 't is; an' yet this whole field has got its eyes open a-watchin', so whatever the Widder Tate don't see, she'll hear. You don't know her the way I do. I room next 'em in the barracks, an' I hear her goin' for him nights. She's the illest-natured woman I ever met up with, an' if she gets a notion that you an' him is takin' notice again, thar'll be the devil to pay. I wisht you'd promise me, Cynthia, not to speak him airy other word."

The girl shut her lips. "If thar's the devil to pay, I reckon them that owes him'll have to do it. I ain't never had no dealin's with him," she said.

"But that's the trouble with the old boy, Cynthia," the foreman explained. "He jus' collects whar he has a mind to, without lookin' at his books. An' thar's another thing, — though it ain't easy for a man to name it to a honest girl that he's seed growin' up right out of the shadder of the vines, the way you have: even if the widder did n't jump on you with a knife some time when you was n't lookin', thar's nothin' like a fieldful of long-tongued berry-pickers to blacken a girl's name."

Cynthia set her hand-crate down very slowly under the bushes, and her hands fell by her sides. "Oh, Mr. Twiddy," she said, "do you think I keer? If they can make me black so easy, I'd ruther be made black an' have it done. I don't reckon such kind o' talk as theirn'll be heard at the judgment seat more'n the rattlin' of a dry ole las' year's simlin full o' seeds. You know what the Bible says about them that have not charity, — they are become as soundin' brass an' tinklin' simlins. What do I keer if all their round simlin heads bob up an' rattle together all acrost the field?"

"Sist!" whispered Tweedy. There was a murmur in the air as if a breeze had arisen to shake all the pickers'

tongues. Here and there heads leaned across rows to meet heads leaning from the other side. Some were turned to look at Cynthia and Tweedy, and at Anderson, who was walking in a queer dazed way beside his row, and picking scarce a berry. Others were looking with interest at the Widow Tate, as she marched heavily and slowly down the path from the shed.

Cynthia's lips curved disdainfully. "They had ought to thank me an' Buck," she said. "They ain't feelin' half so played out with the heat as they was a hour ago."

"Pore child!" Tweedy sighed, as if he were summing up all her waywardness and his pity for her. "You don't mind it very much now, an' you don't need to, 'cause it'll die out if it ain't fed; but cain't you pictur' how it ud be if it kep' on? I've had flies buzz about my head till I was nigh distracted, but I suppose you think it ud bemean you to take notice of a fly."

"I've heard 'em," Cynthia said. "They've kep' a-buzzin' in my ears jus' the way you-uns does, an' whenever I brushed 'em off they'd come right back. Mr. Twiddy, you-uns is so skeered o' people's tongues, don't you reckon yore gang'll be puttin' our names together if you spen' so much time bossin' me, when I'm knowed to be the best an' fastest picker in the field?"

Her tone stung Tweedy, and for a moment a glow of resentment tried to fight its way through the sunburn on his face; but as he stared at her, seeking for a retort, and yet uncertain whether to retort or to turn on his heel, something spoke to him out of the unchanging depths of his tenderness for her, and he understood the burning of injustice, the suffering, and the humiliation which held council behind her curving lips and brightened eyes. The anger died out of him, just as discord gives way to silence or to something sweeter, and he looked at the girl in a way that she could not

understand. And yet there was nothing he could say to her, and he turned away, leaving her wishing that he had spoken, so that her own words might not sound so clearly in her ears.

The ripe berries were gleaming conspicuously along the row where Buck Anderson had hurried forward without picking them, and Tweedy, in his official character, could not pass them by. He walked swiftly from bush to bush, sweeping off a berry here and there as he passed, until he had a handful of the red, fragrant, half-melting jewels with which to accuse Anderson's carelessness; but Anderson was nowhere to be seen. Tweedy went on, glancing between the bushes; for he expected to find Buck stooping somewhere out of sight, picking from the low branches. Along the row from the other end the Widow Tate was approaching; she was looking for Anderson, too, her hard eyes resting an instant on every bush, seeking for some stir among the leaves. Presently she hurried forward, calling loudly, "What's the matter with you? What you doin' down thar?"

Tweedy came up and found her standing beside Anderson, who had fallen between the bushes and lay in their shadow. Something of the green tint of the leaves was on his face, and he looked as if he were dead, but the widow did not kneel to touch him; she only bent, looking a little closer, and stirred him with her foot, repeating her questions.

Tweedy stooped, and passed a hand across his head and felt above his heart.

The widow straightened up and folded her arms. "He's only playin' off," she said. "He does hit when he gits tired o' work."

Several of the pickers had already gathered, and were elbowing one another around the two bushes which sheltered Anderson, but they waited for Tweedy to speak.

"I reckon it's sunstroke," Tweedy said. "We'll carry him straight to the

barracks, Mis' Anderson, an' put him in wet blankets. I don't know what the chances are, but I'm afeard" — He reached out for his water-bucket, and dashed its contents over Anderson's head and face.

"Oh, he'll git well," the woman said in her harsh voice, which was sometimes more cruel than her thought. "Hit takes a mighty little to git him down, an' a mighty lot to git him up; but he'll git well, an' I'll have him to nuss all through wheat harvest."

Cynthia had come up with the others, and when she saw Anderson the sunken blankness of his features appealed to all in her that was strongest and most gentle. After his wife had spoken there was a moment of silence, and then Cynthia leaned toward Tweedy and said very slowly and clearly, "Let me watch beside him, so he'll not wake up to be twitted with the trouble that he's made. I'll take keer of him if he lives, an' if he don't live I'll not begrudge the time it took me to shet his eyes."

So many people had heard her that Tweedy could not ignore what she had said. "Don't be foolish, Cynthia," he answered quietly, although he felt outraged by her folly. "Mis' Anderson ain't goin' to grudge nothin' to the pore feller, now he's down. If you want to help, run to the shed and tell Mr. Floyd to send a man on horseback after the doctor."

Cynthia beckoned to a boy, and sent him on the errand. Some of the men helped Tweedy to lift Anderson and carry him down the row; most of the pickers followed, and, with the green barriers on either hand to prevent straggling, the little procession started to leave the field. Cynthia fell into the line, but Anderson's wife stood at one side, like a spectator, her face and figure quite rigid except for the slow swelling of the veins upon her forehead. A report that she had stayed behind reached Tweedy, and he halted. "Come on, Mis' Anderson,

an' git things ready for him!" he called back, trying to make his tone ignore Cynthia's interference; and then, more sharply, as the woman did not stir, "Come on!"

She came on with long, cumbrous strides, overtaking the bearers just as they left the field. "You-uns need n't call *me*, Abe Twiddy," she said, stepping into the foreman's path and confronting him with a heavy, quivering face, — "you-uns need n't call me to come an' nuss a man that married me to be took keer of, when his pore triflin' heart was bound up in Cynthia Lence. I've seed him stan' an' look at her acrost the rows. He would have took up with her soon or late, an' now that she's spoke like she did to spite me, I make her a free gift of him, alive or dead." She turned on Cynthia, who had come forward, with her head raised and her eyes sparkling, as if to accept the gift. "Oh, I know what's kep' you-uns from lookin' at him or speakin' to him all the season," she cried, — "you-uns has been afeard o' *me*; but now I take all these men an' women to witness that you need n't be afeard o' me no more. I'm goin' back to the bottoms to harvest my wheat, an' I make you-uns a free gift of him. Look at him, an' see if hit don't do you proud to git what you been seekin' fur so long."

Tweedy's eyes took fire. "Go," he said, — "go, Mis' Anderson, an' don't bring yore black heart acrost my path agin. You-uns has been tired o' yore bargain these months back, an' now yo're makin' a girl's quick speech the *excuse* for throwin' off what you don't want onto her, an' tryin' to put a slur onto her at the same time. I know yore kind. You git mad, an' then you make yore temper serve yore turn. Take yoreself out o' this field, but don't you let man, woman, or child hear you say that you gave yore husband to Cynthia Lence, or I'll see to it that yore tongue's stiffened so you cain't say it agin. I give you-uns, an' all you-uns that's listenin', to

understand that, alive or dead, Buck Anderson is lef' with me."

He started forward, leaving the woman glowering after him on the edge of the field. Some of the pickers stayed with her, talking in an eager group; the others followed more silently toward the barracks. Cynthia walked beside Tweedy. "I thank you - uns for closin' her mouth," she said, "but I want to take keer of Buck, jus' the same."

"You cain't," said Tweedy shortly.

"But I want to," the girl insisted. "I — I owe it to him, Mr. Twiddy."

Tweedy had borne a great deal that day; the last shred of his patience was worn through, and his personal feeling was mingled in such an inextricable tangle with his duty that it seemed useless for him to try to tell what was the right thing to do, or to make a stand for doing it, even if he could decide. The girl was her own keeper, after all. "You know what yo're askin', an' what it means?" he said.

"I know that I 'm askin' to do the las' thing that one human can do for another, Mr. Twiddy," Cynthia answered, looking at him as if she had suddenly grown older than he. "You-uns knows that Buck Anderson ain't goin' to git well."

Tweedy was too human and too sorely tried to rise to what she asked of him. "We 'll take him to his room, an' turn the widder's things out of it," he said gruffly, "an' you-uns can do as you please about sittin' thar an' keepin' watch."

"Thank you, Mr. Twiddy," the girl said, with a deference that was galling after she had made her point.

When they reached the long, many-roomed shed known as the barracks, Tweedy turned upon his troop of curious-eyed, pushing, busy-tongued retainers, almost as if he saw for the first time that they had left the field. "We don't want no crowdin' an' gabblin' here," he said sharply. "Me an' Cynthia is all that 's needed, an' out yonder

the berries are meltin' on the vines. Go back to yore rows an' work yore peartest till I come an' give you the news. If the Widder Tate is hangin' around, tell her to yoke up her oxen an' git. She 'll find her plunderment lyin' here outside the door." He and the men who were helping him laid Anderson down on a straw pallet, and then he started off to the well for water to keep up the cold drenching which had been his first thought in the field; the others went with the retreating gang of pickers back to their work.

As Cynthia watched them go, and waited for Tweedy to come back with his unfailing, practical water-buckets, she seemed bitterly unneeded. Anderson might never return to consciousness; and even if he wakened, the mere absence of his wife would be more than he had hoped for as a final grace. The murmuring of voices died away as the pickers ambled out of her hearing, but she knew that, freed from Tweedy's presence and her own, every tongue was unbridled out there among the raspberries. In spite of Tweedy's championship there would be no more escape from comment than from the heat that was glimmering everywhere, — over the green fields and the dry ploughed ground, and far over the faint, quivering, shadowless hills. Even the few, like Tweedy, who would take her part against the others would be convinced that she had defied Anderson's wife from love of Anderson; and as she stood there waiting, she went down into that place of regret and futile rebellion where generous natures sometimes pay the price of their unselfishness, and the tears that start burning toward the eyelids freeze before they fall. Then Tweedy came hurrying from the well, and the fight for Anderson's useless life began.

The doctor came late and went quickly, leaving no encouragement behind him; and as all effort to revive Anderson grew into the conscientious formality with

which the living strive to detain the dying, even when their engagement with death is inevitable, Tweedy, in his turn, began to feel useless in the room. The persistence with which Cynthia knelt beside the unconscious man compelled Tweedy to defer to her, and he left her frequently, to go out and supervise the field. In one of his absences Cynthia heard a stir outside, and, glancing up, saw the Widow Tate and a few companions coming up the slope toward the barracks, trying to prod the inertia out of a pair of oxen who had been in pasture and were loath to change their way of life. Cynthia did not look again, but she was acutely conscious of every motion that was made and every word that was spoken while the oxen were yoked to a heavy lumber wagon, and the scanty and disordered furnishings outside the door were gathered up. A shadow darkened the doorway, and the girl knew that some one was standing there with arms akimbo, and looking at her. Other shadows came in silence; then there was a hoarse laugh, they all turned away, and Cynthia heard the widow clamber into her wagon and crack her whip like a man; the wagon-wheels began to creak, and finally to rattle, as the weight of the wagon urged the oxen into a rapid pace downhill.

Twilight fell at last like an absolution for the tortured spirit of the day. Even the voices of the pickers were hushed to a sort of peace, as they straggled in from work, and began to build little outdoor fires that sparkled brightly in front of the barracks, under the shadow of the trees. The women bent over the fires, cooking, and voice called to voice, asking or offering the commonplace services of life, but with unusual gentleness, as people speak when at any moment a guest may enter. Tweedy neither stayed long with Cynthia nor was long absent, but guarded her in every way and saw that she needed nothing. When twilight had changed to night, and the little evening

fires had all gone out, except here and there a coal that blinked like a red glow-worm in the dark, he stood beside her for a little while, looking down at her and at Anderson. The thought of himself had yielded utterly to a great compassion for the sad ending of their love. Anderson would die that night, and he could not bear that Cynthia should feel that even the kindest eyes were watching her, unless she wished it, when the final renunciation came.

"Do you want me to stay with you?" he asked, after a time. "If I don't stay, I'll be right next door, an' I'll hear if you even tap on the wall. I thought perhaps you'd rather be alone."

As the girl looked up at him, the lamplight glistened upon teardrops in her eyes. "Thank you, Mr. Twiddy," she answered, — "you-uns is mighty kind. I'd rather be alone."

Tweedy hardly knew what he did. He stooped suddenly and kissed her forehead. "You pore child!" he whispered, and left the room.

During the long hours of the night Cynthia had the long years of her future for companionship. The white moonlight came in at the doorway, and crept toward Anderson, and finally retreated, fearing to intrude. Once or twice she heard Tweedy get up from his bed, and pace softly back and forth in his room, and with the knowledge that he was awake her longing for his companionship grew almost into a cry. Once she went to the door and looked out over the lonely raspberry field, where a thin white fog had settled under the moonlight; but the breath of it was cold, and she feared that Anderson might open his eyes and not find her, if his soul returned to ask for a farewell, before it went upon the way which it was seeking in the dark.

A change had come over him even in the moment she was gone. He breathed in sharper and more infrequent gasps, and the lines of death had sunk deeper in his face. She bent above him, watch-

ing with such intense sympathy that her own breathing seemed almost linked with his, as she waited for each throe, thinking that each would be the last. But with the tenacity of feebleness his life fought on and on. At last, quite unexpectedly to herself, Cynthia tapped upon the wall. Tweedy was with her in an instant; and when she reached out a trembling hand, he took it without a word, and they watched together while the gray light of morning gradually dispelled the moonlight, and on until full dawn, when Anderson died.

Cynthia knelt beside him for a little while, but she did not need to close his eyes, for they had not opened to look at her. It was as if, at the moment when he turned away from her in the field, he had known that he had all it was right for him to claim, and his heart had been too full to ask for more.

Tweedy stood apart and waited until she came to him. Then they went outside. There was no stir yet about the barracks, for the overworn pickers were sleeping beyond their usual time. The sun had not risen, but its clearly drawn rays spread like a crown above the eastern hills, and the sky was scintillant. Only the lower hills and the deep green valleys lay shadowless and still in the diffusion of brightness, like a child's features that are waiting solemnly for life to set its seal of character upon them.

Tweedy broke the silence in a low voice. "I spoke hard to you-uns yesterday, more'n once, Cynthy," he said, "but I want you to forgit it all, if you can. I was only wantin' to see you as happy as you had a chance to be; but now that I see how much deeper yore misery was than I reckoned, thar ain't nothin' but sorrow for you in my heart—an' love."

The last word was spoken so gently, so much as an added tenderness, that it could not have pained or offended the

deepest sorrow, yet Cynthia was startled by it. She looked at him curiously. "You-uns does well to pity me," she said. "I don't keer what all the others says an' thinks, but I want you-uns to know the truth, 'cause you won't be on-charitable, even to Buck. I ain't never loved him. It was him loved me."

Tweedy passed his hand across his brow. "You-uns did it all for a man you did n't love," he exclaimed,—"you dared all them tongues?"

She nodded. "I—I owed it to him. Without knowin', I had led him on."

Tweedy looked off over the hushed, expectant earth. "My God," he said softly, "what would you do for the man you loved?"

The girl's breath came in an unexpected sob. "Oh, Mr. Twiddy," she faltered, "I might have to tell him so. He might n't know it for hisse'f."

Tweedy turned. Her face was tremulous, but consecrated by the love which she had hidden for so long; and as their eyes met they forgot that there was anything but love in all the world. The glory brightened in the east, and the air stirred like an awakening along the fields. One after another the sleepy pickers came out of the barracks, saw the two figures below them on the hillside, and whispered back and forth with brightening eyes.

At last Tweedy put her gently away from him. "I had ought to go an' call the gang, an' tell them that pore Buck is gone."

Cynthia glanced over her shoulder and laughed as she saw the pickers bending discreetly to kindle their morning fires. "The simlins has been watchin'," she said, "an' they'll be tinklin' peartly to-day. Do you keer?"

Tweedy shook his head. Before them sunshine and shadow flashed like a smile across the earth, as the sun rose over the distant hills.

Mary Tracy Earle.

THE COMMODORE.

I REMEMBER him as well as though I had seen him yesterday. There are some figures that memory does in silhouette, and that of my grandfather is one, — the lines all definite and clear, and standing out above the flotsam and jetsam of the human tide like some grand old figurehead. A tall man, a little stooped about the shoulders, with long, thin arms and legs which seemed to be without bones, so that he could tie them up and twist them about, and fling them out in a rattling old hornpipe, such as I have never seen performed by any one else, before or since.

His ship, the *Grampus*, was a full-rigged man-of-war, with more stays and halyards in her rigging than there were threads in the piece of Honiton lace which my grandmother wore on her head.

She lay at anchor, — the ship, I mean, although the same might be said of my grandmother; for in proportion to my grandfather's love for a roving life was her aversion to going abroad. Well, as I said, she lay at anchor off the Navy Yard, over which the Commodore was in command. Every day of his life — and he was an old man then — he went down to the dock, threw off his land togs, took a header into the water, and, with a splash and a yell, struck out with a bold stroke for his ship, a good two miles distant. He rode the waves like a cork and climbed the rigging like a cat, scrambling up the ship's side, over the rail, and never drawing breath till he had put betwixt fingers and toes every blessed spar and rope, from stem to stern, fo'castle to mizzentop.

Summer or winter, it was the same to him. My grandmother, who was a very aristocratic and proper personage, poor, dear lady, went to great pains to prepare a bathing-suit and bath-towel for these

aquatic exploits. One fine day the whole Navy Yard was startled to behold Hard Tack, my grandfather's great Newfoundland dog, going from pillar to post in a full suit of bed-ticking trimmed with scarlet braid, and with a towel wound around his head like the "turbaned Turk." After that, no lady could take her walk abroad until after the Commodore had completed his constitutional tub and donned his clothes.

Nothing more characteristic than those clothes could be imagined. They seem now to me very beautiful, but to my childish vision they were exceedingly queer, and something to be just a bit ashamed of. The finest and best quality of broadcloth was used in the manufacture of the garments which made him the central figure of our little community. Their color was the regulation navy blue. The trousers were bell-shaped, very wide at the ankles, and flapped when he walked, and they came up almost to his chin, under his waistcoat of yellow nankeen, with gilt buttons. The coat had long, full skirts, with lapels in front, over which rolled a wide linen collar with a flaring black silk tie. His headgear was a cap of cloth, like his clothes, which bulged out all around, and had a visor of patent leather. This came down well over his nose, which was Roman, and quite on a par with his chin as to firmness. The finishing touches to his attire were patent-leather pumps and a white silk handkerchief the size of a sail. These, and a fresh shave every morning, with a plentiful sprinkling of bay rum, made up the sum total of his extravagances. But I must not forget the carnations which all the year round he wore in his buttonhole, and which vied in color with the rosiness of his cheeks.

His eyes had the greenish gray-blue of

the sea, and his hair on either temple was soft and white as the crest of a wave. He carried under his arm a brass spyglass, which he delighted in leveling upon certain ladies who on sunny afternoons took coy promenades, under funny little parasols, on the parade-ground. He had one habit which my grandmother had tried in vain to break. This was to whittle. Wherever he went he carried an old black clasp-knife and a piece of pine wood. Clothes-pins were his predilection, and he could be tracked all over the Navy Yard, from one end to the other, by a trail of shavings; and as he whittled he hummed in a monotonous voice, which seemed to start somewhere under his cap and come down through his nose, *The Girl I left behind Me*. This was his favorite tune; I do not think he ever knew any other, and he could never quite master that, but after a few bars would run foul of *Days of Absence*, and get beached on *Oft in the Stilly Night*, two exhilarating ditties much affected by my grandmother. At this he would pull up taut, with a pucker and a long breath, back water, and go at it afresh, until he had launched his original theme successfully on waters which were not always confluent.

Everybody loved the Commodore, but I think the two human beings who were perhaps the most reckless in their admiration were myself and a wretched old hulk of a creature, whom my grandfather, for reasons best known to himself, called "*Shuttlecock*." No one knew him by any other name, and no one knew where he hailed from, except that the Commodore had picked him up somewhere during the war of 1812, and brought him home with him, — that is to say, as much as was left of the poor fellow after the battle of Lake Erie. Not only did my grandfather give to this remnant of humanity a living, but he bestowed upon him in addition a wooden leg, a glass eye, an ear-trumpet, and a piece of white plaster to cover the place

where his nose had been. For alas! Shuttlecock's nose had been blown off on the field of battle. His winter quarters were in a small, square house, built of stone, with neither doors nor windows. It had a chimney on top and an iron scuttle, and it was a blood-curdling sight to see old Shuttlecock, with a rope ladder twisted about his waist, crawling, in the dusk of winter, like a huge limpet over the gray walls, to drop mysteriously down through the roof. This rude dwelling was set where the beach was bleak and the waves rolled high. But when summer set in he betook himself to a fishing-cabin, which was simply a small one-roomed hut set on a raft, which my grandfather had brought up from Chesapeake Bay, and which, by his orders, had been anchored under the protection of the lee shore. Here old Shuttlecock fished, smoked his pipe, and sat and stewed in the hot sun from its rising to its setting. A more harmless, happy soul than he never breathed. My grandfather knew this, and I knew it too, and it little mattered to old Shuttlecock that he was an object of aversion and terror to everybody else for miles around, my grandmother included, who invariably explained him as a pensioner of her husband's. This made the Commodore angry, and he would hasten to correct the impression of patronage which her term implied. "*Crony, sir, — Shuttlecock is my crony, sir, I beg you to understand; and if it is a question of pensioner, then the term should be applied to me, and not to him.*" No one ever knew what the service rendered my grandfather had been, but, whatever its nature, it had bound the two men together with bonds which no worldly consideration could break.

Mrs. Catherine Cull had been my mother's nurse, and now was mine. Every Saturday afternoon, when the weather allowed, my grandfather would take her and me, and Hard Tack the dog, and Plum Duff the tiger cat, and

a large white canvas bag in which he had put 'bacey and grog and fruit and all sorts of goodies. Then we were tumbled into a rowboat, and the Commodore would pull us across the bay to Shuttlecock's cabin. Such ecstatic afternoons! The light in the old fellow's one eye, when he turned it on my grandfather, seemed to illuminate all the place. We made lemonade in a conch shell, and we ate strawberries out of little black and blue mussel shells, and we had bread and butter spread by Nurse Cull with the Commodore's knife when he was not whittling, and he and old Shuttlecock would drink their grog and spin their yarns, the wooden leg bobbing up and down the little cabin with a gentle hospitality which I have missed in many a grander host since then. Plum Duff on my grandfather's knee, and Hard Tack at his feet, looked on with superior approval.

My grandfather loved animals. I was a little shaver in long clothes when he came home from his three years' cruise along the African coast and through the Indian Ocean. But Nurse Cull would tell me how, when his lady went down to the dock to meet the Commodore, after their long separation, she was scandalized to behold a flaming macaw flapping its gaudy wings on top of his head, an ape perched on his shoulder, and in his arms a huge tiger cat, the subsequent Plum Duff. He had made the ship's gig which conveyed him to the shore a veritable Noah's ark. Now, as my grandmother could not abide animals, the sight did not add to the rapture of her welcome. What she would have done had she been aware that a ring-tailed lemur was sound asleep in his roomy coat-tail pocket, I do not dare to think. Matters went from bad to worse, till one day a baby basket, an elaborate affair with its quilted lining of rose-colored silk and lace and ribbon bows, which had been prepared against an expected event, disappeared. Not a trace

could be found of it, until some days later it leaked out, after the arrival of my little sister, that my grandfather had appropriated the basket for Plum Duff.

That, certainly, was bad enough, but wait until you hear what happened to the baby herself. Like the basket, she too disappeared, one fine day. She was just two months to a day when this occurred, and she came very near never being a day older. Nurse Cull, as was her custom, had left the little creature sound asleep under the mosquito-netting of her bassinet, after first preparing for her a decoction greatly in vogue at that time for babies. It was a wad made of bread and milk and brown sugar rubbed together and tied up in white cambric. Babies whose mouths closed upon this detestable mess were supposed to go to sleep without a whimper. The afternoon was hot and drowsy. Nurse Cull, I fancy, must have dropped off herself, in the next room, for she asserted, on the honor of an honest woman, that she heard no sound from the nursery, but that, at five o'clock, when she put down her sewing to take the baby up, she found the cradle empty. Then there was a hue and cry, not only up the street, but down the street. The man in the sentry-box, the marines on dress parade, the men in the brass band, everybody, men, women, and children, in the Yard, turned out in the hunt. My poor mother grew wild-eyed and wan as she went here, there, and everywhere, to return to the empty cradle. Her white face must have scared even my grandfather, when he came home from a long afternoon down the bay. "What is it, Polly, my girl?" he said. My mother could only wail out, "My baby, — oh, my baby!"

I did not tell you, I think, that on land the Commodore was one of the most absent-minded of men. But at sea no one ever caught him napping. A sudden rush of recollection at the sight of my mother sent the blood from his face,

until it was as white as her own. He jerked the timepiece from his fob pocket. It lacked fifteen minutes to the sunset gun. We all thought he had gone stark, staring mad when he ran down the stairs, three at a time, and out at the door, no hat on his head, his hair streaming, and tore down the road like one possessed. The men in the ship's boat which had fetched him ashore were well on their way back, but his whistle, loud and shrill, brought them to with a vengeance, and in a jiffy he had leaped into the stern sheets and was commanding the men to pull as they had never pulled before. "A twenty-dollar gold piece to every Jack Tar of you, if you get me within speaking distance of the ship before that" — shaking his fist in the face of the great dog-day sun which was fast sliding into the water — "goes down!" His voice, ringing out like a trumpet, was the only sound except that of the oars in the rowlocks. No one, not even my mother, knew exactly what terrible thing was impending, but every one surmised that it must have something to do with the missing baby. Under the sharp, strong strokes of the sailors the boat slid over the glassy sea as fast as a fish could swim. The Commodore's eyes glared at the great red ball rolling down toward the water's edge as though he would fix it stock-still in the sky.

We on the dock could see the gunner come on the ship's deck, his figure standing out black and grim against the crimson west. Clinging to my mother's hand, which trembled in mine, I looked back to the house to see that my grandmother stood in her open window, very pale and more proud than ever. I think she was the only one who knew that my grandfather was at the bottom of this excitement, as indeed he was of everything that ever caused a stir in our quiet lives. Nurse Cull caught the glass, which my mother had no strength to hold, and, looking through it, saw that the gunner carried his iron rammer, bag of powder,

and wad of cotton, — it being before the days of the percussion cap. The sun grew redder and bigger as it neared the heaving water-line. There was not the length of an oar between sea and sun when we could see my grandfather spring to his feet in the boat and roar something at the men who were pulling for dear life. The tone was so terrible that we could hear it even on shore. The sailors bent their backs till their noses were flattened on their knees and the ribbons on their caps stood out straight behind. And then, with a pull that lifted the boat clean out of the water, with a tremendous spurt, they brought it well up to the ship's side. Again did the Commodore thunder out something in that awful tone, this time to the man who was about to ram the charge into the black belly of the cannon, so that he let everything fall upon the deck. The great red disk of the sun was now drawing itself under the waves. But before it had quite disappeared my grandfather had cleared the bulwarks of the Grampus and snatched from the black mouth of the gun a something long and white and fluttering, — something which at a distance looked like a bolster-case, but which caused my poor mother to faint dead away.

A great crowd had gathered on the dock by this time, and oh, what a shout they sent up! "The baby! the baby! the baby is saved! Hurrah for the baby! With a three times three and a tiger for the baby!" This brought my mother to, and I remember how she laughed and cried and kissed me, and how all the women had their handkerchiefs out, and the men, too, as many as had them. Then across the water came the great boom of the sunset gun, — for the first time in its history just one minute after the sun had dipped below the horizon. This was the signal for the sky to unfurl itself like a rose, and, blown by some invisible wind, to disperse in little clouds, which floated rosy and pink in

the golden twilight. So that, in my childish fancy, quickened by Hans Andersen, I thought the good angels were scattering rose leaves upon the boat which was bringing my little sister back to us. She lay in my grandfather's arms, with her long white dress floating out in the breeze, and his cheek pressed against hers. Then, as the boat came dancing over the waves, the marine band struck up the Commodore's favorite tune, *The Girl I left behind Me*, and to its spirited measures and amid general rejoicing he landed his precious cargo.

After this little pleasantry on my grandfather's part, he did own up to the baby's abduction, but he would never acknowledge having forgotten her in the cannon's belly. He said that it was only a joke to shake us up out of our dumps and doldrums. But for all that he was very meek and well behaved up to the day of the baby's christening, and then he took umbrage at both my grandmother and my mother because they objected when he, as sponsor, sprang the name "*Grampussina*" upon my sister's unoffending head. Fortunately, the clergyman was deaf, and this gave my mother a chance to set matters straight. Having most effectually put both the women in the east by nor'east, as he expressed it, the Commodore went off in high dudgeon for a week's visit in New York.

The relations between my maternal grandparents were most certainly strained. I doubt if my grandmother said good-by to her husband, when he started out for New York, a considerable journey in those days. Young as I was, I marveled at this, because over and over again I had heard my mother tell what a romantic love-match theirs had been, and how the fashionable world of Baltimore was up in arms when the beautiful young heiress, *Cornelia Mac-Tavish Dulaney Hopkins*, stole away from her father's house, in the dead of night, with a flowered bandbox and a dashing young officer, who had risen by

bravery from ship's cabin boy to lieutenant. I have told you what an aristocratic name was my grandmother's, but my grandfather, who had no use for the grandiloquent, always called her *Polly Hopkins*.

Well, he did not stop out his week in New York, but came back after the third day. It was in the afternoon of a scorching day in September, — not a breath on land or sea. My grandmother and I and the baby were sitting under the shade of a great butternut tree which grew on the lawn in front of the Commodore's house. At the sight of my grandfather coming up the pebbled walk with its high box border, my mother, dear soul, whose heart was too gentle to harbor a grudge, gave a little cry of joy, and ran to meet him, and to receive on her sweet face a sounding smack. But my grandmother, who thought kissing vulgar, turned away her cheek, so that the salutation meant for her fell on empty air. For all that, however, I think that in her heart she was as glad to have him home as we were, although she did ask him in an icy tone if he had brought any pets in the form of orang-outangs, elephants, boa constrictors, or lions from the menagerie of a certain Mr. Barnum, who at that time was causing the wonders of his show to burst upon the metropolis. Meanwhile I was busying myself with the spyglass, my grandfather lying on the grass with "*Grampussina*" — he insisted upon calling her that without benefit of clergy — crawling all over him.

"Hello!" I cried, after scanning the offering.

Something in my tone made my grandfather ask, "What's up, bub?"

"A flag, sir," said I.

"Where?"

"On old Shuttlecock's fishing-cabin."

"Well," exclaimed my grandmother, "I declare, the airs of that good-for-nothing old pauper, setting up his colors as if he were the Lord High Admiral!"

"It's a funny-looking flag," said I, ignoring this interpolation, with my eyes screwed up to the glass. "It hangs all limp, but I can see its color, and it's bright yellow."

This brought my grandfather up with a bound. He reached for the glass, and clapped it to his eyes.

"By Beelzebub's buttons, you're right, boy! It's the yellow jack, and old Shuttlecock's down with some infernal, devilish, damned disease. And," jumping to his feet, "I'm going to him."

This was a bombshell. My grandmother expostulated, my mother wept, and I put my nose up in the air and howled. All to no avail. Go he must, go he would, and go he did. We all rose and followed him into the house to the medicine closet, to help him pack the old canvas bag with such remedies as he selected from its shelves. In addition to these there was a large bottle of brandy, one of cherry bounce, a roll of red flannel, and a box of mustard. Hanging on the wall was an old-fashioned warming-pan of polished brass. My grandfather started off with this over his shoulder. But when my grandmother beheld him thus equipped, she declared he was insulting the family pride of the Dulaney, and that her grandmother's heirloom should not be desecrated. Under ordinary conditions this would have thrown the Commodore into a towering rage, but now he only sighed, "Put the warming-pan back on the wall," and stood on the threshold of the door, gazing with a long, wistful look at my grandmother. But she went on fanning herself, and made no sign. So he turned and left the room.

My mother and I accompanied him down to the dock; he, on the way, giving us careful directions for the feeding of Hard Tack and Plum Duff, who both followed him to the water's edge. There were little knots of sailors and marines huddled together on the planks, speaking with horror of that yellow rag hanging limp in the humid air.

There were whispers of yellow fever, Asiatic cholera, and, dreadest of all, leprosy. The men were all scared to death. My grandfather knew this, and when the boat was lowered, and two stalwart fellows with blanched faces stepped forward to take their places at the oars, he ordered them back. "I am going alone," he said in a firm, low voice. He kissed my mother and me a long goodbye. "Bear up, my girl," he whispered. "It's only my duty I'm doing, and I should do for old Shuttlecock what he has done for me. If I never come back, take good care of your mother." And then he stooped and stroked the backs of his two faithful comrades, the cat and the dog.

We watched him, through our tears, setting out alone on that awful errand. Under the hot sun the sea lay dead as pulp. At each scoop of the oars might be seen on either side of the boat a yeasty streak, which gleamed livid for a second, like the belly of some skulking shark before it slunk away beneath the waveless waters.

The unspeakable depression which hung over the landscape was no match for that which had settled upon the house when we returned to it. We passed from room to room, each one more empty than the others, with the vital presence gone, perhaps forever. On the table in the hall lay the copy of Robinson Crusoe and the wax doll he had brought my sister and me from New York, together with a hamper of fruit from Fulton Market for my mother and grandmother. I choked at the sight. Then we went up to my grandmother's room. The door was shut and the key turned from the inside. In answer to my mother's voice she explained that she had gone to bed with a headache from the excessive heat; would my mother preside for her over the tea-table?

I held back my sobs till the wretched meal was over; but once alone in my little room, I flung myself down in a wild

passion of tears, such as only childhood knows. Then I undressed and crept into bed, to dream that a great hero was being buried. The marine band was playing the Dead March in Saul, I thought, and all the soldiers were marching with arms reversed, and the marines had crape bands on their arms, and the barracks were hung with long black streamers. So were Plum Duff and Hard Tack. The drums were muffled, and the flags were flying at half-mast, and the minute guns were booming, and in the distance I could hear the church chimes in the city ringing out across the water *Adeste Fideles*. Then, amid the tumult, there fell upon my ears a sound I had never heard before: my grandmother was crying to break her heart.

I awoke from my dream to hear the night-watch shouting, "Twelve o'clock, and all's well!" The moonlight flooded my room, and there, leaning over my bed, was the last person in the world whom I should have ever expected to find there, — my grandmother! I raised myself on my elbows and rubbed my eyes to make sure that I was not still dreaming. But no; there she was, her face all wet with tears. She had thrown a black lace veil over her head, across her arms she had a white camel's hair shawl, and in her hand she held nothing more nor less than the warming-pan of my great-great-grandmother Dulaney. I gaped at her, too astonished for words.

"Frank," she said in a broken voice, "would you mind getting up and dressing, and going down with me to the dock?" I could not have been more dumfounded had my grandmother then and there proposed our mounting the warming-pan and flying up to the moon. "I am sorry to disturb you, child, but I thought it might create comment if I were seen going across the yard so late at night, by myself."

Now, the sheer idea of my grandmother walking across the parade-ground at the dead of night, with no other pro-

tector than the family warming-pan, struck me as so preposterous that I almost laughed aloud. But I was soon in my clothes, and we started off on our nocturnal expedition. As my grandmother felt the warm, sweet-scented night on her cheek, she drew a long breath. I think, too, she softly sighed. I wondered if she thought of that other night, so many years ago, of which I had heard my mother tell.

"Frank," she asked, as we hurried across the empty parade-ground, "have you any idea what I am going to do?"

"Not the dimmest, grandmother," replied I stoutly, which was a deliberate lie.

"Well, my child, I will tell you: I am going to carry this over to your grandfather." In her agitation she brought the warming-pan down with a clang upon the paving-stones. It rang out like the tocsin of war, and I thought that we should surely have the whole barracks tumbling out about us. As it was, we startled the sentinel; but I was ready for him with the password, and he let us go unchallenged.

Fortunately for us, the streets were deserted. As we neared the dock, my grandmother again spoke.

"I am wondering, child," said she, "how we are to find a boat, at this late hour. I would have ordered one earlier in the day, but," with a slight hesitancy, "I only resolved to do this half an hour ago." Actually, she was proceeding on the impulse of the moment!

"Don't you worry about the boat, grandmother," I answered. "I have a beauty of my own. Grandad gave it to me on my last birthday, when I was ten years old. I have the key of the boat-house in my pocket. See!" I cried, holding it up in the moonlight.

Then, after a few minutes, a more serious question arose.

"Frank," said my grandmother, "do you think there will be any one on the dock to row me over? I am a little

nervous in trusting myself to a strange man whose habits I do not know."

"You leave that to me, grandmother," I called out to her over my shoulder, for I was now preceding her upon the dock. "I know a fellow who will go with you, and his habits are all right."

This seemed to reassure her, and without more ado I brought the boat around, and helped her down the steps and into the stern. She gave herself up to the novelty of the situation, having, however, before she embarked, drawn on a very fine pair of lavender kid gloves. No lady, born and bred, could think of going abroad with bare hands. I took the oars, and, righting the boat, got clear of the small craft bobbing up and down about the dock.

"And now, Frank," she asked, peering about in the moonlight, and resting her gloved hands on the gunwale of the boat, "where is the man you promised you would get to row me?"

I pulled steadily ahead for several lengths before I answered, smiling up at her as I leaned on my oars, "Here he is, grandmother."

The kid gloves became deprecatory.

"Oh, Frank, Frank, you have deceived me!" she cried. "You said you would get me a *man*."

"No, grandmother, I beg your pardon, I did not. I said 'a fellow.' I said, 'I know a fellow, and he will go with you, and he has no bad habits,'—which is true, is n't it?" I kept on rowing and talking with an audacious persistency which was too much for the lady in the stern.

"But I cannot allow you to run into such danger, child. You must let me out." She said this with a sudden return to her old air of authority. "You must stop the boat and let me out this instant,—I insist upon it!"

"But you will drown if I let you out here, unless you can use the warming-pan as a life-preserver."

"It is ridiculous," she gasped, "a

baby like you riding over his grandmother in this way. What will your grandfather say?"

"I do not know what he will say, but I do know what he would do, if I did not go with you."

"But your strength will give out, child, before we get halfway over," she urged in a mollified tone.

"Then we can rig up a mast and sail out of your shawl and the warming-pan, and trust to them to carry us over!"

This was too much for her, and she sank back resignedly on her cushions, conquered as much by the beauty of the night as by me; for the night *was* beautiful beyond words. The great harvest moon was overhead, and beneath its light the sea lay in a golden languor. Under the spell of its enchantment, youth knew the wisdom of age without its weariness, and age knew the freshness of youth without its folly. It made my grandmother young, and me old, so that, rocked on that golden tide, the hearts of the woman and child became one. For the first time in my life I loved my grandmother. All the grief and despair of the day had vanished; I was ecstatically happy, and so, I think, was she. It mattered little to either of us that the burnished pathway over which we were passing led up to the house of death, for we both knew that that which was dearer than life awaited us there. It was the unreal which held sway. I was a very young child to learn, as I did that night, that it is by the unreal that the soul is encouraged, and that he who would endure must be a dreamer.

"How young you look, dear grandmother," I said, resting on my oars and letting the boat drift, "and how beautiful,—just like the ivory miniature which grandad wears about his neck!"

"How odd, child!" she answered. "I was just about to tell you how old you seem to have grown, quite like a man, since we started out together."

Her face was tender in the golden light, and she trailed one hand, the gloves having been removed, in the water, as a girl would have done.

"Do I look like that picture?" she sighed. "I feel to-night just as I did when I had it painted to give your grandfather. That was a long time ago. I was only eighteen."

When she spoke again, it was to echo my own thoughts.

"I have been thinking, child," she said, "that your grandfather will not be at all surprised to see us. Everything to-night seems so natural to me, and just as it should be. And so, I am sure — yes, very sure — that when he sees us he will say that it is just what he thought we would do. I have no right to expect that he should think this of me," she continued sadly, "but I believe he knew all the time that I would come."

We were now quite close to old Shuttlecock's cabin. A red lantern swung under the yellow jack, which hung black in the shadow. My grandfather must have seen us a long way off, for he stood on the raft's edge, as if waiting for us. But there was no surprise on his face, only a great happiness. His eyes were riveted on my grandmother. After a little space of silence, she was the first to speak.

"Did you think I would come, dear?" she asked.

"Yes, Polly," he replied, "I was sure of it."

"Why?" she asked, and lowered her eyes.

"Because you love me," said my grandfather.

"No," she answered, "that was not the reason."

"Then, for God's sake, what was it?" he cried, catching his breath.

"Because you love me," she said, lifting her eyes, and reaching out her arms for him to take her from the boat.

But at this my grandfather drew back, and broke out in vehement self-denuncia-

tions. He had been weak and cowardly to allow us to approach so near this awful danger, and then he drew the most harrowing and alarming pictures as to what the consequences would be if we stayed a moment longer in that pestilential place.

Old Shuttlecock, it appeared, had been discovered by the Board of Health in a seemingly critical condition, and they had diagnosed the case as Asiatic cholera, and taken themselves off in great alarm.

"That is more than I shall do," declared my grandmother from the boat. "I have come to share the danger with you."

"But are you not afraid?" said he.

"I am afraid of nothing where you are," she replied.

"Not even death?" he asked.

"No," said she, again reaching out her arms to him.

"Then bring the boat alongside, bub."

I did so, and he caught my grandmother in his arms, and kissed her for dear life, I too coming in for my share. For at least five minutes my grandmother and I tasted all the joy of our beautiful act of self-abnegation, and during that time my grandfather made himself sure of something that many times in his life he had had to doubt. Now, both by word and by look, my grandmother gave him the assurance of her affection.

"And now," he said at last, "now it is my turn to make a confession. Old Shuttlecock is no more down with Asiatic cholera than I am. The Board of Health is all a lot of jackasses, who don't know when a man has had too much watermelon."

At this turn of affairs, which was truly a let-down for everybody but old Shuttlecock himself, who was blissfully sleeping off the effects of cherry bounce, my grandmother began to grow hysterical.

"Come," said the Commodore, "it is getting late; we must go home. I am

going back with you. But what in thunder is this?" For in jumping into the boat he had landed plump on the warming-pan, which in the excitement of the moment had been forgotten. "By all that's sacred, it's the warming-pan of the Dulaney's! Polly," he asked, pinning the camel's hair shawl about her shoulders, "tell me one thing more: did you bring that," with a look at the warming-pan, "to me?"

But my grandmother evaded his question.

After I was safe and sound in my

own little bed my grandfather came into my room.

"Bub," said he, "you're a brick; I am proud of you. But tell me one thing: what was your grandmother doing out on the high seas with her warming-pan?"

"She was fetching it to you, sir," I said.

"On your word of honor, bub?"

"Yes, on my word of honor," I rejoined.

"Well, women beat the Dutch!" he exclaimed. "Good-night, my boy."

Justine Ingersoll.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ASTRONOMER.

I.

I MADE my first trip abroad when the oldest transatlantic line was still the fashionable one; and when the passenger felt himself amply compensated for poor attendance, coarse food, and bad coffee by learning from the officers on the promenade deck how far the ships of the Cunard line were superior to all others in strength of hull, ability of captain, and discipline of crew. One day a ship of the North German Lloyd line was seen in the offing slowly gaining on us. A passenger called the captain's attention to the fact that we were being left behind. "Oh, they're very lightly built, them German ships; built to carry German dolls and such like cargo." Needless to say, the speaker was not Sir James Anderson, who won knighthood by the part he took in laying the Atlantic cable, but he was as perfect a type of the old-fashioned captain of the best class as I ever saw. His face looked as if the gentlest zephyr that had ever fanned it was an Atlantic hurricane, and yet beamed with Hibernian good humor and friendliness. He read prayers so

well on Sunday that a passenger assured him he was born to be a bishop. Only those readers who never sailed with Captain McMickan will need to be told his name.

In London one of the first men we met was Thomas Hughes, of Rugby fame, who made us feel how worthy he was of the love and esteem bestowed upon him by Americans. He was able to make our visit pleasant in more ways than one. Among the men I wanted to see was Mr. John Stuart Mill, to whom I was attracted not only by his fame as a philosopher and the interest with which I had read his books, but also because he was the author of an excellent pamphlet on the Union side during our civil war.

On expressing my desire to make Mr. Mill's acquaintance Mr. Hughes immediately offered to give me a note of introduction. Mill lived at Blackheath, which, although in an easterly direction down the Thames, is one of the prettiest suburbs of the great metropolis. His dwelling was a very modest one, entered through a passage of trellis-work in a little garden. He was by no means the grave and distinguished-looking man I

had expected to see. He was small in stature and rather spare, and did not seem to have markedly intellectual features. The cordiality of his greeting was more than I could have expected; and he was much pleased to know that his work in moulding English sentiment in our favor at the commencement of the civil war was so well remembered and so highly appreciated across the Atlantic.

As a philosopher, it must be conceded that Mr. Mill lived at an unfortunate time. While his vigor and independence of thought led him to break loose from the trammels of the traditional philosophy, modern scientific generalization had not yet reached a stage favorable to his becoming a leader in developing the new philosophy. Still, whatever may be the merits of his philosophic theories, it must be conceded that no work on scientific method has yet appeared worthy to displace his *System of Logic*.

A feature of London life that must strongly impress the scientific student from our country is the closeness of touch, socially as well as officially, between the literary and scientific classes on the one side and the governing classes on the other. Mr. Hughes invited us to make an evening call with him at the house of a cabinet minister, — I think it was Mr. Goschen, — where we should find a number of persons worth seeing. Among those gathered in this casual way were Mr. Gladstone, Dean Stanley, and our General Burnside, then grown quite gray. I had never before met General Burnside, but his published portraits were so characteristic that the man could scarcely have been mistaken. The only change was in the color of his beard. Then and later I found that a pleasant feature of these informal "at homes," so universal in London, is that one meets so many people he wants to see, and so few he does not want to see.

Ostensibly, the principal object of my journey was the observation of a total eclipse of the sun which was to be visi-

ble in the Mediterranean, in December, 1870. Of another vastly more important object I shall speak subsequently. In view of the interest then attaching to total eclipses of the sun, Congress had made a very liberal appropriation for observations, to be expended under the direction of Professor Peirce, superintendent of the Coast Survey. Peirce went over in person to take charge of the arrangements. He arrived in London with several members of his party a few days before we did, and about the same time came an independent party of my fellow astronomers from the Naval Observatory, consisting of Professors Hall, Harkness, and Eastman. The invasion of their country by such an army of American astronomers quite stirred up our English colleagues, who sorrowfully contrasted the liberality of our government with the parsimony of their own, which had, they said, declined to make any provision for the observations of the eclipse. Considering that it was visible on their own side of the Atlantic, they thought their government might take a lesson from ours. Of course we could not help them directly; and yet I suspect that our coming, or at least the coming of Peirce, really did help them a great deal. At any rate, it was a curious coincidence that no sooner did the American invasion occur than it was semi-officially discovered that no application of which her Majesty's government could take cognizance had been made by the scientific authorities for a grant of money with which to make preparations for observing the eclipse. That the scientific authorities were not long in catching so broad a hint as this goes without saying. A little more of the story came out a few days later in a very unexpected way.

In scientific England, the great social event of the year is the annual banquet of the Royal Society, held on St. Andrew's day, the date of the annual meeting of the society, and of the award of

its medals for distinguished work in science. At the banquet, the scientific outlook is discussed not only by members of the society, but by men high in political and social life. The medalists are toasted, if they are present; and their praises are sung, if, as is apt to be the case with foreigners, they are absent. First in rank is the Copley medal, founded by Sir Godfrey Copley, a contemporary of Newton. This medal has been awarded annually since 1731, and is now considered the highest honor that scientific England has to bestow. The recipient is selected with entire impartiality as to country, not for any special work published during the year, but in view of the general merit of all that he has done. Four times in its history the medal has crossed the Atlantic. The first three among us to receive it were Franklin in 1753, Agassiz in 1861, and Dana in 1877.¹ The long time that elapsed between the first and the second of these awards affords an illustration of the backwardness of scientific research in America during the greater part of the first century of our independence. The year of my visit the medal was awarded to Mr. Joule, the English physicist, for his work on the relation of heat and energy.

I was a guest at the banquet, which was the most brilliant function I had witnessed up to that time. The leaders in English science and learning sat around the table. Her Majesty's government was represented by Mr. Gladstone, the Premier, and Mr. Lowe, afterward Viscount Sherbrooke, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Both replied to toasts. Mr. Lowe as a speaker was perhaps a little dull, but not so Mr. Gladstone. There was a charm about the way in which his talk seemed to display the inner man. It could not be said that he had either the dry humor of Mr.

Evarts or the wit of Mr. Depew; but these qualities were well replaced by the vivacity of his manner and the intellectuality of his face. He looked as if he had something interesting he wanted to tell you; and he proceeded to tell it in a very felicitous way as regarded both manner and language, but without anything that savored of eloquence. He was like Carl Schurz in talking as if he wanted to inform you, and not because he wanted you to see what a fine speaker he was. With this he impressed one as having a perfect command of his subject in all its bearings.

I did not for a moment suppose that the Premier of England could have taken any personal interest in the matter of the eclipse. Great, therefore, was my surprise when, in speaking of the relations of the government to science, he began to talk about the coming event. I quote a passage from memory, after twenty-seven years: "I had the pleasure of a visit, a few days since, from a very distinguished American professor, Professor Peirce of Harvard. In the course of the interview, the learned gentleman expressed his regret that her Majesty's government had declined to take any measures to promote observations of the coming eclipse of the sun by British astronomers. I replied that I was not aware that the government had declined to take such measures. Indeed, I went farther, and assured him that any application from our astronomers for aid in making these observations would receive respectful consideration." I felt that there might be room for some suspicion that this visit of Professor Peirce was a not unimportant factor in the changed position of affairs as regarded British observations of the eclipse.

Not only the scene I have described, but subsequent experience, has impressed me with the high appreciation in which the best scientific work is held by the leading countries of Europe, especially England and France, as if its prosecu-

¹ The fourth American recipient was Professor Newcomb. — THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

tion were something of national importance which men of the highest rank thought it an honor to take part in. A physicist like Sir William Thomson becomes a peer; a hereditary peer like Rayleigh devotes his life and talents to scientific investigation, becomes a university professor, and makes researches leading to the discovery of a new chemical element in the atmosphere. The Marquis of Salisbury, in an interval between two terms of service as Premier of England, presides over the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and delivers an address showing a wide and careful study of the generalizations of modern science. Nor is this intimate relation between intellectual and political work confined to the governing classes. An Englishman may get into Parliament by being an historian, a chemist, or an author, as readily as by being a party manager or a lawyer.

More than one American working in a field removed from the public eye may have had some reason to feel that his efforts were more highly appreciated abroad than at home. Mr. George W. Hill, who has made the little post-office of Nyaack Turnpike known to mathematicians and astronomers the world over, is a very modest man. One of the hardest wrestles I ever had with an official superior was in trying to get a Secretary of the Navy to raise his salary to fourteen hundred dollars. A few years later he was one of a procession of distinguished men, headed by the Duke of Edinburgh, who received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Cambridge. In France, also, one great glory of the nation is felt to be the works of its scientific and learned men of the past and present. Membership of one of the five academies of the Institute of France is counted among the highest honors to which a Frenchman can aspire. Most remarkable, too, is the extent to which other considerations than that of merit are set aside in selecting

candidates for this honor. Quite recently a man was elected a member of the Academy of Sciences who was without either university or official position, and earned a modest subsistence as a collaborator of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. But he had found time to make investigations in mathematical astronomy of such merit that he was considered to have fairly earned this distinction, and the modesty of his social position did not lie in his way.

In England, the career of Professor Cayley affords an example of the spirit that impels a scientific worker of the highest class, and of the extent to which an enlightened community may honor him for what he is doing. One of the creators of modern mathematics, he never had any ambition beyond the prosecution of his favorite science. I first met him at a dinner of the Astronomical Society Club. As the guests were taking off their wraps and assembling in the anteroom, I noticed with some surprise that one whom I supposed to be an attendant was talking with them on easy terms. A moment later the supposed attendant was introduced as Professor Cayley. His garb set off the seeming haggardness of his keen features so effectively that I thought him either broken down in health or just recovering from some protracted illness. The unspoken words on my lips were, "Why Professor Cayley, what has happened to you?" Being now in the confessional, I must own that I did not, at the moment, recognize the marked intellectuality of a very striking face. As a representation of a mathematician in the throes of thought, I know nothing to equal his portrait by Dickenson, which now hangs in the hall of Trinity College, Cambridge, and is reproduced in the sixth volume of Cayley's collected works. His life was that of a man moved to investigation by an uncontrollable impulse; the only sort of man whose work is destined to be imperishable. Until forty

years of age he was by profession a conveyancer. His ability was such that he might have gained a fortune by practicing the highest branch of English law, if his energies had not been diverted in another direction. The spirit in which he pursued his work may be judged from an anecdote related by his friend and co-worker, Sylvester, who, in speaking of Cayley's even and placid temper, told me that he had never seen him ruffled but once. Entering his office one morning, intent on some new mathematical thought which he was discussing with Sylvester, he opened the letter-box in his door and found a bundle of papers relating to a law case which he was asked to take up. The interruption was too much. He flung the papers on the table with remarks more forcible than complimentary concerning the person who had distracted his attention at such an inopportune moment. In 1863 he was made a professor at Cambridge, where, no longer troubled with the intricacies of land-tenure, he published one investigation after another with ceaseless activity, to the end of his life.

Among my most interesting callers was Professor John C. Adams, celebrated as sharing with Leverrier the honor of having computed the position of the planet Neptune before its existence was otherwise known. The work of the two men was prosecuted at almost the same time; perhaps Adams was a little earlier in the field; but by an unfortunate chain of circumstances the work of the Frenchman was the first to attract public notice, and it was through Leverrier's initiative that the planet was discovered with the Berlin telescope. Adopting the principle that priority of publication should be the sole basis of credit, Arago had declared that no other name than that of Leverrier should even be mentioned in connection with the work. If repute was correct, Leverrier was not distinguished for those amiable qualities that commonly mark the man

of science and learning. His attitude toward Adams had always been hostile. Under these conditions chance afforded the latter a splendid opportunity of showing his superiority to all personal feeling. He was president of the Royal Astronomical Society when its annual medal was awarded to his French rival for his work in constructing new tables of the sun and planets. As such it was his duty to deliver the address setting forth the reasons for the award. He did this with a warmth of praise for Leverrier's works which could not have been exceeded had the two men been bosom friends.

Adams's intellect was one of the keenest I ever knew. The most difficult problems of mathematical astronomy and the most recondite principles that underlie the theory of the celestial motions were to him but child's play. His works place him among the first mathematical astronomers of the age, and yet they do not seem to do his ability entire justice. Indeed, for fifteen years previous to the time of my visit his published writings had been rather meagre. I asked a friend how it was that the published works of so able a man had not been more complete. "The fact is," said he, "Adams is rather a lazy sort of fellow who loves good dinners and bad puns." I saw a great deal of him subsequently, and, while I always found him good-humored and cheerful, thought our friend's characterization was a little overdrawn. But I believe he was justly credited with an elaborate witticism to the following effect: "In view of the fact that the only human being ever known to have been killed by a meteorite was a monk, we may concede that after four hundred years the Pope's bull against the comet has been justified by the discovery that comets are made up of meteorites."

Those readers who know on what imperfect data men's impressions are sometimes founded will not be surprised to

learn of my impression that an Englishman's politics could be inferred from his mental and social make-up. As all men are said to be born either Aristotelians or Platonists, so I supposed that all Englishmen were born Conservatives or Liberals.

The utterances of English journalists of the Conservative party about American affairs during and after our civil war had not impressed me with the idea that one so unfortunate as to be born for that party would either take much interest in meeting an American or be capable of taking an appreciative view of scientific progress. So confident was I of my theory that I remarked to a friend, with whom I had become somewhat intimate, that no one who knew Mr. Adams could have much doubt that he was a Liberal in politics.

An embarrassed smile spread over the friend's features. "You would not make that conclusion known to Mr. Adams, I hope," said he.

"But is he not a Liberal?"

"He is not only a Conservative, but declares himself 'a Tory of the Tories.'"

I afterward found that he fully justified his own description. At the university, he was one of the leading opponents of those measures which freed the academic degrees from religious tests. He had even gone so far as to object to Sylvester receiving his degree, this being on religious rather than on political grounds. But extreme conservatism in religion naturally leads to the same attitude in politics.

I had decided to observe the eclipse at Gibraltar. In order that my results, if I obtained any, might be utilized in the best way, it was necessary that the longitude of the station should be determined by telegraph. This had never been done for Gibraltar. How great the error of the supposed longitude might have been may be inferred from the fact that a few years later an American found the longitude of Lis-

bon on the Admiralty charts to be two miles in error. The first arrangements I had to make in England were directed to this end. Considering the relation of the world's great fortress to British maritime supremacy, it does seem as if there were something presumptuous in the coolness with which I went among the authorities to make arrangements for the enterprise. Nevertheless, the authorities permitted the work, with a cordiality which was of itself quite sufficient to remove any such impression, had it been entertained. The astronomers did, indeed, profess to feel it humiliating that the longitude of such a place as Gibraltar should have to be determined from Greenwich by an American. They did not say "by a foreigner," because they always protested against Americans looking upon themselves as such. Still, it would not be an English enterprise if an American carried it out. I suspect, however, that my proceedings were not looked upon with entire dissatisfaction even by the astronomers. They might prove as good a stimulant to their government in showing a little more enterprise in that direction as the arrival of our eclipse party did.

The longitude work naturally took me to the Royal Observatory which has made the little town of Greenwich so famous. It is situated some eight miles east from Charing Cross, on a hill in Greenwich Park, with a pleasant outlook toward the Thames. From my youth up I had been working with its observations, and there was no institution in the world which I had approached, or could approach, with the interest I felt in ascending the little hill on which the observatory is situated. When the Calabria was once free from her wharf in New York harbor, and on her way down the Narrows, the foremost thought was, "Off for Europe; we shall see Greenwich!" The day of my arrival in London I had written to Professor Airy, and received an answer the same even-

ing, inviting us to visit the observatory and spend an afternoon with him a day or two later.

I was shown around the observatory by an assistant, while my wife was entertained by Mrs. Airy and the daughters inside the dwelling. The family dined as soon as the day's work was over, about the middle of the afternoon. After the meal, we sat over a blazing fire and discussed our impressions of London.

"What place in London interested you most?"

"The first place I went to see was Cavendish Square."

"What was there in Cavendish Square to interest you?"

"When I was a little girl, my mother once gave me, as a birthday present, a small volume of poems. The first verse in the book was:—

'Little Ann and her mother were walking
one day
Through London's wide city so fair;
And business obliged them to go by the
way
That led them through Cavendish
Square.'

To our astonishment the astronomer royal at once took up the thread:—

"And as they passed by the great house of a
lord,
A beautiful chariot there came,
To take some most elegant ladies abroad,
Who straightway got into the same,'"

and went on to the end. I do not know which of the two was more surprised: Airy, to find an American woman who was interested in his favorite ballad, or she to find that he could repeat it by heart. The incident was the commencement of a family friendship which has outlived both the heads of the Airy family.

We may look back on Airy as the most commanding figure in the astronomy of our time. He owes this position not only to his early works in mathematical astronomy, but also to his ability

as an organizer. Before his time the working force of an observatory generally consisted of individual observers, each of whom worked to a greater or less extent in his own way. It is true that organization was not unknown in such institutions. Nominally, at least, the assistants in a national observatory were supposed to follow the instructions of a directing head. This was especially the case at Greenwich. Still, great dependence was placed upon the judgment and ability of the observer himself, who was generally expected to be a man well trained in his specialty, and able to carry on good work without much help. From Airy's point of view, it was seen that a large part of the work necessary to the attainment of the traditional end of the Royal Observatory was of a kind that almost any bright schoolboy could learn to do in a few weeks, and that in most of the remaining part plodding industry, properly directed, was more important than scientific training. He could himself work out all the mathematical formulæ and write all the instructions required to keep a small army of observers and computers employed, and could then train in his methods a few able lieutenants, who would see that all the details were properly executed. Under these lieutenants was a grade comprising men of sufficient technical education to enable them to learn how to point the telescope, record a transit, and perform the other technical operations necessary in an astronomical observation. A third grade was that of computers: ingenious youth, quick at figures, ready to work for a compensation which an American laborer would despise, yet well enough schooled to make simple calculations. Under the new system they needed to understand only the four rules of arithmetic; indeed, so far as possible Airy arranged his calculations in such a way that subtraction and division were rarely required. His boys had little more to do than add and multiply. Thus,

so far as the doing of work was concerned, he introduced the same sort of improvement that our times have witnessed in great manufacturing establishments, where labor is so organized that unskilled men bring about results that formerly demanded a high grade of technical ability. He introduced production on a large scale into astronomy.

At the time of my visit, it was much the fashion among astronomers elsewhere to speak slightly of the Greenwich system. The objections to it were, in substance, the same that have been made to the minute subdivision of labor. The intellect of the individual was stunted for the benefit of the work. The astronomer became a mere operative. Yet it must be admitted that the astronomical work done at Greenwich during the sixty years since Airy introduced his system has a value and an importance in its specialty that none done elsewhere can exceed. All future conclusions as to the laws of motion of the heavenly bodies must depend largely upon it.

The organization of his little army necessarily involved a corresponding change in the instruments they were to use. Before his time the trained astronomer worked with instruments of very delicate construction, so that skill in handling them was one of the requisites of an observer. Airy made them in the likeness of heavy machinery, which could suffer no injury from a blow of the head of a careless observer. Strong and simple, they rarely got out of order. It is said that an assistant who showed a visiting astronomer the transit circle sometimes hit it a good slap to show how solid it was; but this was not done on the present occasion. The little army had its weekly marching orders and made daily reports of progress to its commander, who was thus enabled to control the minutest detail of every movement.

In the course of the evening Airy gave me a lesson in method, which was

equally instructive and entertaining. In order to determine the longitude of Gibraltar, it was necessary that time signals should be sent by telegraph from the Royal Observatory. Our conversation naturally led us into a discussion of the general subject of such operations. I told him of the difficulties we had experienced in determining a telegraphic longitude, — that of the Harvard Observatory from Washington, for example, — because it was only after a great deal of talking and arranging on the evening of the observation that the various telegraph stations between the two points could have their connections successfully made at the same moment. At the appointed hour the Washington operator would be talking with the others, to know if they were ready, and so a general discussion about the arrangements might go on for half an hour before the connections were all reported good. If we had such trouble in a land line, how should we get a connection from London to the Gibraltar cable through lines in constant use?

"But," said Airy, "I never allow an operator who can speak with the instruments to take part in determining a telegraphic longitude."

"Then how can you get the connections all made from one end of the line to the other, at the same moment, if your operators cannot talk to one another?"

"Nothing is simpler. I set a moment, say eight o'clock Greenwich mean time, at which signals are to commence. Every intermediate office through which the signals are to pass is instructed to have its wires connected in both directions exactly at the given hour, and to leave them so connected for ten minutes, without asking any further instructions. At the end of the line the instruments must be prepared at the appointed hour to receive the signals. All I have to do here is to place my clock in the circuit and send on the signals for ten minutes, com-

mencing at eight o'clock. They are recorded at the other end of the line, without further trouble."

"But have you never met with a failure to understand the instructions?"

"No; they are too simple to be mistaken, once it is understood that no one has anything to do but make his connections at the designated moment, without asking whether any one else is ready."

Airy was noted not less for his ability as an organizer than for his methodical habits. The care with which he preserved every record led Sir William Rowan Hamilton to say that when Airy wiped his pen on a blotter, he fancied him as always taking a press copy of the mark. His machinery seemed to work perfectly, whether it was constructed of flesh or of brass. He could prepare instructions for the most complicated piece of work with such thorough provision against every accident and such completeness in every detail that the work would go on for years without further serious attention from him. The instruments which he designed half a century ago are mostly in use to this day, with scarcely an alteration.

Yet there is some reason to fear that Airy carried system a little too far to get the best results. Of late years his system has been greatly changed, even at Greenwich. It was always questionable whether so rigid a military routine could accomplish the best that was possible in astronomy; and Airy himself, during his later years, modified his plan by trying to secure trained scientific men as his assistants, giving them liberty to combine independent research, on their own account, with the work of the establishment. His successor has gone farther in the same direction, and is now gathering around him a corps of young university men, from whose ability much may be expected. Observations with the spectroscope have been pursued, and the observatory has taken a prominent part in the international work of making a pho-

tographic map of the heavens. Of special importance are the regular discussions of photographs of the sun, taken in order to determine the law of the variation of the spots. The advantage of the regular system which has been followed for more than fifty years is seen in the meteorological observations; these disprove some theories of the relation between the sun and the weather, in a way that no other set of meteorological records has done. While delicate determinations of the highest precision, such as those made at Pulkova, are not yet undertaken to any great extent, a regular even if slow improvement is going on in the general character of the observations and researches, which must bear fruit in due time.

One of the curious facts we learned at Greenwich was that astronomy was still supposed to be astrology by many in England. That a belief in astrology should survive was perhaps not remarkable, though I do not remember to have seen any evidence of it in this country. But applications received at the Royal Observatory, from time to time, showed a widespread belief among the masses that one of the functions of the astronomer royal was the casting of horoscopes.

We went to Edinburgh. Our first visit was to the observatory, then under the direction of Professor C. Piazzi Smyth, who was also an Egyptologist of repute, having made careful measurements of the Pyramids, and brought out some new facts regarding their construction. He was thus led to the conclusion that they bore marks of having been built by a people of more advanced civilization than was generally supposed, — so advanced, indeed, that we had not yet caught up to them in scientific investigation. These views were set forth with great fullness in his work on *The Antiquity of Intellectual Man*, as well as in other volumes describing his researches. He maintained that the builders of the Pyramids knew the distance of the sun

rather better than we did, and that the height of the great Pyramid had been so arranged that if it was multiplied by a thousand millions we should get this distance more exactly than we could measure it in these degenerate days. With him, to believe in the Pyramid was to believe this, and a great deal more about the civilization which it proved. So, when he asked me whether I believed in the Pyramid, I told him that I did not think I would depend wholly upon the Pyramid for the distance of the sun to be used in astronomy, but should want its indications at least confirmed by modern researches. The hint was sufficient, and I was not further pressed for views on this subject.

He introduced us to Lady Hamilton, widow of the celebrated philosopher, who still held court at Edinburgh. The daughter of the family was in repute as a metaphysician. This was interesting, because I had never before heard of a female metaphysician, although there were several cases of female mathematicians recorded in history. First among them was Donna Maria Agnesi, who wrote one of the best eighteenth-century books on the calculus, and had a special dispensation from the Pope to teach

mathematics at Bologna. We were therefore very glad to accept an invitation from Lady Hamilton to spend an evening with a few of her friends. Her rooms were fairly filled with books, the legacy of one of whom it was said that "not a thought had come down to us through the ages which he had not mastered and made his own." The few guests were mostly university people and philosophers. The most interesting of them was Professor Blackie, the Grecian scholar, who was the liveliest little man of sixty I ever saw; amusing us by singing German songs, and dancing about the room like a sprightly child among its playmates. I talked with Miss Hamilton about Mill, whose Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy was still fresh in men's minds. Of course she did not believe in this book, and said that Mill could not understand her father's philosophy. With all her intellect, she was a fine healthy-looking young lady, and it was a sad surprise, a few years later, to hear of her death. Madame Sophie Kovalevsky afterward appeared on the stage as the first female mathematician of our time, but it may be feared that the woman philosopher died with Miss Hamilton.

Simon Newcomb.

EDWARD BELLAMY.

THE first book of Edward Bellamy's which I read was Dr. Heidenhoff's Process, and I thought it one of the finest feats in the region of romance which I had known. It seemed to me all the greater because the author's imagination wrought in it on the level of average life, and built the fabric of its dream out of common clay. The simple people and their circumstance were treated as if they were persons whose pathetic story he had witnessed himself, and he

was merely telling it. He wove into the texture of their sufferings and their sorrows the magic thread of invention so aptly and skillfully that the reader felt nothing improbable in it. One even felt a sort of moral necessity for it, as if such a clue not only could be, but must be given for their escape. It became not merely probable, but imperative, that there should be some means of extirpating the memory which fixed a sin in lasting remorse, and of thus saving

the soul from the depravity of despair. When it finally appeared that there was no such means, one reader, at least, was inconsolable. Nothing from romance remains to me more poignant than the pang that this plain, sad tale imparted.

The art employed to accomplish its effect was the art which Bellamy had in degree so singular that one might call it supremely his. He does not so much transmute our every-day reality to the substance of romance as make the airy stuff of dreams one in quality with veritable experience. Every one remembers from *Looking Backward* the allegory which figures the pitiless prosperity of the present conditions as a coach drawn by slaves under the lash of those on its top, who have themselves no firm hold upon their places, and sometimes fall, and then, to save themselves from being ground under the wheels, spring to join the slaves at the traces. But it is not this, vivid and terrible as it is, which most wrings the heart; it is that moment of anguish at the close, when Julian West trembles with the nightmare fear that he has been only dreaming of the just and equal future, before he truly wakes and finds that it is real. That is quite as it would happen in life, and the power to make the reader feel this like something he has known himself is the distinctive virtue of that imagination which revived throughout Christendom the faith in a millennium.

A good deal has been said against the material character of the happiness which West's story promises men when they shall begin to do justice, and to share equally in the fruits of the toil which operates life; and I confess that this did not attract me. I should have preferred, if I had been chooser, to have the millennium much simpler, much more independent of modern inventions, modern conveniences, modern facilities. It seemed to me that in an ideal condition (the only condition finally worth having) we should get on without most of these

things, which are but sorry patches on the rags of our outworn civilization, or only toys to amuse our greed and vacancy. Æsthetically, I sympathized with those select spirits who were shocked that nothing better than the futile luxury of their own selfish lives could be imagined for the lives which overwork and underpay had forbidden all pleasures; I acquired considerable merit with myself by asking whether the hope of these formed the highest appeal to human nature. But I overlooked an important condition which the other critics overlooked; I did not reflect that such things were shown as merely added unto those who had first sought the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and that they were no longer vicious or even so foolish when they were harmlessly come by. I have since had to own that the joys I thought trivial and sordid did rightly, as they did most strenuously, appeal to the lives hitherto starved of them. In depicting them as the common reward of the common endeavor Edward Bellamy builded better than we knew, whether he knew better or not, and he builded from a thorough sense of that level of humanity which he was destined so potently to influence, — that American level which his book found in every Christian land.

I am not sure whether this sense was ever a full consciousness with him; very possibly it was not; but in any case it was the spring of all his work, from the earliest to the latest. Somehow, whether he *knew* or not, he unerringly *felt* how the average man would feel; and all the webs of fancy that he wove were essentially of one texture through this sympathy. His imagination was intensely democratic, it was inalienably plebeian, even, — that is to say, humane. It did not seek distinction of expression; it never put the simplest and plainest reader to shame by the assumption of those fine-gentleman airs which abash and dishearten more than the mere literary swell can think. He would use a phrase

or a word that was common to vulgarity, if it said what he meant; sometimes he sets one's teeth on edge, in his earlier stories, by his public school diction. But the nobility of the heart is never absent from his work; and he has always the distinction of self-forgetfulness in his art.

I have been interested, in recurring to his earlier work, to note how almost entirely the action passes in the American village atmosphere. It is like the greater part of his own life in this. He was not a man ignorant of other keeping. He was partly educated abroad, and he knew cities both in Europe and in America. He was a lawyer by profession, and he was sometime editor of a daily newspaper in a large town. But I remember how, in one of our meetings, he spoke with distrust and dislike of the environment of cities as unwholesome and distracting, if not demoralizing (very much to the effect of Tolstoy's philosophy in the matter), and in his short stories his types are village types. They are often such when he finds them in the city, but for much the greater part he finds them in the village; and they are always, therefore, distinctively American; for we are village people far more than we are country people or city people. In this as in everything else we are a medium race, and it was in his sense, if not in his knowledge of this fact, that Bellamy wrote so that there is never a word or a look to the reader implying that he and the writer are of a different sort of folk from the people in the story.

Looking Backward, with its material delights, its communized facilities and luxuries, could not appeal to people on lonely farms who scarcely knew of them, or to people in cities who were tired of them, so much as to that immense average of villagers, of small-town-dwellers, who had read much and seen something of them, and desired to have them. This average, whose intelligence forms the prosperity of our literature, and whose

virtue forms the strength of our nation, is the environment which Bellamy rarely travels out of in his airiest romance. He has its curiosity, its principles, its aspirations. He can tell what it wishes to know, what problem will hold it, what situation it can enter into, what mystery will fascinate it, and what noble pain it will bear. It is by far the widest field of American fiction; most of our finest artists work preferably in it, but he works in it to different effect from any other. He takes that life on its mystical side, and deals with types rather than with characters; for it is one of the prime conditions of the romancer that he shall do this. His people are less objectively than subjectively present; their import is greater in what happens to them than in what they are. But he never falsifies them or their circumstance. He ascertains them with a fidelity that seems almost helpless, almost ignorant of different people, different circumstance; you would think at times that he had never known, never seen, any others; but of course this is only the effect of his art.

When it comes to something else, however, it is still with the same fidelity that he keeps to the small-town average, the American average. He does not address himself more intelligently to the mystical side of this average in *Dr. Heidenhoff's Process*, or *Miss Ludington's Sister*, or any of his briefer romances, than to its ethical side in *Equality*. That book disappointed me, to be frank. I thought it artistically inferior to anything else he had done. I thought it was a mistake to have any story at all in it, or not to have vastly more. I felt that it was not enough to clothe the dry bones of its sociology with paper garments out of *Looking Backward*. Except for that one sublime moment when the workers of all sorts cry to the Lords of the Bread to take them and use them at their own price, there was no thrill or throb in the book. But I think now that any believer in its economics may

be well content to let them take their chance with the American average, here and elsewhere, in the form that the author has given them. He felt that average so wittingly that he could not have been wrong in approaching it with all that public school exegesis which wearies such dilettanti as myself.

Our average is practical as well as mystical; it is first the dust of the earth, and then it is a living soul; it likes great questions simply and familiarly presented, before it puts its faith in them and makes its faith a life. It likes to start to heaven from home, and in all this Bellamy was of it, voluntarily and involuntarily. I recall how, when we first met, he told me that he had come to think of our hopeless conditions suddenly, one day, in looking at his own children, and reflecting that he could not place them beyond the chance of want by any industry or forecast or providence; and that the status meant the same impossibility for others which it meant for him. I understood then that I was in the presence of a man too single, too sincere, to pretend that he had begun by thinking of others, and I trusted him the more for his confession of a selfish premise. He never went back to himself in his endeavor, but when he had once felt his power in the world, he dedicated his life to his work. He wore himself out in thinking and feeling about it, with a belief in the good time to come that penetrated his whole being and animated his whole purpose, but apparently with no manner of fanaticism. In fact, no one could see him, or look into his quiet, gentle face, so full of goodness, so full of common sense, without perceiving that he had reasoned to his hope for justice in the frame of things. He was indeed a most practical,

a most American man, without a touch of sentimentalism in his humanity. He believed that some now living should see his dream — the dream of Plato, the dream of the first Christians, the dream of Bacon, the dream of More — come true in a really civilized society; but he had the patience and courage which could support any delay.

These qualities were equal to the suffering and the death which came to him in the midst of his work, and cut him off from writing that *one more book* with which every author hopes to round his career. He suffered greatly, but he bore his suffering greatly; and as for his death, it is told that when, toward the last, those who loved him were loath to leave him at night alone, as he preferred to be left, he asked, "What can happen to me? I can only die."

I am glad that he lived to die at home in Chicopee, — in the village environment by which he interpreted the heart of the American nation, and knew how to move it more than any other American author who has lived. The theory of those who think differently is that he simply moved the popular fancy; and this may suffice to explain the state of some people, but it will not account for the love and honor in which his name is passionately held by the vast average, East and West. His fame is safe with them, and his faith is an animating force concerning whose effect at this time or some other time it would not be wise to prophesy. Whether his ethics will keep his aesthetics in remembrance I do not know; but I am sure that one cannot acquaint one's self with his merely artistic work, and not be sensible that in Edward Bellamy we were rich in a romantic imagination surpassed only by that of Hawthorne.

W. D. Howells.

AT NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

II.

My enjoyment of the country about the Bridge may be said to have begun with my settling down for a more leisurely stay. Hurry and discontent are poor helps to appreciation. That afternoon, the morning having been devoted to ornithological excitements, I strolled over to Mount Jefferson, and spent an hour in the observatory, where a delicious breeze was blowing. The "mountain" proved to be nothing more than a round grassy hilltop, — the highest point in a sheep-pasture, — but it offered, nevertheless, a wide and charming prospect: mountains near and far, a world of green hills, with here and there a level stretch, most restful to the eye, of the James River valley, — the great Valley of Virginia. Up from the surrounding field came the tinkle of sheep-bells, and down in one corner of it young men were slowly gathering, some in wagons, some on horseback, for a game of ball. There was to be a "match" that "evening," I had been told, between the Bridge nine (I am sorry not to remember its name) and the Buena Vistas. It turned out, however, so I learned the next day, that a supposed case of smallpox at Buena Vista had made such an interchange of athletic courtesies inexpedient for the time being, and the Bridge men were obliged to be content with a trial of skill among themselves, for which they chose up ("picked off") after the usual fashion, the two leaders deciding which should have the first choice by the old Yankee test of grasping a bat alternately, hand over hand, till one of them should be able to cover the end of it with his thumb. Such things were pleasant to hear of. I accepted them as of patriotic significance, tokens of national unity. My informant, by the way, was the same man, a young West

Virginian, who had told me where to look for Washington's initials on the wall of the bridge. My specialties appealed to him in a measure, and he confessed that he wished he were a botanist. He was always very fond of flowers. His side had been victorious in the ball game, he said, in answer to my inquiry. Some of the players must have come from a considerable distance, it seemed to me, as there was no sign of a village or even of a hamlet, so far as I had discovered, anywhere in the neighborhood. The Bridge is not in any township, but simply in Rockbridge County, after a Virginia custom quite foreign to all a New Englander's notions of geographical propriety.

The prospect from Mount Jefferson was beautiful, as I have said, but on my return I happened upon one that pleased me better. I had been down through Cedar Creek ravine, and had taken my own way out, up the right-hand slope through the woods, noting the flowers as I walked, especially the blue-eyed grass and the scarlet catchfly (battlefield pink), a marvelous bit of color, and was following the edge of the cliff toward the hotel, when, finding myself still with time to spare, I sat down to rest and be quiet. By accident I chose a spot where between ragged, homely cedars I looked straight down the glen — over a stretch of the brook far below — to the bridge, through which could be seen wooded hills backed by Thunder Mountain, long and massive, just now mostly in shadow, like the rest of the world, but having its lower slopes touched with an exquisite half-light, which produced a kind of prismatic effect upon the freshly green foliage. It was an enchanting spectacle and a delightful hour. Now my eye settled upon the ravine and the brook, now upon the arch of the bridge, now upon the

hills beyond. And now, as I continued to look, the particulars fell into place, — dropping in a sense out of sight, — and the scene became one. By and by the light increased upon the broad precipitous face of the mountain, softness and beauty inexpressible, while the remainder of the landscape lay in deep shadow.

I fell to wondering, at last, what it is that constitutes the peculiar attractiveness of a limited view — limited in breadth, not in depth — as compared with a panorama of half the horizon. The only answer I gave myself was that, for the supreme enjoyment of beauty, the eye must be at rest, satisfied, with no temptation to wander. We are finite creatures with infinite desires. The sight must go far, — to the rim of the world, or to some grand interposing object so remote as to be of itself a natural and satisfying limit of vision; and the eye must be held to that point, not by a distracting exercise of the will, but by the quieting constraint of circumstances.

Let my theorizing be true or false, I greatly enjoyed the picture; the deep, dark, wooded ravine, with the line of water running through it lengthwise, the magnificent stone arch, the low hills in the middle distance, and Thunder Mountain a background for the whole. The mountain, as has been said, was a long ridge, not a peak; and sharp as it looked from this point of view, it was very likely flat at the top. Like Lookout Mountain and Walden's Ridge, it might, for anything I knew, be roomy enough to hold one or two Massachusetts counties upon its summit. While I sat gazing at it the sun went down and left it of a deep sombre blue. Then, of a sudden, a small heron flew past, and a pileated woodpecker somewhere behind me set up a prolonged and lusty shout; and a few minutes later I was startled to see between me and the sunset sky a flock of six big herons flying slowly in single file, like so many pelicans. From their size they should have been *Ardea herodias*,

but in that light there was no telling of colors. It was a ghostly procession, so silent and unexpected, worthy of the place and of the hour. I was beginning to feel at home. A wood thrush sang for me as I continued my course to the hotel, and my spirit sang with him. "I'm glad I am alive," my pencil wrote of its own accord at the end of the day's jottings.

I woke the next morning to the lively music of a whippoorwill, — the same, I suppose, that had sung me to sleep the evening before. He performed that service faithfully as long as I remained at the Bridge, and always to my unmixed satisfaction. Whippoorwills are among my best birds, and of recent years I have had too little of them. Immediately after breakfast I must go again to the roadside wood, and then to Buck Hill, as a dog must go again to bark under a tree up which he has once driven a cat or a squirrel. But there is no duplicating of experiences. The birds — the flocks of travelers — were not there. Chats were calling *ceow, ceow*, with the true countryman's twang; and what was much better, a Swainson thrush was singing. Better still, a pair of blue yellow-backed warblers (the most abundant representatives of the family thus far) had begun the construction of a nest in a black walnut tree, suspending it from a rather large branch ("as big as my thumb") at a height of perhaps twenty feet. It was little more than a frame as yet, the light shining through it everywhere; and the bird, perhaps because of my presence, seemed in no haste about its completion. I saw her bring what looked like a piece of lichen and adjust it into place (though she carried it elsewhere first — with wonderful sliness!), but my patience gave out before she came back with a second one.

On Buck Hill, in the comparative absence of birds, I amused myself with a "dry land tarra-pin," as my West Virginia acquaintance had called it (other-

wise known as a box turtle), a creature which I had seen several times in my wanderings, and had asked him about; a new species to me, of a peculiarly humpbacked appearance, and curious for its habit of shutting itself up in its case when disturbed, the anterior third of the lower shell being jointed for that purpose. A phlegmatic customer, it seemed to be; looking at me with dull, unspeculative eyes, and sometimes responding to a pretty violent nudge with only a partial closing of its lid. It is very fond of may apples (mandrake), I was told, and is really one of the "features" of the dry hill woods. I ran upon it continually.

A lazy afternoon jaunt over a lonely wood road, untried before, yielded little of mentionable interest except the sight of a blue grosbeak budding the upper branches of a tree in the manner of a purple finch or a rose-breast. I call him a blue grosbeak, as I called him at the time; but he went into my book that evening with a damnatory question mark attached to his name. He had been rather far away and pretty high; and the possibilities of error magnified themselves on second thought, till I said to myself, "Well, he may have been an indigo-bird, after all." Second thought is the mother of uncertainty; and uncertainties are poor things for a man's comfort. The seasons were met here; for even while I busied myself with the blue grosbeak (as he pretty surely was, for all my want of assurance) a crossbill flew over with loud calls.

In the same place I heard a tremendous hammering a little on one side of me, so vigorous a piece of work that I was persuaded the workman could be nobody but a pileated woodpecker. A long time I stood with my gaze fastened upon the tree from which the noise seemed to come. Would the fellow never show himself? Yes, he put his head out from behind a limb at last (what a fiery crest!), saw me on the in-

stant, and was gone like a flash. Then from a little distance he set up a resounding halloo. This was only the second time that birds of his kind had been seen hereabout, but the voice had been heard daily, and more than once I had noticed what I could have no doubt were nest-holes of their making. One of these, on Buck Hill, — freshly cut, if appearances went for anything, — I undertook to play the spy upon; but if the nest was indeed in use the birds were too wary for me, or I was very unfortunate in my choice of hours. Time was precious, and the secret seemed likely to cost more than it would bring, with so many other matters inviting my attention. Nest or no nest, I was glad to be within the frequent sound of that wild, ringing, long-drawn shout, a true voice of the wilderness; as if the Hebrew prophecy were fulfilled, and the mountains and the hills had found a tongue.

It was not until the sixth day that I went to Lincoln Heights, a place worth all the rest of the countryside, I soon came to think, with the single exception of Cedar Creek ravine. A winding wood road carried me thither (the distance may be two miles; but I have little idea what it is, though I covered it once or twice a day for the next four days), and might have been made — half made, just to my liking — for my private convenience. I believe I never met any one upon it, going or coming.

The glory of the spot is its trees; but with me, as things fell out, these took in the order of time a second place. My first admiration was not for them, admirable as they were, but for a few birds in the tops of them. In short, at my first approach to the Heights (there is no thought of climbing, but only the most gradual of ascents) I began to hear from the branches overhead, now here, now there, an occasional weak warbler's song that set my curiosity on edge. It was not the parula's (blue yellow-back's), but like it. What should it be, then,

except the cerulean's? By and by I caught a glimpse of a bird, clear white below, with a dark line across the breast; and yes, I saw what I was looking for, — though the bird flew to another branch the next moment, — black streaks along the sides of the body. There were at least eight or ten others like him in the treetops; and it was a neck-breaking half-hour that I passed in watching them, determined as I was to gain a view not only of the under parts, but of the back and wings. The labor and difficulty of the search were increased indefinitely by the confusing presence of numerous other warblers of various kinds in the same lofty branches, making it inevitable that many opera-glass shots should be wasted. It is no help to a man's equanimity at such a time to spend a priceless three minutes — any one of which may be the last — in getting the glass upon a tiny thing that flits incessantly from one leafy twig to another, only to find in the end that it is nothing but a myrtle warbler; a pretty creature, no doubt, but of no more consequence just now than an English sparrow. To-day, however, the birds favored me; no untimely whim hurried them away to another wood, and patience had its reward. Little by little my purpose was accomplished and my mind cleared of all uncertainty. Then I took out my pencil to characterize the song while it was still in my ears, and still new. "Greatly like one of the more broken forms of the parula's," I wrote, a bird repeating it at that very instant by way of confirmation. "I can imagine a fairly sharp ear being deceived by it, especially in a place like this, where parulas have been singing from morning till night, until the listener has tired of them and become listless." This sentence the reader may keep in mind, if he will, to glance back upon for his amusement in the light of a subsequent experience which it will be my duty to relate before I am done with my story.

Between the migratory "transients" and the birds already at home, the place was pretty full of wings. A Swainson thrush sang, and from a bushy slope came a nasal thrush voice that should have been a veery's. I took chase at once, and caught a glimpse of a reddish-brown bird darting out of sight before me. Do my best, I could find nothing more of it. If it was a veery, as I suppose, it was the only one I saw in Virginia, where the species, from Dr. Rives's account of the matter, seems to be a rather uncommon migrant. Unhappily, I could not bring my scientific conscience to list it on so hurried a sight, even with the note as corroborative testimony. That, for aught I could positively assert, might have been a gray-cheek's, while the reddish color might with equal possibility have belonged to a wood thrush, clear as it had seemed at the moment that what I was looking at was the back of the bird itself, and not the back of its head. Doubt is credulous. All kinds of negatives are plausible to it, and once it has adopted one it will maintain it in the face of the five senses.

On the opposite side of the path, in the bushy angles of a Virginia fence, a hooded warbler showed himself, furtive and silent, — my only Bridge specimen, to my great surprise; and near him was a female black-throated blue, a queer-looking body, like nothing in particular, yet labeled past mistake, which I can never see without a kind of wonder. Among the treetop birds were Blackburnian warblers, black-throated greens and blues, chestnut-sides, red-starts, myrtle-birds, red-eyed and yellow-throated vireos, and indigo-birds. Many white-throated sparrows still lingered; singing flat, as usual, — the only birds I know of that find it impossible to hold the pitch. The defect has its favorable side; it makes their concerts amusing. I remember seeing a quiet gentleman thrown into fits of uncontrol-

lable laughter by the rehearsal of a spring flock, bird after bird starting the tune, and not one in ten of them keeping its whistle true to the conclusion of the measure. All these things, — though they may seem not many, — with the long rests and numerous side excursions that went with them, consumed the morning hours before I knew it, so that I was hardly at the end of the way before it was time to return for dinner.

For the afternoon nothing was to be thought of but another visit to the same place, — “the finest place I have seen yet, and the finest walk.” So I had put down the morning’s discovery. The cerulean warbler I found spoken of by Dr. Rives as “accidental or very rare;” in the light of which entry the dozen or so of specimens seen and heard during the forenoon acquired a fresh interest.

The second jaunt, because it *was* a second one, could be taken more at leisure; and as the birds gave me less employment, my eyes were more upon the trees. These, as I had felt before, were a wonder and a comfort; it was a benediction to walk under them, as if one were within the precincts of a holy place: oaks for the most part (of several kinds), with black walnut, shagbark, tulip, chestnut, and other species, set irregularly, or rather left standing irregularly, two or three deep, beside the road on either hand; a royal uphill avenue, which near the top became an open grove. Except in Florida, I had never seen a more magnificent growth. Some of the trees had grapevines and Virginia creeper clinging about them. Up one huge oak, with strange flaky bark, like a shagbark tree’s (a white oak, nevertheless, to judge from its half-grown leaves), a grapevine had mounted for a height of forty feet, as I estimated the distance, not making use of the bole, but of the limbs, seeming to leap from one to another, even when they were ten feet apart. It must have been of the tree’s age, I suppose, and had grown with its

growth. In the shadow of these giants, yet not overshadowed by them, were flowering dogwoods and redbuds. It is a pretty habit these two have of growing side by side, as if they knew the value of contrasted colors.

At a point on the edge of the grove I turned to enjoy the prospect southward: mountains everywhere, with the more pointed of the twin Peaks of Otter showing between two oaks that barely gave it room; all the mountains radiantly beautiful, with cloud shadows flecking their wooded slopes. Not a house was in sight; but in one place beyond the middle-distance hills a thin blue smoke was rising. There, doubtless, lay the valley of the James. Just before me, on the left of the open field, stood a peculiarly graceful dogwood, all in a glory of white, one fan-shaped branch above another, — a miracle of loveliness. The eye that saw it was satisfied with seeing. Beyond it a chat played the clown (knowing no better, even to-day), and a rose-breast began warbling. It seemed a tender story, — sweetness beyond words, and happiness without a shadow. From a second point, a little farther on, the entire southern horizon came into view, with both the Peaks of Otter visible; a truly enchanting picture, the sky full of sunlight and floating white clouds.

In a treetop behind me a cerulean warbler had been singing, but flew away as I turned about. My only sight of him was on the wing, a mere speck in the air. Afterward a parula gave out his tune, running the notes straight upward and snapping them off at the end in whiplash fashion, as much as to say, “Now see if you can tell the difference.” And then, just as I was ready to leave the grove, stepping along a footpath through a bramble patch, I descried almost at my feet a warbler, — a female by her look and demeanor, and a stranger; blue and white, with dark streakings along the sides. I lost her soon; but she had seemed to be looking for

nest materials, and of course I waited for her to return. This she presently did, and now I saw her strip bits of bark from plant stems till she had her bill full of short pieces. Carrying these, she disappeared in a bramble and grape-vine thicket. I waited, but she did not come back. Then I stole into the place after her, and in a moment there she was before me; but without complaint or any symptom of perturbation she passed quietly along, and again I lost her. I kept my position till I was tired, and then went back to the wood and sat down; and in a few minutes—how it happened I could not tell—there she stood once more, wearing the same innocent, preoccupied air. This time I saw her fly down the slope and disappear in a clump of undergrowth. I followed, took a seat, waited, and continued to wait. All was in vain. That was the last of her. She had played her cards well, or perhaps I had played mine poorly; and finally I turned my steps homeward, where a comparison of my notes with Dr. Coues's description proved the bird to be, as I had believed, a female cerulean warbler. Her nest would probably be the first one of its kind ever found in Virginia.

On the way a male sang and showed himself. Now, too, I discovered for the first time that there were tupelo trees among the large oaks and walnuts; much smaller than they, and for that reason, it is to be supposed, not noticed in my three previous passages along the avenue. They are particular favorites of mine, and I made them sincere apologies. In another place was a patch of what I knew must be the fragrant sumach, something I had wished to see for many years: low, upright shrubs, yet resembling poison ivy so closely that for a minute I shrank from gathering a specimen, although I was certain beyond a peradventure that the plant was not poison ivy and could not be noxious to the touch; just as people in general,

through force of early instruction and example (miscalled instinct), shiver at the thought of handling a snake, though it be of some kind which they know to be as harmless as a kitten. While in chase of the cerulean, also, I had stumbled on several bunches of cancer-root (*Conopholis*), rising out of the dead leaves, a dozen or more of stems in each close bunch; queer, unwholesome-looking, yellowish things, reminding me of ears of rice-corn, so called. I had never seen the plant till the day before.

The next morning my course was beyond discussion or argument. I must go again to Lincoln Heights. The thought of the female cerulean warbler and her nest would not suffer me to do anything else. But for that matter, I should probably have taken the same path had I never seen her. The trees, the prospects, and the general birdiness of the place were of themselves an irresistible attraction. On the way I skirted a grove of small pines, standing between the road and the edge of Cedar Creek ravine: dull, scrubby trees, like pitch-pines, but less bright in color; of the same kind as those amid which, on Cameron Hill and Lookout Mountain, in Tennessee, there had been so notable a gathering of warblers the year before. *Pinus pungens*, Table Mountain pine, I suppose they were, though it must be acknowledged that I was never at the pains to settle the point. Here at Natural Bridge I had found all such woods deserted day after day, till I had ceased to think them worth looking into. Now, however, as I idled past, I caught the faint sibilant notes of a bird-song, and stopped to listen. Not a blackpoll's, I said to myself, but wonderfully near it. And then it flashed into my mind what a friend had told me a few years before. "When you hear a song that is like the blackpoll's, but different," he had said, "look the bird up. It will most likely be a Cape May." He was one of the lucky men (almost the only one of my acquaint-

ance) who had heard that rare warbler's voice. I turned aside, of course, and made a cautious entry among the pines. The bird continued its singing. Yes, it was like the blackpoll's, but with a *zip* rather than a *zee*. Nearer and nearer I crept, inch by inch. If the fellow were a Cape May, it would be carelessness inexcusable not to make sure of the fact. And soon I had my glass upon him, — in high plumage, red cheeks and all. He had not been disturbed in the least, and kept up his music till I had had my fill and could stay no longer, — all the while in low branches and in clear view. Few songs could be less interesting in themselves, but few could have been more welcome, — for the better part of twenty years I had been listening for it: about five notes, a little louder and more emphatic than the blackpoll's, it seemed to me, but still faint and, as I expressed it to myself, "next to nothing." The handsome creature — olive and bright yellow, boldly marked with black and white — remained the whole time in one tree, traveling over the limbs in a rather listless fashion, and singing almost incessantly. He was my hundredth Virginia bird, — as my list then stood, question marks included, — and the second one whose song I had heard for the first time on this vacation trip. The day had begun prosperously.

After such a stirring up, a man's ears are apt to be abnormally sensitive, not to say imaginative; then, if ever, he will hear wonders: for which reason, it may be, I had turned but a corner or two before I was stopped by another set of notes, a strain that I knew, or felt that I ought to know, but could not place a name upon at the moment. This bird, too, was run down without difficulty, and proved to be a magnolia warbler, — another yellow-rump, like the Cape May and the myrtle-bird. The song, unlike its owner, is but slightly marked, and to make matters worse, is heard by me only in the season of the bird's spring pas-

sage; but I laughed at myself for not recognizing it. I was still in a mood for discoveries, however, and within half an hour was again in eager chase, this time over a crazy zigzag fence into a dense thicket, all for a black-and-white creeper (my fiftieth specimen, perhaps, in the last fortnight), whose notes, as they came to me from a distance, sounded like a creeper's, to be sure, but with such a measure of difference as kept me on nettles till the author of them was in sight. I felt like a fool, as the common expression is, but was having "a good time," notwithstanding.

Here were the first trailing blackberry blossoms. The season was making haste. "Come, children, it is the 7th of May," I seemed to hear the "bud-crowned spring" saying. The woods had burst into almost full leaf within a week. This morning, also, I found the first flowers of the *Dodecatheon*; three plants, each with only one bloom as yet; white, odd-looking, pointed, — like a stylographic pen, my profane clerical fancy suggested. American cowslip and shooting star the flower is called in the Manual. American cyclamen would hit it pretty well, I thought, its most striking peculiarity being the reflexed, cyclamenic carriage of the petals. I had been wondering what those broad root-leaves were, as I passed them here and there in the woods. The present was only my second sight of the blossom in a wild state, the first one having been on the battlefield of Chickamauga. It is matter for thankfulness, an enrichment of the memory, when a pretty flower is thus associated with a famous place.

Among the old trees on the Heights a cerulean warbler and a blue yellow-back were singing nearly in the same breath. If I did not become lastingly familiar with the distinction between the two songs, it was not to be the birds' fault. A second cerulean (or possibly the same one; it was impossible to be certain on that point, nor did it matter) was near

the grapevine tangle, and at the moment of my approach was holding a controversy with a creeper. He had reserved the spot, as it appeared, and was insisting upon his claim. My spirits rose. It was this clump of shrubbery that I had come to sit beside, on the chance of seeing again, and tracking to her nest, the female whose behavior had so excited my hopes the afternoon before. "Nest small and neat, in fork of a bough 20-50 feet from the ground:" so I had read in the Key, and henceforth knew what I was to look for. For a full hour I remained on guard. Twice the male cerulean chased some other bird about in a manner extremely suspicious; but he kept her (or him) so constantly on the move that I had no fair sight of her plumage. Beyond that my vigil went for nothing. I must try again. If a man cannot waste an hour once in a while, he had better not undertake the finding of birds' nests.

For the walk homeward I took a course of my own down the open face of the hill, climbing a fence or two (I could tell far in advance the safest places at which to get over — the soundest spots — by seeing the lumps of dry red clay left on the rails by the boots of previous travelers across lots), past prairie warblers and my first Natural Bridge bluebird, to the bottom of the valley. Then, finding myself ahead of time, I turned aside to see what might be in the woods of Buck Hill. There was little to mention: a blossom of the exquisite vernal fleur-de-lis, not before noticed here, and at the top two cerulean warblers in full song. I had begun by this time to believe that this rare Virginia species would turn out to be pretty common hereabout in appropriate places.

Partly to test the truth of this opinion I planned an afternoon trip to a more distant eminence, which, like Buck Hill and Lincoln Heights, was covered with a deciduous forest. In the valley woods a grouse was drumming — a pretty fre-

quent sound here — and Swainson thrushes were singing. These "New Hampshire thrushes," by the bye, are singers of the most generous sort, not only at home, but on their travels, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding. From May 5 to May 12 — including the latter half of my stay at Natural Bridge, two days at Afton, and one day in the cemetery woods at Arlington — I have them marked as singing daily, and one day at the Bridge they were heard in four widely separate places.

The hill for which I had set out lay on the left of the road, and between me and it stood a row of negro cabins. As I came opposite them I suddenly caught from the hillside the notes of a Nashville warbler, — or so I believed. This was a bird not yet included in my Virginia list. I had puzzled over its absence — the country seeming in all respects adapted to it — till I consulted Dr. Rives, by whom it is set down as "rare." Even then, emboldened by more than one happy experience, I told myself that I ought to find it. It is common enough in New England; why should it skip Virginia? And here it was; only I must go through the formality of a visual inspection, especially as just now the song came from rather far away. I entered one of the houseyards, — nobody objecting except a dog, — climbed the rear fence, and posted up the steep, rocky hill, past a hummingbird sipping at a violet, and by and by lifted my glass upon the singer, which had been in voice all the while. By this time I was practically sure of its identity. In imagination I could already see its bright yellow breast. The name was as good as down in my book, — *Helminthophila ruficapilla*. But the glass, having no imagination, showed me a white breast with a dark line across it, — a cerulean warbler! Verily, an ear is a vain thing for safety. See your bird, I say, and take a second look; and then go back and look again. In another tree a

parula warbler was singing. About him, by good luck, I made no mistake. As for the other bird, even after I had seen his white breast, his tune — with which he was literally spilling over — continued to sound amazingly Nashvillian; though there are few warbler songs with which I should have supposed myself more thoroughly acquainted than with this same clearly characterized Nashville ditty, — a hurried measure followed by a still more hurried trill. Perhaps this particular cerulean had a note peculiarly his own. I should be glad to think so. Perhaps, on the other hand, the fault was all with the man who heard it; in which case the less said the better. In either event, my theory as to the cerulean's commonness was in a fair way to be verified. It was well I had that comfort.

Before I could get down the hill again I must stop to listen to a gnatcatcher's squeaky voice, and the next moment I saw the bird, and another with him. The second one proceeded immediately to a nest, — conspicuously displayed on an oak branch, — while her mate hovered about, squeaking in the most affectionate manner. Then away they flew in company, and after a long absence were back again for another turn at building. They were making a joy of their labor, the male especially; but it is true he made little else of it. With him I was at once taken captive, — so happy, so proud, and so devoted. A paragon of amorous behavior, I called him; having the French idea of "assistance," no doubt, but a lover in every movement. Never was the good old-fashioned phrase "waiting upon her" more prettily illustrated. Birds are imaginative creatures, says Richard Jefferies, and I believe it; and this fellow, I am sure, had endowed his spouse with all the graces of all the birds that ever were or ever will be. In other words, he was truly in love. The nest was already shingled throughout with bits of gray

lichen, laid on so skillfully that Father Time himself might have done it. That is the right way. Let the house look as if it were a growth, a something native to the spot, only less old than the ground it rests on. The gnatcatcher's nest is always a work of art. Gnatcatcher eggs could hardly be counted upon to hatch in any other.

As I passed up the road, on my way homeward, a flock of eight nighthawks were swimming overhead. Their genius runs, not to architecture, but to grace of aerial motion. They do not shoot like the swifts, nor skim and dart like the swallows, nor circle on level wings like the hawks, but have an easy, slow-seeming, wavering, gracefully "limping" flight, which is strictly their own. At the same time two buzzards met in mid-air, one going with the breeze, the other against it. I could have told the fact, without other knowledge of the wind's course, by the different carriage of the two pairs of wings. So "the bird trims her to the gale."

Having the cerulean warbler question still upon my mind, and seeing another hard-wood hill within easy reach, I turned my steps thither. Yes, I was hardly there before I heard a bird singing; but the reader may be sure I did not take my ear's word for it. This was the fourth hilltop I had visited to-day, and on every one the "rare" warbler (but it is well known to be abundant in West Virginia) had been found without so much as a five-minute search.

The next thing, of course, was to find the nest, and so establish the fact of the birds' breeding. For that I had one day left; and it may be said at once that I spent the greater share of the next forenoon in the vicinity of the grapevine thicket, before mentioned, on Lincoln Heights. A male cerulean was there, — I both heard and saw him, — but no female showed herself; and when at last my patience ran out, I gave up the point for good. She had been seen in the

diligent collection of building materials, and that, considered as evidence, was nearly the same as a discovery of the nest itself. With that I must be content. The comfortable way of finding birds' nests is to happen upon them. A regular hunt — a "dead set," as we call it — is apt to be a discouraging business.

My present attempt, it is true, was a quiet, inactive piece of work, little more than an idle waiting for the lady of the nest to "give herself away;" and even that was relieved by much looking at mountain prospects and frequent turns in the surrounding woods. Once a crossbill called and a cardinal whistled almost in the same breath, — a kind of northern and southern duet. Then a cuckoo and a dove fell to cooing on opposite sides of me; very different sounds, though in our poverty we designate them by the same word. The dove's voice is a thousand times more plaintive than the cuckoo's, and to hear it, no matter how near, might come from a mile away; as I have known the little ground dove to be "mourning" from a fig-tree at my elbow while I was endeavoring to sight it far down the field. The dove's note is the voice of the future or of the past, I am not certain which. A few rods from the spot where I had taken my station, a single deerberry bush (*Vaccinium stamineum*) was in profuse bloom, and made a really pretty show; loose sprays of white flaring blossoms all hanging downward, each with its cluster of long protruding stamens, till the bush, I thought, was like a miniature candelabrum of electric lights. As Thoreau might have said, for so homely a plant the deerberry is very handsome. Either from association or for some other reason, it wears always a certain common look. When we see an azalea shrub or even an apple tree in bloom, we seem to see the very object of its being. The flower calls for no ulterior result, though it may have one; its fruit is in itself. But a

blossoming blueberry bush, no matter of what kind, looks like a plant that was made to bear something edible, a plant whose end is use rather than beauty.

If the forenoon had been indolent, the noonday hour was more so. I descended the hill by a way different from any I had yet taken, and found myself at the foot in a public road running through a cultivated valley. The day was peculiarly comfortable, with a bright sun and a temperate breeze, — ideal weather for such inactivities as I was engaged in. Coming to an old cherry tree, I rested awhile in its shadow. A farmhouse was not far off, with apple trees before it, a barn across the way, and two or three men at work in the sloping ploughed field beyond. To one as lazy as I then was, it is almost a luxury to see other men hoeing or ploughing, so they be far enough off to become a part of the landscape. Near the barn stood a venerable weeping willow, huge of girth, a very patriarch, yet still green as youth itself. Here were good farm-loving birds, a pleasant society. A pair of house wrens came at once to look at the stranger, and one of them interested me by dusting itself in the road. Two kingbirds were about the apple trees (apple-tree flycatchers would be my name for them, if a name were in order), now sitting quiet for a brief space, now scaling the heavens, as if to see how nearly perpendicular a bird's flight could be made, and then tumbling about ecstatically with rapid vociferations, after the half-crazy manner of their kind. The kingbird is plentifully endowed not only with spirit, but with spirits. A goldfinch sang and twittered in the softest voice, and a catbird mewed. From a quince bush, a little farther off, a wild bobolinkian strain was repeated again and again, — an orchard oriole, I thought most likely. I went nearer (to the shade of a low cedar), and soon had him in sight, — a young male in yellow plumage, with a black throat-patch. The song was extremely

taking, and the more I heard it, the more it seemed to have the true bobolink ring. The quince bushes were in pale pink bloom, and the branches of a tall snowball tree in the unfenced front yard of the house fairly drooped under their load of white globular clusters. Just opposite was a sweet-brier bush, "the pastoral eglantine," half dead like others that I had noticed here, and like the whole tribe of its New England brothers and sisters. Here as in Massachusetts a blight was upon them; they were living with difficulty. It would be good, I thought, to see the sweet-brier once where it flourishes; where the beauty of the plant matches the beauty and sweetness of the rose it bears. Can it be that it is not quite hardy even in Virginia?

My seat under the snowball tree (to the coolness of which I had moved from under the cedar) had presently to be given up. The women of the house became aware of me, and out of a bashful regard for my own comfort I took the road again. Soon I passed a double house, with painted doors and two-sash windows! And in one of the windows were lace curtains! It was wonderful, — I was obliged to confess it, in spite of a deep-seated masculine prejudice against all such contrivances, — it was wonderful what an air of elegance they conferred, though the paint of the doors was to be considered, of course, in the same connection.

By this time the road was approaching the slope of Buck Hill, and high noon as it was, I must run up for another half-hour among the old trees at the top, — with no special result except to disturb a summer tanager, who fired off volley after volley of objurgatory expletives, and altogether seemed to be in a terrible state of mind. His excitement was all for nothing; unless — what was likely enough — it served to give him favor in the eyes of his mate, who may be presumed to have been somewhere within

hearing. Lovers, I believe, are supposed to welcome an opportunity to play the hero.

My last afternoon at the Bridge was devoted to a longish tramp into a new piece of country, where for an hour I had hopes of adding at least a name or two to my Virginia bird-list, which for twenty-four hours had been at a standstill. I came unexpectedly upon a mill, and what was of greater account, a millpond, — "a long, dirty pond," as my uncivil pencil describes it. Here were swallows, as might have been foreseen, but the most careful scrutiny revealed nothing beyond the two species already catalogued, — the barn swallow and the rough-wing. Here, too, in an apple orchard, were a Baltimore oriole gathering straws, a phoebe, a golden warbler, and several warbling vireos, the only ones so far noticed with the exception of a single bird at Pulaski. About the border of the pond were spotted sandpipers (no solitaires, to my disappointment) and two male song sparrows. This last species I saw but twice in Virginia, — along the bushy shore of the creek at Pulaski, and here beside this millpond. Wherever the song sparrow is scarce, it is likely to be restricted to the immediate neighborhood of water. Even in Massachusetts it is pretty evident that such places are its first choice. As I sometimes say, the song sparrow likes a swamp as well as the swamp sparrow; but the species being so exceedingly abundant, there are not swampy spots enough to go round, and the majority of the birds have to shift as they can, along bushy fence-rows and in pastures and scrublands.

The building interested me almost as much as the sandpipers and the sparrows. It was painted red, and served not only as a mill, but as a post-office ("Red Mills") and a "department store," with its sign, "Dry Goods, Groceries, &c." A tablet informed the passer-by that the mill had been "estab-

lished" in 1798, destroyed in 1881, and reopened in 1891; and on the same tablet, or another, was the motto, "Laborare est orare." I regretted not to meet the proprietor, but he was nowhere in sight, and I felt a scruple about intruding upon the time of a man who was at once postmaster, miller, farmer, storekeeper, and scholar. With that motto before me, — "Apologia pro vita sua," he might have called it, — such an intrusion would have seemed a sacrilege.

What I remember best about the whole establishment is the song of a blue-gray gnatcatcher, to which I stopped to listen under a low savin tree on a bluff above the mill. He was directly over my head, singing somewhat in the manner of a catbird, but I had almost to hold my breath to hear him. It was amazing that a bird's voice could be spun so fine. A mere shadow of a sound, I was ready to say. It was only by the happiest accident that I did not miss it altogether. Then, when the fellow had finished his music, he began squeaking in that peculiarly teasing manner of his, and kept it up till I was weary. The gnatcatcher is a creature by himself, a miniature bird, wonderfully slender, with a strangely long tail, which he carries jauntily and makes the most of on all occasions. But if he only knew it, his chief claim to distinction is his singing voice. If the humming-bird's is attenuated in the same proportion (and who can assert the contrary?), he may be the finest vocalist in the world, and we none the wiser.

I was to start northward by the next noonday train, and had already laid out my forenoon's work. Before breakfast I took my last look at the famous bridge, and my last stroll through Cedar Creek

ravine. I had been there every day, I think, and had always found something new. This time it was a slippery elm tree by the saltpetre cave. I had brought away a twig, and was sitting in my door putting a lens upon it and upon a sedum specimen, when the veranda was suddenly taken possession of by a dozen or more of young men. They were just up from the railway station, and were deep in a discussion of ways and means, — tickets, luncheons, and time-tables. Then, in a momentary lull in the talk, I heard a quiet voice say, "Sedum." They were a company of Johns Hopkins men out upon a geological trip. So I learned at noon when we met at the railway station; and a pleasant botanical hour I had with one or two of them as we rode northward. Now, on the piazza, they did not tarry long; time was precious to them also; and as soon as they had gone down to the bridge I set off in the opposite direction. My final ramble was to be to Lincoln Heights, to see once more that magnificent avenue of trees and that beautiful mountain prospect. The cerulean warbler was singing as usual, but there was no sign of his mate, though I could not do less than to wait a little while by the grapevine thicket in a vain hope of her appearance. Here, as in the ravine, I had not yet seen everything. Straight before me stood a locust tree, every branch hung with long, fragrant white clusters. I had overlooked it completely till now. If I learned nothing else in Virginia, I ought to have learned something about my limitations as an "observer." But I need not have traveled so far for such a purpose. Wisdom so common as that may be picked up any day in a man's own dooryard.

Bradford Torrey.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

XXV.

GUIDA was sitting on the *veille* reading an old London paper which she had bought of the mate on the packet from Southampton. One page contained an account of the execution of Louis XVI.; another reported the fight between the English thirty-six gun frigate *Araminta* and the French *Niobe*. The engagement had been desperate, the valiant *Araminta* having been fought not alone against odds as to her enemy, but against the irresistible perils of a coast of which the Admiralty charts gave cruelly imperfect information. To the Admiralty was due the fact that the *Araminta* was now at the bottom of the sea, and its young commander confined in a French fortress, his brave and distinguished services lost, to the country. Nor had the government yet sought to lessen the injury by arranging a cartel for the release of the unfortunate commander.

The *Araminta*! To Guida the letters of the word seemed to stand out from the paper like shining hieroglyphs on a misty gray curtain. All the rest of the page was resolved into a filmy floating substance, no more tangible than the ashy skeleton of burnt paper on which writing still lives when the paper itself has been eaten by flame, and the flame swallowed by the air.

Araminta, — this was all her eyes saw; that familiar name in the flaring, fantastic handwriting of the genius of life, who had scrawled her destiny in that one word.

Slowly the monstrous ciphers faded from the gray hemisphere of space, and she saw again the newspaper in her trembling fingers, the kitchen into which the sunlight streamed from the open window, the dog *Biribi* basking in the doorway. That living quiet which descends upon

a kitchen when the midday meal and work are done came suddenly home to her, in contrast to the turmoil of her mind and being.

So that was why Philip had not written to her! While her heart was growing bitter against him, he had been fighting his vessel against great odds, and at last had been shipwrecked and carried off a prisoner. A strange new understanding took possession of her. Her life widened. She realized all at once how the eyes of the whole world might be fixed upon a single ship, a few cannon, and some scores of men. The general of a great army leading tens of thousands into the clash of battle, — that had always been within her comprehension; but this was almost miraculous, this abrupt projection of one ship and her commander upon the canvas of fame. Philip had left her, unknown save to a few; with the nations turned to see, he had made a gallant and splendid fight, and now he was a prisoner in a French fortress!

This, then, was why her grandfather had received no letter from Philip concerning the marriage. Well, she must now speak for herself; she must announce her marriage. Must she show Philip's letters? No, no, she could not. . . . Then a new suggestion came to her: there was one remaining proof of her marriage. Since no banns had been published, Philip must have obtained a license from the dean of the island, and he would have a record of it. All she had to do now was to get a copy of this record. But no, a license to marry was no proof of marriage; it was but evidence of intention.

Still, she would go to the dean this very moment. It was not right that she should wait longer: indeed, in waiting so long she had already done great wrong to herself, and maybe to Philip.

She rose from the veille with a sense of relief. No more of this secrecy, making her innocence seem guilt; no more painful dreams of punishment for some intangible crime; no more starting if she heard an unexpected footstep; no more hurried walk through the streets, looking neither to right nor to left; no more inward struggles wearing away her life.

To-morrow — to-morrow — no, this very night, her grandfather and one other, even *Maitresse Aimable*, should know all; and she should sleep so quietly, oh, so quietly, to-night.

Looking into a mirror on the wall, — it had been a gift of the chevalier, — she smiled at herself. Why, how foolish of her it had been to feel so much and to imagine terrible things! Her eyes were shining now, and her hair, catching the sunshine from the window, glistened like burnished copper. She turned to see how it shone on the temple and the side of her head. How Philip had loved her hair! Her eyes lingered for a moment placidly on herself; then she started abruptly. A wave of feeling, a shiver, passed through her, her brow gathered in perplexity, she flushed deeply.

Turning away from the mirror, she went and sat down again on the edge of the veille. Her mind had changed. She would go to the dean's, but not till it was dark. She suddenly thought it strange that the dean had never said anything about the license. Why, again, perhaps he had! How should she know what gossip was going on in the town? But no, she was quick to feel, and if there had been gossip she would have felt it in the manner of her neighbors. Besides, gossip as to a license to marry was all on the right side. She sighed — she had sighed so often of late — to think what a tangle it all was, of how it would be smoothed out to-morrow, of what —

There was a click of the garden gate, a footstep on the walk, a half-growl from *Biribi*, and the face of *Carterette* *Mattingley* appeared in the kitchen door-

way. Seeing *Guida* sitting on the veille, she came in quickly, her dancing dark eyes heralding great news.

"Don't get up, *ma couzaine*," she said, "please don't. Sit just there, and let me sit beside you. Ah, but I have the most wonderful news!"

Carterette was out of breath. She had hurried here from her home. As she said herself, her two feet were n't in one shoe on the way, and that and her news made her quiver with excitement.

At first, palpitating with eagerness, bursting with mystery, she could do no more than sit and look into *Guida's* face. *Carterette* was quick of instinct in her way, but yet she had not seen any marked change in her friend during the past few months. Certainly *Guida* had not been so buoyant as was her wont, but *Carterette* herself had been so occupied in thinking of her own particular secret that she was not observant of others. At times she saw *Ranulph*, and then she was uplifted, to be immediately depressed again; for she perceived that he was cast down, that his old cheerfulness was gone, and that a sombreness had settled on him. Somehow, though she was not quite happy when she did not see him, she was then even happier than when she did, for she seemed so powerless to lighten his gravity. She flattered herself, however, that she could do so if she had the right and the good opportunity, — the more so that *Ranulph* no longer visited the cottage in the *Place du Vier Prison*.

That drew her closer to *Guida*, also; for in truth *Carterette* had no loftiness of nature. Like most people, she was selfish enough to hold a person a little dearer for not standing in her own particular light. Long ago she had shrewdly guessed that *Guida's* interest lay elsewhere than with *Ranulph*, and when *Philip d'Avranche* was in *St. Helier's* she had fastened upon him as the object of *Guida's* favor. But then many sailors had made love to her, and knowing

it was here to-day and away to-morrow with them, her heart had remained untouched. Why, then, should she think Guida would take the officer seriously where she herself held the sailor lightly? But at the same time she had an instinct that what concerned Philip would interest Guida, — she herself always cared to hear the fate of an old admirer, — and this was what had brought her to the cottage to-day.

"Guess who I've got a letter from!" she asked of Guida, who had taken up some sewing, and was now industriously regarding the stitches.

At Carterette's question Guida looked up and said with a smile, "From some one you like, I know."

Carterette laughed gayly. "*Bà sù*, I should think I did — in a way. But what's his name? Come, guess, *Ma'm'selle Dignity*."

"Eh ben, the fairy godmother," answered Guida, trying hard not to show an interest she felt all too keenly; for nowadays it seemed to her that all news should be about Philip. Besides, she was gaining time and preparing herself for — she knew not what!

"Oh my grief!" responded the brown-eyed elf, kicking off the red slipper that had once so vexed the Lady of St. Michael, and thrusting her foot into it again, "never a fairy godmother had I, unless it's old Manon Moignard, the witch: —

'Sas, son, *bileton*,
My grand'mèthe a-fishing has gone:
She'll gather the fins to scrape my jowl,
And ride back home on a barnyard fowl!

Nannin, *ma'm'selle*, it's plain to be seen you can't guess what a cornfield grows besides red poppies!" and laughing in sheer delight at the mystery she was making, she broke off into a whimsical nursery rhyme: —

"*Coquelicot, j'ai mal au dé,
Coquelicot, qu'est qui l'a fait?
Coquelicot, ch'tai mon valet.*"

She kicked off her red slipper again,

and flying halfway across the room it alighted on the table, and a little mud from the heel dropped on the clean scoured surface. With a little moue of mockery, she slowly got up and tiptoed across the floor, like a child afraid of being scolded. Gathering the dirt carefully, and looking demurely askance at Guida the while, she tiptoed over to the fireplace with it.

"Naughty Carterette!" she said at herself with admiring reproof, as she looked in Guida's mirror, and added, as she glanced with farcical approval round the room, "And it all shines like a peacock's feather, too!"

Guida longed to snatch the letter from Carterette's hand and read it, but she only said calmly, though the words fluttered in her throat, "You're as gay as a chaffinch, garçon Carterette!"

Garçon Carterette! Instantly Carterette sobered down. No one save Ranulph had ever called her garçon Carterette!

Guida had used the words purposely; she had heard Ranulph call Carterette by them, and she knew they would change the madcap's mood. Carterette, to hide a sudden flush, stooped and slowly put on her slipper. Then she came back to the veille, and sat down beside Guida, saying as she did so, "Yes, I'm always as gay as a chaffinch — me!"

She unfolded the letter slowly, and Guida stopped sewing, but with the point of her needle mechanically began to prick the linen lying on her knee.

"Well," said Carterette deliberately, "this letter is from a *pend'loque* of a fellow, — at least, we used to call him that, — though if you come to think, he was always polite as a mended porringer. It was n't often he had two sous to rub against each other, and — and not enough buttons for his clothes!"

Guida smiled. She guessed whom Carterette meant. "Has Monsieur Detricand more buttons now?" she asked, with a little whimsical lift of the eyebrows.

"Ah bidemme, yes, and gold too, all over him — like that!" She made a quick sweeping gesture with her hand, which would seem to make Détricand a very spangle of buttons. "Come, what do you think? He's a general now!"

"A general!" Instantly Guida thought of Philip, and a kind of envy shot into her heart that this vaurien Détricand should mount so high in a few months, — a man whose past had shown nothing to warrant such success. "A general! Where?" she asked.

"In the Vendée army, fighting for the new King of France; you know the Revolutionists cut off the last King's head."

At another time Guida's heart would have throbbed with elation, for the romance of that union of aristocrat and peasant appealed keenly to her imagination; but she only said in the patois of the people themselves, "Ma fuifre — yes, I know."

Carterette was delighted to dole out her news thus, and get her due reward of astonishment. "And he's got another name," she added. "At least, it's not another; he always had it, but he did n't call himself by it. Pardi, he's more than the chevalier; he's the Comte Détricand de Tournay. Ah, then, believe me if you choose! There it is." She pointed to the signature of the letter, and with a gush of eloquence explained how it all was about Détricand the vaurien and Détricand the Comte de Tournay.

"Good riddance to Monsieur Savary *dit* Détricand, and good welcome to Monsieur the Comte de Tournay," answered Guida, trying hard to humor Carterette, that she might sooner hear the news yet withheld. "And what comes after that?"

Carterette was half sorry that her great moment had come; she wished she could have prolonged the suspense. But she let herself be comforted by the anticipated effect of her wonderful *dit*.

"I'll tell you what comes after — ah, but see, then, what a wonder I have for you! You know that Monsieur Philip d'Avranche: well, what do you think has happened to him?"

Guida felt as if some monstrous hand had her heart in its grasp, crushing it. Presentiment took possession of her. Carterette was busy running over the pages of the letter, and did not notice how her face had lost its color. She had no thought that Guida had any vital interest in Philip, and she ruthlessly, though unconsciously, began to torture the young wife as few are tortured in this world.

She read aloud Détricand's description of his visit to the castle of Bercy, and of the meeting with Philip.

"See what comes of a name!" wrote Détricand, and repeated Carterette. "Here was a poor prisoner whose ancestor, hundreds of years ago, may or may not have been a relative of the d'Avranches of Clermont, when a disappointed duke, with an eye open for heirs, takes a fancy to the good-looking face of the poor prisoner, and voilà! you have him whisked off to a castle, fed on milk and honey, and adopted into the family. Then a pedigree is nicely grown on a summer day, and this fine young Jersey adventurer is found to be a green branch from the old root; and there's a great blare of trumpets, and the states of the duchy are called together to make this English officer a prince — and that's the Thousand and One Nights in Arabia, Ma'm'selle Carterette!"

Guida was sitting rigid and still. In the slight pause Carterette made, a hundred confused, torturing thoughts ran swiftly through her mind, and presently floated into the succeeding sentences of the letter: —

"As for me, I'm like Rabot's mare, I have n't time to laugh at my own foolishness. I'm either up to my knees in grass or clay fighting Revolutionists, or I'm riding hard day and night till I'm

round-backed like a wood-louse, to make up for all the good time I so badly lost in your little island. You would not have expected that, my friend with the tongue that stings, would you? But then, *ma'm'selle* of the red slippers, one is never butted save by a dishorned cow, as your father used to say.'"

Carterette paused again, saying in an aside, "That is *m'sieu'* all over, all so gay. But who knows? For he says, too, that the other day, a-fighting Fontenay, five thousand of his men come across a cavalry as they run to take the guns that eat them up like cabbages, and they drop on their knees, and he drops with them, and they all pray to God to help them, while the cannon-balls *whiz-whiz'* over their heads. He says God did hear them, for He told them that if they fell down flat when the guns were fired the balls would n't touch 'em."

During this interlude, Guida, full of impatience and anxiety, could scarcely sit still. She began sewing again, though her fingers trembled so that she could hardly make a stitch. But Carterette, the little egotist, did not notice her disturbance; her own excitement dimmed her observation.

She began reading again. The first few words had little or no significance for Guida, but presently she was held as by the fascination of a serpent.

"And, *Ma'm'selle* Carterette, what do you think this young captain, now Prince Philip d'Avranche and successor to the title of Bercy,—what do you think he is next to do? Even to marry a countess of great family whom the old duke has chosen for him, so that the name of d'Avranche may not die out in the land. And that is the way that love begins. . . . Wherefore I want you to write and tell me'" —

What he wanted Carterette to tell him Guida never heard, though it concerned herself, for she gave a cry like a dumb animal in agony, and sat rigid and blanched, the needle she had been

using imbedded in her finger to the bone, but not a motion, not a sign of human animation, in her face or figure.

All at once some conception of the truth burst upon the affrighted Carterette. She had all along thought that Philip and Guida had liked each other, but she had never thought of aught serious between them. Besides, in her childish egotism, as unconscious as it was heartless, she had seen in the present letter no more than the great news it contained. She imagined the real truth as little as *Détricand* had done.

But now she saw the blanched face, the filmy eyes, the stark look, the finger pierced by the needle, and she knew that a human heart had been pierced, too, with a pain worse than death. It was worse; for she had seen death, and she had never seen anything like this in its dire misery and horror. She caught the needle quickly from the finger, wrapped her kerchief round the wound, threw away the sewing from Guida's lap, and running an arm about her waist made as if to lay a hot cheek against the cold face of her friend. Suddenly, however, with a new and painful knowledge, and a face as white and scared as Guida's own, she ran to the dresser, caught up a hanap, and brought some water. Guida still sat as though life had left her, and the body, arrested in its activity, would presently relax and collapse.

Carterette was no irresponsible, light-headed, stupid peasant; she had sense, resolution, and self-possession. She tenderly put the water to Guida's lips, with comforting, reassuring words, though her own brain was in a whirl, and a hundred dark premonitions flashed through her mind.

"Ah, *man gui*, *man pèthe!*" she said in the homely patois. "There, drink, drink, dear, dear *couzaine!*" Guida's lips opened, and she drank slowly, putting her hand to her heart with a gesture of pain. Carterette set down the hanap

and caught her hands. "Come, come, these cold hands, — *pergui*, but we must stop that! They are so cold!" She rubbed them hard. "The poor child of heaven, what has come over you? Speak to me. . . . Ah, but see, everything will come all right by and by! God is good. Nothing's as bad as what it seems. There was never a gray wind but there's a grayer. *Nannin-gia*, take it not so to heart, my *couzaine*; thou shalt have love enough in the world! . . . Ah, *grand doux d'la vie*, but I could kill him!" she added under her breath, and she rubbed Guida's hands still, and looked frankly, generously, into her eyes. Yet, try as she would in that supreme moment, she could not feel all she used to do concerning her. There is something humiliating in even an undeserved injury, — something which, in average human eyes, depreciates the worthiness of its victim. To this hour Carterette had looked upon Guida as a being far above her own companionship, an idea which Guida herself always had combated. All in a moment, however, in this new office of comforter to her anguished and abandoned friend, their relative status was altered. The plane on which Guida had moved was lowered; pity, while it deepened the kindness and tenderness, lessened the gap between them.

Perhaps something of this passed through Guida's mind, and the deep pride and courage of her nature came to her assistance. She withdrew her hands from Carterette's and mechanically smoothed back her hair, and then, as Carterette sat watching her, folded up the sewing and put it in the work-basket hanging on the wall beside the *veille*.

There was something unnatural in her governance of herself now. She seemed as if doing things in a dream, but she did them accurately and with apparent purpose. She looked at the clock; then went to light the fire, for it was almost time to get her grand-

father's tea. She did not appear conscious of the presence of Carterette, who still sat on the *veille*, not knowing quite what to do. At last, as the flame flashed up in the chimney, she came over to her friend, and said, "*Carterette*, I am going to the dean's. Will you run and ask *Maitresse Aimable* to come here to me soon?"

Her voice was steady, but it was the steadiness of despair, — that steadiness which comes to those upon whose nerves has fallen a great numbness, upon whose sensibilities has settled a cloud which stills them as the thick mist stills the ripples on the waters of a fen.

All the glamour of Guida's youth had dropped away. She had deemed life good, and behold, it was not good; she had thought her dayspring was on high, and her happiness had burnt out into the darkness like quick-consuming flax. But all was strangely quiet in her heart and mind. Nothing more that she feared could happen to her; the worst had happened, and now there came down on her the impervious calm of the doomed.

Carterette was awed by her face, and saying that she would go at once to *Maitresse Aimable* she started toward the door, but as quickly stopped and came back to Guida, who was taking her hat from a nail. With none of the impulse that usually marked her actions, Carterette put her arms round Guida's neck and kissed her, saying with a subdued intensity and purpose, "I'd go through fire and water for you. I want to help you every way I can — me!"

Guida did not reply, but she kissed the hot cheek of the smuggler-pirate's daughter as in dying one might kiss the face of a friend seen with filmy eyes, and sent her away.

When she had gone Guida drew herself up with a shiver; yet she was conscious that new senses and instincts were born in her, or were now first awakened to life. She could not quite command

them yet, but she felt them, and, in so far as she had power to think, she used them.

Leaving the house and stepping into the Place du Vier Prison, she walked quietly and steadily up the Rue d'Drière. She did not notice that people she met glanced at her curiously, and turned to look after her as she hurried on.

XXVI.

It had been a hot, oppressive day, but when, a half-hour later, Guida hastened back through the Place du Vier Prison a vast black cloud had drawn up from the southeast, dropping a curtain of darkness upon the town. As she neared the doorway of the cottage a few heavy drops began to fall, and in spite of her overpowering trouble she quickened her footsteps, fearing that her grandfather had come back to find the house empty and no light or supper ready.

M. de Mauprat had preceded her by not more than five minutes. His footsteps across the Place du Vier Prison had been unsteady, his head bowed, though more than once he raised it with a sort of effort, as it were in indignation or defiance. He muttered to himself as he opened the door, and he paused in the hallway as though hesitating to go forward. After a moment he made a piteous gesture of his hand toward the kitchen, and whispered to himself in a kind of reassurance. Then he entered the room and stood still. All was dark save for the glimmer of the fire.

"Guida! Guida!" he said in a shaking, muffled voice. There was no answer. He put his hat and stick in the corner, and felt his way past the table to his great chair, — he seemed to have lost his sight. Finding the familiar worn arm of the chair, he seated himself with a heavy sigh. His lips moved, and he shook his head now and then as though in protest against some unspoken thought.

Presently he brought his clenched hand down heavily on the chair-arm, and said aloud, "They lie! they lie! The connétable lies! Their tongues shall be cut out. . . . Ah, my little, little child! . . . The connétable dared — he dared — to tell me this evil gossip — of my little one — of my Guida!"

He laughed contemptuously, but it was a crackling, dry laugh, painful in its cheerlessness. He drew his snuff-box from his pocket, opened it, and slowly taking a pinch raised it toward his nose; but the hand paused halfway, as though a new thought had arrested it.

In the pause there came the sound of the front door opening, and then footsteps in the hall.

The pinch of snuff fell from the fingers of the old man upon the white cloth of his short-clothes, but as Guida entered the kitchen and stood still a moment he did not stir in his seat. The thundercloud had come still lower and the room was dark, even the coals in the fireplace being now covered with gray ashes.

"Grandpèthe! Grandpèthe!" Guida said.

He did not answer. His heart was fluttering; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, dry and thick. Now he should know the truth; now he should be sure that they had lied about his little Guida, those slanderers of the Vier Marchi. But, too, he had a strange, depressing fear, at variance with his loving faith and belief that in Guida there was no wrong, — such a belief as has the strong swimmer that he can reach the shore through the wave and tide; yet also with the strange foreboding, prelude to the cramp that makes powerless, defying youth, strength, and skill. He could not have spoken if it had been to save his own life or hers.

Getting no answer to her words, Guida went first to the chimney and stirred the fire, the old man sitting rigid in his chair, and regarding her with fixed,

watchful eyes. Then she found two candles and lighted them, placing them on the mantel, and, going to the cras-set which hung by its osier rings from a beam in the middle of the room, slowly lighted it. Turning round, she was full in the light of the candles and the shooting flames of the fire.

The *Sieur de Mauprat's* eyes had followed her every motion, unconscious of his presence as she was. This, this was not the Guida he had known! This was not his grandchild, this woman with the pale, cold face and dark, unhappy eyes; this was not the laughing girl who but yesterday was a babe at his knee. This was not —

The truth, which had yet been before his blinded eyes how long, burst upon him. The shock of it snapped the filmy thread of being. As the soul, escaping, found its wings, spread them, and rose from that dun morass called life, the *Sieur de Mauprat*, giving a long, deep sigh, fell back in the great armchair dead, and the silver snuff-box rattled to the floor.

Guida turned with a sharp cry. She ran to him, and lifted up the head that lay over on his shoulder; she called to him, she felt his pulse. Opening his waistcoat, she put her ear to his heart; but it was still — still.

A mist came over her own eyes, and without a cry or a word she slid downward to the floor, unconscious, as the black thunderstorm broke upon the *Place du Vier Prison*.

The rain was like a curtain let down between the prying, clattering world without and the strange peace within: the old man in his perfect sleep; the young, misused wife in that oblivion borrowed from death, and as tender and companionable while it lasts.

As if in a merciful indulgence, Fate permitted no one to enter upon the dark scene save a woman in whom was a deep motherhood which had never nourished

a child, and to whom this silence and this sorrow gave no terrors. Silence was her constant companion, and for sorrow she had been granted the touch that assuages the sharpness of pain, and the love that is called neighborly kindness.

Unto her it was given to minister here. As the night went by, and the offices had been done for the dead, she took her place by the bedside of the young wife, who lay staring into space, tearless and still, the life consuming away within her.

But at last, toward morning, sleep came, as suddenly as death had come to the *Sieur de Mauprat*. Then *Maitresse Aimable* went into the kitchen, and on to the front room, where, with his head buried in his hands, *Ranulph Delagarde* sat watching beside the body of the *Sieur de Mauprat*.

XXVII.

In the *Rue d'Drière*, the undertaker and his head apprentice were very merry. But why should they not have been? People had to die, quoth the undertaker, and when dead they must be buried: burying was a trade, and wherefore should not one — discreetly — be cheerful at one's trade? In undertaking there were many miles to trudge with coffins in a week, and the fixed, sad, sympathetic look which long custom had stereotyped was as wearisome to the face as a cast of plaster of Paris. Moreover, the undertaker was master of ceremonies at the house of bereavement as well. He not only arranged the funeral; he sent out the invitations to the "friends of deceased, who are requested to return to the house of the mourners after the obsequies for refreshment." The preparations for this feast were all made by the undertaker, — master of burials, as he chose to be called.

Once, after a busy six months, in which a fever had carried off many a *Jersiais*, this master of burials had given

a picnic to his apprentices, workmen, and their families. At this buoyant function he had raised his glass, and with a playful plaintiveness had proposed, "The day we celebrate!"

He was in a no less blithesome mood this day. The head apprentice was reading aloud the accounts for the burials of the month, while the master was checking off the items, nodding approval, commenting, correcting, or condemning with strange expletives.

"Don't gabble, gabble! Next one slowlee!" said the master of burials, as the second account was laid aside, duly approved. "Eh ben, now let's hear the next. Who is it — him?"

"That Josué Anquetil," answered the apprentice.

The master of burials rubbed his hands together with a creepy sort of glee. "Ah, that was a clever piece of work! Too little of a length and a width for the box; but let us be thankful, — it might have been too short, and it was n't."

"No danger of that, pardingue," broke in the apprentice. "The first it belonged to was a foot longer than Josué — he."

"But I made the most of Josué," continued the master. "The mouth was crooked, but he was clean, clean, — I shaved him just in time. And he had good hair for combing to a peaceful look, and he was light to carry, — oh my good! Go on: what has Josué the centenier to say for himself?"

With a drawling, dull indifference, the lank, hatchet-faced servitor of the master servitor of the grave read off the items:

The Relict of Josué Anquetil, Centenier, in account with Etienne Mahye, Master of Burials.

Item:	Livres. Sols.	
Paid to gentlemen of Vingtaine, who carried him to his grave.....	4	4
Ditto to me, Etienne Mahye, for coffin.....	4	0
Ditto to me, E. M., for proper gloves of silk and cotton.....	1	0
Ditto to me, E. M., for laying of him out and all that appertains.....	0	7
Ditto to me, E. M., for divers.....	0	4

The master of burials interrupted: "Bat' d'la goule, you've forgot the blacking for coffin!"

The apprentice made the correction without deigning reply, and then proceeded: —

Ditto to me, E. M., for black for blacking coffin.....	0	3
Ditto to me, E. M., paid out for supper after obs'quies.....	3	2
Ditto to me, E. M., paid out for 18 lbs. of pork at 4s. p'r lb. for ditto	4	8
Ditto to me, E. M., paid out for 1 lb. suet for ditto.....	0	7
Ditto to me, E. M., paid out for wine (3 pots and 1 pt. at a shilling) for ditto.....	2	5
Ditto to me, E. M., paid out for oil and candle.....	0	7
Ditto to me, E. M., given to the poor, as fitting station of deceased.....	4	0

The apprentice stopped. "That's all," he said.

There was a furious leer on the face of the master of burials. So, after all his care, apprentices would never learn to make mistakes on his side. "Always on the side of the corpse, that can thank nobody for naught, oh my grief!" was his snarling comment. "What about those turnips from Denise Gareau, numskull!" he squeaked, in a voice something between a sneer and a snort.

The apprentice was unmoved. He sniffed, rubbed his nose with a forefinger, laboriously wrote for a moment, and then added: —

Ditto to Madame Denise Gareau for turnips for supper after obs'quies.....	10	sols.
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"Saperlote! leave out the *madame*, calf-lugs — you!"

The apprentice did not move a finger. Obstinacy sat enthroned on him. In a rage, the master made a snatch at a metal flower-wreath to throw at him.

"Shan't! She's my aunt. I knows my duties to my aunt — me!" remarked the apprentice stolidly.

The master burst out in a laugh of scorn. "Gad'rabotin, here's family

pride for you! I'll go stick dandelines in my old sow's ear, — respé d'la compagnie."

The apprentice was still calm. "If you want to flourish yourself, don't mind me," said he, and picking up the next account he began reading:—

Mademoiselle Landresse, in the matter of the burial of the Sieur de Mauprat, to Etienne Mahye, etc.

Item —

The first words read by the apprentice had stilled the breaking storm of the master's anger. It dissolved in a fragrant dew of proud reminiscence, profit, speculation, and scandal.

He himself had no open prejudices. He was an official of the public, — or so he counted himself, — and he very shrewdly knew his duty in that walk of life to which it had pleased Heaven to call him. The greater the notoriety of the death, the more in evidence was the master and all his belongings. Death with honor was an advantage to him; death with disaster was a boon; death with scandal was a godsend. It brought tears of gratitude to his eyes when the death and the scandal were in high places. These were the only real tears he ever shed. His heart was in his head, and the head thought solely of Etienne Mahye. Though he wore an air of sorrow and sympathy in public, he had no more feeling than a hangman. His sympathy seemed to say to the living, "I wonder how soon you'll come into my hands!" and to the dead, "What a pity you can die only once, and that second-hand coffins are so hard to get!"

Item — paid to me, Etienne Mahye, for rose-wood coffin —

drooned the voice of the apprentice,

"Oh my good!" interrupted the master of burials, with a barren chuckle. "Oh my good, that was a day in a lifetime! I've done fine work in my time, but the Lord bestowed his countenance upon that day, — not a cloud above, no dust beneath, a flowing tide, and a calm sea. The Royal Court, too, caught on a

sudden marching in their robes, turns to and joins the cortegee, and the little birds a-tweeting-tweeting, and two parsons at the grave. Pardingue, but the Lord was with me, and" —

The apprentice laughed, — a dry, mirthless laugh of disbelief and ridicule. "Bà sū, master, the Lord was watching you. There was two silver bits inside that coffin!"

"Bigre!" The master was pale with rage. His lips drew back, disclosing his long dark teeth and sickly gums, — a grimace of fury. He reached out to seize a hammer lying at his hand, but the apprentice said quickly, —

"That's the cholera hammer — ah bah!"

The master of burials dropped the hammer as though it were at white heat, and eyed it with scared scrutiny. This hammer had been used in nailing down the coffins of six cholera patients who had died in one house at Rozel Bay a year before. The master would not go near the place, so this apprentice had gone, on a promise from the Royal Court that he should have for himself — this is what he asked — free lodging in two small upper rooms of the Cohue Royale, just under the bell which said to the world, *Chicane — chicane! Chicane — chicane!*

This he asked, and this he got, and he alone of all Jersey went out to bury three persons who had died of cholera; and then to watch three others die, to bury them as soon as they were cold, and come back, with a leer of satisfaction, to claim his price. At first people were inclined to make a hero of him, but that only made him grin the more, and the island reluctantly decided at last that he had done the work solely for fee and reward.

The hammer he had used in nailing the coffins he had carried through the town, like an emblem of terror and death, and henceforth he alone in the shop of the master of burials used it.

"It won't hurt you if you leave it

alone," said the apprentice grimly to the master of burials. "But if you go bothering, I'll put it in your bed, and it'll do after to nail down your coffin — you!"

Then he went on reading with a dull, malicious calmness, as if the matter were the merest trifle, and he were anxious to get on with his work: —

Item — one dozen pairs of gloves for mourners.

"Par madé! that's one way of putting it," commented the apprentice; "for what mourners was there but ma'm'selle herself, and she as quiet as a mice and not a teardrop, and all the island with necks end to end for a look at her, and you, master, whispering to her, 'The Lord is the Giver and Taker,' and the femme de ballast t'other side, saying, 'My de-are, my de-are, bear thee up, bear thee up — thee'?"

"And she looking so steady in front of her, as if never was shame about her — and her there soon to be! and no ring of gold upon her hand, and all the world staring!" broke in the master, who, having now edged far off from the cholera hammer, was launched upon a theme that roused all his emotions. "All the world staring, and good reason!"

"And she scarce winking, eh?"

"True, that! Her eyes did n't feel the cold," said the master of burials with a leer, for to his sight, as to that of others, only as boldness had been Guida's bitter courage, the numb, blank, despairing gaze, coming from eyes that turned their agony inward.

"What I want to know is," added the master, — "what I want to know is, who was the man, bà sū?"

"That's what none but they two knows, and she says neither bouf ni baf," said the apprentice. "But it's none business to we — nannin-gia!"

He took up the account again, and prepared to read it. The master, however, had been awakened to a congenial theme. "Poor fallen child of nature!"

said he. "For what is birth or what is looks of virtue like a summer flower! It is to be brought down by hand of man." He was warmed to his theme. Habit had so long made him as much hypocrite as his trade had made him stony-hearted that he was at once sentimentalist and hard materialist. "Some pend'loque has brought her beauty to this pass, but she must suffer; and also his time will come, the sulphur, the torment, the worm that dieth not — and no Abraham for parched tongue — misery me! They that meet in sin here shall meet hereafter in burning fiery furnace."

The cackle of the apprentice rose above the whining voice: "Murder, too, — don't forget the murder, master. The connétable told the old Sieur de Mauprat what people were blabbing, and in half-hour dead he was — he!"

"The sieur's blood it is upon their heads," continued the master of burials; "it will rise up from the ground" —

The apprentice interrupted: "A good thing if the sieur himself does n't rise, for you'd get naught for coffin or the obs'quies. It was you tells the connétable what folks blabbed, and the connétable tells the sieur, and the sieur it kills him dead. So if he rised, he'd not pay you for murdering him, — no, bidemme! And this is a gobbly mouthful — this!" he added, holding up the bill.

The undertaker's lips smacked softly, as though in truth he were waiting for the mouthful. Rubbing his hands, and drawing his lean leg up so that it touched his nose, he looked over it with avid eyes, and said, "How much is it? — don't read the items, but come to total debit, — how much is it? How much does she pay me?"

Ma'm'selle Landresse, debtor in all for one hundred and twenty livres, eleven sols, and two farthings.

"Shan't we make it one hundred and twenty-one livres?" asked the apprentice.

"No; the odd sols and farthings look

better," returned the master of burials, "they look exact. But the courage it needs to be honest! Oh my grief, if" —

"'Sh!" said the apprentice, pointing, and the master of burials, turning, saw Guida pass the doorway.

With a hungry instinct for the morbid, they stole to the doorway and looked down the Rue d'Drière after Guida. The master was sympathetic, for had he not in his fingers a bill for a hundred and twenty livres odd, at that moment? The face of the apprentice was implacable, but the way he craned his neck and tightened the forehead over his large, protuberant eyes showed his intense curiosity. His face was like that of some strong fate, superior to the influences of man's sorrow, shame, or death. Presently he laughed, — a crackling cackle like new-lighted kindling-wood; nothing could have been more inhuman in sound. What in particular aroused this arid mirth probably he himself did not know. Maybe it was a native cruelty which had a sort of sardonic pleasure in the miseries of the world. Or was it the one perception sometimes given to the duller mind, of the futility of goodness, the futility of all? This is the kinder probability, for the apprentice was the new companion of Dormy Jamais, and now shared with him his rooms at the top of the Cohue Royale; and certainly Dormy Jamais was neither sardonic nor cruel. In truth, there must have been some natural bond between the blank, sardonic undertaker's apprentice and the poor *bégarre*. Of late Dormy had haunted the precincts of the Place du Vier Prison, and was the only person besides *Maitresse Aimable* whom Guida welcomed. His tireless feet went *clac-clac* past her doorway, or halted by it, or entered in when it pleased him. He was more a watch-dog than Biribi; he fetched and carried; he was silent and sleepless. It was as if some past misfortune had opened his eyes to the awful bitterness of life, and they had never closed again.

The dry cackle of the apprentice as he looked after Guida roused a mockery of indignation in the master. "Sacré matin, a back-hander on the jaw'd do you good, slubberdegullion — you! Ah, get out, and scrub the coffin blacking from your jowl!" he rasped out, with furious contempt.

The apprentice seemed not to hear, but kept on looking after Guida, a pitiless leer on his face. "Et ben, lucky for her the sieur died before he had chance to change his will. She'd have got ni *fiche* ni bran from him!"

"Holy jacks, if you don't stop that I'll give you a coffin before your time, you keg of nails! Sorrow and prayer at the throne of grace that she may have a contrite heart" — he clutched the funeral bill tighter in his fingers — "is what all must feel for her. The day the sieur died and it all came out, I wept; bedtime come I had to sop my eyes with elder-water. The day o' the burial mine eyes were so sore a-draining, I had to put a rotten sweet apple on 'em overnight — me!"

"Ah bah! she does n't need rosemary wash for *her* hair!" said the apprentice admiringly, looking down the street after Guida as she turned into the Rue d'Egypte, near the Vier Prison.

Perhaps it was a momentary sympathy for beauty in distress which made the master say, as he backed from the doorway stealthily, "Gatd'en'ale, 't is well she has enough to live on, and to provide for what's to come!"

But if it was a note of humanity in his voice it passed quickly, for presently, as he examined the bill for the funeral of the *Sieur de Mauprat*, he said to the apprentice in a shrill voice, "Achoere, you've left out the extra satin for his pillow — you!"

"There was n't any extra satin," drawled the apprentice.

With a snarl the master of burials seized a pen and wrote in the account: Item — to extra satin for pillow, three livres.

XXVIII.

Guida's once blithe, rose-colored face was pale as ivory, the mouth had a look of deep sadness, and the step was slow; but the eye was clear and steady, and her hair, brushed back under the black crape of the bonnet as smoothly as its nature would admit, gave to the broad brow a setting of rare attraction and sombre nobility. It was not a face that knew inward shame, but it carried a look that showed knowledge of life's cruelties, and a bitter sensitiveness to pain. It was, however, fearless, and it had no touch of the consciousness or the consequences of sin; it was purity itself.

Her face alone should have proclaimed abroad her innocence, though she had uttered no word in testimony. To most people, nevertheless, her fearless sincerity only added to her crime, and increased the scandalous mystery. Yet her manner awed some, and her silence held most back. The few who came to offer sympathy, with rude curiosity in their eyes and as much inhumanity as pity in their hearts, were turned away, gently but firmly, more than once with proud resentment.

So it chanced that soon only Maitresse Aimable came, she who asked no questions, desired no secrets. The Chevalier du Champsavoy had not been with Guida, for on the afternoon of the very day that her grandfather died he had gone a secret voyage to St. Malo, to meet the old solicitor of his family. He knew nothing of his friend's death or of Guida's trouble.

Nor yet did Maitre Ranulph visit her after the funeral of the Sieur de Mauprat. The horror of the thing had struck him dumb, and his mind was one confused mass of conflicting thoughts. He believed in Guida utterly, but there — there were the terrifying facts before him. Yet, with an obstinacy peculiar to him, he still went on believing in her

goodness and in her truth. Of the man who had injured her he had no doubt, and his mind was clear as to his course in the hour when he and Philip d'Avranche should meet. But meanwhile, though he seldom went near the Place du Vier Prison, he visited Maitresse Aimable, and from day to day he knew all that happened to Guida. As of old, without her knowledge, he did many things for her through the same Maitresse Aimable. It quickly came to be known in the island that any one who spoke ill of Guida in his presence did so at no little risk. At first there had been those who marked him as the culprit; but somehow that did not suit with the case, for it was clear he loved Guida now as he had always done, and this all the world knew, and knew also that he would have married her all too gladly. Presently Detricand and Philip were the only names mentioned; finally, as though by common consent, Philip was settled upon, for such evidence as there was pointed that way. The gossips set about to recall all that had happened when Philip was in Jersey last. Here one came forward with tittle of truth, and there another with tattle of falsehood, and at last as wild a story was fabricated as might be heard in a long day.

But the truth none of them knew, for in bitterness Guida kept her own counsel.

When she reached the cottage in the Place du Vier Prison now, she took from a drawer the letter Philip had written her on the day he first met the Comtesse Chantavoine. She had received it a week before. She read it through slowly, shuddering a little once or twice. When she had finished reading, she drew paper to her and began a letter.

No, Philip d'Avranche [she wrote], your message came too late. All that you might have said and done should have been said and done long ago, — in that past which I believe in no more. I will not now ask you why, from the first, you acted as you did toward me.

Words can alter nothing now. Once I thought you sincere, and this letter you send me would have me believe so still. Do you then think so poorly of my intelligence?

In spite of all your promises, in spite of the surrender of an honest heart and a good life to you, in spite of truth and loyalty and love, in spite of every call of honor, you denied me — dared to deny me — at the very time you wrote me this letter.

For the passing honors of this world you set aside, first by seecree, and then by falsehood, the helpless girl to whom you once swore faith and undying love. You, who knew the open book of her heart, you threw it in the dust. "Of course there is no wife?" the Duc de Bercy said to you before the states of Bercy. "Of course," you answered. Without pity you told your lie.

Were you blind, that you did not see the consequences? Did you not realize the horror of it? Or were you so wicked that you did not care? For I know that before you wrote me this letter, and afterward when you had been made heir to the duchy, the Comtesse Chantavoine was openly named by the Duc de Bercy for your wife.

I understand all now, and I want you clearly to know that I am no longer the thoughtless, believing girl whom you drew from her simple life to give her so cruel a fate. Yesterday I was a child; to-day — Oh, above all else, do you think I can ever forgive you for having killed the youth, the trust, the joy of life that was in me! You have made me old — old; for all the real youth in me is gone forever. You have spoiled for me forever my rightful share of the joyous and the good. My heart is sixty, though my body is not twenty. You have killed the summer of my life; it is winter with me, and I shall never see another spring. How dared you rob me of all that was my birthright, and give me nothing, nothing in return?

Do you remember how I begged you not to make me marry you, but you urged me, and because I loved you and trusted you I did? How I entreated you not to make me marry you secretly, and you insisted, and, loving you, I did? How I made you promise you would leave me at the altar, and not see me until you came again to claim me for your wife openly, and you broke that promise? Do you remember?

Do you remember that night in the garden, when the wind came moaning from the sea? Do you remember how you took me in your arms, and even while I listened to your tender and assuring words, in that moment — Ah, the hurt and the wrong and the shame of it! Afterward, in the strange confusion, in the blind helplessness of my life, I tried to say, "But he loved me," and I also tried to forgive you. Not realizing your wickedness wholly, perhaps in time I might have seemed to you to forgive, and to make myself believe I did; but understanding all now, I feel that in the hour when you betrayed me, your own wife, I really ceased to love you. The death of love began then, and when at last I knew you had denied me it was buried forever.

I must go on alone, deprived of all that makes life bearable; it is for you to keep on climbing higher by your vanity, your strength, and your deceit. But yet I know that, however high you climb, you will never find repose. The memory of a wronged woman will be with you always. You will not exist for me, you will not be even a memory; but even against your will I shall always be part of you, — of your brain, of your heart, of your soul; for the haunting thought of the innocence you wronged will be your torment in your greatest hour. This is not a threat; it is a prophecy.

Your worst torment will be then; mine has already been with me. When the weight of my miseries first fell upon me I thought that I must die. Why should

I live, — why should I not die? The sea was near, and it buries deep. I thought of all the people that live on the great earth, and I said to myself that the soul of one poor girl could not count in it all, — that it could concern no one but myself. It was all clear to me, — it was certain that I must die. The end of it all should be quietness and rest, — no more aching heart, no more heavy feet, no more sleepless eyes that look upon the world as through a flame of fire.

I live still, you see, not because I fear to die, but because there came to me a voice in the night which said, "Is thy life thine to give or to destroy?" The voice was clearer than my own thinking. It told my heart that death by one's own hand meant shame; and I understood that to reach that peace I must drag unwilling feet over the good name and memory of my beloved dead. I remembered my mother, — if you had remembered her, perhaps you would have guarded the gift of my love, and not have trampled it under your feet, — I remembered my mother, and so I live on. You live on, also, but your star has fallen from the sky. I know that, for I know what I might have been to you. I was your good destiny, but, like some madman who destroys his child, you dragged me from my quiet home, and with rough denial left me helpless in the highway. God sent my love to bless you, but you have turned it on me as a scourge. Your passion and your cowardice have lost me all — and your losses God will send you.

There is but little more to say. If it lies in my power, I shall never see you again while I live. And you will not wish it. Yes, in spite of your eloquent letter lying here beside me, you will not wish it, and you shall not expect it. I am not your wife save by the law; and little have you cared for law! Little, too, would the law help you in this now, for

which you will rejoice. For the ease of your mind I hasten to tell you why.

First let me inform you that none in this land knows me to be your wife. Your letter to my grandfather never reached him, and to this hour I have held my peace. The clergyman who married us is a prisoner among the French, and the strong-box which held the register of St. Michael's Church was stolen. The one other witness, Mr. Shoreham, your lieutenant, as you tell me, went down with the *Araminta*. So you are safe in your denial of me. For me, I am firmly set to live my own life, in my own way, with what strength I can. A few short months ago I thought that the love I knew would never change through time or tears. Time has not changed it, but the tears which are my portion have. At last I see beyond the Hedge; and now I would endure all the tortures of earth and time rather than call you husband ever again.

Your course is clear. You cannot turn back now; you have gone too far. Your new honors and titles were got at the last by a coarse lie. To acknowledge the lie would be ruin, for all the world knows that Commander Philip d'Avranche of the King's Navy is now the adopted son of the Prince d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, second in succession to his serene highness. Surely the house of Bercy has cause for joy, with an imbecile for the first in succession, and a traitor for the second!

I return herewith the fifty pounds you sent me, — you will not question why. . . . And so all ends. This is a last farewell between us. Henceforth my life is my own. Do you remember what you said to me on the *Ecréhos*? "*If ever I deceive you, may I die a black, dishonorable death, abandoned and alone! I should deserve that if ever I deceived you, Guida.*" Think of that, in your vain glory hereafter.

GUIDA LANDRESSE DE LANDRESSE.

Gilbert Parker.

(To be continued.)

CRAVEN.

(MOBILE BAY, 1864.)

OVER the turret, shut in his ironclad tower,
 Craven was conning his ship through smoke and flame;
 Gun to gun he had battered the fort for an hour,
 Now was the time for a charge to end the game.

There lay the narrowing channel, smooth and grim,
 A hundred deaths beneath it, and never a sign;
 There lay the enemy's ships, and sink or swim
 The flag was flying, and he was head of the line.

The fleet behind was jamming: the monitor hung
 Beating the stream; the roar for a moment hushed;
 Craven spoke to the pilot; slow she swung;
 Again he spoke, and right for the foe she rushed.

Into the narrowing channel, between the shore
 And the sunk torpedoes lying in treacherous rank;
 She turned but a yard too short; a muffled roar,
 A mountainous wave, and she rolled, righted, and sank.

Over the manhole, up in the ironclad tower,
 Pilot and captain met as they turned to fly:
 The hundredth part of a moment seemed an hour,
 For one could pass to be saved, and one must die.

They stood like men in a dream; Craven spoke,—
 Spoke as he lived and fought, with a captain's pride:
 "After you, Pilot." The pilot woke,
 Down the ladder he went, and Craven died.

All men praise the deed and the manner; but we —
 We set it apart from the pride that stoops to the proud,
 The strength that is supple to serve the strong and free,
 The grace of the empty hands and promises loud.

Sidney thirsting a humbler need to slake,
 Nelson waiting his turn for the surgeon's hand,
 Lucas crushed with chains for a comrade's sake,
 Outram coveting right before command:

These were paladins, these were Craven's peers,
 These with him shall be crowned in story and song,
 Crowned with the glitter of steel and the glimmer of tears,
 Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud, and strong.

Henry Newbolt.

NEPTUNIAN.

MIDWAY the height of one sheer granite rock
I sat in face of the barbarian sea,
And heard the god, out of the dreadful, deep,
Midmost Atlantic summoning strength, and here,
In accents clear above the sullen roar
Of all his waves, condemn the jutting world.

“Populous Egypt was a realm and ruled
By men that strove when Greece was yet unborn.
I strive not, yet is Pharaoh deep in death,
And still the seas sweep unappeased and new.
Kings were ere Priam. Knew ye not? I hold
The substance, in my swift and solvent brine,
Of all the race since Adam, and of strange,
Unfeatured men ere Paradise. And I
Sang to them all, and cradled them, and drank
Their breath, their dust, their family and fame.
Earth the grain-giver in my hands I hold,
And if I will I love, and if I will
Hate, and I know no master but the sun,
Who drinks the years up in a thin blue flame.
From me the rivers and the rain from me
Lead down their due-returning silver streams
In circuit just; and all the gulfs are mine
Beneath the earth that echo of the deep.
Laugh, then, be glad! E’en though I swallow down,
To rock upon my oozy floor, the hulls
Of odd ten thousand hurrying ships. They swell
And mantle o’er with all the amorous life
Ye reck not of, and in a year are gone.
Laugh and be glad! Tremble and fear! I beat
Beneath the shining forward of the dawn,
The dim high noon, and the red stars at night,
Daylight and dark forever I beat, I beat,
Indefatigably reiterant,
The bulwarks of the shore, daylight and dark,
With the blue night about me, and the dawn.”

On billow billow rolling, in the press
Confounded of the furious, following surge,
Thunders the Deep, intolerant and sublime;
Gray-heart and grim to spurn of this black rock
The temerarious front, and here to wrench
The frame of earth aside before the sea.

P. H. Savage.

OLD BROIDERIES.

I.

OUT of the carven chest of treasured things,
 That holds them dark and breathless, like a tomb,
 I lift these scripted songs of many a loom
 That labors now no longer, — nay, nor sings.
 And one by one, their soft unfolding brings
 Along the air some touch of ghostly bloom;
 The tacit reminiscence of perfume,
 The uncomplaining dust of mouldered springs.

Whether it be from hues, once richly bled
 Of rooted flowers, some magic takes the sense,
 Or if it be that meek aroma, wed
 To flush and sheen and shadow, shaken thence,
 Or clinging touch of aging silken thread,
 They hold me, with a tongueless eloquence.

II.

I marvel how the broiderers could find
 So sweet the summer shapes that never fade,
 Though some mere passing race of man and maid
 Have paled and wasted and gone down the wind!
 Yet here the toilful art of one could bind
 No dream with tenderer woven light and shade,
 Than sovran bloom and fruitage, rare arrayed,
 Or listless tendrils idly intertwined.

Ah, bitter-sweet! For caged care to slake
 Its thirst with joyance of the weed that grows, —
 The whim of leaf and leaf, and petal flake,
 Whatever way the breath of April blows:
 And poor, wise, withered hands, with skill to make
 The red unhuman gladness of the rose!

III.

There is a certain damask here, moon-pale,
 With the wan iris of a snow on snow,
 Or petal against petal cheek, ablow.
 It wears its glories bridelike under veil;
 But shadowed, half, the blanchèd folds exhale
 Sweet confidence of color: and there grow —
 Entwined and sundered, by the gloom and glow —
 Dim vines, to muse upon till fancy fail.

I wonder: was it woven in a dream,
 When, for a space, one dreamer had his fill
 Of perfectness, — all white desires supreme
 That lure and mock the thwarted human will?
 The worker's dumb. The web lives on, agleam,
 Untroubled as a lily, and as still.

IV.

Ah, nameless maker, at whose heart I guess
 Through the surviving fabric! You were one
 With potter and with poet, — you that spun
 And you that stitched, unsung for it; no less
 A part and pulse of all the want and stress
 Of effort without end, till time be done, —
 The lift of longing wings unto the sun,
 Forever beckoned by far loveliness.

O wistful soul of all men, heart I hear
 Close beating for the heart that understands,
 Kin I deny so often, — now read clear
 Across the foreign years and far-off lands,
 Let me but touch and greet you, near and dear,
 Cherishing these, with hands that love your hands!

Josephine Preston Peabody.

DEMOCRACY.

OUR mighty bark, with masts that rake the stars,
 Has lagged too long in port, and we have drowsed
 An idle crew or with wild mates caroused,
 Forgetful of our part in Freedom's wars.
 But now, at last, with sail taut to the spars,
 For her whose rightful cause our sires espoused,
 Again our ship must steer where blow unhoused
 The winds of God, beyond the shoals and bars.
 For still our orders hold, as in the past, —
 That glorious day we shook our banner free,
 And broke from out the line and took the van,
 With linstocks lit, and bade them follow fast,
 Who held with us, — to sail and search the sea
 Until we find a better world for man.

William Prescott Foster.

AFTER THE DAY'S BUSINESS.

WHEN I sit down with thee at last alone,
 Shut out the wrangle of the clashing day,
 The scrape of petty jars that fret and fray,
 The snarl and yelp of brute beasts for a bone, —
 When thou and I sit down at last alone,
 And through the dusk of rooms divinely gray
 Spirit to spirit finds its voiceless way
 As tone melts meeting in accordant tone,
 Oh, then our souls far in the vast of sky
 Look from a tower too high for sound of strife
 Or any violation of the town,
 Where the great vacant winds of God go by,
 And over the huge misshapen city of life
 Love pours his silence and his moonlight down.

Richard Hovey.

NIGHT.

DEEP in the starry silence of the night
 Breathes low the mystery of Life and Death,
 While o'er the darkened waters wandereth
 A voiceless spirit, veiled from mortal sight.
 Upheld, enfolded in the encircling height
 Of heaven, the hushed Earth softly draws her breath,
 And in the holy stillness listeneth
 To sweeping wings of far-off worlds in flight.
 Beauty ascends in elemental prayer:
 Lifted in worship, lost in wonderment,
 I join in Nature's night antiphony
 That vibrates in the calm and sentient air;
 And through the veil of darkness am content
 To touch the garment of Eternity.

Katharine Coolidge.

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UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CARLYLE.

I.

THE letters of which the first installment is herewith printed were in great part written by Thomas Carlyle to his youngest sister, Mrs. Robert Hanning, who died in Toronto, December 13, 1897. Other members of the family are represented in the correspondence: there are a number of letters — these perhaps the most interesting — from Carlyle to his mother; and a few from the mother to her oldest and to her youngest child. The collection extends from 1832 to 1890, when Mr. John Carlyle Aitken wrote to inform his aunt, Mrs. Hanning, of the death of James Carlyle, her youngest brother.

Mrs. Hanning (Janet Carlyle) was born, as were all her brothers and sisters before her, in the village of Ecclefechan, in a house, still standing, which their father had built with his own hands. The following notes of her life are supplied by her son-in-law, the Rev. George M. Franklin: —

“She was reckoned the neatest seamstress of the family, and received the rare compliment of praise from her eldest brother (Thomas Carlyle) for having done excellent work on some shirts. Robert Hanning, an old friend of the Carlyles, going to the same school with Janet, and ‘looking on the same book,’ wooed and won her. They were married at Scotsbrig, on March 15, 1836. They went to Manchester, England, to live, as Mr. Hanning was employed by a

Mr. Craig, and subsequently was a partner in the business. This business having proved unprofitable, they returned to Scotland, and Mr. Hanning entered into business with his brother Peter as partner. This proved also a failure. Soon afterward the family went back to Dumfries. Mr. Hanning sailed for America, arriving at New York; and after working there for a time left that city for Hamilton, Ontario, his future home. Mrs. Hanning and her two children remained in Dumfries, although she had wished much to go with her husband and share his fortunes. Thomas persuaded her, ‘against her judgment,’ as she has said, to wait until her husband was settled. Mr. Hanning was a man of strong convictions and the highest moral principle. The reunion of his family was effected in 1851, when the wife and two daughters left Glasgow in a sailing-vessel, the passage to Quebec occupying about seven weeks. Then taking a steamer from Quebec, they reached Hamilton in good time. This was before the building of the Great Western Railway. Mrs. Hanning soon made a home for her devoted husband, earning the commendation ‘brave little sister.’ Mr. Hanning entered the service of the Great Western Railway of Canada in 1853, and remained with that company until his death, which occurred March 12, 1878.”

An indispensable guide to the correspondence will be found in the following list, given by Professor Norton, of the children of James Carlyle, with the dates

of their births: Thomas, born December 4, 1795 (died at Chelsea February 5, 1881); Alexander, born August 4, 1797; Janet, born September 2, 1799; John Aitken, born July 7, 1801; Margaret, born September 20, 1803; James, born November 12, 1805; Mary, born February 2, 1808; Jean, born September 2, 1810; Janet (Mrs. Hanning) born July 18, 1813.

Among the persons mentioned by Mr. Franklin as visiting Mrs. Hanning, the most distinguished was Emerson, who went to Hamilton in the summer of 1865. "Mr. Emerson placed her in a chair near the window, so that he might the more readily examine her features, and, looking into her eyes, exclaimed, 'And so this is Carlyle's little sister!'"

Mention of "the youngest stay of the house, little Jenny," is rare and slight in the published letters and memorials of Carlyle. Froude, in an ingeniously careless passage, confuses her with an older sister, Jean. He speaks of "the youngest child of all, Jane, called the Crow, or Crow, from her black hair." Carlyle, on pages 92 and 93 of the second volume of the *Reminiscences*, — in Mr. Norton's edition, — mentions both Jean and Jenny: "There was a younger and youngest sister (Jenny), who is now in Canada; of far inferior 'speculative intellect' to Jean, but who has proved to have (we used to think) superior housekeeping faculties to hers."

"My prayers and affection are with you all, from little Jenny upwards to the head of the house," writes Carlyle to his mother on October 19, 1826, after a form common enough, with its variations, in his early letters. Occasionally she has done something to be noted. On October 20, 1827: "Does Jenny bring home her medals yet?" On November 15: "Does Jenny still keep her medals? Tell her that I still love her, and hope to find her a good lassie and to do her good." In the spring of 1828 Carlyle writes from Scotsbrig to his

"Dear Little Crow" in Edinburgh: "Mag and Jenny are here; Jenny at the Sewing-school with Jessie Combe, and making *great* progress." Mrs. Carlyle adds, in a postscript to an 1835 letter to Mrs. Aitken: "Carlyle has the impudence to say he forgot to send his compliments to Jenny; as if it were possible for any one acquainted with that morsel of perfections to *forget* her! Tell her I will write a letter with my own hand, and hope to see her 'an ornament to society in every direction.'" In a preface — written many years after — to a letter to Jean Carlyle, bearing date November, 1825, and signed Jane Baillie Welsh, Carlyle explains: "This Jean Carlyle is my second youngest sister, then a little child of twelve. The youngest sister, youngest of us all, was Jenny [Janet], now Mrs. Robert Hanning, in Hamilton, Canada West. These little beings, in their bits of grey speckled [black and white] straw bonnets, I recollect as a pair of neat, brisk items, tripping about among us that summer at the Hill." Letter and preface are given by Froude, as is also a letter from Carlyle to his wife, dated Scotsbrig, May 3, 1842, and ending thus: "Yesterday I got my hair cropped, partly by my own endeavours in the front, chiefly by sister Jenny's in the rear. I fear you will think it rather an original cut."

In 1827: "Tell her that I still love her, and hope to find her a good lassie and to do her good;" in 1873, in Carlyle's last letter to Mrs. Hanning written with his own hand: "I please myself with the thought that you will accept this little New Year's Gift from me as a sign of my unalterable affection, wh^h, tho' it is obliged to be silent (unable to *write* as of old), cannot fade away until I myself do! Of that be always sure, my dear little Sister; and that if in anything I can be of help to you or yours, I right willingly will."

All the letters that follow are strung on a slender thread of biography. Even

readers who know their Carlyle thoroughly may like to see, from year to year and from page to page, the contrast between his life in the world and his life with the peasant kindred who were so far from everything that men call the world. And although nothing in these letters will add to our knowledge of Carlyle, they cannot — taken together — fail to touch us freshly with the sense of what he was to his people, and what they were to him.

Carlyle's life until 1832, the year of the first letter, may be most briefly summarized. The son of James Carlyle, a stone-mason, he was born at Ecclefechan, "in a room inconceivably small," on the 4th of December, 1795. He went to school at Annan, and, in 1809, to the University of Edinburgh. Five years later he returned to the Annan school as a teacher of mathematics, and in 1816 went to Kirkcaldy to teach the same subject. After an experience of literary hack work in Edinburgh, which began when he was twenty-three years old, he became tutor in the Buller family. A long, strange, and ill-boding courtship ended, on the 17th of October, 1826, in his marriage with Jane Baillie Welsh. She had a small inherited estate at Craigenputtock, high up on the moors, and sixteen miles from Dumfries; and there, two years after their marriage, they went to live for six years more. In 1831 and 1832 they were trying their wings in London.

"Mrs. Welsh" was Mrs. Carlyle's mother. "Maister Cairlill" was a frequent name for Carlyle's brother James. The family had been living at Scotsbrig since 1826. Carlyle was thirty-seven years old, and his sister nineteen, when the following letter was written.

I. CARLYLE TO JANET CARLYLE, SCOTSBRIG.

AMPTON ST., LONDON,
23rd January, 1832.

MY DEAR JENNY, — Will you put up with the smallest of letters rather than

with none at all? I have hardly a moment, and no paper but this thick, coarse sort.

Understand always, My dear Sister, that I love you well, and am very glad to see and hear that you conduct yourself as you ought. To you also, my little lassie, it is of *infinite* importance how you behave: were you to get a Kingdom, or twenty Kingdoms, it were but a pitiful trifle compared with this, whether you walked as God command you, and did your duty to God and to all men. You have a whole Life before you, to make much of or to make little of: see you choose the *better part*, my dear little sister, and make yourself and all of us pleased with you. I will add no more, but commend you from the heart (as we should all do one another) to God's keeping. May He ever bless you! I am too late, and must not wait another minute. We have this instant had a long letter from Mrs. Welsh, full of kindness to our Mother and all of you. The Cheese, &c., &c., is faithfully commemorated as a "noble" one; Mary is also made kind mention of. You did all very right on that occasion. Mrs. Welsh says she must come down to Scotsbrig and see you all. What will you think of that? Her Father, in the meantime, is very ill, and gives her incessant labour and anxiety.

See to encourage Jean to write, and do you put your hand a little to the work. What does Maister Cairlill think of the last letter he wrote us? Was it not a letter among many? He is a graceless man. I send you a portrait of one of our Chief Radicals here: it is said to be very like.

I remain always, My dear Sister,

Your affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

On January 24, — Froude gives the date wrongly as the 26th, — the day after the date of this letter, Carlyle, still in London, heard of the death of

his father, at the age of seventy-three. He wrote immediately to his mother in terms which place the letter high even among his letters; and in less than a week he had uttered the wail of genius that stands first in the *Reminiscences*, — a book which has “no language but a cry.” By April he was back again at Craigenputtock, where it was so still that poor Mrs. Carlyle could hear the sheep nibbling a quarter of a mile away. Carlyle had now a new grief in the death of Goethe, who, making of him a disciple, had left him a teacher on his own account. The loss of Goethe found a measurable compensation in correspondence with Mill, who had been kindled into something very like fire by Carlyle’s review of Croker’s *Boswell*, just published in Fraser’s Magazine. It is one of the greatest of Carlyle’s briefer performances, although written at short notice. “Carlyle,” said his wife, “always writes well when he writes fast.” This essay, indeed, has a high place in the development of an idea which may be stated as Croker’s *Boswell*, Macaulay’s *Boswell*, Carlyle’s *Boswell*, and — *Boswell*.

There followed now essays on Goethe and Ebenezer Elliott’s *Corn Law Rhymes* (Carlyle’s last contribution to the *Edinburgh Review*), and a highly important article on Diderot for the *Foreign Quarterly*. In the autumn of 1832, Carlyle notes that the money from the essay on Goethe has gone in part payment of Jeffrey’s loan, that Craigenputtock has grown too lonely even for him, and that his literary plans demand a library. Not only must the work on Diderot have assured him of his ability to fuse and weld the most stubborn materials, but it opened his eyes to the French Revolution as a subject for his pen. Moved, then, by weariness of the solitude *à deux* among the peat moss, and by this new purpose in writing, the twain removed to Edinburgh toward the end of 1832.

Four months of Edinburgh were

enough to convince Carlyle that here was for him no continuing city; enough, also, to enable him to collect and carry back to Craigenputtock the substance of *The Diamond Necklace*, one of the best of his tragi-comic pieces.

The loneliness of “the whinstone stronghold” on the moors was cheered in the following August by Emerson’s memorable visit. “We went out to walk over long hills,” writes Emerson in *English Traits*, “and looked at Criffel, then without his cap, and down into Wordsworth’s country. There we sat down and talked of the immortality of the soul.”

The essay on Cagliostro, written in March, 1833, was printed in Fraser’s Magazine for July and August; and Fraser agreed to publish Sartor Resartus in the next volume, “only fining Carlyle eight guineas a sheet for his originality.” This gaddy tax on genius; the *Foreign Quarterly*’s refusal of *The Diamond Necklace*, patently a masterpiece though it was; Jeffrey’s refusal to recommend Carlyle for a professorship of astronomy; and, climactically, the defection of one of those maids whose misdemeanors continue a servile war through so many of the Carlyle chronicles, directed Carlyle’s gaze toward what Johnson thought the fairest prospect ever spread before a Scotchman. Emerson had observed that “he was already turning his eyes towards London with a scholar’s appreciation,” and at last, on the 25th of February, 1834, Carlyle wrote to his brother John: “We learned incidentally last week that Grace, our servant, though ‘without fault to us,’ and whom we, with all her inertness, were nothing but purposing to keep, had resolved on ‘going home next summer.’ The cup that had long been filling ran over with the smallest of drops. After meditating on it for a few minutes, we said to one another: ‘Why not bolt out of all these sooty despicabilities, of *Kerrags* and lying draggie-tails of byre-

women, and peat-moss and isolation and exasperation and confusion, and go at once to London?" *Gedacht, gethan!* Two days after we had a letter on the road to Mrs. Austin, to look out among the 'houses to let' for us, and an advertisement to Mae Diarmid to try for the letting of our own." Cattle, poultry, and various superfluities, were sold. Carlyle went on ahead, and was guided by the airy steps of Leigh Hunt, then a dweller in Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea, to the house Number 5, Great Cheyne Row, which the new tenants soon made interesting to much of what was best in London (to much, also, Mrs. Oliphant has taken pains to say, of what was not the best), and eventually to the English-speaking world. The house was not taken until Mrs. Carlyle had inspected and approved it. A few days after the 10th of June, the date of their installation, Carlyle wrote to his mother: "We lie safe at a bend of the river, away from all the great roads; have air and quiet hardly inferior to Craigenputtock, an outlook from the back windows into mere leafy regions, with here and there a red high-peaked old roof looking through; and see nothing of London, except by day the summits of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, and by night the gleam of the great Babylon affronting the peaceful skies. The house itself is probably the best we have ever lived in, a right old, strong, roomy brick-house, built near one hundred and fifty years ago, and likely to see three races of these modern fashionables fall before it comes down." It all sounds like a sunny backwater, but in truth the Carlyles had taken a very bold plunge into the world-sea. Their reserve of money could have been, at the utmost, no more than three hundred pounds; and the only personal sign of the times for them was the fact that the writer of Sartor — now coming out in chapters — was thought a literary maniac, and that Fraser feared the ruin of his magazine.

The household gods, however, once templed in Cheyne Row, were never carried back across the Border; nor, in fact, were they, in the half-century of life that remained to Carlyle, removed to any other spot. Here he caught the last glimpse of Edward Irving, the friend of his youth; here he welcomed Sterling, "a new young figure," the closest friend of his middle life; and hither came to him Froude and Ruskin, his latest followers.

At first, in the chosen habitation, it was "desperate hope" and "bitter thrift." The readers of Fraser's Magazine received Sartor each month with renewed disgust. "Sartor," said the publisher, "excites universal disapprobation." While this passionate history of a soul, with its motive so strangely drawn from the Holy Bible and the great, unholy Dean, was waiting to touch the slow spirit of the British reading public, Carlyle — taking counsel of his necessities, his ambition, and his inspirations — applied himself to the history of the French Revolution. The first volume — as all the world knows — was lent in manuscript to Mill, who lent it to Mrs. Taylor, his "veevid" and "iridescent" Egeria, whose servant kindled fires with it. Carlyle had not been offered, as he thought he should have been, the editorship of the new London and Westminster Review; and Mill, for fear of his father, did not dare even to give him work to do for it. Carlyle himself had refused to sell his independence to the Times. There was thus nothing for it but to rewrite the burnt volume, of which he had kept no notes. With such vigor did he drive his mind and his pen that the lost chapters were restored by September 22, 1835. Mill had told him of the loss on the 6th of the preceding March. Mrs. Carlyle wrote to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Aitken, in August: "I do not think that the second version is, on the whole, inferior to the first; it is a little less vivacious, perhaps, but bet-

ter thought and put together. One chapter more brings him to the end of his second 'first volume,' and then we shall sing a Te Deum and get drunk; for which, by the way, we have unusual facilities at present, a friend (Mr. Wilson) having yesterday sent us a present of a hamper (some six or seven pounds' worth) of the finest old Madeira wine."

Better yet than wine was an American edition of Sartor, godfathered by Emerson, to the number of five hundred copies. This was in April, 1836, and another edition was soon demanded. Carlyle amused himself by quoting Sartor, in his essay on Mirabeau, as the work of a New England writer.

"The Doctor," mentioned in the letter to follow, was Carlyle's brother John, who, thanks to Jeffrey, had been for some years traveling physician to Lady Clare. "Anne Cook" was an Annandale servant whom Carlyle brought with him on his return from Scotsbrig, in October, 1835. Mrs. Carlyle wrote of Anne Cook, "She amuses me every hour of the day with her perfect incomprehension of everything like ceremony;" and several of her homespun sayings became proverbs in Cheyne Row. "Short," as Carlyle uses it in writing to his sister, has apparently the meaning often attached to it in New England, — "short of temper." The whole sentence bears a quizzing reference to the year before, when, on the 4th of June, Carlyle had written: "Alick, writing to me yesterday, mentions among other things that you are *shorted* (as he phrases it) because I have not written. . . . Do not you *shorten*, my dear little Bairn, but *lengthen*, and know that if you take anything amiss, it is for mere want of seeing how it really was; that of all delusions Satan could tempt you with, that of wanting my brotherly affection, now and always while we inhabit the Earth together, is the most delusive." And on the 23d of December: "Do not shorten, but lengthen."

The "second volume" is, of course, the second volume of The French Revolution. Of both first and second Carlyle had written more vehemently to Emerson, a few weeks before: "I got the fatal First Volume finished (in the miserablest way, after great efforts) in October last; my head was all in a whirl; I fled to Scotland and my Mother for a month of rest. Rest is nowhere for the Son of Adam; all looked so 'spectral' to me in my old-familiar Birthland; Hades itself could not have seemed stranger; Annandale also was part of the kingdom of Time. Since November I have worked again as I could; a second volume got wrapped up and sealed out of my sight within the last three days. There is but a Third now: one pull more, and then! It seems to me, I will fly into some obscurest cranny of the world, and lie silent there for a twelvemonth. The mind is weary, the body is very sick; a little black speck dances to and fro in the left eye (part of the retina protesting against the liver, and striking work). I cannot help it; it must flutter and dance there, like a signal of distress, unanswered till I be done. My familiar friends tell me farther that the Book is all wrong, style, cramp, &c., &c. My friends, I answer, you are very right; but this also, Heaven be my witness, I cannot help. — In such sort do I live here; all this I had to write you, if I wrote at all."

The contrast between such a passage and the whole letter to his sister is but one of a multitude of instances that show the change in Carlyle's spirit whenever he sat down to write to his home people.

II. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, MANCHESTER.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,
16th May, 1836.

MY DEAR JENNY, — Your letter has been here several weeks, a very welcome messenger to us, and I did not think at the time I should have been so long in answering it. But I have been drawn

hither and thither by many things, of late ; besides, I judged that Robert and you were happy enough of yourselves for the present, and did not much need any foreign aid or interruption. I need not assure you, my dear little Jenny, of the interest I took in the great enterprise you had embarked on ; of my wishes and prayers that it might prove for the good of both. On the whole, I can say that, to my judgment, it looks all very fair and well. You know I have all along regarded Hanning as an uncommonly brisk, glegg little fellow since the first time I saw him (hardly longer than my leg, then), and prophesied handsome things of him in the world. It is very rare and very fortunate when two parties that have affected each other from childhood upwards get together in indissoluble partnership at last. May it prove well for you, as I think it will. You must take the good and the ill in faithful mutual help, and, whoever or whatever fail you, never fail one another. I have no doubt Robert will shift his way with all dexterity and prudence thro' that Cotton Babylon, looking sharp about him ; knowing always, too, that "honesty is the best policy" for all manner of men. Do thou faithfully second him, my bairn : that will be the best of lots for thee.

I think it possible that now and then, especially when you are left alone, the look of so many foreign things may seem dispiriting to you, and the huge smoke and stour of that tumultuous Manchester (which is not unlike the uglier parts of London) produce quite other than a pleasant impression. But take courage, my woman, "you will use, you will use," and get hefted to the place, as all creatures do. There are many good people in that vast weaving-shop, many good things among the innumerable bad. Keep snug within your own doors, keep your own hearth snug ; by and by you will see what is worth venturing out for. Have nothing to do

with the foolish, with the vain and ill-conducted. Attach yourself to the well-living and sensible, to every one from whom you find there is real benefit derivable. Thus, by degrees a desirable little circle will form itself around you ; you will feel that Manchester is a home, as all places under the heavenly sun here may become for one.

In a newspaper you would notice that the Doctor was come. Till this day, almost, there was little else to be said about him than that he was here and well. He has been speculating and enquiring as to what he should do, and now has determined that London practice will not do for the present ; that he should go back with his Lady and try again to get practice there. He is gone out this moment to make a bargain to that effect. They are to set out for Rome again on the first of September ; from that till the first of March the Doctor is Lady Clare's doctor, but lives in his own lodging at Rome ; after that he is free to do whatsoever he will : to stay there, if they seem inviting ; to return home, if otherwise. I believe, myself, that he has decided wisely. Till September, then, we have him amongst us. He talks of being "off in a week or two" for Scotland ; he charged me to say that he would see Manchester, and you, either as he went or as he returned. It is not much out of the way, if one go by Carlisle (or rather, I suppose, it is directly in the way), or even if one go by Liverpool, but I rather think he will make for Newcastle this time ; to which place we have a steamboat direct. This is a good season for steamboats, and a bad one for coaches ; for with latter, indeed, what good season is there ? Nothing in the world is frightfuller to me of the travelling rout, than a coach on a long journey. It is easier by half to walk it with peas (at least boiled peas) in your shoes, were not the time so much shorter. The Doctor looks very well and sonsy ; he seems in good health and well

to live ; the only change is that his head is getting a shade of grey (quite ahead of mine, though I am six years older), which does not mis-seem him, but looks very well.

We had a long speculation about going to Scotland, too, but I doubt we must renounce it. This summer I have finished my second volume, but there is still the third to do, and I must have such a tussle with it ! All summer I will struggle and wrestle, but then about the time of the gathering in of sheaves I too shall be gathering in. Jane has gone out to "buy a cotton gown," for the weather is, at last, beautiful and warm. Before going she bade me send you both her best wishes and regards, prayers for a happy pilgrimage together. She has been but poorly for a good while (indeed, all the world is sick with these east winds and perpetual changes), but will probably be better now.

Jack and I, too, have both had our colds. Then Anne Cook fell sick, almost dangerously sick for the time ; but Jack was there and gave abundant medical help ; so the poor creature is on her feet again, and a great trouble of confusion is rolled out of doors thereby.

I am writing to our Mother this day. I have heard nothing from that quarter since the letter that informed me the poor little child was dead. Jean wrote part of it herself, and seemed in a very composed state, keeping her natural sorrow courageously down. Our Mother, I believe, continues there till Jean be ill again, and we hope happily well. Whether there be a frank procurable to-day I know not, but I will try. At worst I will not wait, lest you grow impatient again and get short. If you knew what a fizz I am kept in with one thing and another ! Write to me when you have time to fill a sheet, — news, descriptions of how you get on, what you suffer and enjoy, what you do : these are the best. I will answer. Send an old newspaper from time to time, with

two strokes on it, if you are well. Promise, however, to write instantly if you are ill. Then shall we know to keep ourselves in peace.

Farewell, dear little Sister. Give our love to our new Brother. Tell him to walk wisely and be a credit to your choice. God be with you both.

T. CARLYLE.

In Carlyle's journal for June 1 occur these words : —

"An eternity of life were not endurable to any mortal. To me the thought of it were madness even for one day. Oh ! I am far astray, wandering, lost, 'dyeing the thirsty desert with my blood in every footprint.' Perhaps God and His providence will be better to me than I hope. Peace, peace ! words are idler than idle.

"I have seen Wordsworth again. I have seen Landor, Americans, Frenchman-Cavaignac the Republican. Be no word written of them. Bubble bubble, toil and trouble. I find emptiness and chagrin, look for nothing else, and on the whole can reverence no existing man, and shall do well to pity all, myself first, — or rather, last. To work, therefore. That will still me a little, if aught will."

Presently the household purse became so shrunken that the Revolution had to be dropped for two weeks, while Carlyle wrote the article on Mirabeau. This — printed first in Mill's Review, and afterward in the Miscellanies — brought in about fifty pounds. Mrs. Carlyle, meanwhile, became so ill that it was arranged for her to go home to her mother. The voyage part of the plan, — by steamer from Liverpool to Annan, — which had been merely for economy, was not carried out. Mrs. Carlyle's Liverpool uncle, John Welsh, paid her fare in the coach to Dumfries, and gave her a handsome shawl as a present for her birthday, the 14th of July.

III. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, MANCHESTER.
CHELSEA, 8th July, Friday, 1836.

DEAR JENNY, — I write you a few words in the greatest haste, with a worthy Mr. Gibson even talking to me all the while; but I *must* write, for there is not a post to lose, and I think the news will not be unwelcome to you.

Jane is getting ill again in this fiercely hot weather, and I have persuaded her to go home for a month to her mother. She is going by Manchester, and you. Off some time to-morrow (Saturday), and will be in your town, we calculate, on Sunday, and hopes to sleep in your house that night. *This* is the news. Now we know not as yet by what coach she will come, or at what hour and what Inn she will arrive, but this Mr. Gibson, who has undertaken to go out and search over the city for the suitablest vehicle, and to engage a seat in that for her, will take this letter in his pocket. He, having engaged the seat, will mark the name of it on the outside (where see). I judge farther that this letter will reach you on Saturday evening or next morning soon, so that there will be time. The rest you will know how to do without telling. I think Robert, if he be not altered from what he was, will succeed in meeting the tired wayfarer as she steps out, which will be a great comfort to her. She calculates on being at full liberty to sit silent with you, or to sit talking, to lie down on the bed, to do whatsoever she likes best to do, and to be in all senses at home as in her own home. There are few houses in England that could do as much for her. I think she would like best to be — “well let alone.”

Next day, or when once right rested, Robert will conduct her to the Liverpool Railway, and give her his “Luck by the road;” after which she has but a little whirl, a little sail, — by the force of steam both ways, — and is at Templand or Annan. She will tell you all our news and get all yours, so I need not add an-

other word. Did you get a frank that I sent you some months ago? Did you ever send even a newspaper since? Jane has half a thought that she may find the Doctor and our mother with you. All good wishes to your Goodman.

Yours, my dear Jenny, affectionately,
T. CARLYLE.

IV. TO MRS. HANNING, MANCHESTER, FROM
HER MOTHER, IN SCOTSBURG.

November 3, 1836.

DEAR JENNY, — I have long had a mind to write you, but have put off, as you see, till now, and though I have nothing worth while to say but to tell you of my welfare, which I know you are still glad to hear. I have been very well since you left me, though I have taken no medicine of any kind. You will be ready to say, “What have you been doing all this time?” I have been very throng in my own way. I have spun a little web of droget and done many odd things.

We have got another fine little boy here last Monday morning. Isabella is doing well.

They have had a long and sore fight with the harvest. It is nearly finished. It is a good crop, and upon the whole no great damage is done. We had a bitter snow and frost last week; it is gone again, however, but the weather is still coarse, with good days among. I had a long letter from London about the time I got yours with the socks, which are very comfortable indeed. I have them on at this moment, and my feet are as warm as pie. Many thanks to the giver. The iron is likewise an excellent one, a perfect conceit. Many, many thanks.

I was sorry to hear of your lassie turning out so badly. She had too much confidence. One should trust them no farther than they see. Old James of the hill is just come up for some beasts of Alick's. He talks of taking them over the water to sell them soon. So you will perhaps have a visit of him soon.

You must not be long in writing to me, my good bairn, and tell me how you are coming on. Are you anything healthy now? I intend visiting you, if I be well. Afterward it will be the next year before I think of coming. They were all well at London when I got their letter. John was at Geneva. I long to hear from him, and to know where he is now. I am expecting word daily. The rest are all well, for aught I know; but Jamie is at Annan to-day, and he will hear of them all, as Alick was at Dumfries yesterday.

Your folk are all well. I saw William Hanning last week at the market with John. He told me he had sent away a letter that day, I think, to you. I forgot to tell you how Tom is getting on with his book. He intends going to press about New Year's Day. It will be a fine time for him. May we all go on in the strength of God, the Lord, making mention of His righteousness, even of His only, trusting in Him for all we need for time and for eternity. I had done, but have just got a letter from the good Doctor, wrote about a fortnight since. If he is well, he is near Rome by this time.

Write, for I can write none. Send me a long letter. No more.

From your own mother,

M. A. CARLYLE.

They are all well at Annan and Dumfries.

Friday. I believe Alick goes off for Liverpool to-day. Send me word when to come over, and write soon.

By the end of October, 1836, Carlyle was already wondering what he should do after finishing *The French Revolution*, and wrote to his brother John: "Here, with only literature for shelter, there is, I think, no continuance. Better to take a stick in your hand, and roam the earth Teufelsdröckhish; you will get at least a stomach to eat bread, — even that denied me here." On the

evening of the 12th of January, 1827, the book was finished which raised Carlyle from obscurity — so far as the public was concerned — to an undisputed place among great writers. Though popularity did not come for many a year, fame attended him from this point onward. The French Revolution was not published, however, until June; and in the interim Carlyle's circumstances looked little more promising than before. A week after he had finished the last sentence, and handed the manuscript to his wife with a since famous and often-quoted speech, he found time and spirits to send prescriptions of cheerfulness to Mrs. Hanning. The "two strokes" of a pen on a newspaper signified to the Carlyle who received the paper that all was well with the Carlyle who sent it.

V. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, MANCHESTER.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,
19th Jan'y, 1837.

MY DEAR JENNY, — It is a long time since I heard directly of you at any length, or since you heard of me. To-day, tho' I have not the best disposition or leisure, I will send you a line: there are no franks going, but the post is always going, and you will think a shilling might be worse spent.

We are very sorry, and not without our anxieties, at the short notice Robert sent us on the Newspaper; however, the next week brought confirmation on the favourable side, and I persuade myself to hope that all is getting round again to the right state. Your health is evidently not strong; but you are growing in years, and have naturally a sound constitution; you must learn to take care and precautions, especially in the life you are now entered upon, in that huge den of reek and Cotton-fuz, when one cannot go on as in the free atmosphere of the Country. Exercise, especially exercise out of doors when it is convenient, is the best of all appliances.

Do not sit motionless within doors, if there is a sun shining without, and you are able to stir. Particularly endeavour to keep a *good heart*, and avoid all moping and musing, whatever takes away your cheerfulness. Sunshine in the *inside* of one is even more important than sunshine without.

I do not understand your way of life so well as to know whether the Goodman is generally at your hand; in that case, you have both a duty to do, and society in the doing of it independently of others; but, at all events, frank communication with one's fellow-creatures is a pleasure and a medicine which no life should be without. Be not solitary, be not idle! That is a precept of old standing. *Doing* one's duties (and all creatures have their solemn duties to do), living soberly, meekly, "walking humbly before God," one has cause to hope that it will be well with him, that he shall see good in the world. Write me a letter, full of all your concerns and considerations, when you can muster disposition. I shall always be right glad of such a message. In fine, I hope the spring weather will come and set us all up a little.

Before going farther, let me mention here that a Newspaper came to me last Monday, charged nineteen shillings and some pence! I, of course, refused it. I got a sight of it, but could not ascertain accurately from whom it was. Either Alick or your Robert, I thought, but the Post people had stamped it, and sealed it, and smeared it all over, and marked it "Written on," so that I could make little of it. The cover, I noticed, was in writing paper scored with blue lines: it strikes me it may have been the Manchester paper, after all, and no writing in it but the copper-plate on a piece of one of Robert's account papers. At all events, when any more Newspapers come, the law is that the cover be of vacant blank paper; likewise we will cease writing or marking except two

strokes on the cover, lest we get into trouble by it. I refused this nineteen shillings fellow; and they will be able to make no more of it, but it will make them more watchful in future. I mean to write into Annandale to the like effect.

The Doctor sends me word out of Rome that he wants a Dumfries Herald forwarded to him thither. I have not yet arranged that; but I am thinking of having this Herald (if the days answer) sent by Manchester, thro' your hands. I think it would reach you on Saturday. You could look at it, and send it on, the same day, whereby no time at all would be lost. The two strokes would always be a satisfaction. We shall see how it answers. If any such Herald, then, come your way, you know what to do with it.

It is several weeks since I had any direct tidings out of Scotland, except what James Aitken's address of the Courier gives me: it had the sign of well-being on it last week. I am to write thither shortly, having a letter of the Doctor's lying here, as I have hinted. The Doctor says he had written a few days before to our Mother, which has made me less anxious about speed with this to her. He is well and doing tolerably well, — getting what Practice in Rome a beginner can expect. The Cholera was about gone from Naples, and the panic of it from Rome, so that more English were coming in, and he hoped to do still better. You can send this news into the Scotch side when you have opportunity.

All people here have got a thing they call Influenza, a dirty, feverish kind of cold; very miserable, and so general as was hardly ever seen. Printing-offices, Manufactories, Tailor-shops, and such like are struck silent, every second man lying *snifftering* in his respective place of abode. The same seems to be the rule in the North, too. I suppose the miserable temperate of climate may be the

cause. Worse weather never fell from the Lift, to my judgment, than we have here. Reek, mist, cold, wet; the day before yesterday there was one of our completest London fogs,—a thing of which I suppose you even at Manchester can form no kind of notion. For we are exactly *ten times* as big as you are, and parts of us are hardly less reeky and dirty; farther, we lie *flat*, on the edge of a broad river: and now suppose there were a *mist*, black enough, and such that no smoke or emanation could rise from us, but fell again the instant it had got out of the chimney-head! People have to light candles at noon, coaches have torch-bearers running at the horses' heads. It is like a sea of ink. I wonder the people do not all drop down dead in it,—since they are not *fishes*, of a particular sort. It is cause enough for Influenza. Poor Jane, who misses nothing, has caught fast hold of this Sunday last, and has really been miserably ill. She gets better these last two days, but is weak as water; indeed, the headache at one time was quite wretched. She has been, on the whole, stronger since you saw her, but is not at all strong. As for myself, I have felt these wretched fogs penetrating into me, with a clear design to produce cough; but I have set my face against it and said No. This really does a great deal, and has served me hitherto. I hope to escape the Influenza; they say it is abating.

The Book is *done*, about a week ago: this is my best news. I have got the first *printed* sheet, since I sat down to write this. We shall go on swiftly, it is to be hoped, and have it finished and forth into the world, say, before the month of March end. I care little what becomes of it then; it has been a sore Book to me. There are two things I was printing lately, which I would send to you, but there is no conveyance. I fear you would do little good with them, at any rate; not five shillings' worth of

good, which they would cost you. Besides, if Robert or you want to see them, you can let him go to a Circulating Library and ask for the *last Number of the London and Westminster Review*. In it he will find a thing called *Memoirs of Mirabeau*: that thing is mine. The other thing is in *Fraser's Magazine*,—half of it; the other half will be in the February Number: it is called *Diamond Necklace*.

This latter was written at Craigenputtock a good while ago. I see your Manchester Editor feels himself aggrieved by it, worthy man, but hints that there may be some mistake on *his* part; which I do very seriously assure him is my opinion, too. Other Editors, it would seem, sing to the same tune.

After this Book is printed, it remains uncertain what I shall do next. One thing I am firmly enough resolved on: not to spend the summer *here*. I will have myself rested, and see the fields green and the sky blue yet one year, follow what may. Many things call me towards Scotland; but nothing can yet be determined upon. If I go Northward, Manchester is a likely enough step for me; nay, perhaps the Doctor may be home from Rome, and we shall both be there! Nothing is yet fixed; we will hope all this.

And now, my dear Sister, I must bid thee good day. Salute Robert from me with all manner of good wishes. I have known him as a "fell fellow" since he was hardly longer than my leg. Tell him to be diligent in business, and also (for that is another indispensable thing) fervent in spirit, struggling to serve *God*. Make thou a good wife to him, helping him in all right things by counsel and act. Good be with you both! Jane sends you all good wishes from her sick bed, and "was grieved to hear of what had happened you." She will be better in a day or two.

Your affectionate Brother,
T. CARLYLE.

The next letter, "a holy and a cheerful note" from Margaret Carlyle to her daughter, falls of necessity between 1836 and 1840, the year of Mrs. Hanning's going to Manchester and that of her leaving it. The statement that "Tom . . . has to begin to lecture the first of May, and has no time to prepare," points to 1837; for all the following courses Carlyle had time to make ready. This first series, with German Literature for subject, was suddenly arranged by a number of Carlyle's friends, — Miss Martineau zealous among them, — in the fear that, unless things brightened for him, he would be forced to leave London, "and perhaps England." The lectures were a great success; Carlyle *spoke*, instead of *reading*, to "an audience of Marchionesses, Ambassadors, ah me! and what not;" and the resulting sum of one hundred and thirty-five pounds, with the promise of another course for the next season, settled the household gods more firmly on their pedestals. In the words of Mrs. Carlyle, "Nothing that he has ever tried seems to me to have carried such conviction to the public heart that he is a real man of genius, and worth being kept alive at a moderate rate."

VI. TO MRS. HANNING, MANCHESTER, FROM HER MOTHER.

SCOTSBRIG, April 9th [1837].

DEAR JENNY, — I have nothing worth writing at this time. We are all in our usual health. I have had little Grace with me these three weeks. Now I have to go to Dumfries this week to put some money in the bank for John, your brother. It is at Dumfries by this time. I told Mary to bid you write me soon and tell me how you are coming on. If you have not written, write to Dumfries. Do you know that Jane has been very badly? She is rather better. Thank God, her mother is there with them. She took a coach and went straight for London. Tom is in a great hubbly at this time: you will know he has to be-

gin to lecture the first of May, and has no time to prepare. May God be with him and all of us, and as our day is so may our strength be, and may He prepare us for whatever He see meet to come in our way, that it may be for His glory and our good in the end. Our time is short at longest: may we have grace given us to improve it.

I had no thought of writing at this time, but Fanny Caruthers called and told me she was going to Manchester. She is much altered: I did not know her. Now, Jenny, I intend to see you this summer; I cannot say when, but if health permit I will come. If I am long in coming, I can stay the longer: it depends on Tom when he comes home. It will be June at the soonest before he can get away. I had a letter from him shortly which troubled me not a little, telling of Jane's illness. She is rather better, but still confined to her bed at last accounts, which was about a week ago. I had a letter of John: he was well then. Write soon and tell me how you keep your health, now this cold weather is come, and how is Robert. Thank him in my name for nursing you so well when you were poorly. I hope you are stout now. Take good care of yourself and be well when I come over. I long to see you both. I will add no more, but am still

Your loving mother,

MARGARET A. CARLYLE.

God be with us all, and bless us, and do us good.

Clap your thumbs on mistakes.

On the 7th of June Carlyle wrote to Sterling, "I cannot say a word to you of the book or of the lectures, except that by the unspeakable blessing of Heaven they are finished." "A few days after the date of this letter," says Froude, "Carlyle fled to Scotland, fairly broken down." That he lingered a fortnight longer in Chelsea, however, the following letter is witness.

VII. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, MANCHESTER.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,
20th June, 1837.

MY DEAR JENNY, — I write to-day with one of the worst of pens and in the extreme hurry of packing, to say that I am just coming off for Annandale, and shall take Lancashire in my way. I think of taking the steamboat to-morrow morning for Hull. After that, I believe we go by Leeds and then to Manchester, where I hope to find you and your Goodman well. The times and the distances after getting to Hull, as we hope on Thursday, are unknown to me. Most probably, I should think, it will be on Saturday that I get to you, but it may be the day after, it may be the day before, for all is yet uncertain; nay, there is a certain Dr. Hunter in Leeds, a cousin of Jane's, with whom I may (though that is not very likely) loiter an hour or two. We shall see. We shall hope to meet all in order some how or other at last.

Jane is to stay here till I come back, her mother keeping her company. Jane, as you perhaps know, has been very ill. She has now grown much stronger again, but still not strong enough. Her mother hastily joined us when things were at the worst in the month of April, and will not quit us till we get together again.

I am not very eminently well at present, yet neither is anything special gone wrong with me. I want rest, and mean to have that now at Scotsbrig. I have got my book completely done. I gave a course of lectures too, &c., &c., and have "got all by" for the present. I seem to myself to require a little while of repose as the one thing needful.

A newspaper came the other day from the Doctor, indicating that he was well. He is not in Rome through the Summer, but in a place called Albano, not far from Rome. He seemed to consider it as not unlikely that he might be here in September again. He had succeeded pretty well at Rome as a Practitioner.

Last time I heard from Annandale our

Mother and all the rest were well. It is not very long since, — some three weeks or little more. They also reported well of you at Manchester.

Give my compliments to Robert. Say I mean to ask his assistance in buying a quantity of *breeches*, as I pass through that huge Weaving-shop of the World. I ought to get them there better than elsewhere.

Let us hope, therefore, that on Saturday, or some time near before or near after that day, I shall succeed in finding you at Bank Street and finding all right.

I have not a moment's time more. Indeed, what more is there to be said at present with such a pen?

I remain always, my dear sister,

Your affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

James Carlyle was now with his mother, farming Scotsbrig for her. Alick did afterward go to America, and died there. "John of Cockermouth" was a half-brother. "James Austin and Mary" are Carlyle's brother-in-law and sister.

VIII. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, MANCHESTER.

SCOTSBRIG, 18th July, 1837.

MY DEAR JENNY, — According to promise, I set about writing you a word of Scotch news, now that I am fairly settled here and know how things are. The railway train whirled me away from you rapidly that evening. Next evening, about the same hour, we were getting out of Liverpool harbour, and on the following morning, between seven and eight o'clock, I had got my eye upon Alick waving to me from the end of the Jetty at Annan. It is almost three weeks now that I have been here and found all well, but it was only the day before yesterday that we got our first visit to Dumfries made out, and could rightly report about matters there. I fancied a newspaper with two strokes would communicate the

substance of what was to be said in the interim.

There has been a good deal of discussion about Alick and his going to America. He himself seemed of mind to go, but not very strongly or hopefully set on it. Our Mother, again, was resolute against it, and made such a lamenting as was sufficient to dishearten one more inclined than he. So now I think it seems fixed so far as that he *will not go*. What he is to do here one does not so well see, but it will evidently be a great point gained for him that he give up thinking about departure, and direct his whole industry to ascertaining how he can manage here where he is. Men of far less wit than he do contrive to manage, when once they have set their heart on it. Jamie is quite ready to go to Puttock and give up Scotsbrig to him, but I still rather think there will nothing come of that; nay, some think Alick himself does not at bottom wish that, but is satisfied with finding Jamie so far ready to accommodate him and keep him at home. He seems very tranquil, cheerfuller than he was and altogether steady; likelier to have a little fair luck than he was a while ago. He must persist where he is. There is nothing that can prosper without perseverance. Perseverance will make many a thing turn out well that looked ill enough once. John of Cockermouth is gone off to America about a fortnight ago with all his family. I got him a letter from Burnswark to a brother of his at New York. I doubt not he will do well. Clow of Land has his property advertised for sale; means to be off about the end of August, which also I reckon prudent. With two or three thousand pounds in his pocket and four or five strong sons at his back, a man may make a figure in America. James Austin and Mary were at one time talking of America, but they also have given it up.

We had a letter from the Doctor shortly after my arrival here. He is

well, living at Albano, a summer residence some twenty miles from Rome. He speaks of it being possible, or probable, that he may get back to England in September, but it is not certain. He will be pretty sure to come by Manchester and you if he come Northward. The rest, as I have already hinted, are all well and following their usual course. Jamie and his wife and two sons go along very briskly. His crops look well. He had his Peat-stack up (and mother's little one beside it) and his hay mown, though the late rains and thunder have retarded that a little. The country never looked beautifuller in my remembrance, green and leafy; the air is fresh, and all things smiling and rejoicing and growing. Austin is busy enough now with work. He had a bad time of it in spring, when horse provender was so dear. The children are well, — even the eldest looks better than I expected, — and Mary, their mother, seems hearty and thrifty. I mentioned that we had been at Dumfries. Alick took up our Mother and me on Friday last in a rough "Dandy-cart" of Mrs. Scott's with a beast of Jamie's. One of the first questions my Mother asked of Jean was, "Hast thou had any word from Jenny?" To which the answer was "No." Jean's child is running about quite brisk, though a little thinner than it once was; from teeth, I suppose. James Aitken has plenty of work, three or four journeymen. In short, they seem doing well. Finally, Jamie (Maister Cairlill) authorizes me to report that he this day met with a brother of thy Robert's, who said that the Peat-knowes too were all well. The day after my arrival here I fell in with William Hanning, the father, on Middlebie Brae, measuring some Dykes, I think, with a son of Pottsfowns. He looked as well as I have seen him do. The same man as ever, though he must be much older than he once was. The tea parcel was forwarded to him, or sent for, by my desire, that same night.

Our good Mother here is quite well in health; indeed, as well every way as one could expect, though doubtless she is a little lonelier now than when you were with her. She complains of nothing, but does her endeavour to make the best of all things. She wishes you "to write very soon and tell her how the world is serving you." She would have sent a word or two to that effect in her own hand, she says, but "having a good clerk" (me, namely) "she does not need." I am to confirm her promise of coming with me when I return southward, and staying till you tire of her. There was word from Jane on Sunday gone a week. She wrote in haste, but at great length, and seemed very cheerful. She will not come hither this time, I think. Her mother is to return home about the end of this month. Jane appears quite prepared to stay by herself. She has some friends yonder whom she is much with, and she rather likes the treat. Mrs. Welsh expects Liverpool people with her to Templand, and can stay no longer.

I have ended my paper, dear Jenny, and given one of the meagrest outlines of our news. You will see, however, that nothing is going wrong with us; that we are thinking of you and desirous to hear from you. Be a good bairn and a good wife, and help your Goodman faithfully in all honest things. He is a thrifty fellow with a good whole heart. There is no danger of him. Help one another. Be good to one another. God's blessing with you both. All here salute you.

I am always

Your affectionate brother,

T. CARLYLE.

Meantime, while Jamie was building his peat-stack in "the beautifullest weather" that Carlyle had ever seen, Alick was setting up a shop in the village of Ecclefechan, and The French Revolution was beginning to take the English-reading world for its parish. The French verdict was for the most part

adverse. Mérimée, whether or not he agreed with the translators in describing Carlyle as *le phénomène d'un protestant poétique*, expressed a sincere desire to throw the writer out of the window. But Dickens carried the book about with him, Southey read it six times running, and Mill, approving his opposite, maintained that the much berated style was of high excellence. Carlyle, wishing to "lie vacant," neither read nor so much as saw many of the reviews, though he heard of most of them. One untactful friend sent him the opinion of a certain critical journal, with which he forthwith "boiled his teakettle." Much more than a pot-boiler was one enthusiastic review, although that function of his article was sadly important to the writer, for whom Vanity Fair and fame were still ten years ahead. Writes Carlyle to his brother: "I understand there have been many reviews of a very mixed character. I got one in the Times last week. The writer is one Thackeray, a half-monstrous Cornish giant, kind of painter, Cambridge man, and Paris newspaper correspondent, who is now writing for his life in London. I have seen him at the Bullers' and at Sterling's. His article is rather like him, and I suppose calculated to do the book good."

"Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison."

Without regard to reviewers, and in spite of the cholera, the homely idyl goes melodiously on. "Jean and her two Jamies" are Carlyle's sister, Mrs. Aitken, her husband and little son. "Jamie of Scotsbrig" is, of course, Carlyle's brother. Betty Smail's short history may be found in Froude's *First Forty Years of Carlyle*, vol. i. p. 119.

IX. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, MANCHESTER.

SCOTSBRIG, ECCLEFECHAN,
28 Aug. 1837.

DEAR JENNY, — Your letter to Mary at Annan got this length on Saturday night. As you appear to be impatient

for news from this quarter, not unreasonably, having had none for six weeks, I am appointed to write you a few lines without any loss of time whatever, — a thing I can easily enough do, being even idler to-day than common.

We were not so well pleased to hear of your fecklessness and pain in the stomach during the last fortnight, but we hope it is but something derived from the season and will not continue. There is very often a kind of "British Cholera" in this harvest time. It is even very frequent at present in this region, owing partly to the air (as they say), and chiefly, perhaps, to the new potatoes and other imperfectly ripened substances which people eat. Jamie, here, had a cast of it for two days just a week ago, rather sharp, but he is free now. Our Mother too was taken with it, — came home rather ill from Ecclefechan one day, — but by aid of Castor and some prime Brandy has got quite round again. You do not say that the disorder has got that length with you, but very probably it is something related to the same business. The only remedy is to be careful of what one eats, to take due moderate exercise in the open air, in case of extremity employing a little medicine. Cold, especially cold feet are very bad; but the great thing is to take care of one's self, especially to take care what one eats. New potatoes are very unwholesome for some people.

We are now all well here, and with the slight exception mentioned above have been so ever since I wrote last. Alick brought us news of you. Alick's news are the main ones I have now to send you. He quitted Annan on Monday last (this day gone a week), and has been in the Big house at Ecclefechan ever since. I suppose he explained to you and Robert the plan he had of setting up a shop there. He has gathered himself together, and is all alive after that same enterprise now. We had him and little Tom over here all yesterday.

Mother, Jamie, and I walked with them to Cleughbrae in the evening. To-day, as we understand, he has got masons and actually broken in upon the house to repair it and arrange it for that object; Hale Moffet and his retinue having been got out. It is in a sad state of wreck, the poor house, but Alick expects to put a new face on it with great despatch indeed; and then, "shop drawers" and all the rest being provided, and James Aitken's brush having given the last touch to it, he will unfold his wares and try the thing in the name of Hope. We all pray heartily that it may prosper beyond his expectations. Ecclefechan is a sad Village: only last Friday night some blackguard broke 14 panes of the Meeting House windows. Fancy such an act of dastardly atrocity as that! But it lies in the centre of a tolerable country, too, and certain there is *need* of some good shop and honest Trader there.

I have seen Mary pretty frequently, the last time on Friday last. She is very well, and all her bairns are well. James has always some work, though seldom enough, and Mary is the brightest, thriftiest little creature that can be. They go on there as well as one could hope in these times. We had a letter from the Doctor, too: still in the same place, — Albano, near Rome; still well; uncertain as to his future movements or engagements, though it must be settled some way before this date, if we knew how. He seemed to think it very unlikely that he would be here in the present autumn, the likeliest of all that he would try to return next spring. The Cholera was in that country, but had not got to them. We fancy they will not fail to fly out of the road of it, if it advance too near.

I was at Dumfries since I wrote: up to Templand, and then again at Dumfries on my return. Mrs. Welsh came home several weeks ago, and had at the time I was up, and has still, her Liverpool friends with her. The house was very

crowded. I was not very well, and stayed only four and twenty hours or so, cutting out my way in spite of all entreaties. Jean and her two Jamies are very tolerably well: the elder Jamie a thrifty, effectual, busy man; the younger as yet altogether silent, staggering and tripping about, — one of the *gleggest* little elves I have seen. There is talk of her coming down to Annan this very week to have the benefit of the tide for sea bathing. Jamie of Scotsbrig, who goes up tomorrow to pay his rent, will bring us word.

The other morning, walking out, I met Robert's father at the "Lengland's Nett," coming down from Dairlaw Hills with a row of bog-hay carts he had been buying at Dairlaw Hills. He was hale and well to look at, and reported all well. I suppose he has been very busy of late; seldom were so many *roups* seen in one season; all the farmers selling off, none of them having money for their rent day; Land farm, and now all the stock, crop, and household furniture have been sold off. Poor Clow goes off for America on Wednesday morning by the Liverpool steamer. People are all sorry. The Burnfoot Irvings, or Sandy Cowie for them, have bought his land: £4000.

Betty Smail, bound for Ecclefechan, has been waiting this half hour till I should be done; I did not know of her when I began. The needfulest thing, therefore, that I can do is to tell you about our coming. It will be soon, but is still uncertain when. I should say in about a fortnight, — nay, in a day or so *less*; but it depends somewhat on a letter we look for from Jane which has not yet come to hand. Jane, you must know, after her mother's departure went into the country with the Sterlings, friends of hers. I wish her to stay there while she likes, and would get home about the same time as she; a month was the time she first spoke of, and that I have little doubt will suffice, — so my guess

is as above given. A newspaper with one stroke on it will come to you (barring mistakes) two days before you are to look for us. This shall be a token, and we need not write any more. Alick has some talk of coming with us to get his goods ready *then*, but I think *he* will hardly be ready. The butter and another firkin of butter has been talked of and will be forthcoming, but it seems dubious whether any of it will get with us. It can come before or after, I believe safe and with little expense. Mother will bring "some pounds of it" in her box. I shall perhaps be obliged to go back by Liverpool, and must not calculate to stay more with you than a day. My Mother sends you both her love (she is smoking here); she "will tell you all her news" when we come. Compliments and good wishes to Robert from all of us. We are glad to hear his trade is better. A glegg fellow like him will get through worse troubles than this. God keep you, my dear little Jenny.

Your affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

X. TO MRS. HANNING, MANCHESTER, FROM HER MOTHER.

[SCOTSBRIG] January 11th [1838].

DEAR CHILDREN, — I received your letter this day about mid-day. Then Alick and his family came here, so we talked on till bedtime; and now they are gone to bed. I am sorry to hear that Jenny is poorly. I intend to see you very soon; I cannot say pointedly which day yet. I am going down to Annan with Alick, and will fix. It shall not be long, God willing. I have some thoughts of taking the steamer. Keep up your heart, Jenny, and be well when I come. Trust in God, casting all your cares on Him. He is a kind father to all them that put their trust in Him. I will say no more to-night; it is late. Do you think the railway is passable?

I had not finished this scrawl when I received your last letter, of which I was

very glad. It is all well, God's will be done. I was coming by the steamer on Thursday or Friday. Now I will let the storm blow by. Now, Jenny, be very careful of yourself; take care of cold, and likewise what you eat. May God's blessing rest on us all. May He make us thankful for all His ways of dealing with us. Write soon. You may direct to Annan, as I will be there some time. Could you let Tom know that I am there, also, and that I am well? Now, bairns, write soon. You see I cannot write, though nobody would take greater pleasure in it.

Your own mother,

MARGARET A. C.

P. S. My tooth is better, though not

very sound yet. I forgot to thank you very kindly for the things you sent me.

In the two ensuing years Carlyle gave two more courses of lectures, both notably successful. Among many other new acquaintances was Mr. Baring, afterward Lord Ashburton, who, with his two wives, was to figure so largely in the lives of Carlyle and his wife. Sartor Resartus was published in England, and republished in the United States. Chartism was written and printed. Other events of the same biennium were Mrs. Carlyle's "only Soirée," the appearance of Count d'Orsay in Cheyne Row, and Mr. Marshall's gift to Carlyle of a mare, — "Citoyenne" to be called.

Charles Townsend Copeland.

FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN SCIENCE.

ON April 2, 1840, eighteen American savants met in Philadelphia and organized themselves into "The American Society of Geologists." Within two years the association extended its field of activity, and added "and Naturalists" to its title. Still later other sciences were given hearing, and at a notable meeting held in Boston in 1847 it was decided to remodel the organization on the lines of a British association that had been a power in shaping intellectual progress for a quarter-century. In accordance with this action, the leading scientific men of the country met in Philadelphia, September 20, 1848, and instituted "The American Association for the Advancement of Science." Such was the origin of the leading American scientific society, a distinctively American body, meant to increase and to diffuse exact knowledge among the people; and its semi-centenary anniversary, celebrated by the meeting in Boston, is a Jubilee of American Science.

Scientific progress, especially in a land of free institutions, is so closely interwoven with industrial and social progress that the advance of one cannot be traced without constant reference to the other. Indeed, the statement of our national progress during the past half-century is little more than a summary of results and practical applications of scientific research. Fifty years ago our population was hardly more than twenty millions, now it is seventy millions; then our wealth was less than seven billion dollars, now it is eighty billions. At the beginning of the year 1848 there were fifty-two hundred and five miles of railway in the United States, now there are two hundred thousand, — far more than any other country has, more than all Europe; nearly as many miles, indeed, as all the rest of the world put together. Some of those who attended the first meeting of the Association made their journey, or part of it, by stage-coach or in the saddle. They met many

a boy riding to the neighborhood mill with a bag of corn as grist and saddle, and the itinerant doctor or minister on horseback, with his wife on a pillion behind; they passed by farmers swinging the back-breaking cradle or wielding the tedious hoe, while lusty horses grew fat in idleness; they caught glimpses of housewives spinning and dyeing and weaving with infinite pains the fabrics required to clothe their families; they followed trails so rough that the transportation of produce to market multiplied its cost, and carrying back family supplies was a burden: everywhere they saw hard human toil, enlivened only by the cheer of political freedom, and they did not even dream of devices whereby nature should be made to furnish the means for her own subjugation. Most of the mails were carried slowly by coaches and postboys; the telegraph was little more than a toy; the telephone, the trolley-car, and the typewriter had not begun to shorten time and lengthen life; and steel was regularly imported from Sheffield, and iron from Norway. The slow and uncertain commerce of interior navigation was the pride of publicists, and Chicago boasted a population of twenty-five thousand; a shallow wave of settlement was flowing over the vast interior to break against the bluffs of the Missouri, though the pioneers still feared to pitch tents on the broad prairie-lands, and chose rather the rugged and rocky woodlands skirting the waterways as sites for homesteads; the fertile sub-humid plains, with ten million buffalo feeding on their nutritious grasses, were still mapped as "the great American desert;" the Rocky Mountain region beyond was a mystical land, yielding the wildest and weirdest of travelers' tales; California was an Ultima Thule more remote in thought and interest than are Hawaii or even the Philippines to-day.

Then, as now, the nation was in the throes of growing-pains, acuter than now, because territorial expansion was more

rapid: Texas had recently given its empire, — an empire of barren breadths and bloody bandits, according to the critics, — and Florida had lately come to us from Spain; Iowa and Wisconsin had entered the family of states, and Oregon had become a troublesome territory; and the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo had just been approved, bringing California and New Mexico (with most of what is now Arizona) into our possession, — adding the care of hopeless deserts and the control of treacherous tribes and an alien population to the duties of an overworked legislative and administrative government, and preparing the way for the witticism, "Mexico will be forgiven all if she will only take back her lands." In truth, there was danger, painfully manifest thirteen years later, of disruption through overgrowth of the local interests and provincialisms always straining our theoretic union, — a danger happily removed forever a quarter-century later by the railway and the telegraph, which gave a stronger unity than political faith or governmental doctrine.

The progress of the nation during the half-century is beyond parallel. By normal growth and peaceful absorption without foreign conquest the population has trebled, and the national wealth has increased tenfold. The subjugation of natural forces has proceeded at a higher rate, and the extension of knowledge and the diffusion of intelligence have gone forward more rapidly still. This advance, so great as to be grasped by few minds, is the marvel of human history. The world has moved forward as it never did before. Yet fully half of the progress of the world, during the last fifty years, has been wrought through the unprecedented energy of American enterprise and genius, guided by American science.

It is to a great degree through special research that knowledge advances; yet it is by no means to be forgotten that the

specialty is but a column in the fane of science, and that arcades and keystones and swelling dome hold higher places. Worthy has been the work of specialists in the extension of knowledge, during the half-century; but nobler still have been the tasks of the fewer searchers who have been able to span two or more specialties, and to simplify knowledge by coördination. The solidarity of science is well illustrated by the work of the physicist Bunsen and the chemist Kirchhoff, both of Germany, who in 1859 combined their specialties (as few great men are able to do) and blent ideas in the invention of the spectroscope, which has revolutionized several sciences. By aid of this device, later chemists and physicists have discovered new facts and made some of the most important generalizations of the time; by its daily aid, the metallurgist applies the Bessemer process, which has revolutionized the steel production of the world; aided by a derivative device (the bolometer), Langley has been able to measure and weigh the light and combustion rate of the firefly lamp, and thus to gain a new point of view in physiology. Still greater has been the service of the spectroscope to the astronomer; for it has brought, as it were, to the test-tube and crucible, our sun and other suns, and the luminous planets and comets, so that their substance may be analyzed hardly less definitely than the rocks beneath our feet; it even enables the astronomer to read from the shifting lines of the spectrum the relative motions of stars long thought to be fixed. This application of the spectroscope marks the most noteworthy advance in astronomy not only of the half-century that is now closing, but of all time. No key ever unlocked sublimer revelations or more inspiring vistas than this instrument which opened the door of the New Astronomy.

A few of the principal advances in science, made in the last fifty years, may be noted.

Europe and America have contributed to astronomy, during the half-century, in fairly equal measure. The spectroscope was the gift of the older country, and some of its most brilliant products were brought forth by Huggins and other transatlantic students; yet spectroscopy was revolutionized by the American physicist Rowland, with his exquisitely delicate diffraction gratings and his marvelous mechanism for producing them. So, too, the photometric work of the Pickerings in Harvard Observatory, with its adjunct in Peru, and the star catalogues of the lamented Gould and his successors in Cordova, are unexcelled, while the best inventory of modern star science, *The New Astronomy*, is the work of the American astronomer Langley. Some part of the success of cisatlantic astronomers must be ascribed to the mechanical ingenuity which seems to spring up spontaneously with intellectual freedom, and which enabled the Alvan Clarks, father and son, to produce the finest telescopic lenses the world has seen, with no less excellent fittings. Yet there has been no lack of patient waiting and minute scrutiny of the stolid mid-European type, as shown by the half-century's discoveries of asteroids and planetary satellites and comets, of which America has done the greater part. The prophecy of American prestige in astronomy came in 1860, when Newcomb reduced the orbits of the asteroids to a simple system; and it is just now fulfilled beyond all early anticipation in a recomputation of the elements of the solar system by the same indefatigable delver among definite quantities. This work alone marks an epoch; the sun and moon and planets have been weighed as exactly as sugar and tea at the grocer's, and their paths measured as precisely as silks and woollens at the draper's. Most of the ships of civilized nations set their courses by nautical almanacs computed on the Newcombian basis; and the name of New-

comb is more widely known than the name of any other astronomer, and has brought tribute to America from every civilized country. Characteristically American is the recent work of Chandler, who, first following and then outstripping the brilliant Euler, has reconciled the discrepancies in latitude-records of European and American observatories, and discovered a new law of planetary motion, expressed in periodic wandering of the terrestrial poles. Equally characteristic is the work of Young on the sun, Newton on meteoroids, Barnard on comets, and a dozen others in as many special lines, including the suggestive results of Percival Lowell in his observatories on both American continents.

The genius of American astronomers has brought appreciation from laymen as well as investigators, and their labors have been rewarded by increased facilities; America is better endowed to-day with observatories and apparatus than any other country, — nearly as well as all the rest of the world. Most of our rapidly growing universities have their own observatories. A dozen years ago the installation of Lick Observatory was an event in the scientific world, and attracted such public attention as to leave little for the two observatories installed within the year, — Flower Observatory in Pennsylvania, and Yerkes Observatory, an adjunct of the University of Chicago. Fifty years ago astronomy was a sober and sluggish science, far removed from practical every-day interests, cultivated respectably in Europe and beginning to attract serious attention in this country. To-day its data are doubled and its activity is tripled; it touches industry and the public welfare at many points, and advances more rapidly than ever before; and a full share of this progress is due to American genius and industry.

Half a century ago, Dr. Joule, of Eng-

land, was engaged in a series of physical experiments, beginning with solids and ending with liquids, which indicated that while force may be controlled, it cannot be created or destroyed. Faraday, Helmholtz, and Grove repeated and extended the experiments, and through the combined efforts of the four masters in physical science the law of the conservation of energy was developed, and a new era in the history of science was opened. Half a century earlier, chemistry had established the indestructibility of matter, and incidentally proved that the material world is a world of law, and not of chance. The complementary demonstration of the indestructibility of force completed the groundwork for rational thought, and a phalanx of exponents and defenders of the doctrine of the uniformity of nature, marshaled under John Tyndall, was soon in the field. By timely chance they fell in with an equally vigorous phalanx headed by Huxley, who were expounding and defending the Darwinian doctrine of derivation, or the law of the uniformity of nature applied to organic species; and the joint forces quickly consummated the most sweeping intellectual revolution in history. Unhappily, ecclesiasticism was aroused, and for a time Tyndall and Huxley were denounced as destroyers of the eternal peace of their converts; but the balm of personal association soon smoothed the acerbities and aided in fixing the respective bounds of science and faith, and serious antagonism to applied physics came to an end. Meantime, the mechanic found himself in line with the thinker, the student turned from hereditary introspection of the supernal toward the new-found beauties of the real world, and gradually teachers came to be esteemed for what they knew rather than for what they conjured; practical men became thinkers, and thinking men became practical; industry was regenerated, and the real glory of the Victorian era began.

At first the law of the conservation of energy was not the counterpart of the law of the conservation of matter recognized by chemists; for the ultimate and persistent basis of matter is the atom, while the physicists held only that the sum of energy persists in the universe. Recently, Powell has revised the law in the light of generalized human experience, and suggested that motion, like matter, inheres and persists in the ultimate particle; and thereby chemistry and physics, and the other sciences as well, are brought into harmony. This rendering of the fundamental law of physics is accepted by several savants; it is in accord with the lines of intellectual and industrial progress, and gives brilliant promise as a means of extending conquest over nature. Physical science has been the giver of many generous gifts, but the goodliest of all was the gift of right thinking, which was a by-product of the law of the conservation of energy.

The formula of physical science came to America as a mariner's compass to a crew of maroons. Already a nation of inventors inspired by intellectual freedom, Americans were still blind leaders of the blind; for invention is impossible without at least intuitive recognition of the uniformity of nature, while without conscious recognition of this law the inventor drifts in a sea of uncertainties, making port only by chance. The newly formulated doctrine was seized and assimilated with such avidity that within a decade it was more generally understood and adopted in this country than in all Europe. Under its stimulus invention thrived and manufacturing grew apace: the crude reaper was made a self-raker, next a harvester or header, then a self-binder or field-thresher, according to local needs; the hoe gave way to the horse-cultivator, and the flail to the horse-power thresher, the neighborhood water-mill to the steam-driven roller-mill grinding for all the people of

a whole state; and the farmer learned to live by the strength of his beasts and the craft of his machines merely guided by his own intelligence. The mechanic arts were regenerated; steam was harnessed more effectively than before, and our railway-making and locomotive-building became and remain a revelation to the world; for within this year, 1898, European engineers have been compelled to swallow incredulity as to the rapidity of American bridge-building, while British promoters hastening to supply Egypt with locomotives have saved half the time required for delivery, despite the doubling of distance, by ordering from American builders. The tide of foreign importation was soon stayed, and then turned, and now American steel tools are sold in Sheffield and fine American hardware in Norway, while the products of American machines in the form of foodstuffs and fabrics are carried into every quarter of the globe. The characteristic of American inventiveness is its diffusion. Invention is as free as the franchise, and open competition gives life to genius no less than to trade. American devices (temporarily protected by patents) are so diffused that every citizen is in contact with the products of physical science and mechanical skill; everybody may have a machine-made watch better than the average hand-made product of Geneva, nearly equal to the tested Swiss chronometer; every family may have its sewing-machine and telephone; and every man, woman, and child wears machine-made buttons, pins, hats, and textile fabrics.

A typical American device is the bicycle. Invented in France, it long remained a toy or a vain luxury. Redevised in this country, it inspired inventors and captivated manufacturers, and native genius made it a practical machine for the multitude; now its users number millions, and it is sold in every country. Typical, too, is the bicycle in its effect on national character. It first aroused

invention, next stimulated commerce, and then developed individuality, judgment, and prompt decision on the part of its users more rapidly and completely than any other device; for although association with machines of any kind (absolutely straightforward and honest as they are all) develops character, the bicycle is the easy leader of other machines in shaping the mind of its rider, and transforming itself and its rider into a single thing. Better than other results is this: that the bicycle has broken the barrier of pernicious differentiation of the sexes and rent the bonds of fashion, and is daily impressing Spartan strength and grace, and more than Spartan intelligence, on the mothers of coming generations. So, weighed by its effect on body and mind as well as on material progress, this device must be classed as one of the world's great inventions.

With the advance of the half-century in simply applied mechanics, there have been still greater advances in the knowledge of the more obscure powers of nature, manifested in electricity and magnetism, in sun and wind and storm, even in vitality and mental action. Some of these have been made in Europe, but more in America. Fifty years ago Morse and Henry were doing the final work required to transform the electric telegraph from a physical experiment to a commercial agency, and soon nerves of steel and copper, throbbing with intelligence, were following the pioneer into the remotest recesses and pushing beneath the ocean; Faraday, the Siemens brothers, Helmholtz, and later Sir William Thomson (Lord Kelvin) freely gave genius and toil; then came Edison with an eruption of brilliant inventions; and to-day time and space are as if they were not, and from sea to sea our subjects of thought are as one. It was but yesterday that half our world knew not how the other half lived; now both halves read the same items at breakfast.

Themselves harvesters after the experimentalists in physics, the early telegraphers were planters for Graham Bell, and the telephone came to carry the word of man afar, and the graphophone to perpetuate it forever, and thus to complete the annihilation of space and time as obstacles to the diffusion and unification of intelligence. Inspired by success in conveying thought, inventors sought to convey grosser powers, and dynamos were invented to furnish light better and cheaper than the world had known before; devices for warming and even for cooking, and for lowering temperature by fans and refrigerant pipes, quickly followed; and now the lightning is harnessed in our houses as the thunder is subdued in telephone and graphophone. Meantime, motors and transmitters were perfected, and electric transportation came into successful competition with steam locomotion, while the power derived from waterfalls and central plants was made divisible, so that units of power are now sold as freely as pounds of tea or sugar were fifty years ago; and a way has been found to counteract the concentration of artisans in factories located by waterfall or engine. The conquest of nature by electric power, gained through controlling an infinitesimal part of the vibrant atomic energy of our corner of the cosmos, has come rapidly, and so steadily as almost to escape notice; yet it is a marvel beside which the magical lamp of Aladdin and all other figments of Oriental fancy are as nothing.

In 1848 a Frenchman and an Englishman made advances in the new art of photography, developed partly by Professor Draper, of New York, a few years before. In 1850 a journal of photography was established in this country, and the art became the property of the people. Its progress well illustrates the growing solidarity of nations, for contributions have been made by England, France, Germany, and other countries,

as well as America, and parts of the same apparatus are often the handiwork of two or more countries. America's contributions to the art are characteristic in that they have reduced the cost and increased the use of the apparatus so far that every village and a tenth of our families have their cameras. Recent events indicate that a new field is opening for the picture-maker, and the next half-century may see advances much greater than those of the last; for while photography has been limited to luminous rays and to portraiture of external surfaces, Roentgen has proved the possibility of using other phases of radiant energy, and of depicting internal structures as well as outer forms.

Half a century ago Joseph Henry published the plan of the Smithsonian Institution, and his first-mentioned means of increasing knowledge was a "system of extending meteorological observations for solving the problem of American storms." So began a line of research which has added much to science, and is daily contributing to personal comfort and material prosperity. Of old the wind blew where it listed, the rain fell on the just and the unjust alike, and men recked no more of the hurricane than of the earthquake, for both were ascribed to malevolent and unavoidable fate. The dark confession of weakness still clings to those who go down to the sea in ships, making them the most superstitious of modern folk, and it crops up uncannily in the exemption phrase of even modern transatlantic contracts, "acts of God excepted." Against this blighting faith in the malign Franklin set himself a century before Henry, when he led lightning from the skies on a kite-string, and invented the lightning-rod; but the real awakening began with the Smithsonian Institution. For twenty years the work was little more than observation in Eastern cities, giving data for laws, but not the laws themselves. During the reaction from the civil war several military

men turned toward nobler conquest, and observation was extended and systematized in a science so definite as to confer the gift of prevision. Up to the present generation the principal contributions to meteorology came from Europe, and such names as Buys-Ballot, Buchan, Dove, and Delaunay were better known in this country than those of our own investigators, while so late as 1875 the data for Coffin's *Winds of the Globe* were submitted to the Russian Weikoff for discussion before they were issued by the Smithsonian Institution.

Now the tide has turned. Generals Hazen and Greely and the civilians Harrington and Moore have built up the largest weather bureau in the world, and with the aid of physicists like Ferrel, Abbe, and Mendenhall have shaped weather science; while Langley has led thinkers into new paths by his studies of the internal work of the wind, and their application to problems of aerial flight. Much of the success of American air science must be ascribed to the accident of geography, which gives a broader field for the study of the atmosphere than any other nation enjoys, — more favorable, even, than the two empires of Russia. Yet geographic bigness is but one of the elements of American greatness, in this as in other departments of knowledge, such as engineering, geology, and anthropology. To-day a central office coördinates observations not only from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, but, through international comity, from Canadian territory on the north to Mexican territory on the south. The observations yield predictions benefiting agriculture and shipping to the extent of millions annually. They yield also principles which are enlightening the world, mitigating faith in Moloch and strengthening confidence in human might, and so preparing the way for still more brilliant conquest by generations yet to come.

Meteorology does not give control of

the powers of the air and the vapors within it (pseudo-science to the contrary notwithstanding), but only enables men so to adjust themselves to these agents as to gain benefit and to avoid injury; yet conquest over the immeasurable potentialities of the atmosphere is extending in other ways. Half a century ago gases were the most elusive of substances, seldom allied in thought to liquids save in loose speculation, hardly brought from the domain of mysticism into the realm of reality. Now the continuity of the gaseous condition with liquidity and solidity has been established for the more important terrestrial substances. A dozen years ago Cailletet in France and Pictet in Switzerland liquefied various gases by high pressure and low temperature. Dewar, of England, followed in a striking series of operations, liquefying gas after gas, until within a few weeks hydrogen — most refractory of the elements and the unit of matter — has been brought into liquid form, and the American Tripler has devised means of liquefying air in large quantities at limited cost. To-day scientists find themselves on the threshold of a new prospect opened by these conquests. The possibilities of future applications cannot be presaged clearly, but there are indications that they will equal those made through the control of electricity. Liquid hydrogen is only one fourteenth the weight of water; it boils at -238°C . (-396°F .), or only 35°C . above absolute zero, while liquid air is a little lighter than water, and boils (or vaporizes) at -191°C . (-312°F). In the abstract the figures carry little meaning, but made concrete they signify that just as the astronomer finds himself approaching the limits of the material universe through the telescope and the spectroscope, and just as the morphologist is approaching actual vision of molecular constitution through the microscope, so the physicist finds himself nearing the point at which the definite constitution of

matter must begin, — the real sunrise of the material universe, beyond which lies chaos only. Considered in their concrete application, the figures are still more significant. The uses of liquid air for wholesale cooling, as an adjunct in chemical and metallurgical operations, and even as a terrible instrument of war, have already been tested or suggested; yet the stimulus of discovery has hardly begun to affect the mass of inventors.

As doctrinal prejudice melted, and as chemistry established the continuity between organic and inorganic substances, the sum of experience and weight of reason wrought a revolution in thought, and the dominion of law over living matter was soon accepted implicitly, if not explicitly. The extension of law into the realm of intellectual processes came later, and more tediously and haltingly. A noteworthy step was taken in 1859, when Joseph Le Conte illustrated certain cases of interconvertibility of physical and mental forces. His exposition was republished and widely reviewed and discussed in Europe, where it inspired experiments and the making of special apparatus, — always the strong side of transatlantic research; for the European pioneer puts stepping-stones where the American lays a bridge. Meantime, Barker, after demonstrating the interconvertibility of physical and vital forces in 1875, passed into the higher realm, and definitively extended the correlation to mental force. Other contributions followed; and while there are still those who dread to lift the veil of mystery above a certain point, — perchance through confounding mental process and intellectual product, — the more vigorous investigators recognize the physical basis of mentation, and a science of psychology has arisen, standing to metaphysical psychology much as astrology stood to astronomy and alchemy to chemistry. It is represented fittingly in America. The consequences and applications of this advance of the half-

century may no more be foretold than those of others newly made; yet even if it mean no more than the extension of law into a new realm, and the replacement of chaos by order in human thought, it must take an important place in the history of science.

An important advance in chemistry was forecast in 1811 by the Italian Avogadro, and soon after by the Frenchman Ampère, through the discovery that equal volumes of all substances, when in the gaseous state and under like conditions, contain the same number of molecules; that is, that the constitution of matter is connected with its own inherent motion. The discovery was barren until fertilized by the law of the conservation of energy, and became fully fruitful only under the skillful treatment of the American Cooke, who used it as the basis of the New Chemistry about the middle of the half-century. The advance marked the extension of natural law into a field long cumbered by the mystical wreckage of alchemy, and signalized the lifting of interpretation from the plane of the material to that of the kinetic. A new chapter in the history of chemistry was opened by Kekulé, of Flanders, in 1858. This was the discovery of valence, or the law of proportion under which atoms combine to form substances, — a far-reaching, though possibly not final law governing the constitution of matter. The laws of Avogadro and Kekulé yielded a larger view of the unknown; and by their aid Mendeleeff, of Russia, and almost at the same time (1869-70) Lothar-Meyer, of England, discovered that the known elementary substances fall naturally into groups displaying certain family resemblances, while the groups fall into series defined by properties of the atoms; and these facts were formulated in the remarkably comprehensive "periodic law," or law of Mendeleeff.

From the culminating point of view

afforded by this law the domain of chemistry may be surveyed, as was the domain of astronomy through aid of Kepler's law, and the endless actions and reactions involved in the making and decomposition of materials, in growth and decay, are found to be no less orderly and harmonious than the swing of satellites and planets and suns in our solar and stellar systems; chemists can now invade the unseen universe, and determine the properties of elements not yet discovered, as Adams located Neptune by formulas before it was detected by lenses. The power of prevision possessed by chemists, under the periodic law, has been established over and over again by successful predictions. Indeed, at a meeting in Toronto, last year, the president of a chemical body dared to devote his address to description of an element still unseen, and the developments of the year have justified his courage.

One of the results of these epoch-making discoveries was increased confidence on the part of the organic chemists, who, beginning with Wöhler and Berzelius, were cautiously creating by laboratory synthesis compounds previously held to transcend simple nature. Within the half-century the laws of the inorganic world have been extended, first to organic compounds, then to organic processes, and finally to the essentially vital processes exhibited by both plants and animals; to-day the chemist and physicist stand on common ground to sustain and explain physiology, and even the modern psychology which finds the source of mentation in cerebral decomposition and recombination.

During recent decades the applications of chemistry have multiplied and extended in various directions. The new alloys required for novel physical and industrial devices have been produced; high explosives innumerable have been compounded; and the chemist has coöperated with the physicist in liquefying gases, and with

the astronomer in analyzing suns and comets and the rings of Saturn. Meantime, chemistry has been brought into touch with daily life as an adjunct to medicine, and as a means of testing foods and drugs in public sanitation. Perhaps the most brilliant applications of chemistry sprang from researches concerning the hydrocarbons preserved in the rocks of the earth as records of vitality during ages past; and the coal-tar products have been made to yield dyes rivaling the rainbow in brilliancy and range of color, perfumes stronger than musk and sweeter than attar of roses, flavors more sapid than sugar and spice, and a plentiful series of unguents and medicaments, — indeed, every material requisite for life and luxury except food.

The contributions of chemistry to knowledge and welfare during the half-century have been many, yet relatively fewer and poorer than the rich returns from other sciences; and it is a conspicuous fact that few American names are connected with the greater advances in the science. While America's additions to astronomy, physics, geology, and anthropology have been of the first magnitude, modern chemistry remains a monument to European genius almost alone. In connection with this fact — perhaps in explanation of it — it is to be noted that there are no great chemical laboratories in this country, no institutions comparable with the astronomical observatories and geological surveys and natural history museums which have given prestige to American science.

Half a century ago geology was on the plane to which it had been raised by Lyell's law of uniformism, — a law which contributed much to the cult proclaimed by Tyndall and Huxley; and this plane was effectively expanded by the efforts of several American geologists. With singular perspicacity and pertinacity, Hall and his associates developed an American scheme of rock classi-

fication (the New York system), which was expounded and crystallized by Dana, and has since served as the model for the continent; and in an address delivered in 1857, though not printed for a generation, Hall foreshadowed the laws of mountain-making and other distinctive principles of modern geology. Thus, within the first decade of the half-century the earth science of America had come to stand well abreast of that of Europe. Checked by the social shock of the early sixties, research rested; but toward the end of the decade it began anew, and as exploration pushed into the Cordilleran region, where the Stone Book lies open, it sprang forward with unprecedented vigor. Hayden, King, and Powell in the territories, and Whitney in California, were the principal pioneers in the field, while Powell, Gilbert, and Dutton led in lifting the science to the third plane in its development; for, through recognition of the "baselevel of erosion," they laid the foundation for the New Geology, which reads earth history from the forms of hill and vale as well as from the formations and fossils of past ages. Within a dozen years the principles have been applied and extended in the coast plains of the southeastern states, where they have made both land forms and unconformities eloquent records of continent growth; while Davis, of Harvard, has successfully employed the same principles in reading from topographic maps the later chapters of earth history.

Meantime, the glacial theory, imported by Agassiz from Switzerland, rooted kindly in American soil, and soon bore fruit; Chamberlin, Shaler, Salisbury, and a score of others have scanned our incomparable drift plains and drumlins, moraines and kames, sand plains and paha, and have solved the riddle of the loess; and during the last quarter-century the records of the ice ages have been more thoroughly scrutinized and more fully interpreted in America than

in all the rest of the world. Mean-
time, too, geology ramified in other di-
rections, and its applications multiplied;
the second half of the nineteenth cen-
tury is distinguished by activity in in-
vestigation of rocks and resources in
every country, but especially in Amer-
ica, with its federal survey and score of
state surveys, maintained at a cost of
more than a million dollars annually, and
enriching the nation at an indefinitely
larger rate. It is fair to remember that
the success of the science on this con-
tinent is largely due to the great conti-
nental expanse and the wide distribu-
tion of resources in the rocks; that the
plateau region and the cañon country of
the southwest furnish the best known
record of geologic process; that the Ap-
palachian region affords the world's
finest example of a distinctive type of
structure; that the glaciated plains of
the northern United States are among
the widest in the world, by far the widest
of those equally accessible; also, that
our coal and iron, gold and silver, oil
and gas, and numberless other valuable
minerals tempt curiosity and cupidity, as
well as serious inquiry from sea to sea.
While the opportunities are unsurpassed,
there has been no dearth of genius to
seize them; and while America may still
take lessons from Europe in mineralogy
and perhaps in petrography, the relation
is reversed in other departments and in
the principles of the science, and lead-
ing European geologists take frequent
field lessons on this side the Atlantic.

Hardly a serious question as to the eternal fixity of species and genera and orders had been raised in scientific minds before 1848, save by Lamarek and a few other quasi-visionaries, while conservative leaders like Agassiz in Switzerland, Cuvier in France, and Owen in England were so deeply grounded in the philosophy of fixity as only to be the more firmly set by each shock of new discovery. Just ten years later Darwin

and Wallace independently announced the inconstancy of species and the derivation of organic units through successive changes; and the idea grew, until it wrought, within a quarter-century, the most profound revolution in the history of human thought. This effect was not due alone to Darwin's wealth of facts and uprightness of record, nor was it due in more than partial measure to Huxley's eloquent and aggressive advocacy. The discovery of the conservation of energy by Joule and Grove, and its exposition by Tyndall, contributed much; Lyell's doctrine of uniformism strengthened the movement in many circles; the extension of chemistry to organic compounds was a potent factor; the enlargement of the known universe by the spectroscope had its effect; while all these combined with the habit of thought established through larger associations of thinkers with practical men and with mechanical devices, so that the formula "the uniformity of nature" won common assent. The wide and ready acceptance of the Darwinian doctrine was but the co-ordination of knowledge already gained. Yet the revolution would have been long delayed had Englishmen alone contributed to it, or even men of Continental Europe; for, with a half dozen exceptions, the earliest and strongest apostles were Americans, with Asa Gray and Morse among the leaders. The free, vigorous, and trenchant American mind was peculiarly hospitable to the tenets of the new law; and it was accepted here as the foundation for the cult of science years before it was similarly accepted in Great Britain. Seen in the perspective now possible, Darwin's doctrine is but the extension into the organic realm of the laws of action and sequence which form the basis of all definite thought, and find their highest expression in that power of invention which enables man to dominate duller nature for his own behoof. Thus, the rise of the doctrine merely marked a normal and necessary

stage in the development of knowledge concerning the several realms of nature.

Made definite by the recognition of action and sequence, biology has advanced apace during the last quarter-century. The causes of most ills to which flesh is heir have been traced to germs and microbes, and modes of prevention and cure have resulted; the nature of sepsis has been found out, and anti-sepsis has been perfected with such rapidity that its leader (Lord Lister) has lived to see the average civilized life lengthened by months through efforts initially his own; and both medicine and surgery have been reconstructed. Entomology has traced the laws governing insect life, suggesting methods of successfully opposing physical force to insect activity, and even of opposing insect to insect in such manner as to protect and multiply the crops on which the nations are fed. Phytology has made clear the laws of plant life, indicating ways of fertilizing and hybridizing and even reproducing useful plants, — ways more economical than those of nature; while zoölogy is daily applied in recreating and perpetuating needful domestic animals. The science of living things is too broad and its lines are too many for full statement in a brief summary; but its results may be summed in saying that it has taught man to control life almost at will, — annihilating it if bad, and preserving it if good, — and has enabled him to subjugate vitality to his needs even more completely than the physical forces are subjugated. As a science simply, biology abounds in problems of profound interest; as an applied science, its uses and benefactions are incalculable.

Half a century ago a shadow obscured a considerable part of the field of science, seriously obstructing its cultivation; it was the shadow cast by man himself, then held too sacred to serve as suitable subject for scientific research. In 1863 Huxley published *Man's Place*

in Nature, and an anthropological society was instituted in London and began the issue of a journal; eight years later Darwin published *The Descent of Man*. These events marked the gradual lifting of the shadow from science, the slow extension of the law of the uniformity of nature to the human organism. Contributions came from other countries; Herbert Spencer bent his fertile mind and facile pen to inquiry and exposition; America awoke rapidly; and within a quarter-century anthropology was regularly classed as one of the sciences. At first man was studied simply as an animal, and men were classed in races defined by characters shared with brutes. A notable advance was forecast when students perceived that man occupies a distinct plane, in that his essential attributes are collective rather than individual; and the American Morgan laid the foundation for objective sociology in his work on *Ancient Society* in 1877, while the Frenchman Comte formulated a subjective sociology, and the Briton Spencer pushed forward his imposing folios on *Descriptive Sociology*. Then came the creation of the Bureau of American Ethnology in 1879, and the beginning of the classification of the American aborigines by human activities rather than by animal features. So arose a New Ethnology, in which men are classified by mind rather than by body, by culture rather than by color; and the rise marked the most notable advance in the history of anthropology. Under this classification, the peoples of the earth fall into four culture grades, which are also stages in development, namely: (1) savagery, with a social organization resting on kinship reckoned in the female line; (2) barbarism, in which the social organization is based on kinship reckoned in the male line; (3) civilization, in which the organization has a territorial basis; and (4) enlightenment, in which the laws and customs are based on intellectual rights.

The principal advance in anthropology was distinctly American; it grew out of conditions existing alone on this continent, and could not well have originated elsewhere; indeed, it is not yet fully appreciated in any other country. Like the American geologist, the cisatlantic anthropologist found the finest field the world affords. With a population coming from every European country, with an aboriginal people of threescore tongues and a thousand tribes always on his frontier, with the denizens of the dark continent long chained to his footstool, with representatives of China and Japan and the islands of the seas constantly competing in his industries, and with a more extensive and intimate blending of bloods than any student had seen before, his opportunities for testing ethnic principles were unparalleled; when lost in the labyrinth of meaningless distinctions of color and hair, of cranial form and capacity, of stature and length of limb, and in need of new criteria, he was inspired to note what men do rather than what they are, and soon followed the physicist and the chemist and the geologist into kinetic interpretation. Then he found a third of the thousand aboriginal tribes in the stage of maternal organization, another third in paternal organization, and the remaining third ranging through transitional conditions of such sort as to show the course of development. At the same time, he found inbred traditions of territorial organization shaping habit and thought in the million immigrants and visitors from monarchical nations; and he alone had constantly before him the object-lesson of governmental control despite — and indeed by virtue of — intellectual and social and political freedom. Our physical progress has been great because invention is encouraged by free institutions; our progress in geology has been rapid by reason of intellectual freedom and a vast domain; while our progress in anthropology has

been marvelous because of the elevated point of view and an incomparable range of types both of blood and of activity.

The main movements made way for others, especially in connection with the aborigines; the sources of aesthetics and ethics have been successfully sought, the early steps in the course of industrial development have been traced, the beginnings of law have been analyzed, and the course of human development has been brought to light; and it is now known that the lines of human progress in the arts and industries, in sociology, in language, and in thought are convergent, rather than divergent like the lines of development among beasts and plants, and that the unification of ideas by telegraph and telephone and press is but a ripple marking the course of the great stream of human activity. The convergent lines of progress suggest multiplicity of cradle-places for the American tribes, as recently expounded by Powell, and still more for mankind in general. Endogamy and exogamy have been defined, in the light of careful observation, as correlative regulations among given peoples rather than developmental stages; matriarchy has been shown to be the complement of patriarchy, and not a rival of avuncular control; while the trite "marriage-by-capture" has been reduced to due place as an incidental development rather than a primitive condition of mating. Meantime, a sound basis has been given to American archæology, as just attested by the award of the first Loubat prize to Holmes in recognition of distinctively American work. The view afforded by the recognition of the collective character of mankind has guided inquiry concerning the individual, and now bodily structures are studied as products of mind-led activity, while the brain is studied as a mechanism more complex, but otherwise no more mysterious, than the structures of plants and animals, or devices which men have made. So in the science of man as in

the other sciences the magician's wand has been cast aside, and the veil of mystery has fallen away forever, and the early shadow is gone from the field of definite knowledge.

Such have been a few of the advances in science of the half-century; the discovery of the persistence of motion, the invention of spectroscopy, the control of electricity, the discovery of the periodic law, the recognition of evolution, and the culture classification of mankind may be considered the first half-dozen. If summed in a single term, the half-century's advance in science may be expressed as recognition of the uniformity and potentiality of nature; while the applications are invention on the practical side, and kinetic interpretation (or interpretation in terms of motion and sequence) on the philosophic side. Most of the advances began in Europe, to be hastened in America, and a full half of the progress must be credited to cis-atlantic genius and enterprise.

In truth, America has become a nation of science. There is no industry, from agriculture to architecture, that is not shaped by research and its results; there is not one of our fifteen millions of families that does not enjoy the benefits of scientific advancement; there is no law in our statutes, no motive in our conduct, that has not been made juster by the straightforward and unselfish habit of thought fostered by scientific methods. A nation of free minds will not be selfish or cruel; and the sense of uni-

formity in nature finds expression in national character, — in commercial honesty, in personal probity, in unparalleled patriotism, as well as in the unequaled workmanship which is the simplest expression of straight thinking. Every step in our national progress has been guided by the steadfast knowledge born of assimilated experience. The trebling of population in a half-century, raising the republic from an experiment in state-making to a leading place among the nations, is the wonder of history; the thrice-trebled wealth and educational facilities gained through application of new knowledge are a marvel, before which most men stand dazzled at home, and wholly blinded abroad; the three times thrice-trebled knowledge itself, lifting the nation high in enlightenment and making way for still more rapid progress, is a modern miracle wrought by scientific work; but greatest of all in present potency and future promise is the elevation of moral character attained by that sense of right thinking which flows only from consciously assimilated experience, — and this is the essence of science now diffused among our people.

Since American science was young, the course of research and conclusion has been guided by an association of science-builders who have freely contributed their mental and moral riches to their younger and poorer fellows. This association has shaped the progress of American science, and its semi-centennial anniversary is America's Jubilee of Science.

W J McGee.

NEW OPPORTUNITIES FOR AMERICAN COMMERCE.

THE possibilities of extending the commercial relations of the United States with foreign countries present no feature more inviting than the suggested opening of Asia to the trade and influence of the West. China may be exploited under European methods, and even under European domination. With the fall of Spanish rule in the Philippines will disappear the last vestige of the exclusive colonial policy so rigidly applied by all colonizing powers in the last century. The effect of bringing into new or greater activity not merely millions, but hundreds of millions of producers and consumers, hitherto carefully guarded from the modern commercial spirit, offers a study of immediate interest and of the highest importance to this country. It is appreciated that the industrial power of the United States, applied to its remarkable resources and with its equally remarkable ingenuity, is now able to compete with other nations on its own merits, without the factitious aid of legislation conferring partial or entire monopoly privileges. At the moment when, conscious of their own strength, the industries of the United States are realizing the inadequacy of the home market, and the necessity of other vents to permit a continuance of growth, or even a continuance of actual production, a continent swings into view as a possible market, and many islands, of unknown because untried capacity, are placed within reach of commercial influence, if not of political accession.

China has held the same relation to the commerce of the world as have the Spanish colonies in America and Asia. They have been territory closed to enterprise and development from the outside, and the policy that controls in the one case differs but little in essence from that imposed in the other. Only a

superficial knowledge of the actual resources of China is available. A few ports in that vast empire, opened to trade reluctantly and under threats of or a virtual resort to force, and forming only depots for collecting what is sent to them from the interior or surrounding territory, have handled a large trade, but one that is incomparable to the vast domestic exchanges of hundreds of millions of souls. The merchant must take what is sent to him; but he cannot establish factories of production, control plantations for cultivation, or utilize the mineral wealth of the empire. The development under foreign direction and management, which has made so many colonies and states important commercial factors, has been entirely wanting in China. In an economic sense, she is to-day little other than she was a century ago. Her commerce has increased somewhat, reflecting the growth of neighboring countries rather than her own; but the details have remained rigidly fixed. Even in the few lines of production once peculiar to herself, the ability to compete has been impaired, as well in Asia, where Japan and India have used with such effect the resources of modern art and industry, as in Europe and the United States, where science has supplanted many of the distinctive products of the East. It remains true that China is yet to be studied as a commercial power, for her trade policy has been as strange and exclusive as her political régime, and may prove as weak when touched by some outside and more active influence. The administrative failure of China in the war with Japan may foreshadow a like surprise when her resources of commerce and industry are put to a similar test.

As little is known of the Spanish colonies, for they have been held to be exploited for the benefit of the mother

country. They were made Spanish markets only by excluding the products and shipping of other powers, thus forcing upon the consumers in these islands the manufactures of Spain. This was readily accomplished by framing the colonial customs tariffs on a double plan. Under one and a lower set of duties, Spanish products were admitted; under another set of duties, penal in their amount, foreign products were kept at a distance, and competition was out of the question. The same system of differential or discriminating duties was applied to shipping; and thus it happened that, as a rule, only a vessel flying the Spanish flag could find a profit in the colonial trade. The introduction of foreign capital was discouraged, and under the incompetency of Spanish agents any management entrusted to them was hazardous, almost inviting failure. While it was insisted that the colonies should purchase only Spanish manufactures, no market in the Peninsula was maintained for colonial products. The leading interests of the possessions were obliged to seek their own markets, outside of Spain, and in the face of the world's competition. Buying all that they consumed, even the flour for their bread, under a monopoly system, they sold what they raised or manufactured in open market. Only one product appeared to be favored, — Spain did purchase Cuban tobacco. The favor was illusory, as the tobacco régime was framed for the benefit of those at home, with little regard for the interests of the tobacco-grower. With these conditions, it has been impossible to gauge the abilities of the islands to produce or consume, for they must be tested under some system other than monopoly.

In the face of this ignorance of actual economic power, it is easier to take too sanguine a view of the possible power than calmly to weigh influences and estimate a new distribution of ability. Whatever have been the defects of the

commercial policy applied to these possessions and to China, certain lines of production have been adopted as best suited to the soil, climate, and form of labor. Like other forces, economic forces work along the lines of least resistance. It would be a long story to relate why Cuba grows sugar and tobacco as her leading products, or the Philippines sugar and hemp, or China tea and silk; but for more than a century these articles have been closely associated with those countries, and have fed their foreign trade. They come into the market with clearly defined commercial uses, for which experience of many years proves them to be best suited. Under a new control, Cuba will still send to the market sugar, fruit, and tobacco; Porto Rico will still offer sugar and coffee; the Ladrões will go on in the growing of cocoanuts; and Manila hemp and sugar will still form the contribution of the Philippines to commerce.

What may be changed is the relation of the native to the responsible producer, a delicate problem certain to arise in the Spanish islands. The introduction of foreign capital, and the extraordinary activity that follows the opening of a new and promising field of investment, will create a demand for labor very different from that now existing. The white races of Europe have found it difficult to live in the tropics, and they constitute a very small though ruling element of the population. Even when they have attempted to amalgamate with the natives, the descendants have soon lost their inherited energy, and dropped back into the ranks of the lowest cultivators or idlers. In this dilemma aid has been sought from the outside. Slavery, and subsequently coolie labor, prevailed in Cuba. In the Philippines slavery does not exist, and never has existed; but the native races have no initiative, and are subject to an invariable routine and discipline, such as the priestly orders enforced in California and Para-

guay. This rule is not favorable to economic activity, and little progress appears to have been made in using the resources of the islands. The Chinese have migrated to those parts just as they have crept down the Asiatic peninsula, giving an abundant and cheap form of labor. It is hardly desirable, however, to resort to them further, even though they now form the real labor supply of the islands. A European control of the Philippines might not be particular as to the kind of labor it obtained, but the attitude of Australia and the United States toward the Chinese is too pronounced to be modified.

A lesson may be learned from the policy of the Dutch in Java. Whether the conclusion could be applied to the Spanish islands is doubtful, for the system was adopted more than seventy years ago, when very different ideas of the responsibility of the state to its subjects were entertained. For many years after claiming Java the Dutch were only merchants in their East Indian possessions, opening factories and establishing trading-centres, but not assuming any control over the natives, or imposing upon them the task of cultivating the lands for the benefit of Dutch commerce. The mercantile company trading with the island was a monopoly, and almost held a monopoly in the world's supply of spices; but it was a commercial organization only, and not a political or administrative instrument. After the company had ceased to exist, the government of the Netherlands introduced a system of colonial management for its own benefit, not unattended with success. The government merely took the places of the native kings or rulers, receiving their tributes or levies, reducing these potentates to salaried agents of the administration. The king of a province thus stood between his people and the government, and acted as revenue collector for the latter. The levies were one fifth of the year's product, and one

day's labor in every five, from each cultivator.

In realizing the new relations thus entered into by Holland, the authorities directed that one fifth of the land subject to the levy should be devoted to such products only as found favor in the markets of Europe, as coffee, sugar, tobacco, indigo, tea, and certain spices. The commodities raised on this land were sold at a profit in Holland, giving a handsome revenue to the state, and feeding a colonial commerce of some magnitude. In course of time this system was modified. It was seen that the highest profits were obtained from coffee and sugar, and the government lands were devoted to those crops. The tribute of labor could be commuted, and greater freedom was accorded to individual cultivators, on condition of their selling one fifth of their crops to the officials, and even a larger proportion of the product at a mean price. At the present time the *corvee* applies only to coffee lands, and the exports of individuals far exceed those of the government. There is little doubt that this system has done much to build up the commerce of Java, and has produced a practical solution of the labor problem. The native was interested and encouraged in his planting, and the state obtained large profits through a long period of time. The decay of the sugar industry would offer one serious obstacle to any extension of the system, and private initiative could not apply its leading features to the Philippines without resorting to means but little short of slavery.

In each instance the native population is stationary in civilization. Indian, Chinese, and Malayan are alike in presenting few promises of awakening. A stagnating civilization is modified with difficulty, for custom has become well-nigh absolute, and determines even the particular activity of the individual in the community. In British India is to be seen a remarkable instance of such a

modification, but the results are as yet in an embryonic form. The mere conquest of the many tribes of that vast and varied empire was a problem of secondary importance to that of governing them after conquest. The occupation of territory sparsely settled by native tribes of nomads, or tribes lightly held to one locality, was a familiar experience in colonization, and the general course of events led to a solution acceptable to the colonists, however repulsive to the moral sense. The natives were exterminated or contracted into a few settlements, entirely subordinated to the newcomers, and protected in much the same manner in which a disappearing species of animal is preserved. They are not sufficiently strong to offer resistance to the change, nor are they possessed of such cohesion as to present a serious obstacle to being governed as wards of the nation, without any share whatever in the government or any voice in the disposal of their own property. The American Indian has long been in a similar position of inferiority, and the same conditions were found in Australia and exist in South Africa.

In India another set of problems presented itself. The economy of the communities of natives had become rigid through centuries of inertia. The rule of custom, absolute and unchangeable, was as opposed to the freer system of contract of the West as the mental attitude of the East was opposed to that of the invaders and conquerors. In the attempt to introduce into India the principles of government as understood in England, strange anomalies were encountered, not only neutralizing the good expected from the change, but producing such confusion as to give greater opportunity for injustice and oppression than could have occurred under the customary rule of the native princes. Years of careful study and intelligent experiment were required to devise a working system, and the process is still going on, for the subject now

bristles with difficulties awaiting adjustment.

A measure of success has followed this application of an administrative system to an alien and not receptive people. The economic consequences alone concern us, but they are necessarily connected with, and more or less dependent upon, the moral and social results. In place of diminishing in numbers, the natives are increasing so rapidly as to excite anxious forebodings in their governors. Now that they are freed from war, and relieved in part from the periodical recurrence of plague and famine, — not very long ago recognized as inevitable incidents, — few natural checks to the growth of population remain in force. Crowded as many parts of the empire are, the entire country threatens to become a huge "congested district" through the large birth-rate and the immovability of the population. The problem of employing this mass of humanity solved itself under native rule. A great part, ranging from eighty to ninety-five per cent, according to the province, was connected with the cultivation of the land and dependent upon its produce. The other part of the population lived by household industry, catering to the wants of a village or restricted territory outside of the village, and making and selling under the iron laws of custom.

About 1860 it was noticed that this household industry was suffering in many branches through outside competition, a factor almost unknown in India up to that time. The bazaars no longer dealt in native cloth, but displayed the cottons of the English looms. The metal-work of the Indian was supplanted by the products of Birmingham. The hand-workers of the East could not compete with the machinery of the West, and so they were gradually crowded from their markets and occupations, and driven to seek a living from the land, already tilled to its utmost capacity. The added burden on the agriculture of the country

threatened to produce a crisis, and would have done so had it not been for the phenomenal though temporary profits of cotton culture. The failure of the United States to grow even a share of its usual cotton crop gave India its opportunity. At the end of our civil war, India continued to raise cotton and to manufacture it on an experimental scale. Jute, rising into great commercial importance because of its cheapness and suitability for many purposes, gave another commercial interest and manufacturing industry. Finally, wheat added its somewhat uncertain profits, creating employment for many native agriculturists, and furnishing an article of export whenever the wheat markets of Europe were in need of a further supply. In this manner, after nearly forty years of slow development, India has corrected the tendency of foreign competition to crowd the entire population upon the land, and not only produces enough food for its own people, but is a large and increasingly important exporter of manufactured cotton and jute.

This record of industrial change has been dwelt upon, because it presents in a clear light certain difficulties to be encountered in seeking to develop the commerce and industry of such a country as China, where the conditions of population are not unlike those found in India. It is true the village community is not so important a social factor, and the population is freer in its movement and thought. The beliefs and superstitions of the Chinese have opposed in the past all attempts to introduce the mechanism of modern progress, and there is little reason to expect any notable reduction in this opposition for the present. The passive Indian permitted the construction of military roads, railroads, and canals of navigation and irrigation, with only a dim perception of what they might mean, and eventually with a ready acceptance of what they might offer. The Chinese see in works of a like na-

ture a violation of their most cherished beliefs, and a most potent agency for introducing and fastening upon them the influence of the hated foreigner. Concessions for railroads have been granted, and are being granted; and trading and mining privileges are still extorted from the court of Peking. The immensity of the field to be worked, and the local obstacles studiously interposed to the accomplishment of these undertakings, make a realization of the hopes of the undertakers somewhat distant and problematical.

Given the means of transportation, it does not follow that a new market of import or export would spring into being. Even the food of the Chinese, rice and beans, cannot be of European or American origin; and meats, one of the great articles of export from the United States, will find no market in the East. As to manufactured goods, at the very threshold of the Chinese market stands Japan, eager and able to seize upon every opening offered. It must be remembered, also, that at the peace Japan obtained the privilege of erecting mills and manufacturing in Chinese ports, — a privilege as yet unused, because of the determined opposition encountered. If a neighboring state, whose people are in a better position to understand the wants of China, cannot make its advantage from this privilege, how unreasonable it is to expect a distant and very alien people to get more favorable results!

Japan is yearly becoming of greater importance in the commerce of Asia, and with a twofold effect. On the one hand, her growing industries buy more foreign materials, such as American cotton and Indian yarn, English machinery and American petroleum; to that extent her progress is reflected in the widening commercial relations with the United States and Europe. On the other hand, this very progress serves as a barrier to extending the foreign trade of China with Western powers. The machinery

obtained from Europe and the raw materials secured from the United States are employed in manufacturing for China and other parts of Asia, at the expense of the countries of the West. More than that, Chinese trade suffers through the competition of Japan, the result of a more intelligent application of science to some of the leading products of that country. In any estimate of the commercial possibilities of the East, due prominence must be given to the ability of Japan to reap the larger share of any gain.

If the opportunities offered to American trade on the continent of Asia promise little, will such islands as the Philippines give better results? The market for our products will be small, limited to supplying the wants of a few white settlers. The native Malaysians do not make any demand for manufactured goods, and their wants are of the most primitive description. The supposition that the islands are so rich in minerals that a new population will flow in is one as yet not proven, and at best could not create a market commensurate with the predictions of those who believe that trade follows the flag.

Until a new population is introduced into the islands, and the industrial spirit of China awakened into activity on new lines, the existing conditions will supply whatever trade will demand. Before there can be such a development of commerce as the more sanguine count upon, China must pass through the same change that British India and Japan have endured. No merely colonial régime, in which the lands and people are regarded as plantations, to be exploited as Java and Cuba have been, will suffice. A great social revolution, one of far-reaching results, must be initiated and superintended until it is well under way. The lessons of the Dutch and English in the East deserve careful study, because they represent serious and on the whole successful attempts to solve the problem of ruling an inferior people in

such a way as to bring into force a latent economic power. If it is concluded that the policies of Germany and Russia, so far as they can be known, do not contain this fertile germ of colonization for the benefit of the governed as well as of the governors, those countries are not desirable occupants and controllers of Asia. If the extreme tariff policy of the United States is to be applied to such possessions as may fall to it at the termination of this war, the highest and most desired results cannot be attained. A century ago the colony or dependency alone had duties to perform, and duties almost entirely commercial; to-day the responsibility has been shifted to the mother country, and is mainly political. The creation of self-supporting and self-governing communities is the end of colonization. In this light Great Britain and Spain represent the two extremes; for Spain has never left a possession in a position of self-sufficiency. Only through revolutions could a stable government be secured.

If political control, with its many and serious responsibilities, be set aside, an alternative presents itself. An open port in the Philippines, it is urged, would give our exporters a fulcrum for securing immense benefits from the Asiatic trade. In support of this view the experience of the English in Hong Kong is accepted as conclusive. The plea is on its face a promising one. Since 1881 the tonnage of shipping in the foreign trade entering and clearing at Hong Kong has more than doubled in quantity, and the shipping of England has more than held its own in the increase. The actual movement of merchandise at this port is not recorded, and only indirect evidence can be obtained from the returns of other countries. As it naturally forms a distributing centre for the China coast trade, the returns of that empire should be first consulted. The value of imports into China from Hong Kong has nearly trebled since 1881, and

the same rate of increase has held for exports from China to the free port. The transactions of Japan with Hong Kong have nearly doubled, and are increasing every year at a rapid rate. So far the record is clear, and points to the advantages of a free or open port. No light is thrown on the principal point to be determined, — how far has England, or the United States, or Germany benefited by this increase?

Take British India, a possession that has much to turn into its commerce with its neighbors, and a decided advantage over distant rivals in geographical position. The entire export movement to Hong Kong, including merchandise and specie, on private and government account, was less in 1896 than it was in 1882, and the import movement had not materially altered, showing, if anything, a tendency to decrease. The mother country gives an even more discouraging showing. The exports of British goods to this Asiatic port have fallen off in value by one half since 1881, and the imports by one third. The entire trade forms but a very small item in the total movement of England's foreign commerce. The United States might be looked upon as somewhat more favored than the United Kingdom in its trade relations with the East, but it has not derived material benefit from this development of Hong Kong. The imports into the United States have decreased more than one third in a period of seventeen years, and the exports to Hong Kong have increased in about the same proportion. With this change, Hong Kong figures in the total trade of the United States for less than four tenths of one per cent, — a proportion hardly worth considering. Even Germany, with its restless and pushing commercial policy, passes over Hong Kong, and seeks to build up its interests in China itself, with only partial success. In the face of such a showing, covering a series of years marked by an almost phenome-

nal increase in the world's commerce, it is difficult to accept the theory of a free port in the Philippines as an agency to increase the importance of the United States in the East. Asia is feeding Asiatic trade, and will continue to do so without respect to any outside agency. Asia must cease to be Asia before the West can participate in its development.

The prospect of gain to ourselves becomes even less when the contingency of a partition of China among European powers is presented. If we regard recent experiments in colonization, that of the French in Tonquin must be taken as an example of a decided failure. No one of the benefits anticipated from conquest has followed the occupation of the land, and they seem as remote to-day as they ever have been. The genius of the French people has not shown itself in their colonial settlements, and the desire to exploit the new possessions by companies enjoying special and monopoly concessions has given a flavor of jobbery little creditable to the administration of these dependencies. A number of such companies, and a host of functionaries sent out from France to govern the colonies, have produced a policy costly and wearisome to the home government, distasteful to the people, who are not inclined to emigrate, and productive of profit only to a favored few. Whether in Tonquin or Madagascar, the result has been the same, and only in Algiers does France enjoy the semblance of successful management of a dependency.

The advent of Germany and Russia as claimants to a large share of the apparently moribund empire of China would mean the practical exclusion of the United States from such markets as should fall under the control of those powers. In this they would only be following the example set to them by our tariff policy, and our government would be in no position to protest while that policy remains in force. The pos-

sible union or combination of England, Japan, and the United States against the Russian and German claims, territorial and commercial, could only postpone the event, not alter the current of the inevitable. Germany might secure a foothold in China, but it would be not unlike that now enjoyed by France. She would represent an alien race, with no sympathies for the subject people, and more intent upon aggrandizement of self than upon the establishment of a dependency, to become in the future a self-governing state. An outlet for her teeming population, and a market for the ever rising tide of home manufactures, already dependent upon foreign demands for profit, would be her first aim. A purely commercial colony has little excuse for existing, and is more apt to end in disaster than with credit to the state recognizing it. Even England, with a vast and varied record in all forms of colonizing, cannot regard the Niger or the South Africa company an unalloyed success. Russia, with its genius for controlling Asiatic peoples, itself a power more Asiatic than European, will prove of greater political strength in China than Germany, but even less disposed to share commercial privileges with the outside world. Modern diplomacy is commercial and financial rather than political.

Under existing conditions, in which the United States enjoys in Chinese ports commercial privileges equal to those of any other power, the share of the trade coming to us is small, — only four per cent of the imports and twelve per cent of the exports. Were it not for silk and tea, the exports would be reduced by more than one half, and would be confined to opium, sugar, and a few articles so distinctively Chinese that they could not be obtained from any other country. With the gradual decay of the sugar trade, and the successful competition from Japan and Italy in silk, no decided increase in the takings of these

commodities may be expected. On the other side, that of imports, petroleum and cotton cloths give the greatest part of the values from the United States. In each of these articles competition is encountered. The Russian oil is making inroads into the Asiatic markets, but not to the exclusion of the American product. Japan and British India manufacture a cloth equally well adapted for the Chinese market, and it is believed at a lower cost than the American goods. This advantage, now slight, may be increased as the wants of the market are better known, and the cotton industry of Japan is better equipped in labor and machinery.

It is not in Asia that new opportunities for American commerce should be sought. A monopoly, even partial in its nature, of the Cuban and Porto Rican markets would offer far larger returns in a year than a long period of Asian trade. Not finding a market in Spain for their chief products, these islands sought others, and the United States naturally absorbed a good part. In sugar here was the only market; and under the stimulus of free sugar the cultivation of the cane was greatly extended in Cuba, often with American capital. In 1894 nearly one half of the entire import of sugars into the United States was obtained from Cuba, and it is stated with confidence that a continuance of a free market would have led to a growth in the island sufficient to meet all the needs of this country, or more than four and a half billion pounds a year. In tobacco, in fruit, in coffee, and in all tropical products, the two possessions now slipping from Spain could rise to any demand made upon them. Nor is this an idle boast, though savoring of exaggeration. The existing populations of the islands would not be equal to it, and the scheme of making them dependent on the United States, whether under a protectorate or as annexed territory, looks to the intro-

duction of a more active and less inert race, and the stimulus of larger capital, working for its own gains rather than for a band of foreign extortioners serving as the administration. The trade of a single year under favorable conditions in the past — and they could be only relatively favorable — has been six times the amount of the trade of the United States with China.

Nor would the advantage be only on the side of imports from these islands. The West Indies have always looked to the United States for certain supplies: flour and fish and such meats as are used, machinery, and wooden staves or box-shooks for packing their sugar and sugar products. The good quality of these articles was quite as potent in de-

termining the direction of the trade as any question of actual cheapness. Early in the century England sought to restrict the transactions of her West Indies with the United States, and inflicted lasting damage upon their interests. Spain has maintained the same policy in all its vigor up to the present war, and has sucked the life-blood from her colonies by that tribute and a host of similar taxes. The reciprocity agreement entered into with Spain in 1891 opened the Cuban market to American flour, and gave proof of the importance of that market to our millers. Apart from certain articles of luxury, the United States could hold its own in the two islands, and here will be found the true openings for our commerce.

Worthington C. Ford.

THE VIVISECTION OF CHINA.

THE great events which are creating such an excitement in the West Indies over the last shreds of the ancient colonial empire of Spain will undoubtedly have consequences of extreme importance, and become, in the fullest sense of the term, a part of history. But, however intense their interest, and however marked the change which they are certain to occasion in the equilibrium of the world, they remain altogether inferior in real significance to the revolutions which are taking place in the Far East.

War of some sort between America and Spain on the subject of Cuba had long been unavoidable. No less than a century ago, — at the time when France lost her plantations in San Domingo, and the republic of Hayti was born, — it was easy to foresee the rupture of the ties which had bound to the Spain of Cortez and Pizarro the insular fragments of the great hemisphere appropriated by Pope Alexander VI. The

various colonies were sure to break away, one by one, from their metropolitan step-mother, set up for themselves, and live their own life. Cuba and Porto Rico, sucked into the whirlpool of war, are but accomplishing their "manifest destiny," and fulfilling the prophecies repeatedly uttered by the historians of the last generation but one.

The progress of events in the eastern portion of the Asian continent had by no means been so fully anticipated. One might certainly have ventured to predict that there, also, populations long crushed by civil and military oppression would one day lay claim to the rights of free men; but it could never have been foreseen under what amazingly dramatic conditions the claim would be asserted. Our ancestors, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, would never have harbored, in their wildest dreams, the fantastic notion that Japan, the empire of the Rising Sun, would spontaneously

transform itself into a "European power;" European, at least, if not in language, history, and traditions, in the complete recasting of its administration, institutions, customs, and theories, in its devotion to science, and in its entire and unreserved acceptance of a policy based on observation and experience.

This is the great event of the century, — one which casts into the shade all the other occurrences of an epoch which has nevertheless been rich in memorable events. And it will be no solitary *avatar*; there are unmistakable signs that other transformations of the same character are about to take place in the vast empire of China, and in all those countries where inhabitants of different race, yellow, red, or black, are brought into close contact with the men of our own Aryano-Greco-Latin civilization. So vanishes that oft-repeated assertion of the ethnologists, that *race* is a final and irreducible fact, and that no possible progress in the perception of scientific or moral truths can ever prevail against it. It is from this point of view that the recent history of the Far East presents phenomena to which it behooves us to devote our most serious attention.

There are those, of course, who tell us that all these events are illusory; that the prodigious changes which have taken place in the Japanese world are a lying phantasmagoria and a vain show; that the national mind and character have undergone no real modification; and that the Japanese are sure to escape, sooner or later, from the sphere of European attraction. We hear them compared to savages, who, having learned in the schools of London or Paris the customs of civilization, make haste, as soon as they get back to their forests and savannas, to cast aside their conventional garments, and array themselves in the toggery consecrated by ancestral instinct and hereditary custom.

Such assertions appear to us to rest on a complete misconception of indis-

putable facts. The Japanese have most certainly entered into that realm of civilization on which Bacon and Darwin have set their seal; for if imperial caprice and the spread of bourgeois fashions have power to alter the external aspect of a nation, such influences can have but little effect on its underlying moral sense, its religious beliefs, its educational theories, and the essential principle of its institutions. But it is precisely these "foundations of society" which we have seen removed. Japan has been shaken to the very roots of its political and social being, and agents other than fashion or caprice have been called into play. Is not the suppression of the feudal system, and the substitution for it of a bourgeois organization after the European model, a fact of capital importance? And how complete were the changes effected is shown by the fact that they entailed a formidable reaction, and had to be confirmed by domestic wars, revolutions and counter-revolutions. The resistance of the *daimyo*, or feudal lords, and of the *samurai*, or lesser noblemen, continued for fifteen years, and assumed the proportions of a magnificent epic; while the shock of contact between the two societies was so violent as ultimately to shatter all the traditional moulds handed down from the Middle Ages.

These facts are no longer open to question. The amazing, and until very recently impossible spectacle has been presented of mixed marriages, — that is to say, between patricians and the proletariat; and of schools where the sons of noblemen and mechanics have sat side by side, and applied themselves to the solution of the same problems. Serfdom was abolished, setting free two millions of slaves, at the very moment when, by the strangest of historical coincidences, four millions of blacks recovered their liberty in the United States of America; and, by another curious freak of fate, it was an American, Commodore Perry, who, in 1853 and in the name of the

world's commerce, forced the opening of the Japanese ports, and thus became the chief agent in a tremendous upheaval. The tenure of property, the corner-stone of the economic system, was also revolutionized by the same blow. The land no longer belongs to the state, and peasant laborers become the virtual proprietors of the soil on payment of a tax of two and a half per cent. It is true that there have been some obstacles to the evolution of Japanese law in the direction of that Roman law, or "personal" privilege of use and abuse, which governs Europe; and the fact that speculators have seized the opportunity to buy up large tracts of forest, moor, and other waste land seems to open a vista of future revolutions. But, on the other hand, the remedy has grown up beside the evil, and the pretensions of capital aiming at an absolute sovereignty of labor are confronted by Socialism, with all the shades of opinion and tendency which it presents in the rest of the civilized world. So remarkable is the coincidence of ideas that the selfsame phrases appear to flow spontaneously from the pens of two Socialist writers, who appeal to the work-ingman, the one at Berlin, and the other at Tokio or Yokohama.

But the European art for which, unhappily, the Japanese have shown most aptitude is that of war. They have learned with astonishing rapidity how to handle firearms and bayonets, how to load and fire cannon, how to equip navies and conduct land manœuvres. In short, they have become adepts in the science of human slaughter. This people, in whom the old instincts of the Malay pirate still survive here and there, do great honor, unquestionably, to their military instructors, trained in the Prussian school. The Chinese despise the islanders of Japan precisely on account of their warlike spirit. They call them *Ou-hang*, or brutes, and say that the only two things they can do well are to give a sword-thrust and "make bang,"—

that is, let off firearms; and indeed, they had dismal personal experience, during the late war, of the homicidal talents of their adversaries.

The European influence which has been so potent and so subversive in Japan was bound to be equally so in China, and, whatever the lovers of set phrases may say to the contrary, it is already working, powerfully and effectively. But the enormous mass of the Chinese continental empire represents a body far more difficult to permeate than the archipelago of Japan, which is open on all sides. In the middle of the present century, when the kingdom of the Rising Sun had already entered decisively upon its career of readjustment, China, with a population at least ten times as great as that of Japan, was able to oppose a resistance ten or twelve times as formidable as that of the latter, to foreign elements of transformation; just as the color of a liquid seems deeper or paler to the eye according to the proportion of pure water with which it is mixed. If, as has been rashly said, China has indeed undergone no modification by foreign influence, it is because the government is petrified in the routine of a ceremonial ten centuries old. But it should be remembered that every essentially conservative government is, for that very reason, a backward government, one forced upon the nation; and that it is among the depressed masses that we have to look for its accomplished work.

In proof of what has really been achieved among the lowest of the lowly in China, we may mention first the great revolt of the Tai-ping, which may have been surpassed by previous revolutions in the loss of life and the general destruction which it entailed, but which differs from them all in having been of foreign origin. The men who provoked the conflict that broke out in 1850, side by side with the intestine disorders then agitating Europe, were all of pure Chinese

race. Rejecting the precepts of their official masters, these "yellows" were so influenced by the propaganda of certain missionaries, whom they but half understood, that they adopted the Bible as their sacred book, and caused parts of it to be translated. They raised Jesus Christ to the rank of their own gods, and recognized the Protestants of Europe and America as "brethren in the faith." They used reverently to recite the "ten great laws of Heaven," which are none other than the ten commandments of the Jews, translated very correctly, but with one addition: "Thou shalt not use unclean things;" that is to say, opium and tobacco. The communism of the primitive Christians awoke in them certain long-sleeping ancestral instincts, and caused them to proclaim a community of goods, and to devise a redistribution of landed property among groups composed of twenty-five families, who were all to live together on a single domain. For fourteen years they constituted an *imperium in imperio*, and they would most assuredly have succeeded in altering the whole equilibrium of the Chinese world had they not accepted the guidance of a wild visionary, who lost his wits under the dizzying effects of power, and who, after he had become one of the persons in the Holy Trinity, could deign to take no further notice of the affairs of earth. They also committed the mad mistake of recklessly attacking the European settlements along the coast. Europe, however, preferred dealing with the decrepit government at Peking, whose foibles she understood, and which was docile under her orders, to entering upon an untried course of wily diplomacy in order to reconcile her own interests with those of a transformed China; and troops of mercenaries of every nationality, commanded by French, English, and American adventurers, — Brethon de Coligny, d'Aiguebelle, Ward, Burgevine, Holland, and Gordon, — undertook to quell the insurrection in the interests of the Manchu-

rian government. Thus it was by aid of the European element that official China was enabled to put down a revolution largely due to European influence.

Now, however, fifty years after the revolt of the Tai-ping, changes of another sort have been accomplished, — changes all the more remarkable in that they could never have come about save by the consent of the entire nation. All over the empire railways have been built from city to city, under the direction of "red-haired" engineers; and the populace has *not* arisen and stoned these violators of the ancestral graves. The *Fang-Choui* — that is to say, the collective genii of earth, air, and water — have been dethroned at the bidding of a more powerful divinity. European industry has conquered China, launching steamboats on her rivers and erecting factories along their banks, and it is to Chinese workmen that the responsibility has been entrusted of managing and maintaining these engines of revolution.

Again, science — that genuine science which observes, experiments, and compares results — has penetrated into the Chinese schools; and the geographers among the "Sons of Heaven" have resigned themselves to the conviction that China alone does not occupy nearly the whole of the earth's surface, while the "barbarians" are relegated to nooks and corners. Students of every description are learning a new orientation of ideas: their horizon is widening; to the study of Confucius and other moral philosophers they are adding that of the savants and the economists of to-day; they are going on — it may be even too rashly — to reform their medical practice. All is movement and transformation. The very music of our European artists, to which the Chinaman was supposed to be absolutely insensible, has finally prevailed over his ancestral prejudices; and Canton, Shanghai, Fu-chau, already show a fine appreciation of the "music of the future." These are prodigious changes,

but they are due to the influence of a very small number of men. The foreign element is increasing rapidly in China, but as yet there are not more than twelve thousand civilized Europeans in the entire empire; that is to say, one to forty thousand Chinese. A quantity so infinitesimal would be utterly without importance, were it not that these foreigners, however lacking they may be, as individuals, in nobility and seriousness of purpose, are often, in spite of themselves, torch-bearers of learning and harbingers of ideas.

The nation is being modified to its depths, while the government remains obstinately conservative; that cannot be modified without going utterly to pieces. The examinations for the mandarin are kept up exactly as of old; the clumsy machine cannot adapt itself to the complete change in its environment. This is evident from the fact that the capital of the empire has remained the same since the Manchurian conquest; whereas the political situation actually required the choice of a new centre of gravity whose defense could have been more easily organized. Formerly, no doubt, the strategic importance of Peking, the "Northern Residence," was indisputable, because the dangers most readily foreseen were those which menaced the northern frontier. The emperors of the Manchurian dynasty had always reason to dread the warlike inhabitants of their former country, no less than the Mongolian hordes who were perpetually descending from their high tablelands, in the attempt to thrust the Chinese back into the plains, and install themselves in their place. This is why the capital of the empire was long maintained so far to the north of its true centre, which is that "Flower of the Midland" comprised between the two great rivers. The mandarins had to leave the peaceable tribes to themselves, in order to keep watch over their turbulent neighbors.

Behind these neighbors there loomed, with the stern front of inflexible destiny, a power more formidable than that either of Manchurians or of Mongolians, — the Muscovite power. Up to the middle of the present century the menace of Russia was still remote. Encroachment along the seaboard was apparently much more to be dreaded. While the European powers remained separated from the Far East by the whole vast mass of the continent, they had every facility for approaching it by sea; and the countries which it most behooved them to draw within the sphere of their influence were precisely the middle and southern provinces, the estuary of the Sikiang, the bay of Hang-chau, and the mouths of the Yang-tse. These, then, were the threatened points, against which the main resistance of the Chinese nation ought by rights to have been directed; and if that huge body had still possessed organic life; if the official rulers of the empire, with their hierarchy of mandarins, had not been mummified inside the walls of their trebly inclosed city, — the stately sepulchre of the court, — they could not have failed to go forth and meet the danger, as their predecessors had done at critical times.

A move toward Nanking, the "Southern Residence," would have massed the defensive forces of the state near the chief centre of wealth and population. Had the Chinese furnished such an example of spirit and sagacity under the impending peril, the internal dissensions, which were so exacerbated during the revolt of the Tai-ping, would have been in a great measure avoided, and the mandarins would never have had to undergo the humiliation of entrusting the defense of their people to mercenary foreigners. Han-kau, the commercial centre of the empire, the depot for the products of all the provinces, might also have been well chosen; but from a strategic point of view — for advantages both of defense and of attack — the spot

indicated by nature was the city of Kiukiang, perched upon a rocky peninsula on the south bank of the Yang-tse, between that mighty stream and the inland sea of Poyang, and traversed in all directions by those navigable canals which have given the great trading-centre opened by the English to European commerce the name of the "City of Rivers." From this focal point, almost equidistant from Nanking and Han-kau, highways radiate in every direction, — some by river routes, and some by mountain passes: first, toward all points in the great river basin of the Flower of the South; then southeast in the direction of Fu-chau, southwest toward Canton, and north toward Kai-feng and Peking. But no! If ever the government, now paralyzed by alarm, should quit Peking, it would be to retreat toward Singan; or rather, into the interior, by the defiles of the Hwang-ho. Such a movement would be nothing more nor less than flight, — a final proof of irremediable intimidation.

And so, while the rulers of China, shut up in their palaces, are allowing themselves to be lulled into a fatal slumber by the crooning of the old formulas, events are taking their course. At the close of the Japanese war, the Emperor of China, who had been saved by the intervention of the European powers, turned over and went to sleep again. He was rudely awakened by a fresh calamity. One fine morning — it was the 4th of November, 1897 — news arrived that the Germans had seized the bay of Kiao-chau, on the southern side of the peninsula of Shan-tung. The choice was unquestionably the best that could have been made, and this important event was probably determined by the advice of the eminent geographer Richt-hofen. It is true that this bay does not open directly upon the Gulf of Pechili, and does not appear to command the city of Peking; but appearances are deceitful. The position of Kiao-chau

combines what would seem to be opposite advantages. Situated nearer the centre of China and its fertile plains than the towns on the Gulf of Pechili, it is at the same time more easily accessible from the high seas; and it also communicates with the northern district by means of a level region, extremely busy and populous, where nothing would be easier than to construct a railway, and where advantage might even be taken of the bed of an ancient stream to dig a canal which would require no locks. Kiao-chau would thus be connected with the opposite shore of the Gulf of Pechili, and would command two seas. If this natural highway were closely guarded by German troops, it would cut off, so to speak, from the continent all the mountainous region to the east of Shan-tung, and it would sever from the empire and virtually absorb the extensive territory comprising the great port of Chi-fu and the much disputed military position of Wei-hai-wei. Ten millions of people, together with strategic and commercial points of the utmost importance, have thus been detached, at one blow, from China, and brought within the sphere of German influence. Moreover, Kiao-chau is the natural port of a mining region extremely rich in coal, and a concession has already been obtained for the construction of several railways which will ramify all over the interior, even to the promised land of the Yellow Sun.

By way of parrying this master stroke, which for the rest had been delivered with singular ostentation, Russia took an instantaneous resolve; and, like Germany, she proceeded to seize upon the port, or the assemblage of ports, which offered the greatest political advantages to herself. As a matter of fact, it does deeply concern Russia to get possession of the countries which border upon her empire and its dependencies. Now, continental Manchuria, across which the Tsar's engi-

neers are already carrying the eastern section of the trans-Siberian railway, may almost be considered a part of Holy Russia; all that is needed being to add to the territory already annexed the peninsula of Liao-tung, a sharp point, running out in the direction of China, and aptly described upon the Chinese maps by the name of "The Sword." Citadels, arsenals, and formidable redoubts occupy the extremity of the peninsula, offering safe shelter to the Russian fleet, and easy access, at all times of the year. Port Arthur and Talién-wan are like two bolts which secure the approach by sea to northern China, and Russia can draw or withdraw them at her will. Being essentially a continental power, she can thus pursue her victorious march across the continent of Asia without having to double the peninsula of Corea. Russian invasion, in this quarter, wears the aspect of a rising tide. From Slav to Mongolian, from Mongolian to Chinaman, the transitions are insensible. The southern frontier of Siberia is being altered, so to speak, before our eyes, for a distance of thousands of miles; the fact being that the immense territory comprising Kashgaria, Mongolia, and Manchuria, which is being gradually Russified by the prestige of the White Tsar, covers an extent of fifteen hundred thousand square miles, — a territory almost seven times as large as France, and containing a population of at least thirty millions. It is plain that the balance of the world is going to be greatly affected by an historical phenomenon which at first sight seemed unimportant.

There is but one power, after Russia, which can aim with any chance of success at the permanent annexation of China, or even a portion of her territory, and that power is Japan. Stretching in a series of curves along the front of the Chinese territory, the Japanese archipelago offers a sort of preliminary step to the shores of the Flower of the Midland; and if the European powers

had not intervened to arrest the victors in the late war, they would soon have effected a solid lodgment upon the Chinese coast. But the fragment of the continent on which their hearts are specially set is the peninsula of Corea, which, by its formation and its position between two gulfs, seems rather to belong to the collective insular territory of the Rising Sun. Even now, in their childish boastful talk, the men of Japan speak of Corea as belonging to themselves, and her merchants and artisans assume that their shops and factories will, in future, be erected there. Thanks to the possession of Liu-kiu, and the conquest of Formosa and the Pescadores, which form a kind of line of circumvallation, the Japanese do really command, in a military sense, the seas of Eastern China; and the development of Corea, with its ten millions of inhabitants, would but afford a new opening for the yearly emigration, which is already considerable, and must needs become larger and larger, since the annual increase in the inhabitants of that confined archipelago amounts to more than three hundred thousand souls. The treaty lately concluded with Russia appears to give entire satisfaction in the empire of the Rising Sun; for while stipulating that the sovereign of Corea shall continue to reign independently under the double protection of the two high contracting powers, the compact recognizes, and by so doing encourages, the commercial and industrial preëminence of Japan in Corea. That the colonists and speculators of Japan are in actual possession of the peninsula is proved by the tenor of this diplomatic agreement; and whatever may be the remote consequences of this move of theirs, even though it should entail a terrible convulsion at some future day, they will none the less have been the leading spirits, for a time, in a great political work.

Russia's attitude, in thus generously conceding to Japan the first place in the

Corean *condominium*, has been determined by the conduct of Great Britain, which does not seem, in the present instance, to have been particularly astute. England has never yet played, in the northern seas of the Far East, that leading part which she believes to be her due. In 1885, for example, after she had seized Port Hamilton in the Nanhau group, she proceeded to evacuate it, at the invitation of Russia, who undertook, on her part, never, upon any pretext, to occupy any Corean port. But we all know what such promises are worth. Hardly two lustres have elapsed since then, and Russia is already signing, with another rival, a compact implying very different views. England, meanwhile, startled by the transformation scene at Kiao-chau and the capture of Manchuria by the Russians, proceeded to demand her slice of the cake, and fixed her eyes upon Wei-hai-wei, under peril of wounding the sensibilities of the Japanese, who were still holding that witness to their triumph over China, and had hoped, no doubt, to keep it, in case the court of Peking failed to pay the promised indemnity.

It was no light thing thus to mortify a people who hold their grudges with peculiar tenacity, and to throw them back upon a closer alliance with Russia, — the enemy whom England has to encounter at all points, from Constantinople to Peshawur, and from Peshawur to Hankau. From a political point of view, this risk might have been justified by conquests of exceptional value; but Wei-hai-wei is absolutely of no value to the English, save as a station for docks and arsenals, and for keeping a close watch over the great neighboring market of Chi-fu. As a strategic point, at the entrance to the Gulf of Pechili, Wei-hai-wei is very inferior to Port Arthur, which actually commands the inner waters; nor can it compare with the German Kiao-chau, of which the appurtenances and dependencies extend into the

very heart of the Chinese territory, and which is thus in a position to neutralize any movement from the interior. The very costly military station of Wei-hai-wei in no way augments the real strength of England, whose commercial interests all centre in the south, on the shores of the Flower of the Midland, and in the valleys of Sikiang and of the Yang-tse.

An unexpected event, almost grotesque in the sharp contrast which it affords to the usual slow phases of Oriental diplomacy, has improved, though quite indirectly, Great Britain's position with regard to Russia: The destruction of the Spanish fleet in the bay of Manila, with its inevitable consequences, — that is to say, the prolonged, and it may be permanent intervention of North American influence among the islands of Indonesia, — will certainly react, in an increase of prestige, upon that nation, which is most closely bound to the American republic by language, sympathy, and common traditions. There can be no question that in the popular imagination, of the Orientals especially, the Americans and the English, however different in many ways, even in the admixture of ethnic elements, are looked upon as sister nations; or rather, as one and the same nation under different administrations. Experience shows that, at grave crises, the two English-speaking peoples have outbursts of sympathetic feeling, — a sort of gush of mutual affection, not to say common patriotism, which is powerful enough at times to manifest itself in semi-official acts. A "Greater Britain," very much greater even than that of which the politicians were talking but yesterday, is looming in the near future. It is a fact of the first importance, showing as it does how the very shrinkage of the earth, brought about by the progress of science and by increased facilities of communication, has the effect of enlarging men's minds and of broadening every question. Contemporaneous history is far outstep-

ping the narrow conceptions of the Monroe Doctrine. That doctrine was reasonable in its day, and sufficed for a time for the political guidance of America; but it has been shattered once for all by its own indirect extension,—the very first act in the war of Cuban independence having taken place at the Philippines, or precisely at the antipodes of the Pearl of the Antilles. The world's equilibrium is destroyed at once, and Spain, France, the German Empire, Great Britain, Japan, China, Europe and Asia, are agitated alike. "America for the Americans"! How trivial the formula in comparison with that other, equally applicable to all races and countries, "A free land for free men"! History is making haste, and precipitating the consequences of previous events.

But what is to become of China herself, in this squabble of the nations about her territory? In the first place, it is quite evident that the four hundred millions of the "children of Han" do *not* constitute, for Europe, a "yellow peril," in the sense lately given to that term by certain pessimistic prophets. The Chinese have survived by many centuries their belligerent age. More civilized in this respect than the Europeans themselves, they do not believe that "iron is good only to make swords of;" and if they are compelled to fall into military step, it will always be against their own convictions that they engage in wars of conquest or even of defense. Mongolians and Manchurians will doubtless serve as recruits in the Russian armies, but they will never again invade Europe in independent hordes, as the Huns and the Mongols did in days of yore.

The civilized world is no more hemmed in by barbarians, as it was at the downfall of the Roman Empire. It is the barbaric regions, on the contrary, which have become rapidly diminishing fragments, melting like icicles in the sun.

But ought the term "yellow peril" to be understood as implying a different

sort of menace, and one much more to be dreaded than the first, were it ever to be realized? Will the countries which have achieved an "Aryan" civilization—that is to say, Europe and the New World—have to encounter the competition of the Far East in the labor market, under such conditions of inferiority that the centre of industrial and commercial civilization will be removed toward the Flower of the Midland, entailing a widespread material ruin, of which moral decadence will be the inevitable result? This fear is equally chimerical. Doubtless there will be great alterations in the balance of power among the different nations of the earth, no less than in the activity of their several markets. Doubtless, brute capital, ever eager to obtain the most labor for the lowest wage, will speculate as long as practicable on the traditional moderation of the Chinese and Japanese; but in the end there will assuredly be something like an equalization in the rewards of the great industries. Even now, we are told, the Chinaman in New York or Boston knows perfectly well how to secure for his labor the same pay that his white rival gets; while, at the same time, how many Irish workmen, Lombard *contadini*, and Russian *moujiks* are painfully striving to keep soul and body together, at famine prices,—prices quite as low as those of which the poorest Japanese complains! There will be no change in the relations of labor and capital save this: that they will henceforth contend upon a broader stage; that all social questions will be discussed openly, before the great public, with a full understanding on the part of the opponents that their struggle involves the disinherited in all parts of the globe. Everything now assumes an international character; and as the Americans have set out in the present war by enlarging the narrow bounds of the Caribbean Sea so as to take in the seas of the Far East, so every labor crisis

hereafter, every strike and lockout, every lowering or raising of wages, will be propagated from country to country, as far as the ends of the earth. What passes in China or Japan will affect Europe and America; and the events which take place among ourselves will make part of the history of our autochthones.

Thus, all things lead us back to the larger human question: the shock of navies in the Chinese seas; annexations

of territory consummated by this power or that, to the detriment of the Flower of the Midland; commercial and industrial societies, founded upon the European model, in lands but lately closed to the "barbarian," — all those facts, in short, of contemporary life which in their rapid succession help to confront us with that supreme problem of "bread and justice for all," which each one of us is bound to study for himself.

Elisée Reclus.

PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

THE recent visit of Prince Kropotkin to America has called attention anew to one of the most remarkable men of this generation. The career of perhaps no other man living has been so striking in its contrasts. An aristocrat by birth, he deliberately sacrificed great wealth and high position to become a revolutionist and a refugee, exchanging the favor of the Russian court for a prison cell and perpetual exile. He has won fame in two directions, — as an explorer and a scientist, and as the foremost of the communist Anarchists. From whatever point of view, his personality and his work are an interesting study.

Prince Peter Kropotkin was born in Moscow, December 9, 1842. His family, descended from the house of Rurik, belongs to the older or Moscow aristocracy, and is of a more ancient stock than the reigning dynasty of the Romanoffs. It used to be said by his intimates that Kropotkin had a much better claim to the throne than Alexander II., "who was only a German." Prince Kropotkin's father, General Alexander Kropotkin, held a prominent position in the military service of the Tsar. He was essentially a soldier, with the strength and defects of the military temper. His ambition for his son was a career in

the army; nothing else seemed to him worth while. For the life of the civilian he felt a sort of contempt, and the tastes and accomplishments of the scholar he could not understand. When the prince wished to take lessons in music, his father said roughly that all a man needed to know about music was how to turn the pages for a lady. Skill in horsemanship was better than any amount of knowledge. His mother, who died while he was very young, was of a different disposition. She was a highly educated woman, possessing remarkable intellectual powers and much personal beauty. Her character was so lovable that the serfs of the estate were devoted to her; her unselfishness, her delicate consideration for others, won all hearts. Prince Kropotkin is his mother's son. According to the traditions of the family, he closely resembles his maternal grandfather and uncles. When his father married again, some of the household servants hinted to the newcomer that she should treat the children with special care. As may be imagined, this did not promote domestic peace. Kropotkin was at this time about five and a half years of age, his brother Alexander was a year older, and another brother, Nicholas, and a sister, Helen, were older still.

At the age of eight the prince was enrolled in the school of the pages at St. Petersburg, and at the age of fifteen he became a pupil in the school, which was open only to the sons of nobility. He was a favorite among his comrades and in the court circle. An honorable career in the government service was expected for him by his friends, as a matter of course. His life would very likely resemble that of his first cousin, Prince Dmitri Kropotkin, who was an aide-de-camp to the Emperor, then governor-general of Korao at the age of thirty, and afterward governor-general of Kharkoff. During the four years spent in the school of the pages young Kropotkin distinguished himself in his studies, and his distaste for a military life became pronounced; but he well knew that his father would not permit him to follow his natural bent and enter the university. At this time the early liberal tendencies of Alexander II. were in the ascendant, and the spirit of reform was in the air. Kropotkin, in sympathy with this spirit, believed implicitly that the Tsar was determined to do away with administrative abuses, and give constitutional freedom to his subjects. The more remote parts of the empire offered a wide field to any one who cared to take part in the prosecution of these reforms. When, therefore, the time came for him to decide upon his future, Prince Kropotkin, to the amazement of his friends and the displeasure of his father, enrolled himself as a lieutenant in the Cossacks of the Amur, choosing a service far from brilliant or attractive. General Kropotkin was only partially reconciled to this action of his son when the words of the Emperor to the young prince were reported to him. "Go," said Alexander. "One can be useful anywhere."

A congenial task awaited him. General Kukel, governor-general of Transbaikalia, a province of Eastern Siberia, received orders from St. Petersburg to

prepare a report on the prisons of the province, and the duty was assigned to Kropotkin, who was an aide to the governor. The horrors that this investigation revealed were appalling. The cruelty and corruption of the prison officials would have convinced him of the hopelessness of reform, had he not had faith in the Tsar. He still thought that when the Emperor knew of these abuses they would cease forever. But this sanguine expectation was doomed to disappointment. Alexander II. was now weary of a liberal policy. General Kukel was removed from office, his successor was opposed to any changes for the better, and the report on the prison system was pigeonholed, and never heard from thereafter. A scheme for local government which Kropotkin had helped to formulate was unceremoniously rejected. Utterly disheartened, he turned away for the time from further attempting to lessen the wretchedness about him. Appointed attaché for Cossacks' affairs to the governor-general of Eastern Siberia, he undertook a series of explorations into the most remote regions of the empire, and even into China. He crossed North Manchuria from Transbaikalia to the Amur by way of Mergen, and in the same year was on board the first steamboat which made its way up the Sungari to Girin. On these and other expeditions he was sometimes shut off for months from communication with the civilized world; but he endured hardships with a cheerful courage which won for him the enthusiastic admiration and affection of his rough companions. He devoted himself, with the trained powers of the man of science, to the painstaking study of the natural features of the regions that he visited. The accounts of these expeditions were published subsequently in the proceedings of the Russian and Siberian Geographical Society. After five years in Siberia he returned to St. Petersburg, with an established reputation as an explorer and

a scientist, although he was but twenty-five years of age. He had given himself unreservedly to the cause of administrative reform, and had discovered that his best efforts had been in vain. He then turned to science for consolation and occupation.

On his arrival at St. Petersburg Prince Kropotkin was warmly received. Although the favor of the Tsar toward him was already waning, he was popular in the court circle. He was made a chamberlain to the Tsarina; decorations were bestowed upon him, and he was made the recipient of many attentions. His brilliant conversation and charming manners won friends for him everywhere. Interesting tales were current of his daring and chivalrous exploits in Siberia. All sorts of romantic adventures were attributed to him. On account of his conspicuous services to science, he was elected a member of the Geographical Society, and later the secretary of the Physical Geography section of the society. He was a student for four years at the University of St. Petersburg, where he won distinction in the mathematical department. His father disapproved strongly of his course in entering the university, and emphasized his disapproval by withholding from that time the least contribution to his support, but there was no formal rupture between father and son. He and his brother Alexander, who was also a student, supported themselves by writing for the press and by teaching. After completing his university course, Prince Kropotkin was sent by the Geographical Society to Finland to investigate certain geological phenomena. It was his ambition at this time to be appointed secretary of the Geographical Society, a position which would give him congenial occupation and assure him a livelihood. He was offered the coveted appointment while in Finland, but the offer came too late; an inward change made its acceptance impossible. The

condition of the Finnish peasantry was most pitiable. Abject poverty and hopeless suffering abounded everywhere. The sight of this misery made an irresistible appeal to the heart of the young prince. What could geology do for the relief of these poor people? Love for his fellow men was stronger in him than love for science, and the stronger love prevailed. At about this time news came of the death of General Kropotkin, and his son became the inheritor of a large fortune in his own right. He decided to accept this inheritance, but to use it only for the good of mankind. The inward command to devote himself to the cause of human liberty had grown, until now its sway over him was absolute and destined to be permanent.

But what was to be done? He had made trial of administrative reform and found it impossible. He must have some positive programme, some definite scheme of social reconstruction. The Paris Commune of 1871 had an influence on the revolutionary movement in Russia and in other countries. To Kropotkin, the Commune, despite its overthrow, seemed to demonstrate the ability of the people to cast off the yoke of oppression, and to assert their own sovereignty. In the spring of 1872 he visited Belgium and Switzerland, and came into contact with the International Workingmen's Association. It will be recalled that there were two parties in this famous revolutionary organization, each of which was struggling for supremacy: the Socialist party, led by Karl Marx, and the Anarchist party, led by Bakunin. Kropotkin was at first inclined toward the Socialists, but soon found his faith and work with the Anarchists. This was not a case of sudden conversion,—an aristocrat and a scholar one day becoming the next day a democrat and a revolutionist. When Kropotkin embraced the Anarchist doctrine, he simply took the final step in a process which began in his youth. It is not

difficult to understand why Anarchism should have attracted him rather than Socialism. The Russian government was the embodiment of the principle of centralized authority; since under this government the people were oppressed, and reform was impossible, the only effectual remedy was to sweep away government altogether. But the Socialists under Marx proposed to establish the Socialist régime and maintain it through a Socialist state; they clung to the principle of centralization, and carried it to its furthest limit. That programme, as Kropotkin regarded it, meant the breaking of old fetters only to substitute new ones.

He could now devote himself to a definite propaganda. He returned to St. Petersburg, and was admitted to membership in the revolutionary party known as the Tchaikovsky. He drew up the plan of organization and the programme of the party, but he was not at this time, nor ever in his life, connected with any conspiracy. Indeed, the revolutionists had not yet been driven to engage in the policy of terrorism sometimes called the "propaganda of the deed." It was a campaign of education upon which Kropotkin entered. His gift of popular speech fitted him for effective work of this kind. Under the assumed name of Borodin, he began to lecture to workingmen upon the history of the International Association and the principles of the revolutionary movement. They listened to him with the greatest interest, and spread the news of the agitation among their fellows in the Alexander-Nevsky district of the city. The only crime Kropotkin committed was to have radical convictions regarding the cause of and the cure for social injustice, and to utter his convictions freely. The despotism, however, with perfect consistency, recognized free speech as its most formidable foe. Borodin was, of course, a seditious character, and it was not long before he discovered that the police were on his track; but he was able to

evade them until the lectures were finished. He was then about to go into the country in the disguise of an itinerant artist, to continue the agitation among the peasants, when he was pointed out to a policeman on the street, one day, by a workingman who had been bribed to betray him. Borodin at first refused to disclose his real name, but his landlady was the innocent means of revealing to the authorities that their captive was Prince Kropotkin. His arrest occurred in March, 1874, when he was thirty-two years old. He was never tried, but was imprisoned in the bastille of St. Petersburg, the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, where he remained for more than two years. The news that one of the most eminent scientific men and best known noblemen in the empire was a political prisoner caused a great sensation. The Tsar himself was profoundly moved. The most subtle and persistent persuasions were used by persons of the highest rank, who visited Kropotkin in his confinement, to induce him to abandon his errors, but without effect. His cell, which was in a casemate, was badly lighted, imperfectly ventilated, and never free from dampness. The food was almost intolerable. Little wonder that he fell ill, and that his health became permanently impaired. To the day of his death, he will never be free from the terrible effects of that imprisonment.

In addition to his bodily suffering, Prince Kropotkin was racked with anxiety concerning the fate of his brother Alexander, who was in Switzerland at the time of the arrest. On hearing what had happened, Alexander Kropotkin hastened home. Knowing that it was idle to work for the release of his brother, he strove to secure some mitigation of the hardships of his situation. His request that books and writing material be given to the prisoner was seconded by the Geographical Society, and was finally granted. Thus it came about that a large part of Kropotkin's great

est scientific work, a treatise on the Glacial Period, — subsequently published in the proceedings of the Geographical Society, — was written within prison walls. Alexander Kropotkin was not sparing in his denunciation of the government for its treatment of his brother. A letter which he wrote fell into the hands of the police. No other incriminating papers were found, and there was no other evidence against him. Yet he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to exile in Siberia. While in prison word was brought him that one of his children was dying. He asked permission to go to the child and bid it a last farewell: he would promise, as a man of honor, to come back; they might send with him as large a guard as they pleased. But his request was refused. After twelve years of exile, Alexander Kropotkin sought the only relief possible to him, and took his own life.

The report of his brother's arrest reached Prince Kropotkin, but all information as to his fate was denied him. After he had spent more than two years in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, his illness became so serious that, most fortunately, he was transferred to the military hospital. Forthwith he began to devise plans for escape. He feigned the greatest weakness, so as to lessen the watchfulness of the officers, and he established communication by ingenious methods with friends on the outside. Every day he was permitted to walk in the court-yard, and then, if at all, was his opportunity for escape. At this time of year the winter's supply of wood was being taken in, and the gate was open. He worked out with thorough care the chances of being shot by the sentinel at the critical instant, and he concluded that they were in favor of escape. He determined by a delicate calculation the point in the march of the sentinel most timely for his making the rush to the gate. Friends without were to have a carriage in waiting, and the signal was

to be given by sending up a red air-ball. The appointed day came, but, when too late to make any change in details, it was ascertained that a red air-ball could not be obtained at any toy-shop in the city. The second attempt was successful. A room was hired in an upper story of a building overlooking the hospital, and a friend kept watch from the window. At the right moment he was to play upon a violin, ceasing when danger appeared. Once more the time agreed upon arrived. When circumstances seemed most propitious, the prisoner dashed for the gate; but he was so feeble that the sentinel almost overtook him, and barely missed thrusting him through with his bayonet. His friends hurried the fugitive into the carriage, and he was safe. When the alarm was sounded in the hospital, the officer in charge was panic-stricken, and did not recover self-possession until successful pursuit was hopeless. Kropotkin was smuggled out of the country, in the disguise of a military officer. He passed through Sweden and Norway, crossed over to Hull, and thence went to Edinburgh. His property, of course, had been confiscated by the government, and he earned a precarious subsistence in Edinburgh and London by writing for *Nature* and the *Times*. Expecting to return to Russia at some time in the near future, he concealed his identity, and this gave rise to an amusing circumstance. He was asked by the editor of the *Times* to write a review of his own book on the *Orography of Eastern Siberia*! This dilemma forced him to tell his real name; but the editor promised to keep the secret, and thought it not improper that the author should review himself.

One who had endured so much for his convictions could not easily forget them. After remaining a short time in Great Britain, Prince Kropotkin went to Switzerland, which was the centre of the revolutionary movement outside of Russia. There the Russian police began

a systematic espionage upon his movements, which has not ceased up to the present time, and this compelled him to abandon all thought of returning home. He has not visited his native land since 1876. As an escaped prisoner he is excluded from the amnesty granted to some of the other political offenders, and there is probably no man whom the Russian government would more gladly get within its power. The following incident shows the eagerness of the secret police to seize him. A friend of his, in high official position in Russia, conveyed to him the particulars of a plot by which he was to be kidnapped. Police sent from Russia into Switzerland in disguise were to waylay him in some solitary place, and he was simply to disappear. The names of persons involved in the plot and all details were given. Kropotkin, on the advice of a friend, placed in the hands of a prominent representative of the *London Times* a full account of the affair, and then informed the plotters what he had done; stating that if any harm befell him the *Times* would publish the inner history of the matter, with the names of the persons concerned in it. That put an end to the plot.

During the three or four years that he remained in Switzerland, Kropotkin carried on a vigorous propaganda of Anarchist ideas by means of lectures, conferences, and writing for the press. He began at Geneva the publication of a journal called *Le Révolté*, in which he set forth the evils of the present social system, and appealed with intense earnestness to all who cared for justice to abolish these evils by abolishing law and government. A series of papers entitled *Les Paroles d'un Révolté* were published in this journal, and afterward collected and issued in book form. Kropotkin was now recognized by Anarchists everywhere as their intellectual leader. March 13, 1881, Alexander II. was killed by a dynamite bomb. There was not only no evidence to implicate any

of the Russian refugees in this affair, but it was impossible, in the nature of the case, that they should have had any connection with it. As Stepiak has shown, no persons outside of Russia could direct or even have previous knowledge of Nihilist undertakings. Such terrible secrets could not be communicated by post or telegraph; orders could not be given or received except in person and on the ground. Kropotkin believed and said that the death of the Tsar was an inevitable result of his reactionary and oppressive policy, and that in this sense his fate was deserved. In the panic which followed this event the Russian government remembered Kropotkin, always a prominent object of suspicion and hatred, and Switzerland was informed that it would be very acceptable to Russia if he were invited to leave the country. The Swiss authorities could not disregard such a request, and the prince was compelled to depart. After a brief visit to England, he returned to the Continent and took up his abode in France, at Thonon, near the Swiss border, continuing his propaganda among French workingmen. He advocated, as before, a social revolution which should sweep away the organized state, and abolish the right of private property and all external authority. "Do what you like," said Kropotkin. Such was his confidence in human nature that he believed that if the individual were freed from all restraint, peace and good will would prevail universally among men; the Golden Rule would become the unconscious and natural law of life. With unwearied energy he urged the adoption of these ideas, in public addresses and in print. The journal which was suppressed at Geneva was revived at Paris under the name *La Révolte*. Again suppressed, it was once more revived as *Les Temps Nouveaux*, the publication of which is still continued at Paris. This paper is edited with much ability, and is the leading organ of the Anarchists. It is issued

weekly, with a literary supplement, and is comparatively moderate in tone.

During the winter of 1882 labor disorders were rife in the vicinity of Lyons. Numerous strikes occurred, and the feeling of working people toward the capitalist class became intensely bitter. Revolutionary utterances were freely indulged in at public meetings, and the government was unsparingly denounced. The crisis was reached when dynamite explosions took place at Montceau-les-Mines and in a café at Lyons. These disorders, it was affirmed by the authorities, were to be traced to the incendiary teaching of Kropotkin, and in consequence he and many others were arrested. Their trial began at Lyons, January 8, 1883, and lasted eleven days. The accused, fifty-two in number, among whom was Louise Michel, were charged with affiliation with the International Association, which aimed at the "suspension of labor, the abolition of property, the family, country, and religion," and of being guilty of an attack upon the public peace. The International Association, to be sure, had ceased to exist some years before, but the judgment declared that the law of 1872 against the International applied also to the Lyons Revolutionary Federation, of which it was really a branch or survival. It was proved that Prince Kropotkin was in London at the time of the dynamite explosions, and that he had no connection with the persons responsible for these explosions. He was convicted, however, of the charge of reorganizing the International Association, in spite of the fact that the chief of the Lyons police admitted that he did not believe the International had been reorganized. The mere trial of the case before the Cour Correctionnelle was equivalent to conviction. The fact was, there were reasons of state, as afterward appeared, which made the imprisonment of Kropotkin desirable, and this was practically decided upon before the trial. He was

condemned to five years in prison, ten years of police supervision, five years' deprivation of civil rights, and the payment of a fine of two thousand francs. It was significant that all who took part in the prosecution received Russian decorations.

For the next three years Kropotkin was again a prisoner, this time in republican France, at Clairvaux. The governor of the prison, perhaps because he feared that the Anarchists committed to his care might make reprisals upon him on their release if they were treated with severity, was inclined to be lenient toward them. Nevertheless, this second imprisonment had its peculiar trials. Princess Kropotkin took lodgings in the village, and every unusual sound within the prison inclosure filled her with terror. When a guard fired at a prisoner who, in defiance of the regulations, ventured to stand too near the window of his cell, she was in an agony of apprehension lest it was her husband who had been shot. He passed his time in writing, reading, and making experiments in intensive agriculture on a patch of ground fifty feet square. The privilege of walking with his wife in the governor's garden was proposed to him, but he declined the favor because it could not be shared by his comrades in misfortune. Meantime, agitation for the release of Kropotkin never ceased in France and in England. A petition for his pardon was signed by every scientific man of eminence in Great Britain, and by learned associations almost without number, including the Council of the British Museum. In the public prints his cause was pleaded earnestly and unceasingly by able men. Immediately after his imprisonment, M. Clémenceau and his friends organized a movement in his behalf in the Chamber of Deputies, and every time the question was agitated many votes were gained for him. No rest was given to the government: "Kropotkin, Kropotkin," was the incessant

challenge of the opposition. Under all this pressure he would soon have been set free, but for the real cause of his condemnation, the influence of Russia. After three years, one day when the question of amnesty to prisoners was being debated in the Chamber, and the government was hard pushed, in an unguarded moment M. de Freycinet said that Kropotkin could not be released on account of a "question of diplomacy." This rash admission was a blunder which could be remedied only by the immediate pardon of Kropotkin; for the government could not permit itself to avow that it kept a man in prison solely to please Russia. He was therefore liberated by a decree of the President of the Republic, January 15, 1886. Immediately the French ambassador at St. Petersburg was treated with such marked discourtesy by the Tsar that he gave up his post and returned to Paris.

For the past twelve years Prince Kropotkin has lived quietly in England with his wife and child. Although an exile from his native land, and unable to enter with safety two, perhaps three other European countries, with impaired health, forced to rely upon his own exertions for the maintenance of his family, held accountable for deeds he did not commit and could not have prevented, he is neither an embittered nor an unhappy man. Even now the Russian government keeps watch upon his movements, and when he came to America followed him with watchfulness. He lives an almost ideal existence in his vine-clad cottage in Kent, respected and loved by a multitude of friends in high places and among humble folk. Princess Kropotkin is in hearty sympathy with her husband's beliefs, and is a sharer in his intellectual pursuits.

The published work of Kropotkin is of a twofold character, relating in part to science and in part to social reform. His earlier scientific works were written in the Russian language, and published

in the proceedings of the Russian and Siberian Geographical Society, and have not been translated into English. Among these are accounts of his various explorations in Siberia. His chief geographical work is a Sketch of the Geography of Eastern Siberia; the most important of all his scientific writings is his Researches in the Glacial Period, the first volume of which was written when he was in prison, and published by the Geographical Society. His articles on recent science have been for some years a feature of the Nineteenth Century Review. It is significant not only of his learning, but also of his character, that he should have been the first to study and to write concerning Mutual Aid among Animals. He has been a frequent contributor to Nature; his name appears often in the proceedings of the London Geographical Society; he is the author of important articles in the Encyclopædia Britannica, Chambers's Encyclopædia, the Statesman's Year Book, and Chisholm's Gazetteer. In the domain of science he considers himself primarily a geographer, like his intimate friend and fellow Anarchist, Professor Elisée Reclus. His studies in intensive agriculture are exceedingly suggestive and valuable, and connect the man of science and the revolutionist. His contention is that the cultivation of the soil is in its infancy; that the earth has practically unlimited powers of production, which await development by science and industry; and therefore, during the early stages of the social revolution as well as forever after, the problem of the food supply will present no difficulty. Up to the present time he has written and published but one book in the English language, and that has had a curious history. It is entitled In Russian and French Prisons, and it appeared in London in 1887, bearing the imprint of a well-known publishing house. But one edition, although a rather large one, was issued, and soon afterward the firm of

publishers ceased to exist. The book had been upon the market only a short time, when it vanished suddenly; not a single copy could be purchased. The author himself advertised in order to secure one, offering a considerable premium above the publishers' price, but to no purpose. This book is in the Boston Public Library, but it is rarely found even in the best libraries, and probably a copy could not now be obtained at any price. What is the meaning of this mysterious disappearance? The only plausible explanation is that, as the book gave a truthful account of Russian prisons, it was bought up and destroyed by agents of the Russian government.

Kropotkin has written extensively upon Anarchism, and is considered by Anarchists everywhere as the leading expositor of their ideas. His two books upon this subject, written in French and published in Paris, are *Les Paroles d'un Révolté* and *La Conquête du Pain*. The first of these is directed against the present social order, and is an appeal to the people to throw off the fetters of government, and to inaugurate a new and better era. *La Conquête du Pain*, with a preface by Elisée Reclus, has been called by Zola *un vrai poème*. It has been translated into German, Dutch, Spanish, and Portuguese, and a Norwegian translation has recently appeared, which contains a preface by Georg

Brandes. This book is constructive; it gives a picture of society under the Anarchist régime, when "everything is everybody's," and brotherly consideration of each for all others prevails. In addition to these two books, he has written constantly for the Anarchist press, and many pamphlets and tracts, which sell at a low price and have a large circulation, have come from his hand. Of one of these pamphlets, *An Appeal to the Young*, more than one hundred thousand copies have been distributed. It is characteristic of the man that he should find time to write without compensation for obscure Anarchist journals, when all that he can produce with his pen on scientific subjects finds a ready market, and he is frequently forced to decline remunerative offers for review articles.

Kropotkin's range of knowledge is very wide. He is more or less conversant with upwards of twenty languages, and in several of these is entirely at home; he is an accomplished mathematician; he draws and paints skillfully, and is something of a musician. His industry and versatility are amazing. Yet one does not wish to turn away from the consideration of such a man with reference merely to his attainments. Rather, one would like to dwell upon his unselfishness, his faith in humanity, his intuitive and unfaltering devotion to the most exalted moral ideals.

Robert Erskine Ely.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

I.

Moscow is a city of slow historical growth, and down to the present time its different parts have wonderfully well retained the features which have been stamped upon them in the slow course of history. The Trans-Moskva River dis-

trict, with its broad, sleepy streets and its monotonous gray-painted, low-roofed houses, of which the entrance-gates remain securely bolted day and night, has always been the secluded abode of the merchant class, and the stronghold of the outwardly austere, formalistic, and despotic Nonconformists of the "Old Faith."

The citadel, or Kreml, is still the stronghold of church and state; and the immense space in front of it, covered with thousands of shops and warehouses, has been for centuries a crowded beehive of commerce, — the heart of a great internal trade which spreads over the whole surface of the vast empire. The Tverskáya and the Smiths' Bridge have been for hundreds of years the chief centres for the fashionable shops; while the artisans' quarters, the Plushikha and the Dorogomilovka, retain the very same features which characterized their uproarious populations in the times of the Moscow Tsars. Each quarter is a little world in itself; each has its own physiognomy, and lives its own separate life. Even the railways that have made an irruption into the old capital have grouped apart, in special centres on the outskirts of the old town, their stores and machine-works, their heavily loaded carts and engines.

However, of all parts of Moscow, none, perhaps, is more typical than that labyrinth of clean, quiet, winding streets and lanes which lies at the back of the Kreml, between two great radial streets, the Arbat and the Prechistenka, and is still called the Old Equerries' Quarter, — the Stáraya Konyúshennaya. Some fifty years ago, there lived in this quarter, and slowly died out, the old Moscow nobility, whose names were so frequently mentioned in the pages of Russian history before the times of Peter I., but who subsequently disappeared to make room for the newcomers, "the men of all ranks" who were called into service by the founder of the Russian state.

Feeling themselves supplanted at the St. Petersburg court, these old nobles retired either to the Old Equerries' Quarter in Moscow, or to their picturesque estates in the country round about the capital, and they looked with a sort of contempt and secret jealousy upon the motley crowd of families which came "from no one knew where" to take possession of the highest functions of the

government, in the new capital on the banks of the Neva.

In their younger days, of course, all of these old nobles had tried their fortunes in the service of the state, chiefly in the army; but for one reason or another they had soon abandoned it, without having risen to high rank. The more successful ones obtained some quiet, almost honorary position in their mother city, — my father was one of these, — while most of the others simply retired from active service. But wheresoever they might have been shifted, in the course of their careers, over the wide surface of Russia, they always somehow managed to spend their old age in a house of their own in the Old Equerries' Quarter, under the shadow of the church where they had been baptized, and where the last prayers had been pronounced at the burial of their parents.

New branches budded from the old stocks. Some of them achieved more or less distinction in different parts of Russia; some owned more luxurious houses in the new style in other quarters of Moscow or at St. Petersburg; but the branch which continued to reside in the Old Equerries' Quarter, somewhere near to the green, the yellow, the pink, or the brown church which was endeared through family associations, was considered as the true representative of the family, irrespective of the position it occupied in the family's genealogic tree. Its old-fashioned head was treated with the utmost respect, not devoid of a slight tinge of irony, even by those younger representatives of the same stock who had left their mother city, and looked for a more brilliant career in the St. Petersburg Guard or in the court circles.

In these quiet streets, far away from the noise and bustle of the commercial Moscow, all the houses had much the same appearance. They were mostly built of wood, with bright green sheet-iron roofs, the exteriors stuccoed and decorated with columns and porticoes; all were

painted in gay colors. In nearly every case there was but one story, with seven or nine big, gay-looking windows facing the street. A second story was admitted only in the back part of the house, which looked upon a spacious yard, surrounded by numbers of small buildings, used as kitchens, stables, cellars, coach-houses, and as dwellings for the servants. A wide gate opened upon this yard, and a brass plate on it usually bore the inscription, "House of So and So, Lieutenant or Colonel, and Commander," — very seldom "Major-General" or any similarly elevated civil rank. But if a more luxurious house, embellished by a gilded iron railing and an iron gate, stood in one of those streets, the brass plate on the gate was sure to bear the name of "Commerce Counsel" or "Honorable Citizen" So and So. These were the intruders, those who came unasked to settle in this quarter, and were therefore ignored by their neighbors.

No shops were allowed in these select streets, except that in some small wooden house, belonging to the parish church, a tiny grocer's or greengrocer's shop might have been found; but then, the policeman's lodge stood on the opposite corner, and in the daytime the policeman himself, armed with a halberd, would appear at the door to salute with his inoffensive weapon the officers passing by, and would retire inside when dusk came, to employ himself either as a cobbler, or in the manufacture of some special snuff patronized by the elder male servants of the neighborhood.

Life went on quietly and peacefully — at least for the outsider — in this Moscow Faubourg Saint-Germain. In the morning nobody was seen in the streets. About midday the children made their appearance under the guidance of French tutors and German nurses, who took them out for a walk on the snow-covered boulevards. Later on in the day the ladies might be seen in their two-horse sledges, with a valet standing behind on a small

plank fastened to the back of the vehicle, or ensconced in an old-fashioned carriage, immense and high, suspended on big curved springs and dragged by four horses, with a postilion in front and two valets standing behind. In the evening most of the houses were brightly illuminated, and, the blinds not being drawn down, the passers-by could admire the card-players or the waltzers in the saloons. "Opinions" were not in vogue in those days, and we were yet far from the years when in each one of these houses a struggle began between "fathers and sons," — a struggle that usually ended either in a family scene or in a nocturnal visit of the state police. Fifty years ago nothing of the sort was thought of; all was quiet and smooth, — at least on the surface.

In this Old Equerries' Quarter I was born in 1842, and here I passed the first fifteen years of my life. Even when our father had sold the house in which our mother died, and bought another, and when again he sold that house, and we spent several winters in hired houses, until he found a third one to his taste, within a stone's-throw of the church where he had been baptized, we remained all the time in the Old Equerries' Quarter, leaving it only during the summer to go to our country-seat.

II.

A high, spacious bedroom, the corner room of our house, with a wide bed upon which our mother is lying, our baby chairs and tables standing close by, and the neatly served tables covered with sweets and jellies in pretty glass jars, — a room into which we children are ushered at a strange hour, — this is the first half-distinct reminiscence of my life.

Our mother was dying of consumption; she was only thirty-five years old. Before parting with us forever, she had wished to have us by her side, to caress us, to feel happy for a moment in our joys, and she had arranged this little

treat by the side of her bed which she could leave no more. I remember her pale, thin face, her big, dark brown eyes. She looked at us with love, and invited us to eat, to climb upon her bed; then all of a sudden she burst into tears and began to cough, and we were told to go.

Some time after, we children — that is, my brother Alexander and myself — were transferred from the big house to a small side house in the court-yard. The April sun filled the little rooms with its rays, but our German nurse Madame Búrman, and Uliána our Russian nurse, told us to go to bed. Their faces wet with tears, they were sewing for us black shirts bordered with broad white tassels. We could not sleep: the unknown frightened us, and we listened to their subdued talk. They said something about our mother which we could not understand. We jumped out of our beds, asking, "Where is mamma? Where is mamma?"

Both of them burst into sobs, and began to pat our curly heads, calling us "poor orphans," until Uliána could hold out no longer, and said, "Your mother is gone there, — to the sky, to the angels."

"How to the sky? Why?" our infantile imagination in vain demanded.

This was in 1846. I was only three and a half years old, and my brother Sáscha not yet five. Where our elder brother and sister, Nicholas and Hélène, had gone I do not know: perhaps they were already at school. Nicholas was twelve years old, Hélène was eleven; they kept together, and we knew them but little. So we remained, Alexander and I, in this little house, in the hands of Madame Búrman and Uliána. The good old German lady, homeless and absolutely alone in the wide world, took toward us the place of our mother. She brought us up as well as she could, buying us from time to time some simple toys, and over-feeding us with ginger cakes whenever another old German, who used to sell such cakes, — probably as homeless and

solitary as herself, — paid an occasional visit to our house. We seldom saw our father, and the next two years passed without leaving any impression on my memory.

III.

Our father was very proud of the origin of his family, and would point with solemnity to a piece of parchment which hung on a wall of his study. It was decorated with our arms, — the arms of the principality of Smolensk covered with the ermine mantle and the crown of the Monomachs, — and there was written on it, and certified by the Heraldry Department, that our family originated with a grandson of Rostisláv Mstislávich the Bold (a name familiar in Russian history as that of a Grand Prince of Kieff), and that our ancestors had been Grand Princes of Smolensk.

"It cost me three hundred rubles to obtain that parchment," our father used to say. Like most people of his generation, he was not much versed in Russian history, and valued the parchment more for its cost than for its historical associations.

As a matter of fact, our family is of very ancient origin indeed; but, like most descendants of Rurik who may be regarded as representative of the feudal period of Russian history, it was driven into the background when that period ended, and the Románoffs, enthroned at Moscow, began the work of consolidating the Russian state. In recent times, none of the Kropótkins seem to have had any special liking for state functions. Our great-grandfather and grandfather both retired from the military service when quite young men, and hastened to return to their family estates. It must also be said that of these estates the main one, Ouroúsovo, situated in the government of Ryazán, on a high hill at the border of fertile prairies, might tempt any one by the beauty of its shadowy forests, its winding rivers, and its endless meadows. Our grandfather was only a

lieutenant when he left the service, and retired to Ouroúsovo, devoting himself to his estate, and to the purchase of other estates in the neighboring provinces.

Probably our generation would have done the same; but our grandfather married a Princess Gagárin, who belonged to a quite different family. Her brother was well known as a passionate lover of the stage. He kept a private theatre of his own, and went so far in his passion as to marry, to the scandal of all his relations, a serf, — the genial actress Semenova, who was one of the creators of dramatic art in Russia, and undoubtedly one of its most interesting figures. To the horror of "all Moscow," she continued to appear on the stage.

I do not know if our grandmother had the same artistic and literary tastes as her brother, — I remember her when she was already paralyzed and could speak only in whispers; but it is certain that in the next generation a leaning toward literature became a characteristic of our family. One of the sons of the Princess Gagárin was a minor Russian poet, and issued a book of poems, — a fact which my father was ashamed of and always avoided mentioning; and in our own generation several of our cousins, as well as my brother and myself, have contributed more or less to the literature of our period.

Our father was a typical officer of the time of Nicholas I. Not that he was imbued with a warlike spirit or much in love with camp life; I doubt whether he spent a single night of his life at a bivouac fire, or took part in one battle. But under Nicholas I. that was of quite secondary importance. The true military man of those times was the officer who was enamored of the military uniform, and utterly despised all other sorts of attire; whose soldiers were trained to perform almost superhuman tricks with their legs and rifles (to break the wood of the rifle into pieces while "presenting arms" was one of those famous tricks);

and who could show on parade a row of soldiers as perfectly aligned and as motionless as a row of toy-soldiers. "Very good," the Grand Duke Mikhael said once of a regiment, after having kept it for one hour presenting arms, — "only, *they breathe!*" To respond to the then current conception of a military man was certainly our father's ideal.

True, he took part in the Turkish campaign of 1828; but he managed to remain all the time on the staff of the chief commander; and if we children, taking advantage of a moment when he was in a particularly good temper, asked him to tell us something about the war, he had nothing to tell but of a fierce attack of hundreds of Turkish dogs which one night assailed him and his faithful servant, Frol, as they were riding with dispatches through an abandoned Turkish village. They had to use swords to extricate themselves from the hungry beasts. Bands of Turks would assuredly have better satisfied our imagination, but we accepted the dogs as a substitute. When, however, pressed by our questions, our father told us how he had won the cross of Saint Anne "for gallantry," and the golden sword which he wore, I must confess we felt really disappointed. His story was decidedly too prosaic. The officers of the general staff were lodged in a Turkish village, when it took fire. In a moment the houses were enveloped in flames, and in one of them a child had been left behind. Its mother uttered despairing cries. Thereupon, Frol, who always accompanied his master, rushed into the flames and saved the child. The chief commander, who saw the act, at once gave father the cross for gallantry.

"But, father," we exclaimed, "it was Frol who saved the child!"

"What of that?" replied he, in the most naïve way. "Was he not my man? It is all the same."

He also took some part in the campaign of 1831, during the Polish Revo-

lution, and in Warsaw he made the acquaintance of, and fell in love with, the youngest daughter of the commander of an army corps, General Sulima. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp, in the Lazienki palace; the lieutenant-governor, Count Paskiévich, acting as nuptial godfather on the bridegroom's side. "But your mother," our father used to add, "brought me no fortune whatever."

Surely not. Her father, Nikolai Semenovitch Sulima, was not versed in the art of making a career or a fortune. He must have had in him too much of the blood of those Cossacks of the Dnieper, who knew how to fight the well-equipped, warlike Poles or armies of the Turks, three times more than themselves, but knew not how to avoid the snares of the Moscow diplomacy, and, after having fought against the Poles in the terrible insurrection of 1648, which was the beginning of the end for the Polish republic, lost all their liberties in falling under the dominion of the Russian Tsars. One Sulima was captured by the Poles and tortured to death at Warsaw, but the other "colonels" of the same stock only fought the more fiercely on that account, and Poland lost Little Russia. As to our grandfather, he knew how, with his regiment of cuirassiers during Napoleon I.'s invasion, to cut his way into a French infantry square bristling with bayonets, and to recover, after having been left for dead on the battlefield, with a deep cut in his head; but he could not become a valet to the favorite of Alexander I., the omnipotent Arakchéeff, and was consequently sent into a sort of honorary exile, first as a governor-general of West Siberia, and later of East Siberia. In those times such a position was considered more lucrative than a gold-mine, but our grandfather returned from Siberia as poor as he went, and left but modest fortunes to his three sons and three daughters. When I went to Siberia, in 1862, I often

heard his name mentioned with respect. He was simply driven to despair by the wholesale stealing which went on in those provinces, and which he had no means to repress.

Our mother was undoubtedly a remarkable woman for the times she lived in. Many years after her death, I discovered, in a corner of a storeroom of our country house, a mass of papers covered with her firm but pretty handwriting: diaries in which she wrote with ecstasy of the scenery of Germany, and spoke of her sorrows and her thirst for happiness; books which she had filled with Russian verses that no one was allowed to print then, — among them the beautiful historical ballads of Ryléeff, the poet, whom Nicholas I. hanged in 1826; other books containing music, French dramas, verses of Lamartine, and Byron's poems that she had copied; and a great number of water-color paintings.

Tall, slim, adorned with a mass of dark chestnut hair, with dark brown eyes and a tiny mouth, she looks quite lifelike in a portrait in oils that was painted *con amore* by a good artist. Always lively and often careless, she was fond of dancing, and the peasant women in our village would tell us how she would admire from a balcony their ring-dances, — slow and full of grace as an old minuet, — and how finally she would herself join in them. She had the nature of an artist. It was at a ball that she caught the cold that produced the inflammation of the lungs which brought her to the grave.

All who knew her loved her. The servants simply worshiped her memory. It was in her name that Madame Búrman took care of us, and in her name the Russian nurse bestowed upon us her love. While combing our hair, or signing us with the cross in our beds, the latter would often say, "And your mamma must now look upon you from the skies, and shed tears on seeing you, poor orphans." Her memory passed through our childhood and cheered it. How of-

ten, in some dark passage, the hand of a servant would touch Alexander or me with a caress; or a peasant woman, on meeting us in the fields, would ask, "Will you be as good as your mother was? She took compassion on us. You will, surely." "Us" meant, of course, the serfs. I do not know what would have become of us if we had not found in our house, amidst the serf servants, that atmosphere of love which children must have around them. We were her children, we bore likeness to her, and they lavished their care upon us, sometimes in a touching form, as will be seen later on.

Men passionately desire to live after death, but they often pass away without noticing the fact that the memory of a really good person always lives. It is impressed upon the next generation, and is transmitted again to the children. Is not that an immortality worth striving for?

IV.

Two years after the death of our mother our father married again. He had already cast his eyes upon a nice-looking young person, this time belonging to a wealthy family, when the fates decided another way. One morning, while he was still in his dressing-gown, the servants rushed madly into his room, announcing the arrival of General Timoféeff, the commander of the sixth army corps, to which our father belonged. This favorite of Nicholas I. was a terrible man. He would order a soldier to be flogged almost to death for a mistake made during a parade, or he would degrade an officer and send him as a private to Siberia because he had met him in the street with the hooks of his high, stiff collar unfastened. With Nicholas General Timoféeff's word was all-powerful.

The general, who had never before been in our house, came to propose to our father to marry his wife's niece, Mademoiselle Elisabeth Karandínó, one of several daughters of an admiral of the Black Sea fleet, — a young lady with

a classical Greek profile, said to have been very beautiful. Father accepted, and his second wedding, like the first, was solemnized with great pomp.

"You young people understand nothing of this kind of thing," he said in conclusion, after having told me the story more than once, with a very fine humor which I will not attempt to reproduce. "But do you know what it meant at that time, — the commander of an army corps? Above all, that one-eyed devil, as we used to call him, coming himself to propose? Of course she had no dowry; only a big trunk filled with their ladies' rags, and that Martha, her one serf, dark as a gypsy, sitting upon it."

I have no recollection whatever of this event. I only remember a big drawing-room in a richly furnished house, and in that room a young lady, attractive, but with a rather too sharp southern look, gamboling with us, and saying, "You see what a jolly mamma you will have;" to which Sáscha and I, sulkily looking at her, replied, "Our mamma has flown away to the sky." We regarded so much liveliness with suspicion.

Winter came, and a new life began for us. Our house was sold, and another was bought and furnished completely anew. All that could convey a reminiscence of our mother disappeared, — her portraits, her paintings, her embroideries. In vain Madame Búrman implored to be retained in our house, and promised to devote herself to the baby our stepmother was expecting as to her own child: she was sent away. "Nothing of the Sulímas in my house," she was told. All connection with our uncles and aunts and our grandmother were broken. Uliána was married to Frol, who became a major-domo, while she was made housekeeper; and for our education a richly paid French tutor, M. Poulain, and a miserably paid Russian student, N. P. Smirnóff, were engaged.

Many of the sons of the Moscow nobles

were educated at that time by Frenchmen, who represented the débris of Napoleon's Grande Armée. M. Poulain was one of them. He had just finished the education of the youngest son of the novelist Zagóskin, and his pupil, Serge, enjoyed in the Old Equerries' Quarter the reputation of being so well brought up that our father did not hesitate to engage M. Poulain for the considerable sum of six hundred rubles a year.

M. Poulain brought with him his setter Trésor, his coffee-pot Napoléon, and his French textbooks, and he began to rule over us and the serf Matvéi who was attached to our service.

His plan of education was very simple. After having awakened us he attended to his coffee, which he used to take in his room. While we were preparing the morning lessons he made his toilet with minute care: he shampooed his gray hair so as to conceal his growing baldness, put on his tail-coat, sprinkled and washed himself with eau-de-cologne, and then escorted us downstairs to say good-morning to our parents. We used to find our father and stepmother eating their breakfast, and on approaching them we recited in the most official way, "Bonjour, mon cher papa," and "Bonjour, ma chère maman," and kissed their hands. M. Poulain made a most complicated and elegant obeisance in pronouncing the words, "Bonjour, monsieur le prince," and "Bonjour, madame la princesse," after which the procession immediately withdrew and retired upstairs. This ceremony was repeated every morning.

Then our work began. M. Poulain changed his tail-coat for a dressing-gown, covered his head with a leather cap, and dropping into an easy-chair said, "Recite the lesson."

We recited it "by heart," from one mark which was made in the book with the nail to the next mark. M. Poulain had brought with him the grammar of Noël and Chapsal, memorable to more than one generation of Russian boys and

girls; a book of French dialogues; a history of the world, in one volume; and a universal geography, also in one volume. We had to commit to memory the grammar, the dialogues, the history, and the geography.

The grammar, with its well-known sentences, "What is grammar?" "The art of speaking and writing correctly," went all right. But the history book, unfortunately, had a preface, which contained an enumeration of all the advantages which can be derived from a knowledge of history. Things went on smoothly enough with the first sentences. We recited: "The prince finds in it magnanimous examples for governing his subjects; the military commander learns from it the noble art of warfare." But the moment we came to law all went wrong. "The jurisconsult meets in it" — but what the learned lawyer meets in history we never came to know. That terrible word "jurisconsult" spoiled all the game. As soon as we reached it we stopped.

"On your knees, *gros pouff!*" exclaimed Poulain. (That was for me.) "On your knees, *grand dada!*" (That was for my brother.) And there we knelt, shedding tears and vainly endeavoring to learn all about the jurisconsult.

It cost us many pains, that preface! We were already learning all about the Romans, and used to put our sticks in Uliána's scales when she was weighing rice, "just like Brennus;" we jumped from our table and other precipices for the salvation of our country, in imitation of Curtius; but M. Poulain would still from time to time return to the preface, and again put us on our knees for that very same jurisconsult. Was it not therefore to be expected that later on both my brother and I should entertain an undisguised contempt for jurisprudence?

I do not know what would have happened with geography if Poulain's book had had a preface. But happily the first twenty pages of the book had been torn

away (Serge Zagóskin, I suppose, rendered us that notable service), and so our lessons commenced with the twenty-first page, which began, "of the rivers which water France."

It must be confessed that things did not always end with kneeling. There was in the class-room a birch rod, and Poulain resorted to it when there was no hope of progress with the preface or with some dialogue on virtue and propriety; but one day sister Hélène, who by this time had left the Catherine Institut des Demoiselles, and now occupied a room underneath ours, hearing our cries, rushed, all in tears, into our father's study, and bitterly reproached him with having handed us over to our stepmother, who had abandoned us to "a retired French drummer." "Of course," she cried, "there is no one to take their part, but I cannot see my brothers being treated in this way by a drummer!"

Taken thus unprepared, our father could not make a stand. He began to scold Hélène, but ended by approving her devotion to her brothers. Thereafter the birch rod was reserved for teaching the rules of propriety to the setter Trésor.

No sooner had M. Poulain discharged himself of his heavy educational duties than he became quite another man, — a lively comrade instead of a gruesome teacher. After lunch he took us out for a walk, and there was no end to his tales: we chattered like birds. Though we never went with him beyond the first pages of syntax, we soon learned, nevertheless, "to speak correctly;" we used to *think* in French; and when he had dictated to us half through a book of mythology, correcting our faults by the book, without ever trying to explain to us why a word must be written in a particular way, we had learned "to write correctly."

After dinner we had our lesson with the Russian teacher, a student of the faculty of law in the Moscow Univer-

sity. He taught us all "Russian" subjects, — grammar, arithmetic, history, and so on. But in those years serious teaching had not yet begun. In the meantime he dictated to us every day a page of history, and in that practical way we quickly learned to write Russian quite correctly.

Our best time was on Sundays, when all the family, with the exception of us children, went to dinner at Madame la Générale Timoféeff's. It would also happen occasionally that both M. Poulain and N. P. Smirnóff would be allowed to leave the house, and when this occurred we were placed under the care of Uliána. After a hurriedly eaten dinner we hastened to the great hall, to which the younger housemaids soon repaired. All sorts of games were started, — blind man, vulture and chickens, and so on; and then, all of a sudden, Tikhon, the Jack-of-all-trades, would appear with a violin. Dancing began; not that measured and tiresome dancing, under the direction of a French dancing-master "on india-rubber legs," which made part of our education, but free dancing which was not a lesson, and in which a score of couples turned round any way; and this was only preparatory to the still more animated and rather wild Cossack dance. Tikhon would then hand the violin to one of the older men, and would begin to perform with his legs such wonderful feats that the doors leading to the hall would soon be filled by the cooks and even the coachmen, who came to see the dance so dear to the Russian heart.

About nine o'clock the big carriage was sent to fetch the family home. Tikhon, brush in hand, crawled on the floor, to make it shine with its virgin glance, and perfect order was restored in the house. And if, next morning, we two had been submitted to the most severe cross-examination, not a word would have been spoken of the previous evening's amusements. We never would have betrayed any one of the servants, nor would they

have betrayed us. One Sunday, my brother and I, playing alone in the wide hall, ran against a bracket which supported a costly lamp. The lamp was broken to pieces. Immediately a council was held by the servants. No one scolded us; but it was decided that early next morning Tikhon should slip out of the house, at his risk and peril, and run to the Smiths' Bridge in order to buy another lamp of the same pattern. It cost fifteen rubles, — an enormous sum for them; but it was done, and we never heard a word of reproach about it.

When I think of it now, and all these scenes revive in my memory, I notice that we never heard coarse language in any of the games, nor saw in the dances anything like the kind of dancing which children are now taken to admire in the theatres. In the servants' house, among themselves, they assuredly used coarse expressions; but we were children, — *her* children, — and that protected us from anything of the sort.

In those days children were not bewildered by a profusion of toys, as they are now. We had almost none, and were thus compelled to rely upon our own inventiveness. Besides, we both had early acquired a taste for the theatre. The inferior carnival theatres, with the thieving and fighting shows, seem to have produced no lasting impression upon us: we ourselves played enough at robbers and soldiers. But the great star of the ballet, Fanny Elssler, came to Moscow, and we saw her. When father took a box in the theatre, he always secured one of the best, and paid for it well; but then he insisted that all the members of the family should enjoy it to its full value. Small though I was at that time, Fanny Elssler left upon me the impression of a being so full of grace, so light, and so artistic in all her movements that ever since I have been unable to feel the slightest interest in a dance which belongs more to the domain of gymnastics than to the domain of art.

Of course, the ballet that we saw — Gitana, the Spanish Gypsy — had to be repeated at home; its substance, not the dances. We had a ready-made stage, as the doorway which led from our bedroom into the class-room had a curtain instead of a door. A few chairs put in a half-circle in front of the curtain, with an easy-chair for M. Poulain, became the hall and the imperial lodge, and an audience could easily be mustered with the Russian teacher, Uliána, and a couple of maids from the servants' rooms.

Two scenes of the ballet had to be represented by some means or other: the one where the little Gitana is brought by the gypsies into their camp in a wheelbarrow, and that in which Gitana makes her first appearance on the stage, descending from a hill and crossing a bridge over a brook which reflects her image. The audience burst into frantic applause at this point, and the cheers were evidently called forth — so we thought, at least — by the reflection in the brook.

We found our Gitana in one of the youngest girls in the maid servants' room. Her rather shabby blue cotton dress was no obstacle to personifying Fanny Elssler. An overturned chair, pushed along by its legs, head downwards, was an acceptable substitute for the wheelbarrow. But the brook! Two chairs and the long ironing-board of Andrei, the tailor, made the bridge, and a piece of blue cotton made the brook. The image in the brook, however, would not appear full size, do what we might with M. Poulain's little shaving-glass. After many unsuccessful endeavors we had to give it up, but we bribed Uliána to behave as if she saw the image, and to applaud loudly at this passage, so that finally we began to believe that perhaps something of it could be seen.

Racine's *Phèdre*, or at least the last act of it, also went off nicely; that is, Sáša recited the melodious verses beautifully, —

"*A peine nous sortions des portes de Trézène;*"

and I sat absolutely motionless and unconcerned during the whole length of the tragic monologue intended to apprise me of the death of my son, down to the place where, according to the book, I had to exclaim, "O, dieux!"

But whatsoever we might impersonate, all our performances invariably ended with hell. All candles save one were put out, and this one was placed behind a transparent paper to imitate flames, while my brother and I, concealed from view, howled in the most appalling way as the condemned. Uliána, who did not like to have any allusion to the evil one made at bedtime, looked horrified; but I ask myself now whether this extremely concrete representation of hell, with a candle and a sheet of paper, did not contribute to free us both at an early age from the fear of eternal fire as it is figured in Russian churches. Our conception of it was too realistic to resist skepticism.

I must have been very much of a child when I saw the great Moscow actors, Schépkin, Sadóvskiy, and Shúmiski, in Gogol's *Revisor* and another comedy; still, I remember not only the salient scenes of the two plays, but even the figures and expressions of these great actors of the realistic school which is now so admirably represented by Duse. I remembered them so well that when, at St. Petersburg, I saw the same plays given by actors belonging to the French declamatory school, I found no pleasure in their acting, always comparing them with Schépkin and Sadóvskiy, by whom my taste in dramatic art was settled.

This makes me think that parents who wish to develop artistic taste in their children ought to take them occasionally to really well-acted, good plays, instead of feeding them on a profusion of so-called "children's pantomimes."

V.

When I was in my eighth year, the next step in my career was taken, in a

quite unforeseen way. I do not know exactly on what occasion it happened, but probably it was on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Nicholas I.'s reign, when great festivities were arranged for at Moscow. The imperial family were coming to the old capital, and the Moscow nobility intended to celebrate this event by a fancy-dress ball, in which children were to play an important part. It was agreed that the whole motley crowd of nationalities of which the population of the Russian Empire is composed should be represented at this ball to greet the monarch. Great preparations went on in our house, as well as in all the houses of our neighborhood. Some sort of remarkable Russian costume was made for our step-mother. Our father, being a military man, had to appear, of course, in his uniform; but those of our relatives who were not in the military service were as busy with their Russian, Greek, Caucasian, and Mongolian costumes as the ladies themselves. When the Moscow nobility gives a ball to the imperial family, it must be something extraordinary. As for my brother Alexander and myself, we were considered too young to take part in so important a ceremonial.

And yet, after all, I did take part in it. Our mother was a warm friend of Madame Nazímoff, the wife of the officer who was governor-general of Wilno during the Polish insurrection of 1863. Madame Nazímoff, who was a very beautiful woman, was expected to assist at the ball with her child, about ten years old, and to wear some wonderfully beautiful costume of a Persian princess; a costume of a young Persian prince, exceedingly rich, with a belt covered with jewels, was made ready for her son. But the boy fell ill just before the ball, and Madame Nazímoff thought that one of the children of her most intimate friend would be the best substitute for her own child. Alexander and I were taken to her house to try on the costume. It proved to be too short for Alexander, who

was much taller than I, but it fitted me perfectly well, and therefore it was decided that I should impersonate the Persian prince.

The immense hall of the house of the Moscow nobility was crowded. Each of the children received a standard bearing at its top the arms of one of the sixty provinces of the Russian Empire. I had an eagle floating over a blue sea, which represented, as I learned later on, the arms of the government of Astrakhan, on the Caspian Sea. We were then ranged at the back of the great hall, and slowly marched in two rows toward the raised platform upon which the Emperor and his family stood. As we reached it we marched right and left, and thus stood aligned in one row before the platform. At a given signal all standards were lowered before the Emperor. The apotheosis of autocracy was made most impressive: Nicholas was enchanted. All provinces of the empire worshiped the supreme ruler. Then we children slowly retired to the rear of the hall.

But here some confusion occurred. Chamberlains in their gold-embroidered garments were running about, and I was taken out of the ranks; my uncle, Prince Gagárin, dressed as a Tungus (I was dizzy with admiration of his fine leather coat, his bow, and his quiver full of arrows), lifted me up in his arms, and planted me on the imperial platform.

Whether it was because I was the tiniest in the row of boys, or that my round face, framed in curls, looked funny under the high Astrakhan fur bonnet I wore, I know not, but Nicholas wanted to have me on the platform; and there I stood amidst generals and ladies looking down upon me with curiosity. I was told later on that the Emperor, who was always fond of barrack jokes, took me by the arm, and, leading me to Marie Alexándrovna (the wife of the heir to the throne), who was then expecting her third child, said in his military way, "That is the sort of boy you must bring

me," — a joke which made her blush deeply. I well remember, at any rate, Nicholas asking me whether I would have sweets; but I replied that I should like to have some of those tiny biscuits which were served with tea (we were never overfed at home), and he called a waiter and emptied a full tray into my tall bonnet. "I will take them to Sáscha," I said to him.

However, the soldier-like brother of Nicholas, Mikhael, who had the reputation of being a wit, managed to make me cry. "When you are a good boy," he said, "they make you so," and he passed his big hand over my face downwards; "but when you are naughty, they make you so," and he passed the hand upwards, rubbing my nose, which already had a marked tendency toward growing in that direction. Tears, which I vainly tried to stop, came into my eyes. The ladies at once took my part, and the good-hearted Marie Alexándrovna placed me under her protection. She set me by her side, in a high velvet chair with a gilded back, and our people told me afterward that I very soon put my head in her lap and went to sleep. She did not leave her chair during the whole time the ball was going on.

I remember also that, as we were waiting in the entrance-hall for our carriage, our relatives petted and kissed me, saying, "Pétýa, you have been made a page;" but I answered, "I am not a page. I will go home," and was very anxious about my bonnet which contained the pretty little biscuits that I was taking home for Sáscha.

I do not know whether Sáscha got many of those biscuits, but I recollect how warmly he embraced me when he was told about my anxiety concerning the bonnet.

To be inscribed as a candidate for the corps of pages was then a great favor, which Nicholas seldom bestowed on the Moscow nobility. My father was delighted, and already dreamed of a brilliant

court career for his son; and my step-mother, every time she told the story, never failed to add, "It is all because I gave him my blessing before he went to the ball."

Madame Nazimoff was delighted, too, and insisted upon having her portrait painted in the costume in which she looked so beautiful, with me standing at her side.

My brother Alexander's fate, also, was settled not long after this ball. The jubilee of the Izmáylovsk regiment, to which my father had belonged in his youth, was celebrated about this time at St. Petersburg. One night, while all the household was plunged in deep sleep, a three-horse carriage, ringing with the bells attached to the harnesses, stopped at our gate. A man jumped out of it, loudly shouting, "Open! An ordinance from his Majesty the Emperor."

One can easily imagine the terror which this nocturnal visit spread in our house. My father, trembling, went down to his study. "Court-martial, degradation as a soldier," were words which rang then in the ears of every military man; it was a terrible epoch. But Nicholas simply wanted to have the names of the sons of all the officers who had once belonged to the regiment, in order to send the boys to military schools, if that had not yet been done. A special messenger had been dispatched for that purpose from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and now he called day and night at the houses of the ex-Izmáylovsk officers.

With a shaking hand my father wrote that his eldest son, Nicholas, was already in the first corps of cadets at Moscow; that his youngest son, Peter, was a candidate for the corps of pages; and that there remained only his second son, Alexander, who had not yet entered the military career. A few weeks later came a paper informing father of the "monarch's favor." Alexander was ordered to enter a corps of cadets in Orel, a small

provincial town. It made my father a deal of trouble, and cost a large sum of money, to get Alexander sent to a corps of cadets at Moscow. This new "favor" was obtained only in consideration of the fact that our elder brother was in that corps.

And thus, owing to the will of Nicholas I., we had both to receive a military education, though, before we were many years older, we simply hated the military career for its absurdity. But Nicholas was watchful that none of the sons of the nobility should embrace any other profession than the military one, unless they were of infirm health; and so we had all three to be officers, to the great satisfaction of my father.

VI.

Wealth was measured in those times by the number of "souls" which a landed proprietor owned. So many "souls" meant so many male serfs: women did not count. My father, who owned nearly twelve hundred souls, in three different provinces, and who had, in addition to his peasants' holdings, large tracts of land which were cultivated by these peasants, was accounted a rich man. He lived up to his reputation, which meant that his house was open to any number of visitors, and that he kept a very large household.

We were a family of eight, occasionally of ten or twelve; but fifty servants at Moscow, and half as many more in the country, were considered not one too many. Four coachmen to attend a dozen horses, three cooks for the masters and two more for the servants, a dozen men to wait upon us at dinner-time (one man, plate in hand, standing behind each person seated at the table), and girls innumerable in the maid servants' room, — how could any one do with less than this?

Besides, the ambition of every landed proprietor was that everything required for his household should be made at home, by his own men.

"How nicely your piano is always tuned! I suppose Herr Schimmel must be your tuner?" perhaps a visitor would remark.

To be able to answer, "I have my own piano-tuner," was in those times the correct thing.

"What beautiful pastry!" the guests would exclaim, when a work of art, composed of ices and pastry, appeared toward the end of the dinner. "Confess, prince, that it comes from Tremblé" (the fashionable pastry-cook).

"It is made by my own confectioner, a pupil of Tremblé, whom I have allowed to show what he can do," was the reply, which elicited general admiration.

To have embroideries, harnesses, furniture,—in fact, everything,—made by one's own men was the ideal of the rich and respected landed proprietor. As soon as the children of the servants attained the age of ten, they were sent as apprentices to the fashionable shops, where they were obliged to spend five or seven years chiefly in sweeping, in receiving an incredible number of thrashings, and in running about town on errands of all sorts. I must own that few of them became masters of their respective arts. The tailors and the shoemakers were found only skillful enough to make clothes or shoes for the servants, and when a really good pastry was required for a dinner-party it was ordered at Tremblé's, while our own confectioner was beating the drum in the music band.

That band was another of my father's ambitions, and almost every one of his male servants, in addition to other accomplishments, was a bass-viol or a clarinet in the band. Makar, the piano-tuner, alias under-butler, was also a flutist; Andrei, the tailor, played the French horn; the confectioner was first put to beat the drum, but he misused his instrument to such a deafening degree that a tremendous trumpet was bought for him, in the hope that his lungs would not have the power to make the same

noise as his hands; when, however, this last hope had to be abandoned, he was sent to be a soldier. As to "spotted Tikhon," in addition to his numerous functions in the household as lamp-cleaner, floor-polisher, and footman, he rendered himself useful in the band,—to-day as a trombone, to-morrow as a bassoon, and occasionally as second violin.

The two first violins were the only exceptions to the rule: they were "violins," and nothing else. My father had bought them, with their large families, for a handsome sum of money, from his sisters (he never bought serfs from nor sold them to strangers). In the evenings when he was not at his club, or when there was a dinner or an evening party at our house, the band of twelve to fifteen musicians was summoned. They played very nicely, and were in great demand for dancing-parties in the neighborhood; still more when we were in the country. This was, of course, a constant source of gratification to my father, whose permission had to be asked to get the assistance of his band.

Nothing, indeed, gave him more pleasure than to be asked for help, either in the way mentioned or in any other: for instance, to obtain free education for a boy, or to save somebody from a punishment inflicted upon him by a law court. Although he was liable to fall into fits of rage, he was undoubtedly possessed of a natural instinct toward leniency, and when his patronage was asked for he would write scores of letters in all possible directions, to all sorts of persons of high standing, in favor of his protégé. At such times, his mail, which was always heavy, would be swollen by half a dozen special letters, written in a most original, semi-official, and semi-humorous style; each of them sealed, of course, with his arms, in a big square envelope, which rattled like a baby-rattle on account of the quantity of sand it contained,—the use of blotting-paper being then unknown. The more difficult the

case, the more energy he would display, until he secured the favor he asked for his protégé, whom in many cases he never saw.

My father liked to have plenty of guests in his house. Our dinner-hour was four, and at seven the family gathered round the *samovar* (tea-urn) for tea. Every one belonging to our circle could drop in at that hour, and from the time my sister Hélène was again with us there was no lack of visitors, old and young, who took advantage of the privilege. When the windows facing the street showed bright light inside, that was enough to let people know that the family was at home and friends would be welcome.

Nearly every night we had visitors. The green tables were opened in the hall for the card-players, while the ladies and the young people stayed in the reception-room or around Hélène's piano. When the ladies had gone, card-playing continued sometimes till the small hours of the morning, and considerable sums of money changed hands among the players. Father invariably lost. But the real danger for him was not at home: it was at the English Club, where the stakes were much higher than in private houses, and especially when he was induced to join a party of "very respectable" gentlemen, in one of the "most respectable" houses of the Old Equerries' Quarter, where gambling went on all night. On an occasion of this kind his losses were sure to be heavy.

Dancing-parties were not infrequent, to say nothing of a couple of obligatory balls every winter. Father's way, in such cases, was to have everything done in a good style, whatever the expense. But at the same time such niggardliness was practiced in our house in daily life that if I were to recount it, I should be accused of exaggeration. It is said of a family of pretenders to the throne of France, renowned for their truly regal hunting-parties, that in their every-day

life even the tallow candles are minutely counted. The same sort of miserly economy ruled in our house with regard to everything; so much so that when we, the children of the house, grew up, we detested all saving and counting. However, in the Old Equerries' Quarter such a mode of life only raised my father in public esteem. "The old prince," it was said, "seems to be sharp over money at home; but he knows how a nobleman ought to live."

In our quiet and clean lanes that was the kind of life which was most in respect. One of our neighbors, General D——, kept his house up in very grand style; and yet the most comical scenes took place every morning between him and his cook. Breakfast over, the old general, smoking his pipe, would himself order the dinner.

"Well, my boy," he would say to the cook, who appeared in snow-white attire, "to-day we shall not be many; only a couple of guests. You will make us a soup, you know, with some spring delicacies, — green peas, French beans, and so on. You have not given us any as yet, and madam, you know, likes a good French spring soup."

"Yes, sir."

"Then, anything you like as an entrée."

"Yes, sir."

"Of course, asparagus is not yet in season, but I saw yesterday such nice bundles of it in the shops."

"Yes, sir; eight shillings the bundle."

"Quite right! Then, we are sick of your roasted chickens and turkeys; you ought to get something for a change."

"Some venison, sir?"

"Yes, yes; anything for a change."

And when the six courses of the dinner had been decided on, the old general would ask, "Now, how much shall I give you for to-day's expenses? Six shillings will do, I suppose?"

"One pound, sir."

"What nonsense, my boy! Here are

six shillings; I assure you that's quite enough."

"Eight shillings for asparagus, five for the vegetables."

"Now, look here, my dear boy, be reasonable. I'll go as high as seven-and-six, and you must be economical."

And the bargaining would go on thus for half an hour, until the two would agree upon fourteen shillings and sixpence, with the understanding that the morrow's dinner should not cost more than three shillings. Whereupon the general, quite happy at having made such a good bargain, would take his sledge, make a round of the fashionable shops, and return quite radiant, bringing for his wife a bottle of exquisite perfume, for which he had paid a fancy price in a French shop, and announcing to his only daughter that a new velvet mantle — "something very simple" and very costly — would be sent for her to try on that afternoon.

All our relatives, who were numerous on my father's side, lived exactly in the same way; and if a new spirit occasionally made its appearance, it usually took the form of some religious passion. Thus, a Prince Gagárin joined the Jesuit order, again to the scandal of "all Moscow;" another young prince entered a monastery, while several older ladies became fanatic devotees.

There was a single exception. One of our nearest relatives, Prince — let me call him Mírski, had spent his youth at St. Petersburg as an officer of the guard. He took no interest in keeping his own tailors and cabinet-makers, for his house was furnished in a grand modern style, and his wearing apparel was all made in the best St. Petersburg shops. Gambling was not his propensity, — he played cards only to keep company with ladies; but his weak point was his dinner-table, upon which he spent incredible sums of money.

Lent and Easter were his chief epochs of extravagance. When the Great Lent came, and it would not have been proper

to eat meat, cream, or butter, he seized the opportunity to invent all sorts of delicacies in the way of fish. The best shops of the two capitals were ransacked for that purpose; special emissaries were dispatched from his estate to the mouth of the Vólga, to bring back on post-horses (there was no railway at that time) a sturgeon of great size or some extraordinarily cured fish. And when Easter came, there was no end to his inventions.

Easter, in Russia, is the most venerated and also the gayest of the yearly festivals. It is the festival of spring. The immense heaps of snow which have been lying during the winter along the streets of Moscow rapidly thaw, and roaring streams run down the streets; not like a thief who creeps in by insensible degrees, but frankly and openly spring comes, — every day bringing with it a change in the state of the snow and the progress of the buds on the trees; the night frosts only keep the thaw within reasonable bounds. The last week of the Great Lent, Passion Week, was kept in Moscow, in my childhood, with extreme solemnity; it was a time of general mourning, and crowds of people went to the churches to listen to the impressive reading of those passages of the Gospels which relate the sufferings of the Christ. Not only were meat, eggs, and butter not eaten, but even fish was refused; some of the most rigorous taking no food at all on Good Friday. The more striking was the contrast when Easter came.

On Saturday every one attended the night service, which began in a mournful way. Then, suddenly, at midnight, the resurrection news was announced. All the churches were at once illuminated, and gay peals of bells resounded from the hundreds of sacred edifices. General rejoicing began. All the people kissed one another thrice on the cheeks, repeating the resurrection words, and the churches, now flooded with light, shone with the gay toilettes of the ladies. The

poorest woman had a new dress ; if she had only one new dress a year, she would get it for that night.

At the same time, Easter was, and is still, the signal for a real debauch in eating. Special Easter cream cheeses (*paskha*) and Easter bread (*koolich*) are prepared ; and every one, no matter how poor he or she may be, must have be it only a small *paskha* and a small *koolich*, with at least one egg painted red, to be consecrated in the church, and to be used afterward to break the Lent. With most old Russians, eating began at night, after a short Easter mass, immediately after the consecrated food had been brought from church ; but in the houses of the nobility the ceremony was postponed till Sunday morning, when a table was covered with all sorts of viands, cheeses and pastry, and all the servants came to exchange with their masters three kisses and a red-painted egg. Throughout Easter week a table spread with Easter food stood in the great hall, and every visitor was invited to partake.

On this occasion Prince Mírski surpassed himself. Whether he was at St. Petersburg or at Moscow, messengers brought to his house, from his estate, a specially prepared cream cheese for the *paskha*, and his cook managed to make out of it a piece of artistic confectionery.

Other messengers were dispatched to the province of Novgorod to get a bear's ham, which was cured for the prince's Easter table. And while the princess, with her two daughters, visited the most austere monasteries, in which the night service would last three or four hours in succession, and spent all Passion Week in the most mournful condition of mind, eating only a piece of dry bread between the visits she paid to Russian, Roman, and Protestant preachers, her husband made every morning the tour of the well-known Milutin shops at St. Petersburg, where all possible delicacies are brought from the ends of the earth. There he used to select the most extravagant dainties for his Easter table. Hundreds of visitors came to his house, and were asked "just to taste" this or that extraordinary thing.

The end of it was that the prince managed literally to eat up a considerable fortune. His richly furnished house and beautiful estate were sold, and when he and his wife were old they had nothing left, not even a home, and were compelled to live with their children.

No wonder that when the emancipation of the serfs came, nearly all these families of the Old Equerries' Quarter were ruined. But I must not anticipate events.

P. Kropotkin.

TO THOSE WHO KNOW.

GREETING to those who know, —
 Whose liberated eyes look backward here
 And see us as we are! We from below
 Need send no pity to those seers, but fear
 Lest, guarding not secure our trust, we show
 But alien faces to such vision clear,
 And see a distance growing in their eyes,
 Not born of parting, but of death's surprise.

Henrietta Christian Wright.

A LAWYER WITH A STYLE.

SIR HENRY MAINE was a lawyer with a style, and belongs, by method and genius, among men of letters. The literary world looks askance upon a lawyer, and is slow to believe that the grim and formal matter of his studies can by any alchemy of style be transmuted into literature. Calfskin seems to it the most unlikely of all bindings to contain anything engaging to read. Lawyers, in their turn, are apt to associate the word "literature" almost exclusively with works of the imagination, and to think "style" a thing wholly misleading and unscientific. They demand plain business of their writers, and suspect a book that is pleasing of charlatanry. And yet a really great law writer will often make his way easily and at once into the ranks of men of letters. Blackstone's Commentaries have been superseded and superseded, again and again, by all sorts of changes and restatements of the law of England, but they have lived serenely on through their century and more of assured vitality, and must still be read by every student of the law, in America no less than in England, because of their scope, their virility, their luminous method, their easy combination of system with lucidity, their distinction of style, their quality as of the patriciate of letters. It does not seem to make any difference whether they are correct or not, and we return to them, after reading Bentham and Austin, their arch-critics, — a little shamefacedly, it may be, — to find our zest and relish for them not a whit abated. It is noteworthy that, though the profession has so thumbed and subsisted upon them, they were not written for the profession, but for the young gentlemen of England, whom the learned Vinerian professor wished to instruct in the institutions of their country. They are stripped as much as might be

of technical phrase and detail, and are meant to stand in the general company of books, the servants and instructors of all comers. They are meant for the world, and seem instinctively to make themselves acceptable to it.

Sir Henry Maine, whether he was conscious of it or not, won his way to a like standing among men of letters by a like disposition and object. Without exception, I believe, his books were made up out of lectures delivered either to young law students, not yet masters of the technicalities of the law, or to lay audiences, to which professional erudition would have been unintelligible. He never seemed to stand inside the law, while he wrote, but outside; not explaining its interior mysteries, but setting its history round about it, — showing whence it came, whence it took its notions, its forms, its stringent sanctions, what its youth had been, and its growth, and why its maturity showed it come to so hard a fibre of formal doctrine. He viewed it always as something that the general life of man had brought forth, as a natural product of society; and his thought went round about society to compass its explanation. He moves, therefore, in a large region, where it is refreshing to be of his company, where wide prospects open with every comment, and you seem, as he talks, to be upon a tour of the world.

Of course this does not explain the style of the man, but that is in any case a mystery. His method of thinking carries with it that style; thinking in that way, he *must* write in that way. You shall not find a near-sighted man looking out for landscapes, nor a man without gift of speech sallying forth to explore the thoughts which he cannot express. I am not going to attempt the heart of the mystery; I do not know whether

men can think without words or not. I only know that flight is a question of wings, and that you do not find minds without strong pinions poised very high in the spaces of the air.

I do not think that Sir Henry Maine himself understood this matter; it was not necessary that he should. In an address which he delivered to the native students at Calcutta, he warned them, very sensibly, to beware, if they wished to write effective English, of too deliberately striving to write well. "What you should regard," he says, "is, not the language, but the thought; and if the thought be clearly and vividly conceived, the proper diction, if the writer be an educated man, will be sure to follow. You have only to look to the greatest masters of English style to satisfy yourselves of the truth of what I have said," — and yet his example is not very convincing. "Look at any one page of Shakespeare. After you have penetrated beneath the poetry and beneath the wit, you will find that the page is perfectly loaded with thought."

"After you have penetrated beneath the poetry and beneath the wit"! This is a dark saying; who shall receive it? After you have penetrated beneath the exquisite form of the features, have ceased to observe the curve of the cheek and the sweet bloom upon it, and the seductive light in the eye, no doubt you shall find flesh and blood; but there is everywhere flesh and blood to be found without line or color to give it distinction. Weight of thought, no doubt, but books by the thousand have been foundered and sunk by mere weight of matter. Sir Henry Maine himself shall not survive by reason of the abundance and validity of his thought, but by reason of his form and art. "Maine can no more become obsolete through the industry and ingenuity of modern scholars," Sir Frederick Pollock declared, "than Montesquieu could be made obsolete by the legislation of Napoleon.

Facts will be corrected, the order and proportion of ideas will vary, new difficulties will call for new ways of solution, useful knowledge will serve its turn and be forgotten; but in all true genius, perhaps, there is a touch of Art; Maine's genius was not only touched with Art, but eminently artistic; and Art is immortal." Ay, *art* is immortal, — not thought alone and of itself, but thought perfectly conceived, formed, and vivified. Maine disliked what is called "fine" writing, as every man of taste must; and he was no coiner of striking phrases. The only sentence he ever wrote which his friends claim to have seen going abroad upon its own merits as a saying is this: "Except the blind forces of Nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin," — which is neither epigrammatic nor true. Epigrams were not in his way. If the cat's question to the ugly duckling in the fairy tale had been put to him, and he had been asked, "Can you emit sparks?" he would have been obliged to admit, with the duckling, that he could not; but, like the ugly duckling, he turned out to be a swan, sovereign in grace, if not in dexterity. His style does not play in points of light, but acts far and wide and with a fine suffusion, like the sun in the open.

You will best understand the power and the art of the man if you study his life and work, what he did and the manner in which he did it. Not that you will know any better, after the story is told than before, how to analyze his power or explain his art; but you will know very clearly just what he was and stood for, — of just what he was a master, and how his mastery displayed itself. What a master in any art did is always inseparable, in the last analysis, from what he was. The life of a writer has in it little that can be told, and delicate health held Sir Henry Maine always to a very quiet level. He had no adventures as a boy, — except that

his mother and aunt came near killing him with an overdose of opium; and his youth was without any irregularity except overstudy, — which for a normal youth would be very irregular. His father was a Dr. James Maine, of whom we are told nothing except that he was born at Kelso, near the Scottish border, and that he lived for a short time after his son Henry's birth on the island of Jersey. The boy's full name was Henry James Sumner Maine, his godfather being the excellent Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Chester, and afterward Archbishop of Canterbury. He was born near Leighton, August 15, 1822. His mother was Eliza Fell, who came of a family of good position living in the neighborhood of Reading. She is said to have been a clever and accomplished woman, and it turned out that she was to be her gifted son's sole guardian. Family difficulties separated her from her husband, and she removed while the lad was in his second year to a residence at Henley-on-Thames. There Henry Maine got his first schooling; thence he went, when he was but seven, to Christ's Hospital, where Dr. Sumner had been able to place him; and from Christ's Hospital he went, as Exhibitioner, to Pembroke College, Cambridge, in 1840, at the age of eighteen, — a slender, clear-voiced, alert lad, as fragile, almost, as a tender girl, but full of a masculine energy, which showed in his lively eye, at once bright and deep, perceiving and thoughtful, and in his speech, which was very definite and sure of its mark, — a lad whom one could have wished to see much in the sun, to put color in his cheeks, but who could not often be drawn away from his books, and showed pale, like the student. He went in for all the prizes, and got most of them; was elected Foundation Scholar of his college; won medals for English verse, Latin hexameters, Latin odes, Greek and Latin epigrams; became Craven University Scholar and Senior

Classic; and finally won the Chancellor's Senior Classical Medal, putting himself through the unpalatable discipline of taking the honors in mathematics necessary to qualify him for winning it. Pembroke had no vacant fellowship to offer him, but he was made tutor at Trinity Hall immediately upon his graduation, in 1844; and three years later, when he was but twenty-five, was appointed Regius Professor of Civil Law.

"I was curious," said a gentleman who had had the good luck to be coached by Maine at Trinity Hall, "I was curious to see how this tutor of mine, so young as he was, about two years my junior, would get on at first. . . . The result removed all doubts and surpassed my most sanguine expectations. I could feel that I was being admirably jockeyed. He had the greatest dexterity in impressing his knowledge upon others, made explanations that came to the point at once and could not be misunderstood, corrected mistakes in a way one was not apt to forget, supplied you with endless variety of happy expressions for composition and dodges in translation;" in short, was just the man to make the pace for a pupil who wanted to study. "Dodges in translation"! Are we to understand that this young gentleman of twenty-two had already learned how to march straight across a subject; how to avoid details, and yet imply them within a general proposition? Here is certainly the Henry Maine we have read, with his explanations that come "to the point at once and cannot be misunderstood," and his skill at inclusive statement. He was "backward to speak before his elders," the same witness tells us, and "had the rare merit of being a talker or a listener, as circumstances demanded, but when he did speak" put in "keen and rapid remarks that told like knock-down blows." This will not do for a description of Maine's written style. That is not keen and rapid, and there is nothing like the accent of a blow about it. It is

deliberate, rather, and calm, and makes serene show of strength. But men who write thus, with a sort of restrained and chastened force, often speak in forms more direct and eager. It may well be, besides, that mere illumination has the effect of point, as a perfect illustration acts like a stroke of wit, and Maine's conversational hits may have seemed keen simply because they shone with light. A crystal will often give out the same sharp line of light that will flash to you from the edge of a sword's blade. But we are not concerned with that. There is enough in this picture of the young tutor to make it evident that the boy was, as always, father to the man. "Those who were intimate with him during these years," says another who knew him then, "will not easily forget his face and figure, marked with the delicacy of weak health, but full to overflowing with sensitive nervous energy, — his discursive brilliancy of imagination and intellect, his clear-cut style and precise accuracy of expression, and his absolute power of concentrating himself on the subject immediately before him. His mind was so graceful that strangers might have overlooked its strength, while the buoyancy of his enthusiasm was never beyond the control of the most critical judgment. . . . It was hard to drag him away from his rooms and his books, even for the ordinary minimum of constitutional exercise, though his spirits and width of interest made him at all times a joyous companion." Here was no "dig," who loved a book because he liked to sit still and save himself the trouble of thinking, but a youth to whom books were quick; not stuffing him, but setting his faculties in the way to satisfy themselves. It was reported of him, many years afterward, that he could pluck all the heart out of a thick volume while another man was reading a hundred pages; and no doubt he liked it, not because it was a book and thick, but because it had a heart in it.

It is in such a way and at such a time that a mind fit for mastery learns how to use books.

Maine married in 1847, the year he was chosen Regius Professor of Civil Law, — married his cousin, Miss Jane Maine. His marriage led him to look for wider fields of employment, and by 1850 he had qualified for and been called to the bar. He soon found practice of his profession go hard with his health, however, and turned more and more away from it, to write for the more serious public prints and exercise his high gifts as a lecturer. Like Walter Bagehot, he had first tried his hand as a writer for the public upon an exposition of the character and purposes of Louis Napoleon, condemning from the outset the unconstitutional aims which Bagehot was afterward to justify. Bagehot tried to look at the whole matter from a French point of view; Maine looked at it always as an English constitutionalist, and could find no tolerant word for the imperial charlatan, who was just then calling himself "president." So long, he said, as the French common weal "moves steadily forward, to strike it down or trip it up, at the cost of turning into gall the best and wholesomest blood in the whole of France, would be a great piece of foolishness no less than a great crime." He showed his political sympathies at home by hating Mr. Disraeli very heartily. "Already you are manifesting considerable aptitude for the policy which has conducted your leader to eminence," he says to Disraeli's followers in 1849, with a biting sneer; "already the Jacobinical coloring of your language and argument shows that you are not indisposed to alternate conservative commonplace with revolutionary verse and radical prose. All you have to learn is the art of diverting attention while you shift your views, the unintelligible gabble of the thimblerrigger as he changes his peas. When you have mastered this accomplishment, the rest is quite simple."

There is here good partisan vigor. The strokes are direct and palpable, and show the true zest of the political journalist. In 1852, two years after his call to the bar, Mr. Maine was appointed reader in Roman law and jurisprudence to the Inns of Court, and began courses of public lectures, in that beautiful hall of the Middle Temple in which Twelfth Night was first acted, which were to lead him to the chief work of his life. But the serious studies of his lectureship did not draw him away from his writing for the public journals. In 1855 the Saturday Review was established, with an extraordinary staff of writers, — among them the accomplished gentleman who is now the Marquis of Salisbury, Sir William Harcourt, Sir James Stephen, Goldwin Smith, Walter Bagehot, Professor Owen, and Henry Maine. Maine did no less than the rest of this brilliant company to give immediate prestige to the Saturday Review. Mr. Bagehot used to declare his nerves much too delicate to take the direct impact of the Spectator. Its contents were much too pungent and sanguine to be received without due preparation, and “he always got his wife to ‘break’ it to him” at breakfast; and some of the rest of us have felt much the same way about the Saturday Review. Not that it kept the spanking pace given it by these men when they were young; it grew dense in substance, rather, as it grew old, and had finally to be taken in about the proportion of one part to ten parts of water. Maine turned his hand to almost every kind of writing to quicken its pages, and for six years made it his business to enrich it with every matter of thought he could contribute.

At the very outset of his service as lecturer at the Inns of Court he had been stricken with an illness which nearly cost him his life; but he came out of it with undaunted spirits and energies not a whit dulled, — his thoughts burning within him like flame within an ala-

baster vessel. Those who heard him read his lectures were struck by the musical power of his voice, and by the unimpeded flow of his sentences, running clear as crystal; and those who conversed with him marveled at the ease, the lucidity, the telling force of his talk. “It was singularly bright, alert, and decided,” one of these reports; “you could not walk a couple of hundred yards with him without hearing something that interested you, and he had the enviable power of raising every subject that was started into a higher atmosphere. In later life he became much more silent, and did not seem to put his intelligence as quickly alongside that of the person to whom he was talking.” But it was in this time of high tension and quick play of mind that he did the work which has since held the attention of the world; for in 1861, at the age of thirty-nine, he published his now celebrated volume on Ancient Law, — his first book, and unquestionably his greatest. It was the condensed and perfected substance of his lectures at the Inns of Court. It was in one sense not an original work: it was not founded on original research. Its author had broken no new ground and made no discoveries. He had simply taken the best historians of Roman law, — great German scholars chiefly, — had united and vivified, extended and illustrated, their conclusions in his own comprehensive way; had drawn, with that singularly firm hand of his, the long lines that connected antique states of mind with unquestioned but otherwise inexplicable modern principles of law; had made obscure things luminous, and released a great body of cloistered learning into the world, where common students read and plod and seek to understand. What Bagehot says of Sydney Smith we may apply to Maine: “he had no fangs for recondite research.” “No man of our time did so much for the revival of the study of Roman law,” said a close friend and intimate of Maine’s,

after his death; "but it is greatly to be doubted whether he had any special familiarity with the Pandects or the Code." He "had a power of seeing the general in the particular," says the same friend, "which we do not think has been equaled in literary history. His works are full of generalizations which are as remarkable for their clearness and sobriety as for their intrinsic probability, and which are reached, not by any very elaborate study of detailed evidence, but by a kind of intuition." Men who tear the heart out of a thick volume while a slow and careful man reads a hundred pages are not the men to pause over details with a nice scrutiny: they go eagerly on in search of the defining borders of the large land of detail.

Persons who suppose that Maine's *Ancient Law* is merely a textbook for lawyers will be very much and very delightfully surprised if they will but take it down from the shelf and read it, — as much surprised as young law students are who plunge into *Blackstone* because they must, and find to their astonishment that those deep waters are not a little refreshing, and that the law, after all, is no dismal science. The book has that dignity, that spirit, that clear and freshened air, that untechnical dress and manner of the world which belong to the writing of cultured gentlemen who know the touch that makes literature. It is hard to explain, apart from a reading of the book itself, what it is that gives this quality of distinction and charm to *Ancient Law*. You cannot easily illustrate it by quotations from the book, unless you quote a whole chapter; for Maine was no coiner of phrases, as I have said, and one passage is much like another, — no one page of the volume contains its method condensed, its art displayed in little.

No doubt, the most typical and admirable parts of the book are those which constitute the warp and woof of the sustained passages of reasoning which

are the body of every chapter; but no part of them can easily or fairly be detached. In speaking of Maine's great work, soon after his death, the *London Times* says: "The style was so lucid, the reasoning was so clear and cogent, the illustrative matter was so aptly chosen, the analogies were so dexterously handled, the survey was so broad, the grasp of principles was so firm, the whole fabric of the argument was articulated in so masterly a fashion, that the reader was easily tempted to suppose that *Ancient Law* must have been as easy to write as it was fascinating to read." But Maine was not a rapid or an easy writer, we are told (and the article was evidently written by some friend who spoke from personal knowledge); it was a matter of infinite pains with him to rear the symmetrical structures he has left us in his published works. But when the work was done, he "took the scaffolding away," gathered up his tools, cleared the ground, and left no trace of daily labor. There are no footnotes; there is no discussion of the books and materials out of which he took the finely fitted pieces of his structure; no seams or joints show, no traces of the tool: the work stands single, self-consistent, and complete, as if it were a fine, unassisted piece of creation. Everything he wrote reads like the utterance of "a very superior person," who speaks always out of his own knowledge, observes from a high coign of vantage, and concludes the matter with an authoritative judgment. And so you get the feeling that he has had no predecessors, and fears no successors.

I do not say this in disparagement of this great writer; it seems to me necessary to say it simply by way of exegesis, — the manner is there, and we shall not understand Maine unless we reckon with it. It is partly, perhaps chiefly, due to the absence of footnotes and references. He seems to have covered all this wide field without assistance from other authors, and to feel the

need of no support of extraneous authority in any statement. He seems to have found it all out himself. "Starting with a little fact here and a venerable tradition there," as one of his critics has said, "he lays a foundation with these, and proceeds to build up an edifice from stage to stage, till those who do not watch the process very closely imagine a great deal proved which, in reality, is highly plausible conjecture," with the result that "much that the author himself puts forward as only theory has been assumed to be settled doctrine." You get much the same impression in reading Mommsen's *History of Rome*. Here, too, you are without references, and a bold master of statement confidently builds up the great story of Rome before your eyes, age by age, the earliest times as definitely as the latest, with the air of one who remembers rather than with the caution of one who has heard and been led to infer, until at last you are fairly awed, and wonder whether the master will ever graciously vouchsafe to you any hint of his sources of information.

But it is more than the mere absence of footnotes: it is also the tone, — the tone of perfect confidence. Maine's books are one and all books of generalization, — of the sort of generalization which sweeps together the details of centuries into a single statement and interpretation. Maine is seldom, in fact, daring or beyond the evidence in his broad judgments: they were come at, you shall find, if you will take the pains to test them, by slow consideration and a careful elimination of the elements of error; they are sober, too, and without flavor of invention or of radical fancy. They spring always from the reason, never from the literary imagination. There is the air of a scientific calm and dispassionateness about them. But, for all that, they are so confidently spoken, they range over such spaces of time and inference, look so far abroad upon the fortunes and policies of men and nations,

have such a spacious way of thought about them, and are set to so high a tune of stately diction that they quite overwhelm us with a sense of their importance not only, but of the importance of their author also. "A man of the calibre of Montesquieu and de Tocqueville," the *Times* calls him. "He brought," it says, "to the study of law, politics, and institutions an intelligence as penetrating as theirs, a grasp of mind as comprehensive, a judgment as sober and impartial, and a method incomparably more searching and fruitful," — a style, it might have added, less personal, more cosmic, as if it were conceived by some general intelligence. And this, let it be said at once, is Maine's greatness. It would be easy to show that he got practically all of the material of *Ancient Law* at second hand; it would doubtless be possible to prove that he had no gift for investigation, and, though a man of the widest reading, possessed no real erudition. His power lay in the art and mystery of divination. It has been said that he did nothing more than interpret for English lawyers and students of institutions the work of the great students of comparative jurisprudence in Germany; but this is not a judgment that can be held by those who are sensible of the effects which lie beyond detail. Without interpretation detail is dead, and Maine was a master of interpretation. Interpretation does not merely give details significance; it adds something of its own, and shows that, at any rate in divination, the whole is greater than the sum of the parts. It is fact enhanced and vitalized by thought. It is the face of learning quickened and made eloquent by the suffused color, the swift play of light in the eye, the subtle change of line about the mouth that bring the spirit forth which dwells within. It is, to change the figure, a guide to the high places from which the details of the plain may be seen massed and in proportion not only, but made more significant also in their relations

than they are in themselves, — *added to* by the touch of perspective. This is the highest function of learning.

It is this, no doubt, which gives us the sense of exhilaration we get in reading Maine: we are moving in high spaces, and command always a broad outlook. And yet we are not in the air; there is no uneasy sense of having our feet off the ground. There is in every generalization that Maine makes a reassuring *implication of detail*, — just as there is in a towering mass of crag and mountain: we know somehow that the fine, aspiring lines are carried by granite and rooted in the centre of the solid globe. There is in such writing more than a sense of elevation, however: there is also a sense of movement, — the steady drawing on of a great theme, — a movement strong, regular, smooth, inevitable, like that of a great river, sweeping from view to view, but never turning upon its course, never doubting of its direction, unimpeded, noiseless, more powerful than swift. This large and general power was characteristic of Maine in all that he did. The year after the publication of *Ancient Law*, he was offered, and accepted, the post of law member in the council of the governor-general of India. He removed to India, and the next seven years of his life were spent in a deep absorption in the affairs of that great dependency, which has drawn to its administration so much of the best genius of the English race. He showed in council the same gifts that made him a great writer, — those singular gifts of generalization, which are, after all, in their last analysis, executive in kind. "His method, his writings, and his speeches at the Indian council board," says Sir Alfred Lyall, "have had a strong and lasting effect upon all subsequent ways of dealing with" matters pertaining to India, "whether in science or practical politics. He possessed an extraordinary power of appreciating unfamiliar facts and apparently irrational beliefs, of ex-

tracting their essence and the principle of their vitality, of separating what still has life and use from what is harmful or obsolete, and of stating the result of the whole operation in some clear and convincing sentence." "The local expert," he adds, almost with a smile, "the local expert, who, after years of labor in the field of observation, found himself with certain indefinite impressions of the meaning or outcome of his collected facts, often found the whole issue of the inquiry exactly and conclusively stated in one of Maine's lucid generalizations." It is odd to learn, after hearing of the mass of difficult work he crowded into those seven years in India, that Maine was sometimes privately charged with indolence and idleness by his colleagues: and yet the charge carries with it a certain interesting significance. To those whose idea of labor is, to be forever poring upon a task, forever plodding from record to record, from memorandum to memorandum, he must of course have seemed idle. For all he loved reading and preferred his books to a walk abroad, his was not a mind for searching and sorting and annotating. It was a mind, rather, for brooding, and did its work with no outward show of being busy. No man bustles at thinking. The greater sorts of flight are made without noisy beat of wing.

Maine's appointment in 1862 to be law member of the governor-general's council in India determined the rest of his career: from that time till the end of his life, in 1888, his chief energies were given to the great and arduous business of governing India. A writer in the *Spectator* declares him to have been "for seven years the avowed, and for twenty-six years the actual, English law-maker" for that troublesome dependency, and ascribes to him nearly three hundred successful statutes. He left India in 1869, and upon his return to England accepted, in 1870, the position of Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence at

Oxford, — a position specially created that he might occupy it; but in the autumn of the next year, 1871, he was appointed to a seat in the council of the secretary of state for India, and returned to the work for which he had so singularly fitted himself. He continued to lecture at Oxford for seven or eight years, speaking every year to an eager and steadily increasing company of serious students in the quiet little hall of Corpus Christi College, and the fruits of his work appeared from time to time in that series of interesting volumes which we now always read along with *Ancient Law*, as expanded gloss and commentary: *Village Communities, East and West*, published in 1871; *The Early History of Institutions*, published in 1875; and *Early Law and Custom*, published in 1883. These all grew out of his Oxford lectures, or out of articles which he had contributed to the reviews, and are rich with the knowledge he had taken from India and from the later students of institutions in the West. "Every man," he says, in an interesting passage to be found in his *Village Communities*, "every man is under a temptation to overrate the importance of the subjects which have more than others occupied his own mind; but it certainly seems to me that two kinds of knowledge are indispensable, if the study of historical and philosophical jurisprudence is to be carried very far in England, — knowledge of India and knowledge of Roman law: of India, because it is the great repository of verifiable phenomena of ancient usage and ancient juridical thought; of Roman law, because, viewed in the whole course of its development, it connects these ancient usages and this ancient juridical thought with the legal ideas of our own day." Ignorance of India he thought more discreditable to Englishmen than ignorance of Roman law, and at the same time more unintelligible in them. "It is more discreditable," he said, "because it requires no very intimate ac-

quaintance with contemporary foreign opinion to recognize the abiding truth of de Tocqueville's remark, that the conquest and government of India are really *the* achievements in the history of a people which it is the fashion abroad to consider unromantic. The ignorance is, moreover, unintelligible, because knowledge on the subject is extremely plentiful and extremely accessible, since English society is full of men who have made it the study of a life pursued with an ardor of public spirit which would be exceptional even in the field of British domestic politics." It is evident from the strong pulse that beats in these sentences that a new spirit and a new and absorbing interest have come into the writer's mind because of his actual contact with the life of the East. It colors henceforth every part of his thought. "If there were an ideal Toryism," he writes, in the midst of the general election of 1885, "I should probably be a Tory; but I should not find it easy to say which party I should wish to win now. The truth is, India and the India Office make one judge public men by standards which have little to do with political opinion."

It was in 1885 that his volume on *Popular Government* showed us how far India and the India Office had formed his opinions. No doubt he was by constitution and temperament a Tory, — most men of delicate health and cautious thought must be. Now and again some invalid touched with genius gets the air of the sea and the quick currents of the out-of-door world into his blood, as Robert Louis Stevenson did; but men like Maine dull their blood while they are young by close, confining study, and no subsequent experience can take them out of the atmosphere of rooms and books. *Popular Government* is the only book in which Maine leaves his accustomed fields of study to make practical test of his opinions in the field of politics, — which is, after all, an out-of-door, and not an in-

door world. The book abounds in good things. Its examination of the abstract doctrines which underlie democracy is in his best manner,—every sentence of it tells. The style is pointed, too, and animated beyond his wont,—hurried here and there into a quick pace by force of feeling, by ardor against an adversary. He finds, besides, with his unerring instinct for the heart of a question, just where the whole theory and practice of democracy show the elements that will make it last or fail. “After making all due qualifications,” he says, “I do not deny to Democracies some portion of the advantage which so masculine a thinker as Bentham claimed for them. But, putting this advantage at the highest, it is more than compensated by one great disadvantage. Of all the forms of government, Democracy is by far the most difficult. Little as the governing multitude is conscious of this difficulty, prone as the masses are to aggravate it by their avidity for taking more and more powers into their direct management, it is a fact which experience has placed beyond all dispute. It is the difficulty of democratic government that mainly accounts for its ephemeral duration.” Unquestionably this is true, and is the central truth of the whole matter. He is right, too, beyond gainsaying, when he says that “the fact that what is called the will of the people really consists in their adopting the opinion of one person or a few persons admits of a very convincing illustration from experience.” “The ruling multitude will only form an opinion by following the opinion of somebody: it may be, of a great party leader; it may be, of a small local politician; it may be, of an organized association; it may be, of an impersonal newspaper.” But he is wrong — and the error is very radical — in supposing that democracy really rests on a theory, and is *nothing but* “a form of government.” It is a form of character, where it is successful, — a form of national

character; and is based, not upon a theory, but upon the steady evolutions of experience. Mr. Morley was not just in describing the book as a rattling political pamphlet, — though he did say some fine things about it. His review of it brought forth, among other things, that fine remark of his, that any human institution will look black if held up against the light that shines in Utopia. But Maine cannot in fairness be called a partisan. The real and very astonishing fault of the book is, that its criticism rings false to the standards he had so greatly set up in the works which gave him his high fame. He speaks of democracy in the United States as if it were only one success amidst a host of failures, and had been nullified by the lamentable experiences of France and Spain and the republics of turbulent South America. The stability of the government of the United States is, he admits, “a political fact of the first importance; but the inferences which might be drawn from it,” he says, “are much weakened, if not destroyed, by the remarkable spectacle furnished by the numerous republics set up from the Mexican border-line to the Straits of Magellan.” The democracy of North America — to be found in Canada no less than in the United States — is as natural, as normal, as inevitable a product of steady, equable, unbroken history as the Corpus Juris of Justinian; and the heady miscarriages of attempted democracy in Spanish countries are as easily and as satisfactorily explicable as the principles of contract or the history of inheritance by will. No champion of the comparative method of historical study ought to have discredited his own canons by comparing things incomparable.

Maine’s style in *Popular Government* is, as I have said, much more spirited than his style elsewhere, and smacks sometimes with a very racy flavor. “The short history of the United States,” he

says, "has established one momentous negative conclusion. When a democracy governs, it is not safe to leave unsettled any important question concerning the exercise of public powers. I might give many instances of this, but the most conclusive is the war of secession, which was entirely owing to the omission of the 'fathers' to provide beforehand for the solution of certain constitutional problems, lest they should stir the topic of negro slavery. It would seem that, by a wise Constitution, democracy may be made nearly as calm as water in a great artificial reservoir; but if there is a weak point anywhere in the structure, the mighty force which it controls will burst through it and spread destruction far and near." It was perhaps his style in this book that led the writer of his memoir in the *Times* to say that "his conversation was less epigrammatic than his writings. He did not strive at epigram, and his presence and influence irradiated the society in which he moved rather with a diffused and steady effulgence than with brilliant but evanescent flashes." This is probably spoken of the later days, in which he had fallen rather silent, the effervescence of youth being quieted and the meditative habit grown strong; but it is a very questionable choice of words to call anything he ever wrote epigrammatic. We are so accustomed to dull writers that when we find any vivid significance in what we read, we are apt to attribute it to some trick or turn in the way the thing is put. Maine's sentences, in *Popular Government*, as well as elsewhere and upon less lively themes, break with no sudden light, but are radiant, rather, from end to end, burning steadily and without flash. We see the whole page irradiated, find point in every sentence, and say, out of habit, that it is epigrammatic. But no one sentence carries the meaning; it is spread upon the whole page.

Honors came thick and fast upon Maine after his return from India. In

the spring of 1871, the year in which he accepted a seat in the council at the India Office, he was gazetted Knight Commander of the Star of India, and was henceforth Sir Henry Maine. In 1877 he was chosen Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, — the college in which, thirty years before, he had coached youngsters in the best "dodges in translation," and had delighted a select circle of friends with his luminous talk, — and he of course gave up the Corpus Professorship at Oxford to accept it. He still kept his seat and sedulously attended to his work at the council board of the India Office, and continued to reside in London; but he made himself felt at Cambridge none the less, and let no one feel that he was neglecting the duties or letting down the social traditions of the Mastership of Trinity Hall. He was offered the permanent under-secretaryship of the Home Office in 1885, and in 1886 the chief clerkship of the House of Commons, to succeed Sir Thomas Erskine May. No doubt, as one of his friends has suggested, it was well understood that Sir Henry would himself know whether he was fitted for these offices, and could be relied upon to decline them if he was not. He accepted, in 1887, the Whewell Professorship of International Law at Cambridge, but just made vacant by the retirement of Sir William Harcourt, and in the same year delivered those lectures on disputed questions of international obligation and practice now preserved in a thin volume which we should be very loath to miss from our shelves. It is said that before going to India, in 1862, "he had projected, and to a great extent prepared, a work on International Law, intended as a companion to" his *Ancient Law*, and "conceived in the same spirit," but that "when he returned from India the manuscript of this work could not be found," and was never recovered. Like the true scholar he was, he took the loss very cheerfully, assured that what he could

write upon the subject now would be much more full-bodied and much more abreast of the best scholarship than what he had written then ; but alas ! he was not to do the work he had projected, after all. He died suddenly, of apoplexy, February 3, 1888, at Cannes, whither he had gone, alone, expecting to recuperate, not looking for the end ; and we have only his first lectures, unrevised. They are singularly finished in tone, manner, and substance, like everything he wrote, but they are only a fragment of what he meant to do.

His friends thought, when he was gone, not of the great writer whom the world had lost, but of the genial, sweet-spirited, enlightened gentleman who would never again make their gatherings bright with his presence. The general world of society and of affairs had never known Sir Henry Maine. He gave the best energies of his life to public duty, — to the administration of India ; but he rendered his service at quiet council boards, whose debates were of business, not of questions of politics, and did not find their way into the public prints. He had no taste for publicity ; preferred the secluded groups that gathered about him in the little hall of Corpus Christi to any assembly of the people. He did not have strong popular sympathies, indeed, and disdained to attempt the general ear. He loved knowledge, and was indifferent to opinion. It perhaps went along with his delicate physique and sensitive temperament that he should shrink from crowds and distrust the populace. His “quickness of apprehension, power of expression, and luminous intuition,” the writer in the *Saturday*

Review tells us, would perhaps have led “an uninformed observer to the conclusion that their possessor had the temperament of a poetical enthusiast.” But “no greater mistake,” he declares, “could have been made. They were associated with a temperament which was liable to err on the side of caution, regard to actual circumstances, and a total absence of any sort of enthusiasm or illusion.” And certainly no man who is without any sort of enthusiasm or illusion can easily be a democrat or a politician ; for he will take democracy in the abstract, as Maine did, instead of taking it practically and in the bulk, and will lack that serviceable confidence in good average sense and sober second thought on the part of the people, which leaders have and are justified in having among a self-possessed populace accustomed to the drill and orderly action of self-government. But immediate leadership was not Maine’s function. It was his suitable part in the world to clarify knowledge, to show it in its large proportions and long significance to those who could see. His mind was an exquisitely tempered instrument of judgment and interpretation. It touched knowledge with a revealing, almost with a creative, power, and as if the large relationships of fact and principle were to it the simple first elements of knowledge. He thought always so like a seer, moved always in so serene an air ! His world seemed to be kept always clear of mists and clouds, as if it were blown through with steady trade-winds, which brought with them not only pure airs, but also the harmonious sounds and the abiding fragrance of the great round world.

Woodrow Wilson.

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

It is my intention to give some idea of the man himself, and of his early formative influences, rather than to attempt a critical estimate of his work. Of the man, I may say at once that he was a prince among his fellows. In nobility of nature, in sweetness and charm of temperament, in distinction of sentiment, in his spiritual outlook, tender, strong, earnest, with an exquisite kindly humor, he won the love as well as the admiration of all who knew him. He had a life so uneventful in external vicissitudes that its main features may be told in a few words. "What is there to say," he exclaimed once of a great man who had suddenly passed from among us, "what is there to say beyond this, — that between youth and old age he ever failed nobly, or nobly succeeded? Nothing else is called for. His work is his commentary on life, his biography, his record of spiritual adventure. As for the private individual, he and those dear to him are entitled to look upon the privacies of his intimate life as not only sacred, but as having absolutely no concern with the public curiosity."

Of Edward Burne-Jones this is certainly true, — that his work is his spiritual biography; nor could any one who had the privilege of his friendly regard violate wishes so often and emphatically expressed. But, as a matter of fact, he need not have feared those rents in the privacy of his intimate life which death so often discloses. There were none to be revealed.

"I have been happy in my life," I have heard him say, "happy in my friendships, happy in my art; and the only unhappiness I have known, apart from those sorrows which we all have in common, is the unhappiness of that spirit within one which is forever haunted by the discrepancy between the dream, the

vision, and the possible, and therefore far less the ideal, accomplishment."

There could be few greater contrasts than between the presumptive Burne-Jones, as he was fashioned after the public fancy, and the Burne-Jones of reality. Partly because of the dreamlike beauty and remoteness of most of his work, partly because he was seldom seen in public or at social gatherings, and partly because he was known to be a recluse who was never so happy as when in his studio in a quiet region of remoter Kensington, the idea had developed into a common belief that as a man he was a mere dreamer, wholly preoccupied with poetic and symbolical vision, and in his individual outlook as remote from his fellows as in the imaginative expression of his spiritual ideas he was remote from the sterile actualities of the commonplace.

This popular view was as baseless as that which regarded William Morris, because he was the author of *The Earthly Paradise* and *Love is Enough*, as "the idle dreamer of an empty day." The two friends were in every sense of the word men of the hour as well as of their day, and of that larger day wherein the great and noble endure.

A good deal has been said as to Sir Edward Burne-Jones having been a distinguished Welshman. There is too much license in this designation. He was born in England, of parents themselves born and bred in England; and though it is fairly certain that his recent ancestors were of Cymric stock, there seems to be no absolute surety.

What is of interest is his own conviction that in nature and temperament he was Celtic, and not English. He held, as some others hold, that the finest spiritual influences at work in the moulding of contemporary British life, and pre-eminently in the æsthetic expression of

that life, have been, and are, in no small degree, either Celtic or foreign to the Anglo-Saxon. He always maintained that William Morris and Rossetti had done far more to influence the development of the true spirit of art, howsoever expressed, than Tennyson or Browning. When a friend pointed out to him that Morris, though by birth and blood a Welshman, was English of the English, he would rebut the assertion with humorous emphasis, declaring that he was only one of the Welsh Morrises who had conquered England; and that if he was n't that, he was certainly a Scandinavian viking who had unexpectedly cropped up among the much enduring Saxons. Morris used to laugh, and exclaim, "Paint's the thing, Ned, after all!" Whereat his friend would suddenly desert the whole question in eager agreement, though before parting he might shoot a Parthian shaft in the guise of "But after all, Topsy, you are a viking, and you know it!" In other words, he took the wider view. "Nationality," I heard him say on one occasion, "is an endless snare in art. It's all mere accident. The only inevitable thing, independent of race, time, or circumstance, though of course influenced by these, is genius."

It may be as well to add that Celtic sympathies took practical expression in his keen understanding of and eager wish to be in line with Irish, Welsh, and Scottish nationalist aspirations. Charles Stuart Parnell had no stancher adherent in England, and Gladstone had no more eager follower in his dream of a late retribution to unfortunate Ireland, than this "painter of other-worldism."

It was on August 28, 1833, and in a Birmingham very different from the Birmingham of to-day, that Edward Coley Burne Jones was born. I do not know what authority there is for the statement which I have frequently heard, though I have never seen it in print, — which I first heard, indeed, some seventeen or eighteen years ago, from Rossetti,

— that the third baptismal name was not Burne, but Bryn. It may or may not be true, also, that it was Rossetti who urged him, at the outset of his career, to drop the "Coley," and connect with a hyphen "Burne" and "Jones." "'Jones' is nobody," Rossetti would declare, — "only a particle of a vast multiple! But 'Burne-Jones,' — that is unmistakable!" It was an amusing trait in Rossetti that he was wont to designate the good work of this or that friend as the work of — and he would mention the most distinctive name or part name of the person concerned. Thus he would say, "Yes, that is Burne-Jones, but this, this here, you know, is only Jones;" or, "That, now, is the real Holman Hunt, but this here is only Hunt;" or, "You can hear Tennyson in that, but Alfred wrote the other lines."

I recall two amusing instances where Burne-Jones more or less unconsciously adopted the same method. He was asked once if he thought William Bell Scott more eminent as a poet or as an artist. "I never thought very highly of Bell," he said; then, seeing a look of surprise, added, with a humorous twinkle, "I liked old Bell Scott — old Scotus, as we always called him — immensely, and I think William Bell Scott wrote some very fine verse, but I always thought it was a pity that Bell took to painting!" The other instance occurred when some one remarked to him that "Parnell was only an agitator." "Charles Stuart Parnell," he replied, with emphasis, "was one of the greatest public men of our day, and far and away the ablest Irish leader." "But Parnell," resumed the objector; to be again corrected by the other disputant, "Charles Stuart Parnell."

On the other hand, Rossetti rarely, if ever, called his friend Burne Jones in intimate life or intimate correspondence. He was always Jones or Ned Jones. Perhaps Ned Jones was the man; Jones, the friend who painted; Burne Jones,

the man of genius. And as with Rossetti, so was it with other early friends of the artist. Burne Jones was only a distinctive name for the benefit of outsiders. Although the name is now generally hyphenated, I do not think that its owner ever wrote it so himself. In any case, long before he became Sir Edward he had ceased to call himself anything other than Burne Jones, as though that were his single surname.

His father, Richard Edward Jones, who married Miss Elizabeth Coley, was in business in Birmingham; and it was a dull environment into which his only son was born, for the Birmingham of the early Victorian era was an unlovely place; but the lad's childhood and early boyhood were undisturbed by bitter dreams of the beautiful unattainable, for the good reason that he was brought up in complete ignorance of such a factor in life as Art. As I have heard Sir Edward declare, his early boyhood was perturbed only on the intellectual side. He had a great desire for knowledge, for mental adventure and excitement, — a desire continuously starved in his home circle, and for long thwarted by circumstances. "My ideal, like that of thousands of other boys," he was wont to add, "was to be a pirate; but at the back of that craving was, I think, the mere desire to raid the bookshops, and carry off all the stories of adventure, and stirring histories of what boys who had become men had achieved, — with, perhaps, as a tapestry background to that, again, a vision of an ideal world of romance, situate nowhere, perhaps, with certainty, but quite certainly beyond the confines of Birmingham."

In childhood, his mental need was sustained, so far as he could remember, by the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Book of Martyrs*, and *Sandford and Merton*. No *Robinson Crusoe*, not even a *Swiss Family Robinson*, cheered his evenings. "I think," he said once, with a twinkle

in his eyes, "I must have been a very healthy child; for when I was n't eating I was sleeping. Perhaps sometimes I pretended to be sleepy."

"If I had not become a painter, assuredly I should have become a book-worm," he said, on an occasion when an eminent Oxford professor was expressing gratified surprise at the discovery that the man whom he so much admired as a painter was also a scholar, and not only a classical scholar and an eager student of the literature of all ages, but a scholar in the difficult science of philology. It was, if I remember right, at the time when Sir Edward was painting the last of the Briar Rose series. Of the two visitors to his studio, one was Mr. Gladstone. The great statesman quoted two lines in Greek, to the effect that he too was caught in the maze; when Sir Edward at once responded with another Greek couplet, the drift of which was that, deep as the maze was, Theseus found his way therefrom the moment he found the clue. In this quotation occurred a very archaic word, which at once arrested the attention of the eminent Oxonian. "Yes," returned the painter, "that is a far-traveled word. It came to Greece from beyond the Himalayas; it so-journed in Carthage, and had a long residence in Rome; it may now be found at any moment in any of the Latin tongues; the Welsh and Irish Celts use it, and in all probability it is known to the Finn and the Basque." It may be of general interest to add that two famous critics have expressed themselves emphatically as to the intellectual powers of the painter, apart from his art: Mr. Ruskin, who many years ago spoke of him as the most cultured artist whom he had ever known, — and it must be remembered that he was acquainted with Rossetti, G. F. Watts, and Holman Hunt; and James Russell Lowell, who declared that, apart from his eminence as a painter, Edward Burne-Jones was in every sense of the word a great man.

It is pleasant to think that what he lacked so much in his own childhood was given with royal largesse to his children. There could be few more fortunate childhoods than those of Philip and Margaret Burne-Jones. They had not only beautiful things about them, with the far more important spirit of beauty permeating their lives, and books of the kind to fascinate and stimulate imaginative children, but a father who took keen delight in amusing them with fantastic and often charming drawings, mostly of a humorous nature. There are, probably, very few of those nursery drawings now remaining, but those which I have seen are delightful in their humor and gay insouciance. At all times, Burne-Jones found pleasure in amusing his friends with grotesque sketches, skits of friends, acquaintances, and others, and humorous commentaries on topical events. It has been said of him that he might have been a great caricaturist, and, again, a great black-and-white artist, if he had not chosen the better part, and been true to the best that was in him to do. In his own words, written when he was in the early twenties, "our work, whatsoever it be, must be the best of its kind, the noblest we can offer." This absolute public severance from his work of all that was not on the same high level of aim has led many people to suppose that he lacked the sense of humor, and that he was, in a word, though so unconventional according to the academic standard, a slave to his own convention. This common accusation, however, generally comes, not from a keen sense of the value of humor, as might be supposed, but from a lack of the sense of art.

When Edward was about ten years old, his father thought of ultimately apprenticing him to a trade, or of getting him into some mercantile house. Happily for art, he decided, when his son was eleven, to send him to a good training school, in order that eventually he

might enter the Church. Fortunately, one of the best schools in the kingdom existed in Birmingham, King Edward's School, an ancient foundation established by King Edward in 1522. "It was not a leap into the dark; it was a leap into the light." In these words the painter himself was wont to allude to that momentous change in his life. Once he said to me: "Broadly speaking, the three determining factors in my life were, first, my father's decision to send me to King Edward's School and to Oxford; second, my early meeting and lifelong friendship with William Morris, and the influence upon me, both as man and artist, of Rossetti; and third, my relinquishing the idea of entering the ministry, and the definite adoption of art as my sole and inevitable vocation."

From the first young Burne-Jones proved himself an eager pupil. The head of King Edward's School, at that time, was a very remarkable man, Dr. Prince Lee, afterward to become distinguished as the Bishop of Manchester; and his intellectual enthusiasm and lofty ideals further enhanced the high qualities of those assistants whom he had obtained for the school. Any boy who showed eager aptitude was encouraged and helped to the utmost. Again and again the famous painter declared that he owed an almost incalculable debt to King Edward's. "I might say," he remarked to me once, "I swam right into that deep, wonderful sea of Greek literature and pagan mythology; and just as I have never forgotten my first visit to France, which gave me a sense of the poetry of background, or my first visit to Siena, where I found my spiritual ancestry in art, so I never can forget my introduction to the beautiful pagan mythology and lovely legends and literature of Greece."

In 1852, when he was in his nineteenth year, he won an Exhibition at Exeter College, Oxford. The impression made upon him by the ancient city

from the very beginning was ineffaceable. But a stranger and more memorable event happened just at that time; for on the day that Edward Burne-Jones went up to Exeter College another young man entered it, and with the same intent of taking orders, — a young man named William Morris. The two undergraduates became friends at once, — a friendship of supreme value to both, and to Burne-Jones in particular of incalculable importance. From that day till the death of William Morris the friendship grew in strength and beauty; and when, in 1896, Morris died, the surviving friend felt that he had sustained a loss which no lapse of time could ever set right for him. Sir Edward was never quite himself afterward. Especially did he miss Morris on Sunday mornings, because for many years it had been their wont to breakfast together and to talk over intimately all that so dearly concerned both. It is more than possible that the color-gloom and sombre sentiment pervading the work of Sir Edward Burne-Jones for the last year or two was due more or less directly and paramountly to the loss of his lifelong friend and comrade.

There was one personal subject on which William Morris, on his side, could always talk with enthusiasm, and that was his friend "Ned Jones." I remember that one day, when I was walking with him from Hyde Park Corner westward, near Sloane Street we met an acquaintance, who said he had just heard that Burne-Jones had died suddenly at Rottingdean.¹ The report had arisen through the misapprehension of a local Brighton reporter, who had heard of the death of a Mr. Penrhyn Jones. But, at the announcement, I thought Morris had received some mortal hurt. His whole expression changed: he seemed ten years older, and his eyes had a look in them I shall never forget. "I don't

believe it," he blurted out at last. "I'll be damned if I believe it! It's out of the question, I tell you!" Then, with an impatient gesture, he flung aside, with that strangely sea-captain-like turn he had, and crossed the road to a post-office, where he telegraphed to his friend. He soon had a reply which gave him infinite relief.

If Morris never tired of talking of his friend as he was in the early days, Burne-Jones never tired of talking of these memorable undergraduate days with Morris. The friendship then formed was doubly welcome to each from the disappointment both felt, but Burne-Jones in particular, at the mental apathy and spiritual sluggardliness of those in authority, — characteristics shared by the great majority of the undergraduates.

It seems to have been Morris who first definitely relinquished the idea of taking orders. He thought of becoming an architect, a painter, and already he had begun to write verse. For a while his friend thought of the pursuit of letters. However, in a relatively brief time both fell under the same spell, and life suddenly revealed definite vistas. Three names were already well known in the small art-loving world of Oxford: these were Millais, Holman Hunt, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

"One day Morris and I discovered that we were face to face with something new and wonderful. It was the opening of the first seal for each of us. It was Rossetti, the poet who was so new and strange a painter, and the painter who wrote poetry with so rare and strange a new note, who appealed to us most, who influenced us most; but we felt the charm, the originality, the novel creative spirit, of each of these men; and, perhaps more than all, the spirit common to them all, — in them, but yet be-

late years he had his nephew-in-law, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, as his neighbor.

¹ Some years ago Sir Edward Burne-Jones made "a change and rest" home at Rottingdean, on the Sussex coast, near Brighton. Of

yond them, — the wonderful, fresh, re-creative spirit of a new day." Thus I have heard Edward Burne-Jones speak, and, to the same effect, William Morris.

It is not generally known that the artist made his first public appearance as an author. In that exceedingly rare periodical, *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* of 1856 (twelve parts only were issued), there are two papers mainly on Thackeray, in the January and June numbers. These (and, as I was told by Rossetti, also the interesting article on Ruskin's third volume of *Modern Painters*) were written by Edward Burne-Jones. The few who know that he did write one literary essay have taken it for granted that the paper on *The Newcomes* alone was his; but the second was only the "leave-over" from the first. In this magazine, each monthly part of which is now literally worth its weight in gold, appeared three of the lovely archaic stories of William Morris and several of his poems, and, of Rossetti's, *The Blessed Damozel* (second lection), *The Burden of Nineveh*, and *The Staff and Scrip*. All the contributions were unsigned.

For *The Story of Chiaro*, which Rossetti entitled *Hand and Soul*, Burne-Jones had always the most profound admiration. A short time after Rossetti's death he thought of painting one or more pictures illustrative of *The Story of Chiaro*, but, so far as I am aware, he never did so. I recollect that, not long subsequent to the death of William Morris, Sir Edward spoke to me about the extraordinary impression *Hand and Soul* had made upon Morris and himself, when they first read it, which memorable event occurred one afternoon by Isis' side, William Morris being the reader. "We were both so overcome that we could not speak a word about it." It was on this occasion, too, that the painter told me he had never yet fulfilled an almost lifelong intention, —

namely, to paint a picture of the Death of Gertha.

No other of William Morris's early writings had so great a fascination for him as the beautiful romantic tale *Gertha's Lovers*, which his friend had written in his company, under the willows by the riverside. I asked him what particular scene or event he had wished to make the subject of his picture, and he replied: "The opening and the closing sentences always invited me in an indescribable way, but the motive *par excellence* was that of Gertha after death, in the chapter entitled *What Edith the Handmaiden saw from the War-Saddle*, where the beautiful queen lies on the battlefield with the blue speedwell about her pale face, while a soft wind rustles the sunset-lit aspens overhead."

Here is the passage alluded to: —

"So there lay down Gertha, and the blue speedwell kissed her white cheek; there her breath left her, and she lay very still, while the wind passed over her now and then, with hands laid across her breast. [And there Edith her handmaiden found her] lying dead among the flowers, with her hands crossed over her breast, and a soft wind that came from the place where the sun had set shook the aspen leaves."

"Yes, I must paint Gertha before I die," he added, "and the more so now that dear Morris is gone. It will be like living over my youth, our youth, again."

The writings of Ruskin, the strange new poetry and the strange new romantic art of Rossetti, the pictorial intensity and symbolism of Holman Hunt, were perhaps the chief causes which brought about that vital change in the life of Burne-Jones and of William Morris which resulted in their giving up the idea of entering the Church. But there were other personal influences of moment. There was, too, the spirit of change in the air, — the spirit of a new era, of a deep and potent renaissance. Ruskin, Carlyle, Thackeray, — these great

ones, each in his own way, had already exercised an extraordinary influence upon the keenest spirits of the new generation. Charles Kingsley and others wrought to the same end. The world of art had awakened, and was full of rumors. A vast wave of resentment, almost of hostility, had begun to rise against this new, unexpected tide. It was a day of revolution.

Long before the two friends left Oxford they had discovered that they too were of those who had the shaping and making powers. The discovery was an intoxication to them, and from that moment their development was so rapid as to surprise both themselves and their friends. Morris was now almost ceaselessly preoccupied with both pen and pencil; for, like Rossetti, he had from the first a dual genius, as poet and painter. Burne-Jones hardly let pass a day in which, with swift if unregulated technical advance, he did not find some expression in "romantic pen-and-ink designs of remarkable richness and quality," as Mr. William Rossetti has recorded.

I am not sure whether it was before he left Oxford that Burne-Jones made another friendship, destined to be one of the three most noteworthy in his life, — the friendship of Mr. Swinburne. This great poet won the love and admiration of all that brilliant band whose work was to bring about a revolution in the art and literature of their country, and among those whose genius he at once recognized was the young painter. He already knew Rossetti, Morris, and others of only less wonderful power and promise; but it was to the still relatively unknown artist that, in 1866, he dedicated his *Poems and Ballads* "affectionately and admiringly."

Mr. Swinburne made Rossetti's acquaintance in 1857, while the painter was busy upon his fresco work in the Union at Oxford. In Rossetti's own words, it was his first meeting with

"immediately convincing and unmistakable genius." The meeting, in its after results, was a memorable one for the four greatest among these "new men," — Rossetti, Swinburne, William Morris, and Burne-Jones.

When, toward the end of 1855, Burne-Jones left Oxford for London, he had one great wish, — to see Dante Gabriel Rossetti, already his accepted leader, the pioneer. Modest and distrustful of his own powers, he did not think of seeking an interview with the poet-painter, but hoped to be able to obtain at least a glimpse, to see the face and hear the voice of the man who had so profoundly influenced him. The meeting took place at one of the evening classes for drawing at the College for Working Men, in Great Titchfield Street, where, the eager aspirant had heard, Rossetti gave instruction in design on certain evenings each week.

The young artist not only won the friendship of Rossetti, but was encouraged to devote himself wholly and enthusiastically to art. An instance of his rapid development, and at the same time of Rossetti's magnanimity, is afforded in an interesting anecdote, long familiar in the "circle:" that when Rossetti went to see how his young friend was getting on, and asked for the drawings of his own which he had lent him, he was so much impressed by the excellence of the work of his disciple that he tore up his sketches, remarking, "You have no more to learn from these."

It was Rossetti, too, who transformed Burne-Jones's vague dream of an ultimate art career into actuality. He had already made up his mind not to enter the Church, but he had still his degree to take and another half-year to spend at Oxford; and then, too, there was the keen disappointment of his father to reckon with. Carlyle with his gospel of work, Ruskin with his gospel of spiritual duty, Rossetti with his gospel of beauty, were not his masters for nothing. He

did as they would have done, and the outcome was his splendid justification.

Naturally, Rossetti being the generous and magnanimous man he was, he did everything he could to help the newcomer. It was he who was instrumental in procuring Burne-Jones's first commission in a branch of art that he afterward made peculiarly his own; for on the advice of the elder man one Mr. Powell entrusted to the young artist a commission for stained-glass windows. His friend also introduced him to Mr. Ruskin, who in time became a helpful patron as well as an ardent admirer of his work.

Burne-Jones painted mostly in water-colors till about 1868, when in the beautiful *Chant d'Amour* he made a new departure. In 1858-59 he painted in tempera his first Arthurian subject, that of Merlin and Nimue. Some of his drawings of this period are wonderful for their beauty and originality, notably the *Sidonia the Sorceress* drawings. Between 1858 and 1868 he painted some of his loveliest work in water-color: *The Annunciation*, *Summer Snow*, *Cupid's Forge*, *Blind Love*, *King René's Honey-moon*, *Theseus and Ariadne*, *Laus Veneris* (1861-78), *Tristram and Yseult*, *The Enchantments of Nimue*, *Fatima*, *Morgan le Fay*, *The Merciful Knight*, *The Wine of Circe*, *Le Chant d'Amour* (1865, first version), *Chaucer's Dream*, *Cupid and Psyche*, *Astrologia*, *St. Theophilus and the Angel*, and others. In 1866 he painted a *St. George and the Dragon* in oils, in 1868 *Green Summer*, and in the same year, a few months earlier, began the (small) *Mirror of Venus*, which, however, was not finished till 1877.

In this period, also, he achieved much lovely work in cartoons for stained-glass windows, beginning in 1857 with *Adam and Eve*, *The Tower of Babel*, and *King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba*, for *St. Andrews College*, *Bradfield, Berks*. In extent, in beauty, in

endless imaginative fecundity, Burne-Jones's work in this branch is something to marvel at. From 1857 till 1897 he never ceased to work at these cartoons, and in those forty years he added more beauty to the churches, colleges, and public buildings of Great Britain than any other English artist, of any time or period, has done.

It was in 1868 that he began often to paint his pictures in oil, though he was always preëminently fond of water-color as a medium, and practiced it till the end. With the large oil picture of *Le Chant d'Amour* (begun in 1868, and finished in 1877) what a superb series of masterpieces is inaugurated! *Pygmalion* and the *Image*, *The Hours*, the first small *Briar Rose* series of three, *Pan and Psyche*, *The Beguiling of Merlin*, the noble *Feast of Peleus*, *The Mirror of Venus*, *Laus Veneris* (1873-78), *Hero*, *Danaë*, *The Golden Stairs*, *Fortune*, *King Cophetua* and the *Beggar Maid*, *Perseus and the Graiæ*, *The Briar Wood* (1884-90), *The Depths of the Sea*, *Flamma Vestalis*, *The Garden of Pan*, *Danaë and the Brazen Tower*, *The Heart of the Rose*, and so forth.

In water-color (mostly on a large scale) he achieved, in the last thirty years of his life, some of the most beautiful work ever painted in England: such, for instance, as *The Hesperides*, *The Heart Desires* (*Pygmalion*), *Love among the Ruins*, *Fortune*, *Fame*, *Oblivion*, *Love*, *Summer*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, the *Angels of Creation*, *Pyramus and Thisbe*, *The Bath of Venus*, *Dies Domini*, *The Star of Bethlehem*. From the wonderful little drawing of 1856, *The Waxen Image*, to *The Briar Rose* and the work of the last few years, what a record! No man in our time has given himself more wholly, more whole-heartedly, to the quest of beauty.

At the time of *The Waxen Image* drawing he shared rooms at 17 Red Lion Square with William Morris, and it was to this companionship he owed

his lifelong devotion to Chaucer, so often the source of his finest inspiration.

The next great influence in his life was a visit to Italy which he made in the autumn of 1859. He came back profoundly impressed by what he had seen in Pisa, Florence, and Siena; indeed, for the noble and dignified art of the great Sienese he conceived then, and ever maintained, a supreme admiration. A second visit, in the company of Mr. Ruskin, was made in the summer of 1862, and this time he went to Venice. Here Burne-Jones discovered that his truest powers lay, not in the direction of Venetian splendor, but in that of the dignity, the austerity, the lofty spiritual aristocracy of the art of Siena. From Venice he wrote to Rossetti a letter with an interesting note in it: "The other day I saw a letter of Titian's. The handwriting was, absolutely, exactly like yours, — as like as a forged letter of yours could be; the whole writing a little bit bigger, I think, but the shapes of the letters as exact as could be."

On his first return from Italy, Burne-Jones settled in rooms near Fitzroy Square, at the corner of Howland Street; and in 1861 he went to Great Russell Street, where his first public honor came to him in 1863, with his election to an associateship of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. In 1865 he moved again to a charming old house in Kensington Square, and in the autumn paid a long "painting visit" to Morris, who was then settled at The Red House, which he had built for himself at Bexley Heath, in Kent. It was in 1867 that he moved finally to the quietly situated and fascinating old house and garden in West Kensington, The Grange, which was his home ever after, and where he died. At The Grange, and at his country or seaside home at

Rottingdean, he spent the happiest years of his life.

Not long after his friend Rossetti had married the beautiful Miss Siddal, and his comrade William Morris had married the still more beautiful Miss Burden, he was himself wedded to a lady of great distinction and charm, Miss Georgina Macdonald. One of this lady's sisters is now Lady Poynter, wife of the director of the National Gallery, and another is the mother of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Of the two children of a very happy marriage, one, Margaret (whose lovely portrait is familiar to all admirers of her father's art), is now Mrs. Mackail, the wife of a distinguished scholar and man of letters; and the other, Philip, now Sir Philip, is a painter who has won repute for himself, handicapped though he was by the great name of his father.

From the time of his marriage Burne-Jones's career is a record of unbroken success, though for many years against a public sentiment of hostility or ignorant amusement, — a sentiment fed by ignorant and bigoted critics. It was not till the establishment of the Grosvenor Gallery, in 1877, that he suddenly, though amid a still prevalent disparagement, became recognized as one of the greatest of English artists. The story of his work and triumphs is a stirring one. He won happiness, fame, and all the honors he could care for; he achieved an almost unparalleled success; from first to last he never pandered to any low tastes or unworthy demands, but was ever true to his own ideals; he enjoyed the friendship and sympathy of the greatest men of his time; and he died suddenly, in the midst of his work, leaving behind him a great and unsullied name, and a fame which we may confidently trust the future to estimate aright.

William Sharp.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ASTRONOMER.

II.

As I have already remarked, we were going from England to Gibraltar to observe the total eclipse of the sun. A large party of English astronomers were going to Algeria for the same purpose. The government had fitted up a naval transport for their use, and as I was arranging for a passage on a P. & O. ship we received a cordial invitation to become the guests of the English party. Among those on board were Professor Tyndall; Mr. Huggins, the spectroscopist; Sir Erastus Ommaney, a retired English admiral, and a Fellow of the Royal Society; Father Perry, a well-known astronomer; and Lieutenant Wharton, who afterward became hydrographer to the Admiralty.

The sprightliest man on board was Professor Tyndall. He made up for the absence of mountains by climbing to every part of the ship he could reach. One day he climbed the shrouds to the main-top, and stood surveying the scene as if he fancied himself on top of the Matterhorn. A sailor followed him, and drew a chalk-line around his feet. I assume the reader knows what this means; if he does not, he can learn by straying into the sailors' quarters the first time he is on board an ocean steamer. But the professor absolutely refused to take the hint.

We had a rather rough passage, from which Father Perry was the greatest sufferer. One day he heard a laugh from the only lady on board, who was in the adjoining stateroom. "Who can laugh at such a time as this!" he exclaimed. He made a vow that he would never go on the ocean again, even if the sun and moon fought for a month. But the vows of a seasick passenger are forgotten sooner than any others I know of; and it was only four years later that Father Perry

made a voyage to Kerguelen Island, in the stormiest ocean on the globe, to observe a transit of Venus.

Off the coast of Spain, the leading-chains of the rudder got loose, during a gale in the middle of the night, and the steering apparatus had to be disconnected in order to tighten them. The ship veered round into the trough of the sea, and rolled so heavily that a table, twenty or thirty feet long, in the saloon, broke from its fastenings, and began to dance around the cabin with such a racket that some of the passengers feared for the safety of the ship. Just how much of a storm there was I cannot say, believing that it is never worth while for a passenger to leave his berth, if there is any danger of a ship foundering in a gale. But in Professor Tyndall's opinion we had a narrow escape. On arriving at Gibraltar, he wrote a glowing account of the storm to the London Times, in which he described the feelings of a philosopher while standing on the stern of a rolling ship in an ocean storm, without quite knowing whether she was going to sink or swim. The letter was anonymous, which gave Admiral Ommaney an excellent opportunity to write as caustic a reply as he chose, under the signature of "A Naval Officer." He said that sailor was fortunate who could arrange with the clerk of the weather never to have a worse storm in crossing the Bay of Biscay than the one we had experienced.

We touched at Cadiz, and anchored for a few hours, but did not go ashore. The Brooklyn, an American man-of-war, was in the harbor, but there was no opportunity to communicate with her, though I knew a friend of mine was on board.

Gibraltar is the greatest Babel in the world. I wrote home: "The principal

languages spoken at this hotel are English, Spanish, Moorish, French, Italian, German, and Danish. I do not know what languages they speak at the other hotels." Moorish and Spanish are the local tongues, and of course English is the official one; but the traders and commercial travelers speak nearly every language one ever heard.

I hired a Moor — who bore some title which indicated that he was a descendant of the Caliphs, and by which he had to be addressed — to do chores and act as general assistant. One of the first things I did, the morning after my arrival, was to choose a convenient point on one of the stone parapets for "taking the sun," in order to test the running of my chronometer. I had some suspicion as to the result, but was willing to be amused. A sentinel speedily informed me that no sights were allowed to be taken on the fortification. I told him I was taking sights on the sun, not on the fortification. But he was inexorable; the rule was that no sights of any sort could be taken without a permit. I soon learned from Mr. Sprague, the American consul, who the proper officer was to issue the permit, which I was assured would be granted without the slightest difficulty.

The consul presented me to the military governor of the place, General Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars. He was a man whom it was very interesting to meet. His heroic defense of the town whose name was added to his own as a part of his title was still fresh in men's minds. It had won him the order of the Bath in England, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor and a sword from Napoleon III., and the usual number of lesser distinctions. The military governor, the sole authority and viceroy of the Queen in the fortress, is treated with the deference due to an exalted personage; but this deference so strengthens the dignity of the position that the holder may be frank and hearty

at his own pleasure, without danger of impairing it. Certainly, we found Sir Fenwick a most genial and charming gentleman. The Alabama claims were then in their acute stage, and he expressed the earnest hope that the two nations would not proceed to cutting each other's throats over them.

There was no need of troubling the governor with such a detail as that of a permit to take sights; but the consul ventured to relate my experience of the morning. He took the information in a way which showed that England, in making him a general, had lost a good diplomatist. Instead of treating the matter seriously, which would have implied that we did not fully understand the situation, he professed to be greatly amused, and said it reminded him of the case of an old lady in *Punch* who had to pass a surveyor in the street, behind a theodolite. "Please, sir, don't shoot till I get past," she begged.

Before leaving England, I had made very elaborate arrangements, both with the Astronomer Royal and with the telegraph companies, to determine the longitude of Gibraltar by telegraphic signals. The most difficult part of the operation was the transfer of the signals from the end of the land line into the cable, which had to be done by hand, because the cable companies were not willing to trust to an automatic action of any sort between the land line and the cable. It was therefore necessary to show the operator at the point of junction how signals were to be transmitted. This required a journey to Port Curno, at the very end of the Land's end, several miles beyond the terminus of the railway. It was the most old-time place I ever saw; one might have imagined himself thrown back into the days of the Lancasters. The thatched inn had a hard stone floor, with a layer of loose sand scattered over it as a carpet in the bedroom. My linguistic qualities were put to a severe test in talking with the landlady. But

the cable operators were pleasing and intelligent young gentlemen, and I had no difficulty in making them understand how the work was to be done. I have not seen or heard of them since, but should any one of them chance to see these lines, I wish him to know how pleasantly I remember my visit to his little station.

The manager of the cable was Sir James Anderson, who had formerly commanded a Cunard steamship from Boston, and was well known to the Harvard professors, with whom he was a favorite. I had met him, or at least seen him, at a meeting of the American Academy ten years before, where he was introduced by one of his Harvard friends. After commanding the ship that laid the first Atlantic cable, he was made manager of the cable line from England to Gibraltar. He gave me a letter to the head operator at Gibraltar, the celebrated de Sauty.

I say "the celebrated," but may it not be that this appellation can only suggest the vanity of all human greatness? It just occurs to me that many of the present generation may not even have heard of the

"Whispering Boanerges, son of silent thunder,
Holding talk with nations,"

immortalized by Holmes in one of his humorously scientific poems. During the two short weeks that the first Atlantic cable transmitted its signals, his fame spread over the land, for the moment obscuring by its brilliancy that of Thomson, Field, and all others who had taken part in designing and laying the cable. On the breaking down of the cable he lapsed into his former obscurity. I asked him if he had ever seen Holmes's production. He replied that he had received a copy of *The Atlantic Monthly* containing it from the poet himself, accompanied by a note saying that he might find in it something of interest. He had been overwhelmed with invitations to continue his journey from Newfoundland to the

United States and lecture on the cable, but was sensible enough to decline them.

The rest of the story of the telegraphic longitude is short. The first news which de Sauty had to give me was that the cable was broken, — just where, he did not know, and would not be able soon to discover. After the break was located, an unknown period would be required to raise the cable, find the place, and repair the breach. The weather, on the day of the eclipse, was more than half cloudy, so that I did not succeed in making observations of such value as would justify my waiting indefinitely for the repair of the cable, and the project of determining the longitude had to be abandoned.

I had a mission which was vastly more important than any observation of the eclipse possibly could be. The question of the moon's motion was then, as it is now, one of the unsettled ones in mathematical astronomy. The British government, in 1857, had published tables of the moon by Hansen, which were supposed to settle the question, at least for one or more centuries. But ten years had not elapsed after the publication before something was found to be wrong, and I suspected that, if the facts could only be brought out, the tables would be found to have been very largely in error for times before the beginning of accurate observations in 1750. The most promising place to search for older observations was the Paris observatory; but the Franco-Prussian war made a visit thither impossible at the moment. So we determined to pass the winter at Berlin, waiting for the war to close.

We went by way of Italy. The Mediterranean is a charming sea in summer, but in winter is a good deal like the Atlantic. The cause of the blueness of its water is not completely settled; but its sharing this color with Lake Geneva, which is tinged with detritus from the shore, might lead one to ascribe it to substances held in solution. The color

is noticeable even in the harbor of Malta, to which we had a pleasant though not very smooth passage of five days. Here was our first experience of an Italian town of a generation ago. I had no sooner started to take my first walk than a so-called guide, who spoke what he thought was English, got on my track, and insisted on showing me everything. If I started toward a shop, he ran in before me, invited me in, asked what I would like to buy, and told the shopman to show the gentleman something. I could not get rid of him till I returned to the hotel, and then he had the audacity to want a fee for his services. I do not think he got it. Everything of interest was easily seen, and we only stopped to take the first Italian steamer to Messina. We touched at Syracuse and Catania, but did not land.

Ætna, from the sea, is one of the grandest sights I ever saw. Its snow-covered cone seems to rise on all sides out of the sea or the plain, and to penetrate the blue sky. In this it gives an impression like that of the Weisshorn seen from Randa, but gains by its isolation.

At Messina, of course, our steamer was visited by a commissionaire, who asked me in good English whether I wanted a hotel. I told him that I had already decided upon a hotel, and therefore did not need his services. But it turned out that he belonged to the very hotel I was going to, and was withal an American, a regular Yankee, in fact, and so obviously honest that I placed myself unreservedly in his hands, — something which I never did, with one of his profession, before or since. He said the first thing was to get our baggage through the custom-house, which he could do without any trouble, at the cost of a franc. He was as good as his word. The Italian custom-house was marked by primitive rigor, and baggage was subjected to a very thorough search. But my man was evidently well known and fully trusted. I was asked to raise

the lid of one trunk, which I did; the official looked at it, with his hands in his pockets, gave a nod, and the affair was over. My Yankee friend collected one franc for that part of the business. He told us all about the place, changed our money so as to take advantage of the premium on gold, and altogether looked out for our interests in a way to do honor to his tribe. I thought there might be some curious story of the way in which a New Englander of such qualities could have got into such a place, but it will have to be left to imagination.

We reached the Bay of Naples in the morning twilight, after making an unsuccessful attempt to locate Scylla and Charybdis. If they ever existed, they must have disappeared. Vesuvius was now and then lighting up the clouds with its intermittent flame. But we had passed a most uncomfortable night, and the morning was wet and chilly. A view requires something more than the objective to make it appreciated, and the effect of a rough voyage and bad weather was such as to deprive of all its beauty what is considered one of the finest views in the world. Moreover, the experience made me so ill natured that I was determined that the custom-house officer at the landing should have no fee from me. The only article that could have been subject to duty was on top of everything in the trunk, except a single covering of some loose garment, so that only a touch was necessary to find it. When it came to the examination, the officer threw the top till contemptuously aside, and devoted himself to a thorough search of the bottom. The only unusual object he stumbled upon was a spyglass inclosed in a shield of morocco. Perhaps a gesture and a remark on my part roused his suspicions. He opened the glass, tried to take it to pieces, inspected it inside and out, and was so disgusted with his failure to find anything contraband in it that he returned everything to the trunk, and let us off.

It is commonly and quite justly supposed that the more familiar the traveler is with the language of the place he visits, the better he will get along. It is a common experience to find that even when you can pronounce the language, you cannot understand what is said. But there are exceptions to all rules, and circumstances now and then occur in which one thus afflicted has the advantage over the native. You can talk to him, while he cannot talk to you. There was an amusing case of this kind at Munich. The only train that would take us to Berlin before nightfall of the same day left at eight o'clock in the morning, by a certain route. There was at Munich what we call a union station. I stopped at the first ticket-office where I saw the word "Berlin" on the glass, asked for a ticket good in the train that was going to leave at eight o'clock the next morning for Berlin, and took what the seller gave me. He was a stupid-looking fellow, so when I got to my hotel I showed the ticket to a friend. "That is not the ticket that you want at all," said he; "it will take you by a circuitous route in a train that does not leave until after nine, and you will not reach Berlin until long after dark." I went directly back to the station and showed my ticket to the agent.

"I — asked — you — for — a — ticket — good — in — the — train — which — leaves — at — eight — o' — clock. This — ticket — is — not — good — in — that — train. Sie — haben — mich — betrogen. I — want — you — to — take — the — ticket — back — and — return — me — the — money. What — you — say — can — I — not — understand."

He expostulated, gesticulated, and fumed, but I kept up the bombardment until he had to surrender. He motioned to me to step round into the office, where he took the ticket and returned the money. I mention the matter because taking back a ticket is said to be quite unusual on a German railway.

At Berlin, the leading astronomers, then, as now, were Förster, director of the observatory, and Auwers, permanent secretary of the Academy of Sciences. I was especially interested in the latter, as we had started in life nearly at the same time, and had done much work on similar lines. It was several days before I made his acquaintance, as I did not know that the rule on the Continent is that the visitor must make the first call, or at least make it known by direct communication that he would be pleased to see the resident; otherwise it is presumed that he does not wish to see callers. This is certainly the more logical system, but it is not so agreeable to the visiting stranger as ours is. The art of making the latter feel at home is not brought to such perfection on the Continent as in England; perhaps the French understand it less than any other people. But none can be pleasanter than the Germans, when you once make their acquaintance; and we shall always remember with pleasure the winter we passed in Berlin.

To-day, Auwers stands at the head of German astronomy. In him is seen the highest type of the scientific investigator of our time, one perhaps better developed in Germany than in any other country. The work of men of this type is marked by minute and careful research, untiring industry in the accumulation of facts, caution in propounding new theories or explanations, and, above all, the absence of effort to gain recognition by being the first to make a discovery. When men are ambitious to figure as Newtons of some great principle, there is a constant temptation to publish unverified speculations which are likely rather to impede than to promote the advance of knowledge. The result of Auwers' conscientiousness is that, notwithstanding his eminence in his science, there are few astronomers of note whose works are less fitted for popular exposition than his. His specialty has been the treat-

ment of all questions concerning the positions and motions of the stars. This work has required accurate observations of position, with elaborate and careful investigations of a kind that offer no feature to attract public attention, and only in exceptional cases lead to conclusions that would interest the general reader. He considers no work as ready for publication until it is completed in every detail, showing in this a conscientiousness which his fellow astronomers may sometimes have reason to regret, owing to the length of time they have to wait for his conclusions.

The old astronomical observations of which I was in quest might well have been made by other astronomers than those of Paris, so while awaiting the end of the war I tried to make a thorough search of the writings of the mediæval astronomers in the Royal Library. If one knew exactly what books he wanted, and had plenty of time at his disposal, he would find no difficulty in consulting them in any of the great Continental libraries. But, at the time of my visit, notwithstanding the cordiality with which all the officials, from Professor Lepsius down, were disposed to second my efforts, the process of getting any required book was very elaborate. Although one could obtain a book on the same day he ordered it, if he went in good time, it was advisable to leave the order the day before, if possible. When, as in the present case, one book only suggests another, this a third, and so on, in an endless chain, the carrying on of an extended research is very tedious.

One feature of the library strongly impressed me with the comparatively backward state of mathematical science in our own country. As is usual in the great European libraries, those books which are most consulted are placed in the general reading-room, where any one can have access to them, at any moment. It was surprising to see amongst these books a set of Crelle's *Journal of Mathe-*

atics, and to find it well worn by constant use. At that time, so far as I could learn, there were not more than two or three sets of the *Journal* in the United States; and these were almost unused. Even the Library of Congress did not contain a set. There has been a great change since that time, — a change in which the Johns Hopkins University took the lead, by inviting Sylvester to this country, and starting a mathematical school of the highest grade. Other universities followed its example to such an extent that, to-day, an American student need not leave his own country to hear a master in any branch of mathematics.

I believe it was Dr. B. A. Gould who called the Pulkova observatory the astronomical capital of the world. This institution was founded in 1839 by the Emperor Nicholas, on the initiative of his greatest astronomer. It is situated some twelve miles south of St. Petersburg, not far from the railway between that city and Berlin, and gets its name from a peasant village in the neighborhood. From its foundation it has taken the lead in exact measurements relating to the motion of the earth and the positions of the principal stars. An important part of its equipment is an astronomical library, which is perhaps the most complete in existence. This, added to all its other attractions, induced me to pay a visit to Pulkova. Otto Struve, the director, had been kind enough to send me a message, expressing the hope that I would pay him a visit, and giving directions about telegraphing in advance, so as to insure the delivery of the dispatch. The time from Berlin to St. Petersburg is about forty-eight hours, the only through train leaving and arriving in the evening. On the morning of the day that the train was due I sent the dispatch. Early in the afternoon, as the train was stopping at a way station, I saw an official running hastily from one car to another, looking into each with

some concern. When he came to my door, he asked if I had sent a telegram to Estafetta. I told him I had. He then informed me that Estafetta had not received it. But the train was already beginning to move, so there was no further chance to get information. The comical part of the matter was that "Estafetta" merely means a post or postman, and that the directions, as Struve had given them, were to have the dispatch sent by postman from the station to Pulkova.

It was late in the evening when the train reached Zarsko-Selo, the railway station for Pulkova, which is about five miles away. The station-master told me that no carriage from Pulkova was waiting for me, which tended to confirm the fear that the dispatch had not been received. After making known my plight, I took a seat in the station and awaited the course of events, in some doubt what to do. Only a few minutes had elapsed when a good-looking peasant, well wrapped in a fur overcoat, with a whip in his hand, looked in at the door, and pronounced very distinctly the words, "Observatorio Pulkova." Ah! this is Struve's driver at last, thought I, and I followed the man to the door. But when I looked at the conveyance, doubt once more supervened. It was scarcely more than a sledge, and was drawn by a single horse, evidently more familiar with hard work than good feeding. This did not seem exactly the vehicle that the great Russian observatory would send out to meet a visitor; yet it was a far country, and I was not acquainted with its customs.

The way in which my doubt was dispelled shows that there is one subject besides love on which difference of language is no bar to the communication of ideas. This is the desire of the uncivilized man for a little coin of the realm. In South Africa, Zulu chiefs, who do not know one other word of English, can say "shilling" with unmistakable distinct-

ness. My Russian driver did not know even this little English word, but he knew enough of the universal language. When we had made a good start on the snow-covered prairie, he stopped, looked round at me inquiringly, raised his hand, and stretched out two fingers so that I could see them against the starlit sky.

I nodded assent.

Then he drew his overcoat tightly around him with a gesture of shivering from the cold, beat his hands upon his breast as if to warm it, and looked at me inquiringly.

I nodded again.

The bargain was complete. He was to have two rubles for the drive, and a little something besides to comfort his shivering breast. So he could not be Struve's man.

There is no welcome warmer than a Russian one, and none in any country warmer than that which the visiting astronomer receives at an observatory. Great is the contrast between the winter sky of a clear, moonless night and the interior of a dining-room, forty feet square, with a big blazing fire at one end and a table in the middle. The fact that the visitor had never before met one of his hosts detracted nothing from the warmth of his reception.

The organizer of the observatory, and its first director, was Wilhelm Struve, father of the one who received me, and equally great as man and astronomer. Like many other good Russians, he was the father of a large family. One of his sons was for ten years the Russian minister at Washington. The instruments which Struve designed sixty years ago still do the finest work of any in the world; but one may suspect this to be due more to the astronomers who handle them than to the instruments themselves.

The air is remarkably clear; the entrance to St. Petersburg, ten or twelve miles north, is distinctly visible; and Struve told me that during the Crimean war he could see, through the great tele-

scope, the men on the decks of the British ships besieging Kronstadt, thirty miles away.

One drawback from which the astronomers suffer is the isolation of the place. The village at the foot of the little hill is inhabited only by peasants, and the astronomers and employees have nearly all to be housed in the observatory buildings. There is no society but their own nearer than the capital. At the time of my visit the scientific staff was almost entirely German or Swedish, by birth or language. In the state, two opposing parties are the Russian, which desires the ascendancy of the native Muscovites, and the German, which appreciates the fact that the best and most valuable of the Tsar's subjects are of German or other foreign descent. During the past twenty years the Russian party has gradually got the upper hand; and the result of this ascendancy at Pulkova will be looked for with much solicitude by astronomers everywhere.

Once a year the lonely life of the astronomers is enlivened by a grand feast, — that of the Russian New Year. One object of the great dining-room which I have mentioned, the largest room, I believe, in the whole establishment, was to make this feast possible. My visit took place early in March, so that I did not see the celebration; but from what I have heard, the little colony does what it can to make up for a year of ennui. Every twenty-five years it celebrates a jubilee; the second came off in 1889.

There is much to interest the visitor in a Russian peasant village, and that of Pulkova has features some of which I have never seen described. Above the door of each log hut is the name of the occupant, and below the name is a rude picture of a bucket, hook, or some other piece of apparatus used in extinguishing fire. Inside, the furniture is certainly meagre enough, yet one could not see why the occupants should be otherwise than comfortable. I know of no good

reason why ignorance should imply unhappiness; altogether, there is some good room for believing that the less civilized races can enjoy themselves, in their own way, about as well as we can. What impressed me as the one serious hardship of the peasantry was their hours of labor. Just how many hours of the twenty-four these beings find for sleep was not clear to the visitor; they seemed to be at work all day, and at midnight many of them had to start on their way to St. Petersburg with a cartload for the market. A church ornamented with tinsel is a feature of every Russian village; so also are the priests. The only two I saw were sitting on a fence, wearing garments that did not give evidence of having known water since they were made. One great drawback to the growth of manufactures in Russia is the number of feast days, on which the native operators must one and all abandon their work, regardless of consequences.

The astronomical observations made at Pulkova are not published annually, as are those made at most of the other national observatories, but a volume relating to one subject is issued whenever the work is done. When I was there, the volumes containing the earlier meridian observations were in press. Struve and his chief assistant, Dr. Wagner, used to pore nightly over the proof sheets, bestowing on every word and detail a minute attention which less patient astronomers would have found extremely irksome.

Dr. Wagner was a son-in-law of Hansen, the astronomer of the little ducal observatory at Gotha, as was also our Bayard Taylor. My first meeting with Hansen, which occurred after my return to Berlin, was not devoid of interest. Modest as was the public position that he held, he may now fairly be considered the greatest master of celestial mechanics since Laplace. In what order Leverrier, Delaunay, Adams, and Hill should follow him, it is not neces-

sary to decide. To many readers, it will seem singular to place any name ahead of that of the master who pointed out the position of Neptune before a human eye had ever recognized it. But this achievement, great as it was, was more remarkable for its boldness and brilliancy than for its inherent difficulty. If the work had to be done over again to-day, there are a number of young men who would be as successful as Leverrier; but there are none who would attempt to reinvent the methods of Hansen, or even to improve radically upon them. Their main feature is the devising of new and refined methods of computing the variations in the motions of a planet produced by the attraction of all the other planets. As Laplace left this subject, the general character of these variations could be determined without difficulty, but the computations could not be made with mathematical exactness. Hansen's methods led to results so precise that, if they were fully carried out, it is doubtful whether any deviation between the predicted and the observed motions of a planet could be detected by the most refined observation.

At the time of my visit Mrs. Wagner was suffering from a severe illness, of which the crisis passed while I was at Pulkova, and left her, as was supposed, on the road to recovery. I was, of course, very desirous of meeting so famous a man as Hansen. He was expected to preside at a session of the German commission on the transit of Venus, which was to be held in Berlin about the time of my return thither from Pulkova. The opportunity was therefore open of bringing a message of good news from his daughter. Apart from this, the prospect of the meeting might have been embarrassing. The fact is that I was at odds with him on a scientific question, and he was a man who did not take a charitable view of those who differed from him in opinion.

He was the author of a theory, current

thirty or forty years ago, that the farther side of the moon is composed of denser materials than the side turned toward us. As a result of this, the centre of gravity of the moon was supposed to be farther from us than the actual centre of her globe. It followed that, although neither atmosphere nor water existed on our side of the moon, the other side might have both. Here was a very tempting field, into which astronomical speculators stepped, to clothe the invisible hemisphere of the moon with a beautiful terrestrial landscape, and to people it as densely as they pleased with beings like ourselves. If these beings should ever attempt to explore the other half of their own globe, they would find themselves ascending to a height completely above the limits of their atmosphere. Hansen himself never countenanced such speculations as these, but confined his claims to the simple facts he supposed proven.

In 1868 I had published a little paper showing what I thought a fatal defect, a vicious circle in fact, in Hansen's reasoning on this subject. Not long before my visit, Delaunay had made this paper the basis of a communication to the French Academy of Sciences, in which he not only indorsed my views, but sought to show the extreme improbability of Hansen's theory on other grounds.

When I first reached Germany, on my way from Italy, I noticed copies of a blue pamphlet lying on the tables of the astronomers. Apparently, the paper had been plentifully distributed; but it was not until I reached Berlin that I found it was Hansen's defense against my strictures, — a defense in which mathematics were not unmixed with scathing sarcasm at the expense of both Delaunay and myself. The case brought to mind a warm discussion between Hansen and Encke, in the pages of a scientific journal, some fifteen years before. At the time it had seemed intensely comical to see two enraged combatants — for so I amused

myself by fancying them — hurling algebraic formulæ, of frightful complexity, at each other's heads. I did not then dream that I should live to be an object of the same sort of attack, and that from Hansen himself.

To be revised, pulled to pieces, or superseded, as science advances, is the common fate of most astronomical work, even the best. It does not follow that it has been done in vain; if good, it forms a foundation on which others will build. But not every great investigator can look on with philosophic calm when he sees his work thus treated, and Hansen was among the last who could.

Under these circumstances, it was a serious question what sort of reception Hansen would accord to a reviser of his conclusions who should venture to approach him. I determined to assume an attitude that would show no consciousness of offense. Our meeting was not attended by any explosion; I gave him the pleasant message with which I was charged from his daughter, and, a few days later, sat by his side at a dinner of the German commission on the coming transit of Venus.

As Hansen was Germany's greatest master in mathematical astronomy, so was the venerable Argelander in the observational side of the science. He was

of the same age as the newly crowned Emperor, and the two were playmates at the time Germany was being overrun by the armies of Napoleon. He was held in love and respect by the entire generation of young astronomers, both Germans and foreigners, many of whom were proud to have had him as their preceptor. Among these was Dr. B. A. Gould, who frequently related a story of the astronomer's wit. When with him as a student, Gould was beardless, but had a good head of hair. Returning some years later, he had become bald, but had made up for it by having a full, long beard. He entered Argelander's study unannounced. At first the astronomer did not recognize him.

"Do you not know me, Herr Professor?"

The astronomer looked more closely. "Mein Gott! It is Gould mit his hair struck through."

Argelander was more than any one else the founder of that branch of his science which treats of variable stars. His methods have been followed by his successors to the present time. It was his policy to make the best use he could of the instruments at his disposal, rather than to invent new ones that might prove of doubtful utility. The results of his work seem to justify this policy.

Simon Newcomb.

SOIL-SONG.

I GIVE what ne'er was mine, —
To every seed the power
Of stem and leaf and flower,
Of fruit or fragrance fine;

And take what others loathe, —
Of death the foulest forms,
Wherewith to feed my worms,
And thus the world reclothe.

John B. Tabb.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

XXIX.

THE Isle of Jersey has the shape of a tiger on the prowl. The fore-claws of this tiger are the lacerating pinnacles of the Corbière and the impaling rocks of Portelet Bay and Noirmont; the hind-claws are the devastating diorite reefs of La Motte and the Banc des Violets. The head and neck, terrible and beautiful, are stretched out toward the west, as it were to scan the wild waste and jungle of the Atlantic seas. The nose is L'Etacq, the forehead is Grosnez, the ear is Plemont, the mouth is the dark cavern by L'Etacq, the teeth are the serried ledges of the Forêt de la Brequette. In truth, the sleek beast, with its feet planted in fearsome rocks and tides, and its ravening head set to defy the onslaught of the main, might, but for its ensnaring beauty, seem some monstrous footpad of the deep.

At a discreet distance from the head and the tail hover the jackals of La Manche, the Paternosters, the Dirouilles, and the Ecréhos; themselves destroying where they may, or filching the crumbs from the tiger's feast of shipwreck and ruin. To this day the tiger's head is the lonely part of Jersey; a hundred years ago, it was as distant from the Vier Marchi as is Penzance from Covent Garden. It would almost seem as if the people of Jersey, like the hangers-on of the king of the jungle, care not to approach too near the devourer's head. Even now there is but a dwelling here and there upon the lofty plateau, and none at all on the dark and menacing headland. But the ancient Royal Court, as if determined to prove its sovereignty even over the tiger's head, had stretched out its arms from the Vier Marchi to the neck of the beast, putting upon it a belt of defensive war: at the nape, a martello tower and barracks; underneath, two

other martello towers, to be the teeth of the buckle.

Jersey was bristling with armament. Tall platforms were erected at almost speaking distance one from another, where sentinels kept watch for the descent of French frigates or privateers. Redoubts and towers were within musket-shot of one another, with watch-houses between, and at intervals every able-bodied man in the country had perforce to leave his trade and act as sentinel, or go into camp or barracks with the militia for months at a time. British cruisers sailed the Channel; now a squadron under Barrington, again under Bridport, hovered upon the coast, hopeful that a French fleet might venture near.

But little of this was to be seen in the western limits of the parish of St. Ouen's. Plemont, Grosnez, L'Etacq, — all that giant headland could well take care of itself. A watch-house here and there sufficed. No one lived at L'Etacq, no one at Grosnez; they were too bleak, too distant and solitary. No houses, no huts, were there.

If you had approached Plemont from Vinchelez-le-Haut, making for the sea, you would have said that there also was no habitation. But when at last you came to a hillock near the point of Plemont, expecting to find nothing but sky and sea and distant islands, suddenly at your feet you came upon a small stone dwelling. Its door faced the west, looking toward the isles of Guernsey and Sark. Fronting the north was a window, like an eye, ever watching the tireless Paternosters. To the east was another tiny window, like a deep loophole or embrasure, set toward the Dirouilles and the Ecréhos.

The hut had but one room, of moderate size, with a vast hearth and chimney, the latter jutting out at the south end

like a buttress. At one side, between it and the western wall, was a *veille* hung with curtains, which was both lounge and bed. The eastern chimney-side was given over to a few well-polished kitchen utensils, a churn, and a bread-trough. The floor was of mother earth alone, but a strip of hand-made carpet was laid down before the fireplace, and there was another at the end opposite. There were also a table, a spinning-wheel, and a shelf of books.

It was not the hut of a fisherman, though upon the wall opposite the books there hung fishing-tackle, nets, and cords, while outside, on staples driven into the chimney, were some lobster-pots. Upon two shelves were arranged a carpenter's and a cooper's tools, polished and in good order. And yet you would have said that neither a cooper nor a carpenter kept them in use. Everywhere there were signs of man's handicraft as well as of woman's work, but over it all was the touch of a woman. Moreover, apart from the tools there was no sign of a man's presence in the hut. There was no coat hanging behind the door, no sabots for the fields and oilskins for the sands, no pipe laid upon a ledge, no shoemaker's awl or fisherman's needle fastening a calendar to the wall. The awl and the needle were there, but they were neatly put in their places upon the shelves. Whatever was the trade of the occupant, the tastes were above those of the ordinary dweller in the land. That was to be seen in a print of Raphael's *Madonna and Child*, taking the place of the usual sampler upon the walls of Jersey houses; in the old clock, nicely bestowed between a narrow cupboard and the tool-shelves; in a few pieces of rare old china, and a gold-handled sword hanging above a huge well-carved oak chair. This chair relieved the room of anything like commonness, and somehow in its rough carving was in sympathy with the simple surroundings, making for dignity and sweet quiet. It was clear that

only a woman could have so arranged the room and all therein. It was also clear that no man lived there.

If you had looked in at the doorway of this hut on a certain autumn day of the year 1796, the first thing to strike your attention would have been a dog lying asleep on the hearth; then a suit of child's clothes on a chair before the fire would have caught the eye. The only thing to distinguish this particular child's dress from that of a thousand others in the island was the fineness of the material. Every thread of it had been delicately and firmly knitted till it was like perfect cloth, gracious in texture and in color a soft blue, relieved by a little red silk ribbon attached to the collar.

The hut contained as well a child's chair, just so high that when placed by the window commanding the *Dirouilles* or the *Paternosters* its occupant might see the waves, like panthers, beating white paws against the ragged pinnacles of granite; the currents writhing below at the foot of the cliffs, or at half-tide, roaring and resounding, rush up and cover the sands of the *Grève aux Lançons*, and, like animals in pain, howl through the caverns in the cliffs; the great northwester of November come breaking up the deep to batter the imperturbable cliffs of *Grosnez* and *Plemon*t, to shriek to the witches who boiled their caldrons by the ruins of *Grosnez Castle* that the hunt of the seas was up. Just high enough was the little chair that its owner might, of a certain day in the year, look out and see the mystic fires that burned round the *Paternosters*, lighting up all the sea with a strange and awful radiance.

Scarce a rock to be seen from the hut but had such a legend: the burning ship at the *Paternosters*; the horse and its rider at *William's Rock* in *Boulay Bay*; the fleet of boats with tall prows and long oars that drifted upon the *Dirouilles*, and went down to the cry of the Crusaders' "*Dahin! dahin!*" the *Roche des*

Femmes at the Ecréhos, where still you may hear the cries of the women and children in terror of the engulfing sea.

On this particular day, if you had looked into the hut, or waited by the fire of *vraic* burning so softly in the chimney hour after hour, no one would have welcomed you, neither woman nor child; but had you tired of waiting, and traveled along the coast, following its indentations for two miles or more from the hut, in a deep bay under tall cliffs, you would have seen a woman and a child coming quickly up the sands. Slung upon the woman's shoulders was a small fisherman's basket. The child ran before, eager to climb the hill and take the homeward path.

A man above was watching them. He had ridden up the cliff, had seen the woman in her boat making for the shore, had tethered his horse in the quarries near by, and now waited for her to come up. He chuckled to himself as she approached, for he had prepared a surprise for her. To make it more complete he hid himself behind some shrubs and boulders, and as she reached the top he sprang out before her with an ugly grin on his face.

The woman looked at him calmly, and waited for him to speak. There was no fear on her face, not even surprise; nothing but steady inquiry and a disconcerting self-possession. Presently, with an air of bluster, the man said, "Aha, my lady, I'm nearer than you thought — me!"

The child drew in to his mother's side and clasped her hand. There was no terror in the little fellow's eyes, however; rather, a shrinking from the man's brutal manner. He had something of the same self-possession as the woman, and his eyes were like hers, clear, unwavering, and with a frankness that consumed you; they were wells of sincerity. Open-eyed, you would have called the child, wanting a more subtle description.

"I'm not to be fooled — me! Come,

now, let's have the count," said the man, as he whipped a greasy leather-covered book from his pocket and opened it. "Ah bah, I'm waiting. Stay yourself!" he added roughly as she moved on, and his grayish-yellow face had an evil joy at thought of the ambush he had laid for her.

"Who are you?" she asked, but taking her time to ask.

"*Sacré matin!* you know who I am."

"I know what you are," she answered quietly.

He did not quite grasp her meaning, but the tone sounded contemptuous, and contempt sorted little with his ideas of his own importance.

"I'm the seigneur's bailiff, — that's who I am. Gad'rabotin, don't you put on airs with me! I'm for the tribute, so off with your bag and let's see your catch!"

"I have never yet paid tribute to the seigneur of this manor."

"Well, you'll begin now. I'm the new bailiff, and if you don't pay your tale, up you'll come to the court of the fief to-morrow."

She looked him steadily in the eyes. "If I were a man, I should not pay the tribute, and should go to the court of the fief to-morrow; but being a woman," — she clasped the hand of the child tightly to her for an instant; then, with a sigh, she took the basket from her shoulders, and, opening it, added, — "but being a woman, the fish I caught in the sea, which belongs to God and to all men, I will divide with the seigneur whose bailiff spies on poor fisherfolk."

The man growled an oath, and made a motion as though he would catch her by the shoulder in anger, or maybe strike her, but the look in her eyes stopped him. Counting out the fish, and setting apart for him three out of the eight she had caught, she said, "It matters not so much to me, but there are others poorer than I; they suffer."

With a leer, the fellow stooped, and,

taking up the fish, put them in the pockets of his keminzolle, all slimy from the sea as they were.

"Bà sũ, you have n't got much to take care of, have you? It don't take much to feed two mouths, — not so much as it does three, *ma'm'selle*."

Before he had finished speaking, the woman, without a word in reply to the gross insult, took the child by the hand and walked along her homeward path toward Plemont.

"A bi'tôt, good-by!" the bailiff laughed brutally; then, standing with his legs apart and his hands thrust down till they fastened on the fish in the pockets of his keminzolle, he called after her in sneering comment, "Ma fistre! your *pride* did n't fall — bà sũ!"

"Eh ben, I've got mackerel for supper," he added, as he mounted his horse.

The woman was Guida Landresse, the child was her child, and they lived in the little house upon the cliff at Plemont. They were hastening thither now.

XXX.

A visitor was awaiting Guida, a man, who, first knocking at the door, then looking in and seeing the room empty save for the dog lying asleep by the fire, had turned slowly away, and going to the cliff edge looked out over the sea. His movements were deliberate, his body moved slowly; his whole appearance was that of great strength and nervous power. The face was preoccupied; the eyes were watchful, dark, penetrating. They seemed not only to watch, but to weigh, to meditate, even to listen, — as it were, to do the duty of all the senses at once. In them worked all the forces of his nature; they were crucibles in which every thought and emotion were consumed. The jaw was set and strong, yet it was not hard. The face contradicted itself. While not gloomy, it had lines like scars telling of past wounds.

It was not despairing, it was not morbid, and it was not resentful; it had the look of one both credulous and indomitable. Belief was stamped upon it; not expectation, or dreams, or ambition, but trust and fidelity. You would have said he was a man of one set idea, though the head had a breadth sorting little with narrowness of purpose. The body was too healthy to belong to a fanatic, too powerful to be that of a dreamer alone, too reposeful and firm for other than a man of action.

Several times he turned to look toward the house and up the pathway leading from the hillock to the door. Though he waited long he did not seem impatient; patience was part of him, and not the least part. At last he sat down on a boulder between the house and the shore, and scarcely moved as minute after minute passed, and then an hour, and more, and no one came. At last there was a soft footstep beside him, and he turned. A dog's nose thrust itself into his hand.

"Biribi, Biribi!" he said, patting its head with his big hand. "Watching and waiting, eh, Biribi?" The dog looked into his eyes as if it knew what was said and would speak, — or indeed was speaking in its own language. "That's the way of life, Biribi, — watching and waiting, and watching, always watching."

Suddenly the dog caught its head away from his hand, gave a short, joyful bark, and darted up the hillock.

"Guida and the child," the man said aloud, moving toward the house, — "Guida and the child."

He saw her and the little one before they saw him. Presently the child said, "See, maman!" and pointed.

Guida started. A swift flush passed over her face; then she smiled and made a step forward to meet her visitor.

"Maitre Ranulph — Ranulph!" she said, holding out her hand. "It's a long time since we met."

"A year," he answered simply, "just

a year." He looked down at the child; then stooped and caught him up in his arms, and said, "He's grown. *Es-tu gentiment?*" he added to the child, — "*es-tu gentiment, m'sieu'?*"

The child did not quite understand this. "Please?" he said in true Jersey fashion, at which the mother was troubled.

"Oh, oh, Guilbert, is that what you should say?"

The child looked up quaintly at her, and, with the same whimsical smile which Guida had given to another so many years before, he looked at Ranulph and said, "*Pardon, monsieur?*"

"*Coum est qu'on êtes, m'sieu'?*" said Ranulph in another patois greeting.

Guida shook her head reprovingly. The child glanced swiftly at his mother, as though for permission to reply as he wished, then back at Ranulph, and was about to speak, when Guida said, "I have not taught him the Jersey patois, Ranulph; only English and French."

Her eyes met his clearly, meaningly. Her look said to him as plainly as words, "The child's destiny is not here." But as if he knew that in this she was blinding herself, and that no one can escape the influences of surroundings, he held the child back from him, and with a smile said, "*Coum est-ce qu'on est, m'sieu'?*"

Now the child, with his own elfish sense of the situation, replied in English, "Naicely, then kyon!"

"You see," said Ranulph to Guida, "there are things that are stronger than we are. There's a teaching deeper than anything we may show. The wind and earth and sea, and people we live with, they make us sing their song one way or another. It's in our bones."

A look of pain passed over Guida's face; she turned almost abruptly to the doorway, and said, with just the slightest hesitation, "You will come in?"

There was no hesitation on his part. "Oni-gia!" he returned, and stepped inside.

She hastily hung up the child's cap and her own; and as she gathered in the soft, waving hair, Ranulph noticed how the years had only burnished it more deeply and strengthened the beauty of the head. She had made the gesture unconsciously, but catching the look in his eye a sudden thrill of anxiety ran through her. Recovering herself, however, and with an air of bright friendliness and hospitality, she laid her hand upon the great armchair above which hung the ancient sword of her ancestor, the Comte Guilbert Mauprat de Chambéry, and said, "Sit here, Ranulph."

Seating himself he gave a heavy sigh, — one of those passing breaths of content which come to the hardest lives now and then; as though the spirit of life itself, in ironical apology for human existence, gave the instant of respite from which hope is born again. Not for four long years had Ranulph sat thus quietly in the presence of Guida. At first, when Maitresse Aimable had told him that Guida was leaving the Place du Vier Prison to live in this lonely place with her new-born child, he had gone to entreat her to remain; but Maitresse Aimable had been present then, and all that he could say — all that he might speak out of his friendship, out of the old love, now deep pitifulness and sorrow — was of no avail. It had been borne in upon him then that she was not morbid, but that her mind had a sane, fixed purpose which she was intent to fulfill. It was as though she had made some strange covenant with a little helpless life, with a little face that was all her face; and that covenant she would keep.

So he had left her, and so to do her service had been granted elsewhere. The Chevalier du Champsavoys, with a perfect wisdom and nobility, insisted on being to Guida what he had always been, speaking as naturally of her and the child as though there had always been a Guida and the child. Thus it was

that he counted himself her protector, though he sat far away in the upper room of Elie Mattingley's house in the Rue d'Egypte, thinking his own thoughts, biding the time when Guida should come back to the world, and mystery be over, and peace and happiness return; hoping only that he might live to see it.

Under his directions, Jean Touzel had removed the few things that Guida took with her to Plemont; instructed by him, Elie Mattingley sold at auction the house and its furniture, and Guida invested the proceeds with the fishing company which already received the yearly income from her mother's small property.

Thus Guida had settled at Plemont, and there three years of her life had passed.

"Your father, — how is he?" asked Guida presently.

"Feebler," replied Ranulph; "he goes abroad but little now."

"It was said that the Royal Court was to make him a gift in remembrance of the battle of Jersey."

Ranulph turned his head away from her to the child, and beckoned him over. The little one came instantly. As Ranulph lifted him on his knee he answered Guida: "My father did not accept."

"Then they said you were to be *con-
n^otable*, — the grand monsieur!" She smiled at him in a friendly way.

"I did not accept," replied Ranulph.

"Most people would be glad of it," rejoined Guida. "My mother used to say you would be bailly one day."

"Who knows? — perhaps I might have been!"

She looked at him half sadly, half curiously. "You — you have n't any ambition now, *Maitre Ranulph*?"

It suddenly struck her that perhaps she was responsible for the maiming of this man's life; for clearly it was maimed. More than once she had thought of it, but it came home to her to-day with peculiar force. Years ago every one had spoken of Ranulph Delagarde as one

who might do great things; for to the eyes of a Jerseyman to be bailly was to be great, with six jurats sitting on either side of him, and more importance than any judge in the kingdom. As she looked back now, that day on the *Ecréhos*, when she had met Philip d'Avranche and Ranulph's father had returned, seemed to mark the change in him. He had never been the same since then.

A great bitterness welled up in her. Without intention, without blame or sin, she had brought suffering upon others. The untoward happenings of her life had killed her grandfather, had bowed and aged the old chevalier, had forced her to reject the friendship of Carterette Mattingley, — for Carterette's own sake, — had made the heart of one fat old woman heavy within her; and she felt now that it had taken hope and ambition from the life of this man before her. Love in itself is but a bitter pleasure: when it is given to the unworthy it becomes a torture; and so far as Ranulph and the world knew, she was wholly unworthy. Of late she had sometimes wondered if, after all, she had had the right to do as she had done: as though, indeed, she had asked herself whether any one person, in serene independence of conscience, may stand quite free to live regardless of all others in the world; whether to act for one's own heart, feelings, and life alone, no matter how perfect the honesty, is not a sort of noble cruelty, or cruel nobility, — an egotism which obeys but its own commandments, finding its own straight and narrow path by first disbarring the feelings and lives of others. It had now and again occurred to her, had she done what was best for the child? Any moment's misgiving upon this point made her heart ache bitterly. Was life, then, a series of triste condonings at the best, of humiliating compromises at the worst?

She repeated her question to Ranulph: "You have n't ambition any longer?"

"I'm busy building ships," he an-

swered evasively. "I build good ships, they tell me, and I am strong and healthy. As for being *connétable*, I should rather, I'm afraid, help prisoners free than hale them before the Royal Court. For somehow, when you get at the bottom of most crimes, — the small ones, leastways, — you find that they were n't quite meant. I expect — I expect that half the crimes ought never to be punished at all; for it's strange that those things which hurt most can't be punished by law."

"Perhaps it evens up in the long end," replied Guida, turning away from him to the fire, and feeling her heart beat faster as she saw how the child nestled in Ranulph's arms, — the child who had no father. "You see," she added, "if some are punished who ought n't to be, there are others who ought to be that are n't. And the worst of it is, we care so little for real justice that we would n't punish if we could, — I have come to feel that. Sometimes, if you do exactly what's right, you hurt some one you don't wish to hurt; and if you don't do exactly what's right, perhaps that some one else hurts you. So, often, we would rather be hurt than hurt."

With the last words she turned from the fire and involuntarily faced him. Their eyes met. In hers were only the pity of life, the sadness, the cruelty of misfortune, and friendliness for him. In his eyes was purpose, definite, strong.

He went over and put the child in his high-chair. Then coming a little nearer to Guida, he said, "There's only one thing in life that really hurts, — playing false."

Her heart suddenly stopped beating. What was Ranulph going to say? After all these years was he going to speak of Philip? But she did not reply according to her thought.

"Have people played false in your life, ever?" she asked.

"If you'll listen to me, I'll tell you how," he answered.

"Wait, wait," she said, in trepidation. "It — it has nothing to do with me?"

He shook his head. "It has only to do with my father and myself. When I've told you, then you must say whether you will have anything to do with it or with me. . . . You remember," he continued, without waiting for her to speak, "you remember that day upon the *Ecréhos*, four years ago? Well, that day I had made up my mind to tell you in so many words what I hoped you had always known, Guida. I did n't. Why? Not because of another man, — no, no, I don't mean to hurt you, but I must tell you the truth now, — not because of another man, for I should have bided my chance with him."

"Ranulph, Ranulph," she broke in, "you must not speak of this now! Do you not see it hurts me? It is not like you — it is not right of you" —

A sudden emotion seized him, and his voice shook.

"Not right? You should know that I would never say one word to hurt you, or do one thing to wrong you. But I must speak to-day, — I must tell you everything. I've thought of it for four long years, and I know now that what I mean to do is right."

She sat down in the great armchair. A weakness came upon her; she was being brought face to face with days of which she had never allowed herself to think, for she lived always in the future.

"Go on," she said helplessly. "Tell me what you have to say, Ranulph."

"I will tell you why I did n't speak of my love to you, that day we went to the *Ecréhos*. My father came back that day."

"Yes, yes," she returned; "of course you had to think of him."

"Yes, I had to think of him, but not in the way you mean. Be patient a little while," he added.

Then in a few words he told her the whole story of his father's treachery and crime, from the night before the battle of

Jersey up to their meeting again upon the Ecréhos.

Guida was amazed and moved. Her heart filled with pity. "Ranulph — poor Ranulph!" she cried, half rising in her seat.

"No, no, — wait," he rejoined. "Sit just where you are till I tell you all. Guida, you don't know what a life it has been for me these four years. I used to be able to look every man in the face without caring whether he liked me or hated me; for then I had never lied, I had never done a mean thing to any man; I had never deceived, — nannin-gia, never! But when my father came back, then I had to play a false game. He had lied, and to save him I either had to hold my peace or tell his story. Speaking was lying, and being silent was lying. Mind you, I'm not complaining. I'm not saying it because I want any pity. No; I'm saying it because it's the truth, and I want you to know the truth. You understand what it means to feel right in your own mind; feeling that way, the rest of life is easy. Eh ben, what a thing it is to get up in the morning, build your fire, make your breakfast, and sit down facing a man whose whole life is a lie, and that man your own father! Some morning perhaps you forget, and you go out into the sun, and it all seems good out there, and you take your tools and go to work, and the sea comes washing up the shingle, and you think that the *shir-r-r-r* of the water on the pebbles and the singing of the saw and the clanging of the hammer are the best music in the world. But all at once you remember! — and then you work harder, not because you love work now for its own sake, but because it uses up your misery and makes you tired; and being tired you can sleep, and in sleep you can forget. Yet nearly all the time you're awake it fairly kills you, for you feel some one always at your elbow, whispering, 'You'll never be happy again, — you'll never be

happy again.' And when you tell the truth about anything, that some one at your elbow laughs, and says, 'Nobody believes; your whole life's a lie.' And if the worst man you know passes you by, that some one at your elbow says, 'You can wear a mask, but you're no better than he — no better, no' —"

While Ranulph spoke, Guida's face showed a pity and a kindness as deep as the sorrow which had deepened her nature. She shook her head once or twice, as though to say, "Surely, what suffering!" And now this seemed to strike Ranulph, to convict him of selfishness, for he suddenly stopped. His face presently cleared, and, smiling with a little of his old-time unburdened cheerfulness, he said, "Yet one gets used to it, and one works on because one knows that it will all come right some time. I'm of the kind that waits."

She looked up at him with her old wide-eyed steadfastness, and replied, "You are a good man, Ranulph."

He stood gazing at her a moment without remark; then he said, "No, but it's like you to say I am." Then he added, "I've told you the whole truth about myself and about my father. He did a bad thing, and I've shielded him. At first, nursing my troubles and my shame, I used to think that I could n't live it out, that I had no right to have any happiness. But I've changed my mind about that, — *oui-gia*! As I hammered away at my ships, month in, month out, year in, year out, the truth came home to me at last. What right had I to sit down and brood over my miseries? I did n't love my father, but I've done wrong for him and I've stood by him; well, I did love — and I do love — some one else, and I should only be doing right to tell her so, and to ask her to let me stand with her against the world."

He was looking down at her with all his story in his face, and she put out her hand quickly as if in protest, and said, "Ranulph — ah no, Ranulph" —

"But yes, Guida," he replied, with stubborn tenderness, "it is you I mean, — it is you I have always meant. You have always been a hundred times more to me than my father, but I let you fight your fight alone. I've waked up now to my selfishness. But I tell you also that, though I love you better than anything in the world, if things had gone well with you, I'd never have come to you. I never have come, because of my father, and I'd never have come, because you are too far above me. I only come now because we're both apart from the world and lonely beyond telling, because we need each other. I come with just one thing to say, that we two should stand together. There are none that can be so near as those that have had hard troubles, that have had bitter wrongs. And when there's love, too, what can break the bond? You and I, Guida, are apart from the world, each in a black loneliness that no one understands. Let us be lonely no longer. Let us live our lives together. What shall we care for the rest of the world, if we know that we mean to do good, and not wrong? So I've come to ask you to let me care for you and the child, — to ask you to make my home your home. My father has n't long to live, and when he is gone we can leave this island forever. Will you come, Guida?"

She had not taken her eyes from his, and as his story grew her face lighted with emotion, — the glow of a moment's content, of a fleeting joy. In spite of all, this man loved her, he wanted to marry her, — in spite of all. Glad to know that such men lived, and with how sombre memories contrasting with this bright experience, she said to him once again, "You are a good man, Ranulph."

Coming near to her, he murmured in a voice husky with feeling, "You will be my wife, Guida?"

She stood up, one hand resting on the arm of the great chair, the other partly extended in pitying deprecation. "No,

Ranulph, no; I can never, never be your wife, — never in this world."

For an instant he looked at her, dumfounded, overwhelmed; then he turned away to the fireplace slowly and heavily. "I suppose it was too much to hope for," he said bitterly. He realized now how much she was above him, even in her sorrow and shame.

"You forget," she answered quietly, and her hand went out suddenly to the brown curls of the child, "you forget what the world says about me."

There was a kind of fierceness in his look as he turned to her again. "Me — I have always forgotten — everything," he returned. "Have you thought that for all these years I've believed one word? *Secours d'la vie!* of what use is faith, what use to trust, if you thought I believed! I do not know the truth, for you have not told me; but I do know, as I know I have a heart in me, I do know that there never was any wrong in you. It is you who forget," he added quickly, — "it is you who forget. I tried to tell you all this before, — three years ago I tried to tell you. You stopped me, you would not listen. Perhaps you have thought I did not know what was happening to you every week, almost every day of your life. A hundred times I have walked here, and you have not seen me: when you were asleep, when you were fishing, when you were working like a man in the fields and the garden, — you who ought to be cared for by a man, working like a slave at man's work! But no, no, you have not thought well of me, or you would have known that every day I cared, every day I watched, and waited, and hoped, and believed!"

She came to him slowly where he stood, his great frame trembling with his passion and the hurt she had given him, and, laying her hand upon his arm, she said, "Your faith was a blind one, Ro. I was either a girl who — who deserved nothing of the world, or I was a wife. I had no husband, had I? Then I must have been

a girl who — who deserved nothing of the world or of you. Your faith was blind, Ranulph, — you see it was blind.”

“What I know is this,” he replied, with dogged persistence, — “what I know is this: that whatever was wrong, there was no wrong in you. My life a hundred times on that!”

She smiled at him, the brightest smile that had been on her face these years past, and she answered softly, “I did not think there was so great faith; no, not in Israel!” Then the happiness passed from her lips to her eyes. “Your faith has made me happy, Ro; I am selfish, you see. Your love in itself could not make me happy, for I have no right to listen to words of love, because” —

She paused. It seemed too hard to say; the door of her heart inclosing her secret opened so slowly, so slowly. A struggle was going on in her. Every fibre of her nature was alive. Once, twice, thrice, she tried to speak, and could not. At last, with bursting soul and eyes swimming with tears, she said solemnly, “I can never marry you, Ranulph, and I have no right to listen to your words of love, because — because I am a wife.”

Then she gave a great sigh of relief, like some penitent who has for a lifetime hidden a sin or a sorrow, and suddenly finds the joy of a confessional that relieves the sick heart, takes away the hand of loneliness that clamps it, and gives it freedom again; that lifts the poor slave from the rack of secrecy, the most cruel Inquisition of Life and Time. She said the words once more, a little louder, a little clearer. She had vindicated herself to God; now she had vindicated herself to man, — though to but one man.

“I can never marry you, because I am a wife,” she repeated. There was a slight pause, and then the final word was said, — “I am the wife of Philip d’Avranche.”

Ranulph did not speak. He stood still and rigid, looking with eyes that scarcely saw her; for a mist of conflicting emo-

tions and numb impressions had clouded them.

“I had not intended to tell any one until the time should come,” — once more her hand reached out and tremblingly stroked the head of the child, — “but your belief in me has forced it from me. I could not now let you go from me ignorant of the truth, — you whose faith is beyond telling. Ranulph, I want you to know that I am at least no worse than you thought me.”

The look in his face was one of triumph, mingled with despair, hatred, and purpose, — hatred of Philip d’Avranche, and purpose concerning him. He gloried now in knowing that Guida might take her place among the honest women of this world, — as the world terms honesty, — but he had received the death-blow to his every hope. So he had lost her altogether, — he who had watched and waited; who had served and followed, in season and out of season; who had been the faithful friend, keeping his eye fixed only upon her happiness; who had given all; who had poured out his heart like water, and his life like wine, before her!

At first all he thought of was that Philip d’Avranche was the husband of the woman he loved, and that Philip had deserted her. Then a remembrance stunned him: Prince Philip d’Avranche, Duc de Bercy, had another wife! He remembered — it had been burned into his brain the day he saw it first in the *Gazette de Jersey* — that he had married the Comtesse Chantavoine, niece of the Marquis Grandjon-Larisse, upon the very day, and but an hour before, the old Duc de Bercy suddenly died. It flashed across his mind now what he had felt then. He had always believed that Philip had wronged Guida; and long ago he would have gone in search of him, — gone to try the strength of his arm against this cowardly marauder, as he held him, — but his father’s ill health had kept him where he was, and Philip, too, was

at sea upon the nation's business. So the years had gone on until now.

His brain soon cleared. All that he had ever thought upon the matter now crystallized itself into the very truth of the affair. Philip had married Guida secretly; but his new future had opened up to him all at once, and he had married again, — a crime, but a crime which in high places sometimes goes unpunished. Yet how monstrous it was that such vile wickedness should be delivered against this woman before him, in whom beauty, goodness, power, were commingled! She was the real Princess Philip d'Avranche, and this child of hers — Ah, now he understood why she allowed the child to speak no patois!

They scarcely knew how long they stood silent: she with her hand stroking the child's golden hair; he white and dazed, looking — looking at her and the child, as the thing resolved itself to him. At last, in a voice which neither he nor she could quite recognize as his own, he said, "Of course you live now only for the child."

How she thanked him in her heart for the things he had left unsaid, — those things which clear-minded and great-minded folk, high or humble, always understand! There was no selfish lamenting upon his part; there were no reproaches, none of the futile banalities of the lover who fails to see that it is no crime for a woman not to love him. The thing he had said was the thing she most cared to hear.

"Only for that, Ranulph," she answered.

"When will you claim the child's rights?"

She shook her head sadly. "I do not know," she replied, with hesitation. "I will tell you all about it," she added hastily.

Then she told him of the lost register of St. Michael's and of the Reverend Lorenzo Dow, but she said nothing as to why she had kept silence. She felt that,

man though he was, he might divine something of the truth. In any case he knew that Philip had deserted her.

After a moment he said, "I'll find Mr. Dow if he is alive, and the register too. Then the boy shall have his rights at once."

"No, Ranulph," she answered firmly, "it shall be in my own time. I must keep the child with me. I know not when I shall speak, — I am biding the day. Once I thought I never should speak, but then I did not see all, — did not wholly realize my duty toward Guilbert. It is so hard to do what is wise and just."

"When the proofs are found, your child shall have his rights," he continued, with grim insistence.

"I would never let him go from me," she said, and, leaning over, she impulsively clasped the little Guilbert in her arms.

"There'll be no need for the child to go from you," he rejoined; "for when your rights come to you, Philip d'Avranche will not be living."

"Will not be living!" she cried in amazement. She did not understand at first.

"I mean to kill him," he replied sternly.

She started violently, and the light of anger leaped into her eyes. "You mean to kill Philip d'Avranche, — you, Maitre Ranulph Delagarde!" she said. "Whom has he wronged? Myself and my child only, — his wife and his child. Men have been killed for lesser wrongs, but the right to kill does not belong to you. You speak of killing Philip d'Avranche, and yet you dare to say you are my friend!"

In that moment Ranulph learned more than he had ever guessed of life's subtle distinctions and the workings of a woman's mind; and he also knew that she was right. Her father, her grandfather, might have killed Philip d'Avranche, — any one but himself, he the man who

had but just declared his love for her. Clearly his selfishness had blinded him. Right was on his side, but not the formal codes by which men live. He could not avenge Guida's wrongs upon her husband, for all men knew that he had loved her for years.

"Forgive me," he said in a low tone; "you are right. But you will let me help you in those other things, — to have justice for your child?"

"You see you can do that for me, Ranulph," she answered gently.

A new thought came to him. "Do you think your not speaking all these years was best for the child?" he asked.

Her lips trembled. "Oh, that thought," she said, "that thought has made me unhappy so often! It comes to me sometimes at night, as I lie sleepless, and I wonder if my boy will grow up and turn against me one day. Yet I did what I thought was right, Ranulph, — I did the only thing I could do. I would rather have died than" —

She stopped short. No, not even to this man who knew all could she speak her whole mind, but sometimes the thought came to her with horrifying acuteness: was it possible that she ought to have sunk her own disillusion, misery, contempt, and hatred of Philip d'Avranche, for the child's sake? She shuddered even now as the reflection of that possibility came to her!

Of late she had felt that a crisis was near. She had had premonitions that her fate, whatever it was, was closing in upon her; that these days in this lonely spot with Guilbert, with her love for him and his love for her, were numbered; that dreams must soon give way to action, and this devoted peace would be broken, she knew not how.

Stooping, she kissed the little fellow upon the forehead and upon the eyes, and his hands came up and clasped her cheeks.

"Tu m'aimes, maman?" he asked. She had taught him the pretty question.

"Comme la vie, comme la vie!" she answered, with a half-sob, and drew him from his chair to her bosom.

Now she looked toward the window. Ranulph followed the look, and saw that the shades of night were falling.

"I have far to walk," he said; "I must be going."

As he held out his hand to Guida the child leaned over and touched him on the shoulder. "What is your name, man?" he asked.

Ranulph smiled, and, taking the warm little hand in his own, he said, "My name is Ranulph, little gentleman, but you shall call me Ro."

"Good-night, Ro — man," the child answered, with the same mischievous smile that had once belonged to Guida.

The scene brought up another such scene in Guida's life, so many years ago. Instinctively she drew back, a look of pain crossing her face. But Ranulph did not see; he was going. At the doorway he turned, and said, "You may trust me."

Guida did not answer in words, but she nodded and smiled, saying more plainly than words could say, "You are a good man, Ranulph."

XXXI.

When Ranulph returned to his little house at St. Aubin's Bay night had fallen. Approaching it, he saw that there was no light in the windows, that the blinds were not drawn, that there was no glimmer of a fire in the chimney. He hesitated at the door, for he instinctively felt that something must have happened to his father. He was just about to enter, however, when some one came hurriedly round the corner of the house.

"Whist, boy!" said a voice. "I've news for you." Ranulph recognized the voice as that of Dormy Jamais. Dormy plucked at his sleeve. "Come with me, boy!"

"No, no; come inside, if you want to tell me something," returned Ranulph.

"Ah bah, not for me! Stone walls have ears. I'll tell you and the wind that hears and runs away."

"I must speak to my father first," answered Ranulph.

"Then come with me. I've got him safe!" Dormy chuckled to himself.

Ranulph's heavy hand dropped on his shoulder. "What's that you're saying, — my father with you? What's the matter?"

As though oblivious of Ranulph's hand Dormy went on chuckling.

"Whoever burns me for a fool will lose their ashes. Des monz à fous, — I have a head! Come with me."

Ranulph saw that he must humor the shrewd natural, so he said, "Et ben, put your four shirts in five bundles and come along." He was a true Jerseyman at heart, and speaking to such as Dormy Jamais he used the homely patois phrases. He knew there was no use hurrying the little man; he would take his own time.

"There's been the devil to pay!" said Dormy, as he ran toward the shore, his sabots going *clac-clac, clac-clac*. "There's been the devil to pay in St. Helier's, boy!" He spoke scarcely above a whisper.

"Tchèche — what's that?" said Ranulph.

But Dormy was not to uncover his pot of roses till his own time.

"That connétable's got no more wit than a square-bladed knife!" he rattled on. "But gache-à-penn, I'm hungry!" And as he ran he began munching a lump of bread he took from his pocket.

For the next five minutes they went on in silence. It was quite dark, and as they passed up Market Hill — called Ghost Lane because of the Good Little People who made it their highway — Dormy caught hold of Ranulph's coat and trotted along beside him. As they went up the hill, tokens of the life with-

in came out to them through doorway and window. Now it was the voice of a laughing young mother: —

"Si tu as faim
Manges ta main
Et gardes l'autre pour demain;
Et ta tête
Pour le jour de fête;
Et ton gros ortée
Pour le Jour Saint Norbè."

And again: —

"Let us pluck the bill of the lark,
The lark from head to tail."

Ranulph knew the voice. It was that of a young wife of the parish of St. Saviour: married happily; living simply; given a frugal board, simple clothing after the manner of her kind, and a comradeship for life. For the moment he felt little but sorrow for himself. The world seemed to be conspiring against him: the chorus of Fate was singing behind the scenes, — singing of the happiness of others in sardonic comment on his own final unhappiness; yet despite the pain of finality he felt something also of the apathy of despair.

From another doorway came fragments of a song sung at a *veille*. The door was open, and he could see within the happy gathering of lads and lasses. There was the spacious kitchen, its beams and rafters dark with age, adorned with flitches of bacon, huge loaves resting in the *raclyi* beneath the centre beam, the broad open hearth, the flaming fire of logs, and the great brass pan, shining like freshly coined gold, on its iron tripod over the logs. There were the lasses, in their short woolen petticoats, close caps, and bedgones of blue and lilac; the lads stirring with all their might the contents of the vast *bashin*, — many cabots of apples, together with sugar, lemon-peel, and cider; the old ladies, in mob-caps tied under the chin, measuring out the nutmeg and cinnamon by the light of the *crasset*, to complete the making of the black butter, — a jocund recreation for all, and at all times.

In a corner was a fiddler, and on the veille, flourished for the occasion with flowers and ferns, sat two centeniers and the prévôt, singing an old song of the veilles in the patois of three parishes.

Ranulph looked at the scene lingeringly. Here he was, with mystery and peril to hasten his steps, loitering at the spot where the light of home streamed out upon the roadway. But though he loitered, somehow he seemed withdrawn from all these things; they were to him now almost like a picture of a distant past.

Dormy plucked at his coat. "Come, come, lift your feet, lift your feet," said he; "it's no time to walk in slippers. The old man will be getting scared, oui-gia!"

Ranulph roused himself. Yes, yes, he must hurry on. He had not forgotten his father, but something had held him here a moment, — as though Fate had whispered in his ear, "What does it matter now? While yet you may, feed on the sight of happiness." Just so, the prisoner going to execution seizes one of the few moments left to him for prayer, to look lingeringly upon what he leaves, as though to carry into the dark a clear remembrance of it all.

Moving on quietly in a kind of dream, Ranulph was roused again by Dormy's voice: "On Sunday I saw three magpies, and there was a wedding that day. Tuesday I saw two, which is for joy, and that day fifty Jersey prisoners of the French comes back on Jersey. This morning one I saw. One magpie is for trouble, and trouble's here. One does n't have eyes for naught, — no, bidemme!"

Ranulph's patience was exhausted. He would no longer ask for Dormy's news; he would question if he had any.

"Bachouar!" he exclaimed roughly, "you make elephants out of fleas. You've got no more news than a conch shell has music, and when I've got to the end of this you shall have a backhander that'll put you to sleep, Maître Dormy!"

If he had been asked politely, Dormy would have been still more cunningly reticent. To abuse him in his own argot was to make him loose his bag of mice in a flash.

"Bachouar yourself, Maître Ranulph! You'll find out soon. No news — no trouble — eh! Par madé, Mattingley's gone to the Vier Prison — he! The baker's come back, and the connétable's after Olivier Delagarde! No trouble, pardingue! If no trouble, Dormy Jamais's a bat' d'la goule, and no need for father of you to hide in a place that only Dormy Jamais knows — my good!"

So at last the blow had fallen, — after all these years of silence, sacrifice, and misery. The futility of all that he had done and suffered for his father's sake came home to Ranulph. Yet his brain was instantly alive. He questioned Dormy rapidly and adroitly, and got the story from him in patches.

The baker, who, with Olivier Delagarde, had betrayed the country into the hands of Rullecour, had been captured, with a French confederate of Mattingley's, in attempting to steal Jean Touzel's boat, the *Hardi Biaou*. The confederate had been mortally wounded at the capture. Before he died he implicated Mattingley in several robberies, and in one well-known case of piracy of three months before, committed within gunshot of the men-of-war lying in the tideway. The baker, seriously wounded, confessed to his crime, having been promised his life on condition that he disclosed the name of the ringleader in the treason which enabled Rullecour to land. He had straightway named Olivier Delagarde. After the capture, the prisoner had been carried to the court-house and examined in private.

Hidden behind the great chair of the lieutenant-bailly himself, Dormy Jamais had heard the whole business. This had brought him hot-foot to St. Aubin's Bay, whence he had hurried Olivier Delagarde to a hiding-place in the hills above the

bay of St. Brelade. The fool had traveled more swiftly than Jersey justice, whose feet are heavy. Elie Mattingley and the baker were now in the Vier Prison. There was the whole story.

For fifteen years and more Ranulph Delagarde had been called a hero; his father, a hero and a patriot, — a figure of ancient loyalty that more than all else recalled the time when Pierson defeated Rullecour. It was but yesterday, as it were, that they had offered to make Ranulph *connétable* of St. Helier's. The mask had fallen, the game was up. Well, at least there would be no more hiding, no more lying, no more inward shame greater than outward obloquy. All at once it appeared to him madness that he had not taken his father away from Jersey long ago, — that he should have thus awaited here this inevitable hour.

Little good, however, could come of re-pining or lamenting. Nothing now was left but action. He must save his father; it was his duty and his right. Some men had yielded up their sons to the sword of justice, but what son could so yield up his father? — as though it were that he who begot might destroy, but he who was begotten must only save!

Walking fiercely on, thinking only of how he might save his father, he was conscious that the *bûzard* beside him was munching bread and apples with idle enjoyment. There came to his mind suddenly the scene of fifteen years before, when, locked and barred in the baker's shop, he had heard the *clac-clac, clac-clac*, of Dormy's *sabots* go by the doorway.

He must get his father clear of the island, and that soon. But how? and where should they go? He had a boat in St. Aubin's Bay; getting there under cover of darkness, he might embark with his father and set sail — whither? To Sark? There was no safety there. To Guernsey? That was no better. To England? He might join the English

navy, of course, — he had been three years a gunner at Elizabeth Castle. No, not that; for in the navy he should meet with Philip d'Avranche, and if they two met he might forget the promise he had made to Guida. To France? That was it, — to the war of the *Vendée*, to join Detricand, Comte Detricand de Tournay. No need to find the scrap of paper Detricand had given him once in the Vier Marchi. Wherever he might be, his great fame would be the highway to him. All France knew of the companion of La Rochejaquelein, the fearless Detricand de Tournay. Since in Jersey there was no longer a place for himself, shamed and dishonored, convicted of complicity in hiding his father's crime, fighting now in that holy war he would find something to kill thought, to take him out of life without disgrace. France, — his fate awaited him in France. But there was his father still! Well, he would take his father with him to France, and bide his fate.

By the time his mind was thus made up, they had reached the rocky point dividing Portelet Bay from St. Brelade's, — a lonely headland, not unlike that of Plemont at the north. Dark things were said of this spot, and the folk of the island were wont to avoid it. It had its ghostly lights, its pirates' caves, and all the *mise-en-scène* of criminal privacy. That strange lights were seen was undoubted. Beneath the cliffs in the sea was a rocky islet called Janvrin's Tomb. Here one Janvrin, ill of a fell disease, and with his fellows forbidden by the Royal Court to land, had taken refuge, and here died, wholly neglected and without burial. Afterward his body had lain exposed till the ravens and vultures picked the bones, and at last a great storm swept them off into the sea. Strange lights were to be seen by this rock, and though wise men guessed them mortal glimmerings, easily explained, they sufficed to give the headland immunity from invasion.

Here it was that Dormy Jamais had brought the trembling Olivier Delagarde, whimpering and senile, unrepenting and peevish, but with a craven fear of the Royal Court and a furious populace quickening his footsteps. Ranulph reached the cave which was his father's hiding-place, through the seemingly impossible entrance of another and larger cave. It was like a little vaulted chapel, floored with sand and shingle. A crevice through rock and earth to the world above let in the light, and let out the smoke. Only the highest tide in the year entered this retreat.

Here Olivier Delagarde sat crouched over a tiny fire, with some bread and a jar of water at his hand, gesticulating and talking to himself. The long white hair and beard, with the benevolent forehead, gave him the look of some latter-day St. Helier grieving for the sins and praying for the sorrows of mankind; but from the hateful mouth came infamous profanity, fit only for the dreadful communion of a Witches' Sabbath.

When he heard Ranulph and Dormy entering the cave, he cowered and shivered in terror; but Ranulph, who knew too well his disgusting cowardice, called to him reassuringly. He quieted a little, but went on muttering to himself. As Ranulph approached, he stretched out his talon-like fingers in a gesture of entreaty.

"You'll not let them hang me, Ranulph, — you'll save me?" he said.

"Don't be afraid; they shall not hang you," Ranulph replied quietly, and began warming his hands at the fire; for, though it was but early autumn, the cave was cold.

"You'll — you'll swear it, Ranulph?"

"I've told you they shall not hang you. You ought to know by this time whether I mean what I say," his son answered, more sharply.

Assuredly Ranulph meant that his father should not be hanged. Whatever

the law was, whatever wrong the old man had done, it had been atoned for; the price had been paid by both. He himself had drunk the cup of shame to the dregs, but now he would not swallow the dregs. An iron determination entered into him. He had endured all that he would endure from man. He had set out to defend Olivier Delagarde from the worst that might happen, and he was ready now to do so to the bitter end. His scheme of justice might not be that of the Royal Court, but he would defend it with his life. He had suddenly grown hard — and dangerous.

XXXII.

The Royal Court was sitting late. Candles had been brought to light the long desk, or dais, where sat the lieutenant-bailly in his great chair, with six scarlet-robed jurats on either side of him. The attorney-general stood at his desk, mechanically scanning the indictment read against prisoners charged with capital crimes. His work was over, and, according to his lights, he had done it well. Not even the undertaker's apprentice could have been less sensitive to the struggles of humanity under the heel of fate and death. A little plaintive complacency joined to a righteous austerity and an agreeable expression of hunger made the attorney-general a figure in godly contrast to the prisoner awaiting his doom in the iron cage opposite.

There was a singular stillness in this sombre Royal Court, where only a tall candle or two and a dim lanthorn near the door filled the room with flickering shadows, — great heads upon the wall drawing close together, and vast lips murmuring awful secrets. Low whisperings came through the dusk, like mournful night-winds carrying tales of awe through a heavy forest. Once in the long silence a figure rose up, and, stealing

across the room to a door near the jury-box, tapped upon it with a pencil. A moment's pause, and the door opened slightly, and another shadowy figure appeared, whispered, and vanished. Then the first figure closed the door again quietly, and came and spoke softly up to the lieutenant-bailly, who yawned in his hand, sat back in his chair, and drummed with his fingers upon the arm. Thereupon the other — the greffier of the court — settled down at his desk beneath the jurats, and peered into an open book before him, his eyes close to the page, reading silently by the meagre light of a candle from the jurats' desk behind him.

Now a fat and ponderous avocat rose up and was about to speak; but the lieutenant-bailly, with a peevish gesture, waved him down, and he settled heavily into place again.

At last the door at which the greffier had tapped opened, and a gaunt figure in a red robe came out, and, standing in the middle of the room, motioned to the great pew opposite the attorney-general. Slowly the twenty-five men of the grand jury following him filed into place, and sat themselves down in the shadows. Then the gaunt figure, bowing to the lieutenant-bailly and the jurats, went over and took his seat beside the attorney-general. Whereupon the bailly leaned forward and droned a question to the grand enquête in the shadow. Then one rose from among the twenty-five, and out of the dusk there came a piping voice in reply to the judge: —

"We find the prisoner at the bar more guilty than innocent."

A shudder ran through the court. But some one not in the room shuddered still more violently; for at the gable window of a house in the Rue des Très Pigeons a girl had sat the livelong day, looking, — looking into the court-room. She had watched the day decline, the evening come, and the lighting of the crasset, and had waited to hear the words that meant more to her than her own life. At last the great moment came, and she could hear the voice of the foreman of the grand enquête whining the fateful words, "*More guilty than innocent.*"

It was Carterette Mattingley, and the prisoner at the bar was her father. Not far from Mattingley sat the chief witness against him, Carcaud, the baker, who, with Olivier Delagarde, had betrayed his country, and had now turned King's evidence.

Carterette did not wait to see the figure issue from the barbarous iron cage grimly recalling the days of Bernal Diaz del Castillo, nor to see the twelve jurats put on their hats to hear the lieutenant-bailly pass sentence of death upon her father. She had other work to do. Even as Ranulph had declared that his father should not be hanged, in like manner she had made a vow. He had so far kept his word, and she would keep hers. She knew more concerning the Vier Prison than did the judges of the Royal Court — and she had laid her plans.

Gilbert Parker.

(To be continued.)

BISMARCK.

ONE by one the nations of the world come to their own, have free play for their faculties, express themselves, and eventually pass onward into silence. Our age has beheld the elevation of Prussia. Well may we ask, "What has been her message? What the path by which she climbed into preëminence?" That she would reach the summit, the work of Frederick the Great in the last century, and of Stein at the beginning of this, portended. It has been Bismarck's mission to amplify and complete their task. Through him Prussia has come to her own. What, then, does she express?

The Prussians have excelled even the Romans in the art of turning men into machines. Set a Yankee down before a heap of coal and another of iron, and he will not rest until he has changed them into an implement to save the labor of many hands; the Prussian takes flesh and blood, and the will-power latent therein, and converts them into a machine. Such soldiers, such government clerks, such administrators, have never been manufactured elsewhere. Methodical, punctilious, thorough, are those officers and officials. The government which makes them relies not on sudden spurts, but on the cumulative force of habit. It substitutes rule for whim; it suppresses individual spontaneity, unless this can be transformed into energy for the great machine to use. That Prussian system takes a turnip-fed peasant, and in a few months makes of him a military weapon, the length of whose stride is prescribed in centimetres, — a machine which presents arms to a passing lieutenant with as much gravity and precision as if the fate of Prussia hinged on that special act. It takes the average tradesman's son, puts him into the educational mill, and brings him out a professor, — equipped even to the spectacles, — a

nonpareil of knowledge, who fastens on some subject, great or small, timely or remote, with the dispassionate persistence of a leech; and who, after many years, revolutionizes our theory of Greek roots, or of microbes, or of religion. Patient and noiseless as the earthworm, this scholar accomplishes a similarly incalculable work.

A spirit of obedience, which on its upper side passes into deference not always distinguishable from servility, and on its lower side is not always free from arrogance, lies at the bottom of the Prussian nature. Except in India, caste has nowhere had more power. The Prussian does not chafe at social inequality, but he cannot endure social uncertainty; he must know where he stands, if it be only on the bootblack's level. The satisfaction he gets from requiring from those below him every scrape and nod of deference proper to his position more than compensates him for the deference he must pay to those above him. Classification is carried to the fraction of an inch. Everybody, be he privy councilor or chimney-sweep, is known by his office. On a hotel register you will see such entries as "Frau X, widow of a school-inspector," or "Fräulein Y, niece of an apothecary."

This excessive particularization, which amuses foreigners, enables the Prussian to lift his hat at the height appropriate to the position occupied by each person whom he meets. It naturally develops acuteness in detecting social grades, and a solicitude to show the proper degree of respect to superiors and to expect as much from inferiors, — a solicitude which a stranger might mistake for servility or arrogance, according as he looked up or down. Yet, amid a punctilio so stringent, fine-breeding — the true politeness which we associate with the word "gentle-

man" — rarely exists; for a gentleman cannot be made by the rank he holds, which is external, but only by qualities within himself.

Nevertheless, these Prussians — so unsympathetic and rude compared with their kinsmen in the south and along the Rhine, not to speak of races more amiable still — kept down to our own time a strength and tenacity of character that intercourse with Western Europeans scarcely affected. Frederick the Great tried to graft on them the polished arts and the grace of the French: he might as well have decorated the granite faces of his fortresses with dainty Parisian wall-paper. But when he touched the dominant chord of his race, — its aptitude for system, — he had a large response. The genuine Prussian nature embodied itself in the army, in the bureaucracy, in state education, through all of which its astonishing talent for rules found congenial exercise. One dissipation, indeed, the Prussians allowed themselves, earlier in this century, — they reveled in Hegelianism. But even here they were true to their instinct; for the philosophy of Hegel commended itself to them because it assumed to reduce the universe to a system, and to pigeonhole God himself.

We see, then, the elements out of which Prussia grew to be a strong state, not yet large in population, but compact and carefully organized. Let us look now at Germany, of which she formed a part.

We are struck at once by the fact that until 1871 Germany had no political unity. During the centuries when France, England, and Spain were being welded into political units by their respective dynasties, the great Teutonic race in Central Europe escaped the unifying process. The Holy Roman Empire — at best a reminiscence — was too weak to prevent the rise of many petty princedoms and duchies and of a few large states, whose rulers were heredi-

tary, whereas the emperor was elective. Thus particularism — what we might call states' rights — flourished, to the detriment of national union. At the end of the last century, Germany had four hundred independent sovereigns: the most powerful being the King of Prussia; the weakest, some knight whose realm embraced but a few hundred acres, or some free city whose jurisdiction was bounded by its walls. When Napoleon, the great simplifier, reduced the number of little German states, he had no idea of encouraging the formation of a strong, coherent German Empire. To guard against this, which might menace the supremacy of France, he created the kingdoms of Bavaria and Westphalia, and set up the Confederation of the Rhine. After his downfall the German Confederation was organized, — a weak institution, consisting of thirty-nine members, whose common affairs were regulated by a Diet which sat at Frankfort. Representation in this Diet was so unequal that Austria and Prussia, with forty-two million inhabitants, had only one eighth of the votes, while the small states, with but twelve million inhabitants, had seven eighths. Four tiny principalities, with two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants each, could exactly offset Prussia with eight millions. By a similar anomaly, Nevada and New York have an equal representation in the United States Senate.

From 1816 to 1848 Austria ruled the Diet. Yet Austria was herself an interloper in any combination of German states, for her German subjects, through whom she gained admission to the Diet, numbered only four millions; but her prestige was augmented by the backing of her thirty million non-German subjects besides. Prussia fretted at this Austrian supremacy, fretted, and could not counteract it. Beside the Confederation, which so loosely bound the German particularists together, there was a Customs Union, which, though simply

commercial, fostered among the Germans the idea of common interests. The spirit of nationality, potent everywhere, awakened also in the Germans a vision of political unity, but for the most part those who beheld the vision were impractical; the men of action, the rulers, opposed a scheme which enfolded among its possibilities the curtailing of their autocracy through the adoption of constitutional government. No state held more rigidly than Prussia the tenets of absolutism.

Great, therefore, was the general surprise, and among Liberals the joy, at the announcement, in February, 1847, that the King of Prussia had consented to the creation of a Prussian Parliament. He granted to it hardly more power than would suffice for it to assemble and adjourn; but even this, to the Liberals, thirsty for a constitution, was as the first premonitory raindrops after a long drought. Among the members of this Parliament, or Diet, was a tall, slim, blond-bearded, massive-headed Brandenburger, thirty-two years old, who sat as proxy for a country gentleman. A few of his colleagues recognized him as Otto von Bismarck; the majority had never heard of him.

Bismarck was born at Schönhausen, Prussia, April 1, 1815. His paternal ancestors had been soldiers back to the time when they helped to defend the Brandenburg March against the inroads of Slav barbarians. His mother was the daughter of an employee in Frederick the Great's War Office. Thus, on both sides his roots were struck in true Prussian soil. At the age of six he was placed in a Berlin boarding-school, of which he afterward ridiculed the "spurious Spartanism;" at twelve he entered a gymnasium, where for five years he pursued the usual course of studies, — an average scholar, but already noteworthy for his fine physique; at seventeen he went up to the University at Göttingen. In the life of a

Prussian, there is but one period between the cradle and the grave during which he escapes the restraints of iron-grooved routine: that period comprises the years he spends at the university. There a strange license is accorded him. By day he swaggers through the streets, leering at the women and affronting the men; by night he carouses. And from time to time he varies the monotony of drinking-bouts by a duel. Such, at least, was the life of the university student in Bismarck's time. At Göttingen, and subsequently at Berlin, he had the reputation of being the greatest beer-drinker and the fiercest fighter; yet he must also have studied somewhat, for in due time he received his degree in-law, and became official reporter in one of the Berlin courts. Then he served as referendary at Aix-la-Chapelle, and passed a year in military service.

At twenty-four he set about recuperating the family fortunes, which had suffered through his father's incompetence. He took charge of the estates, devoted himself to agriculture, and was known for many miles round as the "mad squire." Tales of his revels at his country house, of his wild pranks and practical jokes, horrified the neighborhood. Yet here, again, his recklessness did not preclude good results. He made the lands pay, and he tamed into usefulness that restless animal, his body, which was to serve as mount for his mighty soul. Some biographers, referring to his bucolic apprenticeship, have compared him to Cromwell; in his youthful roistering he reminds us of Mirabeau.

To the Diet of 1847 the mad squire came, and during several sittings he held his peace. At last, however, when a Liberal deputy declared that Prussia had risen in arms in 1813, in the hope of getting a constitution quite as much as of expelling the French, the blond Brandenburger got leave to speak. In a voice which seemed incongruously small for his stature, but which carried far and pro-

duced the effect of being the utterance of an inflexible will, he deprecated the assertions just made, and declared that the desire to shake off foreign tyranny was a sufficient motive for the uprising in 1813. These words set the House in confusion. Liberal deputies hissed and shouted so that Bismarck could not go on; but, nothing daunted, he took a newspaper out of his pocket and read it, there in the tribune, till order was restored. Then, having added that whoever deemed that motive inadequate held Prussia's honor cheap, he strode haughtily to his seat, amid renewed jeers and clamor. Such was Bismarck's parliamentary baptism of fire.

Before the session adjourned, the deputies had come to know him well. They discovered that the mad squire, the blunt "captain of the dykes," was doubly redoubtable; he had strong opinions, and utter fearlessness in proclaiming them.

His political creed was short, — it comprised but two clauses: "I believe in the supremacy of Prussia, and in absolute monarchy." More royalist than the King, he opposed every concession which might diminish by a hair's breadth the royal prerogative. Constitutional government, popular representation, whatever Liberals had been struggling and dying for since 1789, he detested. Democracy, and especially German democracy, he scoffed at. For sixty years reformers had been railing at the absurdities of the old régime; they had denounced the injustice of the privileged classes; they had made odious the tyranny of paternalism. Bismarck entered the lists as the champion of "divine right," and first proved his strength by exposing the defects of democracy.

Those who believe most firmly in democracy acknowledge, nevertheless, that it has many objections, both in theory and in practice. Universal suffrage — the abandoning of the state to the caprice of millions of voters, among whom the proportion of intelligence to ignorance is

as one to ten — seems a process worthy of Bedlam. The ballot-box is hardly more accurate than the dice-box, as a test of the fitness of candidates. Popular government means party government, and parties are dogmatic, overbearing, insincere, and corrupt. The men who legislate and administer, chosen by this method, avowedly serve their party, and not the state; and though, by chance, they should be both skillful and honest, they may be overturned by a sudden revulsion of the popular will. Such a system breeds a class of professional politicians, — men who make a business of getting into office, and whose only recommendation is their proficiency in the art of cajoling voters. A government should be managed as a great business corporation is managed: it has to deal with the weightiest problems of finance, and with delicate diplomatic questions, for which the trained efforts of judicious experts are needed; but instead of being entrusted to them, it is given over to politicians elected by multitudes who cannot even conduct their private business successfully, much less entertain large and patriotic views of the common welfare. To decide an election by a show of hands seems not a whit less absurd than to decide it by the aggregate weight or the color of the hair of the voters. We speak of the will of the majority as if it were infallibly right. The vast majority of men to-day would vote that the sun revolves round the earth: should this belief of a million ignoramuses counter-vail the knowledge of one astronomer? Shall knowledge be the test of fitness in all concerns except government, the most critical, the most far reaching and responsible of all? Majority rule substitutes mere numbers, bulk, and quantity for quality. Putting a saddle on Intelligence, it bids Ignorance mount and ride whither it will, — even to the devil. It is the dupe of its own folly; for the politicians whom it chooses turn out to be, not the representatives of the people,

but the attorneys of some mill or mine or railway.

These and similar objections to democracy Bismarck urged with a sarcasm and directness hitherto unknown in German politics. When half the world was repeating the words "Liberalism," "Constitution," "Equality," — as if the words themselves possessed magic to regenerate society, — he insisted that firm nations must be based upon facts, not phrases. He had the twofold advantage of invariably separating the actual from the apparent, and of being opposed by the most incompetent Liberals in Europe. However noble the ideals of the German reformers, the men themselves were singularly incapable of dealing with realities. Nor should this surprise us; for they had but recently broken away from the machine we have described, and they had not yet a new machine to work in; so they whirled to and fro in vehement confusion, the very rigidity of their previous restraint increasing their dogmatism and their discord.

The revolution of 1848 soon put them to the ordeal. The German Liberals aimed at national unity under a constitution. Like their brothers in Austria and Italy, they enjoyed a temporary triumph; but they could not construct. Their Parliament became a cave of the winds. Their schemes clashed. By the beginning of 1850 the old order was restored.

During this stormy crisis, Bismarck, as deputy in two successive Diets, had resolutely withstood the popular tide. He regarded the revolutionists as men in whom the qualities of knave, fool, and maniac alternately ruled; the revolution itself, he said, had no other motive than "a lust of theft." One of its leaders he dismissed as a "phrase-watering-pot." The right of assemblages he ridiculed as furnishing democracy with bellows; a free press he stigmatized as a blood-poisoner. When the imperial crown was offered to the King of Prussia, Bismarck argued against accepting it; he would

not see his King degraded to the level of a mere "paper president."

Such opposition would have made the speaker conspicuous, if only for its audacity. His enemies had learned, however, that it required a strong character to support that audacity continuously. They tried to silence him with abuse; but their abuse, like tar, added fuel to his fire. They tried ridicule; but their ridicule had too much of the German dullness to wound him. They called him a bigoted Junker, or squire. "Remember," he retorted, "that the names Whig and Tory were first used opprobriously, and be assured that we will yet bring the name Junker into respect and honor." Many anecdotes are told illustrating his quick repulse of intended insult or his disregard of formality. He was not unwilling that his enemies should remember that he held his superior physical strength in reserve, if his arguments failed. Yet on a hunting-party, or at a dinner, or in familiar conversation, he was the best of companions. Germany has not produced another, unless it were Goethe, so variedly entertaining; and Goethe had no trace of one of Bismarck's characteristics, — humor. He possessed also tact and a sort of Homeric geniality which, coupled with unbending tenacity, fitted him to succeed as a diplomatist.

In 1851 the King appointed him to represent Prussia at the German Diet, which sat at Frankfort. The outlook was gloomy. Prussia had quelled the revolution, but she had lost prestige. Unable to break asunder the German Confederation or to dominate it, she had signed, at Olmütz, in the previous autumn, a compact which acknowledged the supremacy of her old rival, Austria. While the humiliation still rankled, Bismarck entered upon his career. Hitherto not unfriendly to Austria, because he had looked upon her as the extinguisher of the revolution, which he hated most of all, he began, now that the danger was over, to give a free rein to his jealousy

of his country's hereditary competitor. In the Diet, the Austrian representative presided, the rulings were always in Austria's favor, the majority of the smaller states allowed Austria to guide them. Bismarck at once showed his colleagues that humility was not his rôle. Finding that the Austrian president alone smoked at the sittings, he took out his own cigar and lighted it, — a trifle, but significant. He resisted every encroachment, and demanded the strictest observance of the letter of the law. Gradually he extended Prussia's influence among the confederates. He unmasked Austria's insincerity; he showed how honestly Prussia walked in the path of legality; until he slowly created the impression that wickedness was to be expected from one, and virtue from the other.

During seven years Bismarck held this outpost, winning no outward victory, but storing a vast amount of knowledge about all the states of the Confederation, their rulers and public men, which was subsequently invaluable to him. His dispatches to the Prussian Secretary of State, his reports to the King, form a body of diplomatic correspondence unmatched in fullness, vigor, directness, and insight. With him, there was no ambiguity, no diplomatic circumlocution, no German prolixity. He sketched in indelible outlines the portraits, corporal or mental, of his colleagues. He criticised the policy of Prussia with a brusqueness which must have startled his superior. He reviewed at longer range the political tendencies of Europe. Officially, he kept strictly within the limits of his instructions; but his own personality represented more than he could yet officially declare, — Prussia's ambition to become the leader of Germany. In all his dispatches, and in all places where caution did not prescribe silence, he reiterated his Cato warning, "Austria must be ousted from Germany."

Do not suppose, however, that Bis-

marck's political greatness was then discerned. Probably, had you inquired of Germans forty years ago, "Who among you is the coming statesman?" not one would have replied, "Bismarck." At the opera, we cannot mistake the hero, because the moonlight obligingly follows him over the stage; in real life, the hero passes for the most part unrecognized, until his appointed hour; but the historian's duty is to show how the heroic qualities were indubitably latent in him long before the world perceived them.

In 1859 Bismarck was appointed ambassador at St. Petersburg, where he stayed three years, when he was transferred to Paris. This completed his apprenticeship, for in September, 1862, he was recalled to Berlin to be minister-president.

His promotion had long been mooted. The new King William — a practical, rigid monarch, with no Liberal visions, no desire to please everybody — had been for eighteen months in conflict with his Parliament. He had determined to reorganize the Prussian army; the Liberals insisted that, as Parliament was expected to vote appropriations, it should know how they were spent. William at last turned to Bismarck to help him subjugate the unruly deputies, and Bismarck, with a true vassal's loyalty, declared his readiness to serve as "lid to the saucepan." Very soon the Liberals began to compare him with Stafford, and the King with Charles I., but neither of them quailed. "Death on the scaffold, under certain circumstances, is as honorable," Bismarck said, "as death on the battlefield. I can imagine worse modes of death than the axe." Hitherto he had strenuously maintained the first article of his creed, — "I believe in the supremacy of Prussia;" henceforth he upheld with equal vigor the second, — "I believe in the autoeracy of the King."

The narrow Constitution limited the King's authority, making it coequal with

that of the Upper and Lower Chambers, but Bismarck quickly taught the deputies that he would not allow "a sheet of paper" to intervene between the royal will and its fulfillment. Year after year the Lower House refused to vote the army budget; year after year Bismarck and his master pushed forward the military organization, in spite of the deputies. Noah was not more unmoved by those who came and scoffed at his huge, expensive, apparently useless ark than were the Prussian minister and his King by their critics, who did not see the purpose of the ark the two were building. Bismarck merely insisted that the army, on which depended the integrity of the nation, could not be subjected to the caprice of parties; it was an institution above parties, above politics, he said, which the King alone must control.

At the same time, the minister-president actively pursued his other project, — the expulsion of Austria from Germany. When the King of Denmark died, in December, 1863, the succession to the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein was disputed. Bismarck seized the occasion for occupying the disputed territory, in partnership with Austria. England protested, France muttered, but neither cared to risk a war with the allied robbers. When it came to dividing the spoils, Bismarck, who had recently gauged Austria's strength, struck for the lion's share. Austria resisted. Bismarck then approved himself a master of diplomacy. Never was he more clever or more unscrupulous, shifting from argument to argument, delaying the open rupture till Prussia was quite ready, feigning willingness to submit the dispute to European arbitration while secretly stipulating conditions which foredoomed arbitration to failure, and invariably giving the impression that Austria refused to be conciliated. As the juggler lets you see the card he wishes you to see, and no other, so Bismarck always kept in full view, amid whatever shuf-

fling of the pack, the apparent legality of Prussia. In the end he drove Austria to desperation.

In June, 1866, war came, with fury. One Prussian army crushed with a single blow the German states which had promised to support Austria; another marched into Bohemia and, in seven days, confronted the imperial forces at Sadowa. There was fought a great battle, in which the Prussian crown prince repeated the master stroke of Blücher at Waterloo, and then Austria, hopelessly beaten, sued for peace.

Bismarck now showed himself astute in victory. Having ousted Austria from Germany, he had no wish to wreak a vengeance that she could not forgive. Taking none of her provinces, he exacted only a small indemnity. With the German states he was equally discriminating: those which had been inveterately hostile he annexed to Prussia; the others he let off with a fine. He set up the North German Confederation, embracing all the states north of the river Main, in place of the old German Confederation; and thus Prussia, which had now two thirds of the population of Germany, was undisputed master. The four South German states, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Hesse, and Baden, signed a secret treaty, by which they gave the Prussian King the command of their troops in case of war.

Europe, which had witnessed with astonishment these swift proceedings, understood now that a great reality had arisen, and that Bismarck was its heart. In France, surprise gave way to indignation. Were not the French the arbiters of Europe? How had it happened that their Emperor had permitted a first-rate power to organize without their consent? Napoleon III., who knew that his sham empire could last only so long as he furnished his restless subjects food for their vanity, strove to convince them that he had not been outwitted; that he still could dictate terms. He demanded

a share of Rhineland to offset Prussia's aggrandizement; Bismarck refused to cede a single inch. Napoleon bullied; Bismarck published the secret compact with the South Germans. Napoleon forthwith decided that it was not worth while to go to war.

We have all heard of the sportsman who boasted of always catching big strings of fish. But one day, after whipping every pool and getting never a trout, he was fain, on his way home, to stop at the market and buy him a salt herring for supper. Not otherwise did Napoleon, who had been very forward in announcing that he would *take* land wherever he chose, now stoop to offer to *buy* enough to appease his greedy countrymen. He would pay ninety million francs for Luxemburg, and the King of Holland, to whom it belonged, was willing to sell at that price; but Bismarck would consent only to withdraw the Prussian garrison from the grand duchy, after destroying the fortifications, and to its conversion into a neutral state. That was the sum of the satisfaction Napoleon and his presumptuous Frenchmen got from their first encounter. A few years before, Napoleon, who had had frequent interviews with Bismarck, and liked his joviality, set him down as "a not serious man;" whence we infer that the Emperor was a dull reader of character.

Although, by this arrangement, the Luxemburg affair blew over, neither France nor Prussia believed that their quarrel was settled. Deep in the heart of each, instinct whispered that a life-and-death struggle was inevitable. Bismarck, amid vast labor on the internal organization of the kingdom, held Prussia ready for war. He would not be the aggressor, but he would decline no challenge.

In July, 1870, France threw down the glove. When the Spaniards elected Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern to their vacant throne, France demanded that

King William should compel Leopold to resign. William replied that, as he had not influenced his kinsman's acceptance, he should not interfere. The prince, who was not a Prussian, withdrew of his own accord. But the French Secretary of State, the Duc de Gramont, had blustered too loudly to let the matter end without achieving his purpose of humbling the Prussian King. He therefore telegraphed Benedetti, the French ambassador, to force King William to promise that at no future time should Leopold be a candidate for the Spanish crown. Benedetti delivered his message to William in the public garden at Ems; and William, naturally refusing to bind himself, announced that further negotiations on the subject would be referred to the foreign minister.

The following morning Bismarck published a dispatch containing a brief report of the interview; adding, however, that the King "declined to receive the French ambassador again, and had him told by the adjutant in attendance that his Majesty had nothing further to communicate to the ambassador." This deceitful addition produced exactly the effect which Bismarck intended: every German, whether Prussian or not, was incensed to learn that the representative German King had been hectored by the French emissary, and every Frenchman was enraged that the Prussian King had insulted the envoy of the "grand nation." Bismarck, who had feared that another favorable moment for war was passing, now exulted, and Moltke, who had for years been carrying the future campaign in his head, and whose face grew sombre when peace seemed probable, now smiled a grim, contented smile. In Paris, the ministers, the deputies, the newspapers, and the populace clamored for war. Apparently, Napoleon alone felt a slight hesitation; but he could hesitate no longer when the popular demand became overwhelming. On July 19 France made a formal declaration

of war, and the Parisians laid bets that their victorious troops would celebrate the *Fête Napoléon* — August 15 — in Berlin. Had not their war minister, Le-bœuf, assured them that everything was ready, down to the last button on the last gaiter of the last soldier?

We cannot describe here the terrible campaign which followed. In numbers, in equipment, in discipline, in generalship, in everything but bravery, the French were quickly outmatched. When Napoleon groped madly for some friendly hand to stay his fall, he found that Bismarck had cut off succor from him. The South Germans, whom the French had hoped to win over, fought loyally under the command of Prussia; Austria, who might have been persuaded to strike back at her late conqueror, dared not move for fear of Russia, whose friendship Bismarck had secured; and Italy, instead of aiding France, lost no time in completing her own unification by entering Rome when the French garrison was withdrawn. Forsaken and outwitted, the French Empire sank without even an expiring flash of that tinsel glory which had so long bedizened its corruption. And when the French people, lashed to desperation, continued the war which the empire had brought upon them, they but suffered a long agony of losses before accepting the inevitable defeat. They paid the penalty of their former arrogance in every coin known to the vanquished, — in military ruin, in an enormous indemnity, in the occupation of their land by the victorious Prussians, and in the cession of two rich provinces. Nor was that enough: they had to submit to a humiliation which, to the imagination at least, seems the worst of all, — the proclamation of the Prussian King William as German Emperor in their palace at Versailles, the shrine of French pomp, where two centuries before Louis XIV. had embodied the ambition, the glory, and the pride of France. The German cannon bombard-

ing beleaguered Paris paused, while the sovereigns of the German states hailed William as their Emperor.

This consummation of German unity was the logical outcome of an international war, in which all the Germans had been impelled, by mutual interests quite as much as by kinship, to join forces against an alien foe. Twenty years before, Bismarck had opposed German unity, because it would then have made Prussia the plaything of her confederates; in this later scheme he was the chief agent, if not the originator, for he knew that the primacy of Prussia ran no more risk.

Let us pause a moment and look back. Only a decade earlier, in 1861, when Bismarck became minister, Prussia was but a second-rate power, Germany was a medley of miscellaneous states, Austria still held her traditional supremacy, the French Emperor seemed firmly established. Now, in 1871, Austria has been humbled, France crushed, Napoleon whiffed off into outer darkness, and Prussia stands unchallenged at the head of United Germany. Many men — the narrow, patient King, the taciturn Moltke, the energetic von Roon — have contributed to this result; but to Bismarck rightly belongs the highest credit. Slow to prepare and swift to strike, he it was who measured the full capacity of that great machine, the Prussian army, and let it do its work the moment Fortune signaled; he it was who knew that needle guns and discipline would overcome in the end the long prestige of Austria and the wordy insolence of France. Looking back, we are amazed at his achievements, — many a step seems audacious; but if we investigate, we find that Bismarck had never threatened, never dared, more than his strength at the time warranted. The gods love men of the positive degree, and reward them by converting their words into facts.

Of the German Empire thus formed

Bismarck was Chancellor for twenty years. His foreign policy hinged on one necessity, — the isolation of France. To that end he made a Triple Alliance, in which Russia and Austria were his partners first, and afterward Italy took Russia's place. He prevented the Franco-Russian coalition, which would place Germany between the hammer and the anvil. From 1871 to 1890 he was not less the arbiter of Europe than the autocrat of Germany.

Nevertheless, although in the management of home affairs Bismarck usually prevailed, he prevailed to the detriment of Germany's progress in self-government. The Empire, like Prussia herself, is based on constitutionalism: what hope is there for constitutionalism, when at any moment the vote of a majority of the people's representatives can be nullified by an arbitrary prime minister? Bismarck carried his measures in one of two ways: he either formed a temporary combination with mutually discordant parliamentary groups, and thereby secured a majority vote, or, when unable to do this, by threatening to resign he gave the Emperor an excuse for vetoing an objectionable bill. Despising representative government, with its interminable chatter, its red tape, its indiscreet meddling, and its whimsical revulsions, Bismarck never concealed his scorn. If he believed a measure to be needed, he went down into the parliamentary marketplace, and by inducements, not of money, but of concessions, he won over votes. At one time or another, every group has voted against him and every group has voted for him. When he was fighting the Vatican, for instance, he conciliated the Jews; when Jew-baiting was his purpose, he promised the Catholics favor in return for their support. Being amenable to the Emperor alone, and not, like the British Premier, the head of a party, he dwelt above the ca-price of parties. Men thought, at first, to stagger him by charges of inconsis-

tency, and quoted his past utterances against his present policy. He laughed at them. Consistency, he held, is the clog of men who do not advance; for himself, he had no hesitation in altering his policy as fast as circumstances required. With characteristic bluntness, he did not disguise his intentions. "I need your support," he would say to a hostile group, "and I will stand by your bill if you will vote for mine." "Do ut des" was his motto; "an honest broker" his self-given nickname.

Such a government cannot properly be called representative; it dangles between the two incompatibles, constitutionalism and autocracy. Doubtless Bismarck knew better than the herd of deputies what would best serve at a given moment the interests of Germany; but his methods were demoralizing, and so personal that they made no provision for the future. His system could not be permanent unless in every generation an autocrat as powerful and disinterested as himself should arise to wield it; but nature does not repeat her Bismarcks and her Cromwells. At the end of his career, Germany has still to undergo her apprenticeship in self-government.

Two important struggles, in which he engaged with all his might, call for especial mention.

The first is the *Culturkampf*, or contest with the Pope over the appointment of Catholic bishops and clergy in Prussia. Bismarck insisted that the Pope should submit his nominations to the approval of the King; Pius IX. maintained that in spiritual matters he could be bound by no temporal lord. Bismarck passed stern laws; he withheld the stipend paid to the Catholic clergy; he imprisoned some of them; he broke up the parishes of others. It was the mediæval war of investitures over again, and again the Pope won. Bismarck discovered that against the intangible resistance of Rome his Krupp guns were powerless. After fifteen years of ineffect-

fectual battling, the Chancellor surrendered.

Similar discomfiture came to him from the Socialists. When he entered upon his ministerial career, they were but a gang of noisy fanatics; when he quitted it, they were a great political party, holding the balance of power in the Reichstag, and infecting Germany with their doctrines. At first he thought to extirpate them by violence, but they thrived under persecution; then he propitiated them, and even strove to forestall them by adopting Socialistic measures in advance of their demands. If the next epoch is to witness the triumph of Socialism, as some predict, then Bismarck will surely merit a place in the Socialists' Saints' Calendar; but if, as some of us hope, society revolts from Socialism before experience teaches how much insanity underlies this seductive theory, then Bismarck will scarcely be praised for coquetting with it. For Socialism is but despotism turned upside down; it would substitute the tyranny of 'an abstraction — the state — for the tyranny of a personal autocrat. It rests on the fallacy that though in every individual citizen there is more or less imperfection, — one dishonest, another untruthful, another unjust, another greedy, another licentious, another willing to grasp money or power at the expense of his neighbor, — yet by adding up all these units, so imperfect, so selfish, and calling the sum "the state," you get a perfect and unselfish organism, which will manage without flaw or favor the whole business, public, private, and mixed, of mankind. By what miracle a coil of links, separately weak, can be converted into an unbreakable chain is a secret which the prophets of this Utopia have never condescended to reveal. Not more state interference, but less, is the warning of history.

The fact which is significant for us here is that Socialism has best thriven in Germany, where, through the innate

tendency of the Germans to a rigid system, the machinery of despotism has been most carefully elaborated, and where the interference of the state in the most trivial affairs of life has bred in the masses the notion that the state can do everything, — even make the poor rich, if they can only control the lever of the huge machine.

Nevertheless, though Bismarck has been worsted in his contest with religious and social ideas, his great achievement remains. He has placed Germany at the head of Europe, and Prussia at the head of Germany. Will the German Empire created by him last? Who can say? The historian has no business with prophecy, but he may point out the existence in the German Empire to-day of conditions that have hitherto menaced the safety of nations. The common danger seems the strongest bond of union among the German states. Defeat by Russia on the east or by France on the west would mean disaster for the South Germans not less than for the Prussians; and this peril is formidable enough to cause the Bavarians, for instance, to fight side by side with the Prussians. But there can be no homogeneous internal government, no compact nation, so long as twenty or more dynasties, coequal in dignity though not in power, flourish simultaneously. Historically speaking, Germany has never passed through that stage of development in which one dynasty swallows up its rivals, — the experience of England, France, and Spain, and even of polyglot Austria.

Again, Germany embraces three unwilling members, — Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig, and Prussian Poland, — any of which may serve as a provocation for war, and must remain a constant source of racial antipathy. How grievous such political thorns may be, though small in bulk compared to the body they worry, England has learned from Ireland.

Finally, if popular government—the ideal of our century—is to prevail in Germany, the despotism extended and solidified by Bismarck will be swept away. Possibly, Germany could not have been united, could not have humbled Austria and crushed France, under a Liberal system; but will the Germans forever submit to the direction of an iron Chancellor, or glow with exultation at the truculence of a strutting autocrat who flourishes his sword and proclaims, “My will is law”? No other modern despotism has been so patriotic, honest, and successful as that of Bismarck; but will the Germans never awake to the truth that even the best despotism convicts those who bow to it of a certain ignoble servility? Or will they, as we have suggested, transform the tyranny of an autocrat into the tyranny of Socialism? We will not predict, but we can plainly see that Germany, whether in her national or in her constitutional condition, has reached no stable plane of development.

And now what shall we conclude as to Bismarck himself? The magnitude of his work no man can dispute. For centuries Europe awaited the unification of Germany, as a necessary step in the organic growth of both. Feudalism was the principle which bound Christendom together during the Middle Age; afterward, the dynastic principle operated to blend peoples into nations; finally, in our time, the principle of nationality has accomplished what neither feudalism nor dynasties could accomplish, the attainment of German unity. In type, Bismarck belongs with the Charlemagnes, the Cromwells, the Napoleons; but, unlike them, he wrought to found no kingdom for himself; from first to last he was content to be the servant of the monarch whom he ruled. As a statesman, he possessed in equal mixture the qualities of lion and of fox, which Machiavelli long ago declared indispensable to a prince. He had no scruples.

What benefited Prussia and his King was to him moral, lawful, desirable; to them he was inflexibly loyal; for them he would suffer popular odium or incur personal danger. But whoever opposed them was to him an enemy, to be overcome by persuasion, craft, or force. We discern in his conduct toward enemies no more regard for morality than in that of a Mohawk sachem toward his Huron foe. He might spare them, but from motives of policy; he might persecute them, not to gratify a thirst for cruelty, but because he deemed persecution the proper instrument in that case. His justification would be that it was right that Prussia and Germany should hold the first rank in Europe. The world, as he saw it, was a field in which nations maintained a pitiless struggle for existence, and the strongest survived; to make his nation the strongest was, he conceived, his highest duty. An army of puny-bodied saints might be beautiful to a pious imagination, but they would fare ill in an actual conflict with Pomeranian grenadiers.

Dynamic, therefore, and not *moral*, were Bismarck's ideals and methods. To make every citizen a soldier, and to make every soldier a most effective fighting machine by the scientific application of diet, drill, discipline, and leadership, was Prussia's achievement, whereby she prepared for Bismarck an irresistible weapon. In this application of science to control with greater exactness than ever before the movements of large masses of men in war, and to regulate their actions in peace, consists Prussia's contribution to government; in knowing how to use the engine thus constructed lies Bismarck's fame. When Germans were building air-castles, and, conscious of their irresolution, were asking themselves, “Is Germany Hamlet?” Bismarck saw both a definite goal and the road that led to it. The sentimentalism which has characterized so much of the action of our time never diluted

his tremendous will. He held that by blood and iron empires are welded, and that this stern means causes in the end less suffering than the indecisive compromises of the sentimentalists. Better, he would say, for ninety-nine men to be directed by the hundredth man who knows than for them to be left a prey to their own chaotic, ignorant, and internecine passions. Thus he is the latest representative of a type which flourished in the age when the modern ideal of popular government had not yet risen. How much of his power was due to his unerring perception of the defects in popular government as it has thus far been exploited, we have already remarked.

The Germans have not yet perceived that one, perhaps the chief source of his success was his un-German characteristics. He would have all Germany bound by rigid laws, but he would not be bound by them himself. He encouraged his countrymen's passion for conventionality and tradition, but remained the most unconventional of men. Whatever might complete the conversion of Germany into a vast machine he fostered by every art; but he, the engineer who held the throttle, was no machine. In a land where everything was done by prescription, the spectacle of one man doing whatever his will prompted produced an effect not easily computed. Such characteristics are un-German, we repeat, and Bismarck displayed them at all times and in all places. His smoking a cigar in the Frankfort Diet; his opposition to democracy, when democracy was the fashion; his resistance to the Prussian Landtag; his arbitrary methods in the German Parliament, — these are but instances, great or small, of his un-German nature. And his relations for thirty years with the King and Emperor whom he seemed to serve show a similar masterfulness. A single anecdote, told by himself, gives the key to that service.

At the battle of Sadowa King William persisted in exposing himself at short range to the enemy's fire. Bismarck urged him back, but William was obstinate. "If not for yourself, at least for the sake of your minister, whom the nation will hold responsible, retire," pleaded Bismarck. "Well, then, Bismarck, let us ride on a little," the King at last replied. But he rode very slowly. Edging his horse alongside of the King's mare, Bismarck gave her a stout kick in the haunch. She bounded forward, and the King looked round in astonishment. "I think he saw what I had done," Bismarck added, in telling the story, "but he said nothing."

On Bismarck's private character I find no imputed stain. He did not enrich himself by his office, that hideous vice of our time. He did not, like both Napoleons, convert his palace into a harem; neither did he tolerate nepotism, nor the putting of incompetent parasites into responsible positions as a reward for party service. That he remorselessly crushed his rivals let his obliteration of Count von Arnim witness. That he subsidized a "reptile press," or employed spies, or hounded his assailants, came from his belief that a statesman too squeamish to fight fire with fire would deserve to be burnt. Many orators have excelled him in grace, few in effectiveness. Regarding public speaking as one of the chief perils of the modern state, because it enables demagogues to dupe the easily swayed masses, he despised rhetorical artifice. His own speech was un-German in its directness, un-German in its humor, and it clove to the heart of a question with the might of a battle-axe, — as, indeed, he would have used a battle-axe itself to persuade his opponents, five hundred years ago. Since Napoleon, no other European statesman has coined so many political proverbs and apt phrases. His letters to his family are delightfully natural, and reveal a man of keen observa-

tion, capable of enjoying the wholesome pleasures of life, and brimful of common sense, which a rich gift of humor keeps from the dullness of Philistines and the pedantry of doctrinaires. His intercourse with friends seems to have been in a high degree jovial.

A great man we may surely pronounce him, long to be the wonder of a world in which greatness of any kind is rare. If you ask, "How does he stand beside Washington and Lincoln?" it must be admitted that his methods would have made them blush, but that his patriotism was not less enduring than theirs. With the materials at hand he fashioned an empire; it is futile to speculate whether another, by using different tools, could have achieved the same result. Bismarck knew that though his countrymen might talk eloquently about liberty, they loved to be governed; he knew that their genius was mechanical, and he triumphed by directing them along the line of their genius. He would have

failed had he appealed to the love of liberty, by appealing to which Cavour freed Italy; or to the love of glory, by appealing to which Napoleon was able to convert half of Europe into a French province. Bismarck knew that his Prussians must be roused in a different way.

It may be that the empire he created will not last; it is certain that it cannot escape modifications which will change the aspect he stamped upon it; but we may be sure that, whatever happens, the recollection of his Titanic personality will remain. He belongs among the giants, among the few in whom has been stored for a lifetime a stupendous energy, — kinsmen of the whirlwind and the volcano, — whose purpose seems to be to amaze us that the limits of the human include such as they. At the thought of him, there rises the vision of mythic Thor with his hammer, and of Odin with his spear; the legend of Zeus, who at pleasure held or hurled the thunderbolt, becomes credible.

William Roscoe Thayer.

MR. RILEY'S POETRY.

EVEN if Mr. Riley's poetry — which, along with his prose, now has the distinction of a beautiful uniform edition (Scribners) — had no claim to distinction in itself, the fact of its unrivaled popularity would challenge consideration. But, fortunately, his work does not depend on so frail a tenure of fame as the vogue of a season or the life of a fad. The qualities which secure for it a wider reading and a heartier appreciation than are accorded to any other living American poet are rooted deep in human nature; they are preëminently qualities of wholeness and common sense, those qualities of steady and conservative cheerfulness which ennoble the average man, and in which the man of excep-

tional culture is too often lacking. Its lovers are the ingenuous home-keeping hearts, on whose sobriety and humor the national character is based. And yet, one has not said enough when one says it is poetry of the domestic affections, poetry of sentiment; for it is much more than that.

Poetry which is free from the unhappy spirit of the age, free from dejection, from doubt, from material cynicism, neither tainted by the mould of sensuality nor wasted by the maggot of "reform," is no common product, in these days. So much of our art and literature is ruined by self-consciousness, running to the artificial and the tawdry. It is the slave either of commercialism, imita-

tive, ornate, and insufferably tiresome, or of didacticism, irresponsible and dull. But Mr. Riley at his best is both original and sane. He seems to have accomplished that most difficult feat, the devotion of one's self to an art without any deterioration of health. He is full of the sweetest vitality, the soundest merriment. His verse is not strained with an overburden of philosophy, on the one hand, nor debauched with maudlin sentimentalism, on the other. Its robust gaiety has all the fascination of artlessness and youth. It neither argues, nor stimulates, nor denounces, nor exhorts; it only touches and entertains us. And after all, few things are more humanizing than innocent amusement.

It is because of this quality of abundant good nature, familiar, serene, homely, that it seems to me no exaggeration to call Mr. Riley the typical American poet of the day. True, he does not represent the cultivated and academic classes; he reflects nothing of modern thought, but in his unruffled temper and dry humor, occasionally flippant on the surface, but never facetious at heart, he might stand very well for the normal American character in his view of life and his palpable enjoyment of it. Most foreign critics are on the lookout for the appearance of something novel and unconventional from America, forgetting that the laws of art do not change with longitude. They seize now on this writer, now on that, as the eminent product of democracy. But there is nothing unconventional about Mr. Riley. "He is like folks," as an old New England farmer said of Whittier. And if the typical poet of democracy in America is to be the man who most nearly represents average humanity throughout the length and breadth of this country, who most completely expresses its humor, its sympathy, its intelligence, its culture, and its common sense, and yet is not without a touch of original genius sufficient to stamp his utterances, then Mr. James

Whitcomb Riley has a just claim to that title.

He is unique among American men of letters (or poets, one might better say; for strictly speaking he is not a man of letters at all) in that he has originality of style, and yet is entirely native and homely. Whitman was original, but he was entirely prophetic and remote, appealing only to the few; Longfellow had style, but his was the voice of our collegiate and cultivated classes. It is not a question of rank or comparison; it is merely a matter of definitions. It is the position rather than the magnitude of any particular and contemporary star that one is interested in fixing. To determine its magnitude, a certain quality of endurance must be taken into account; and to observe this quality often requires considerable time. Quite apart, then, from Mr. Riley's relative merit in the great anthology of English poetry, he has a very definite and positive place in the history of American letters as the first widely representative poet of the American people.

He is professedly a home-keeping, home-loving poet, with the purpose of the imaginative realist, depending upon common sights and sounds for his inspirations, and engrossed with the significance of facts. Like Mr. Kipling, whose idea of perpetual bliss is a heaven where every artist shall "draw the thing as he sees it, for the God of things as they are," Mr. Riley exclaims:—

"Tell of the things jest like they wuz —
They don't need no excuse!
Don't tetch 'em up as the poets does,
Till they 're all too fine fer use!"

And again, in his lines on A Southern Singer:—

"Sing us back home, from there to here:
Grant your high grace and wit, but we
Most honor your simplicity."

In the poem to the volume Poems here at Home there occurs a similar invocation, and a test of excellence is proposed

which may well be taken as the gist of his own artistic purpose:—

"The Poems here at Home! Who'll write 'em down,

Jes' as they air — in Country and in Town? —
Sowed thick as clods is 'crost the fields and lanes,

Er these 'ere little hop-toads when it rains!
Who'll 'voice' 'em? as I heerd a feller say
'At speechified on Freedom, t'other day,
And soared the Eagle tel, it 'peared to me,
She was n't bigger 'n a bumble-bee!

"What We want, as I sense it, in the line
O' poetry is somepin' Yours and Mine —
Somepin' with live-stock in it, and out-doors,
And old crick-bottoms, snags, and sycamores!
Putt weeds in — pizenvines, and underbresh,
As well as johnny-jump-ups, all so fresh
And sassy-like! — and groun'-squir'ls, — yes,
and 'We,'

As sayin' is, — 'We, Us and Company.'

In the lines Right here at Home the same strain recurs, like the very burden of the poet's life-song:—

"Right here at home, boys, is the place, I guess,

Fer me and you and plain old happiness:
We hear the World's lots grander — likely so, —

We'll take the World's word for it and not go.

We know *its* ways ain't *our* ways, so we'll stay

Right here at home, boys, where we *know* the way.

"Right here at home, boys, where a well-to-do Man's plenty rich enough — and knows it, too,

And's got a' extry dollar, any time,
To boost a feller up 'at *wants* to climb,

And's got the git-up in him to go in
And *git there*, like hé purt' nigh allus kin!"

It is in this spirit that by far the greater part of his work, the telling and significant part of it, is conceived. The whole tatterdemalion company of his Tugg Martins, Jap Millers, Armazindys, Bee Fesslers, and their comrades, as rollicking and magnetic as Shakespeare's own wonderful populace, he finds "right here at home;" nothing human is alien to him; indeed, there is something truly Elizabethan, something spacious and ro-

bust, in his humanity, quite exceptional to our fashion-plate standards. In the same wholesome, glad frame of mind, too, he deals with nature, — mingling the keenest, most loving observation with the most familiar modes of speech. An artist in his ever sensitive appreciation and impressionability, never missing a phase or mood of natural beauty, he has the 'added ability so necessary to the final touch of illusion, — the power of ease, the power of making his most casual word seem inevitable, and his most inevitable word seem casual. It is in this, I think, that he differs from all his rivals in the field of familiar and dialect poetry. Other writers are as familiar as he, and many as truly inspired; but none combines to such a degree the homespun phrase with the lyric feeling. His only compeer in this regard is Lowell, in the brilliant Biglow Papers and several other less known but not less admirable Chaucerian sketches of New England country life. Indeed, in humor, in native eloquence, in vivacity, Mr. Riley closely resembles Lowell, though differing from that bookman in his training and inclination, and naturally, as a consequence, in his range and treatment of subjects. But the tide of humanity, so strong in Lowell, is at flood, too, in the Hoosier poet. It is this humane character, preserving all the rugged sweetness in the elemental type of man, which can save us at last as a people from the ravaging taint of charlatanism, frivolity, and greed.

But we must not leave our subject without discriminating more closely between several sorts of Mr. Riley's poetry; for there is as much difference between his dialect and his classic English (in point of poetic excellence, I mean) as there is between the Scotch and the English of Burns. Like Burns, he is a lover of the human and the simple, a lover of green fields and blowing flowers; and like Burns, he is far more at home, far more easy and felicitous, in

his native Doric than in the colder Attic speech of Milton and Keats.

This is so, it seems to me, for two reasons. In the first place, the poet is dealing with the subject matter he knows best; and in the second place, he is using the medium of expression in which he has a lifelong facility. The art of poetry is far too delicate and too difficult to be practiced successfully without the most consummate and almost unconscious mastery of the language employed; so that a poet will hardly ever write with anything like distinction or convincing force in any but his mother tongue. An artist's command of his medium must be so intimate and exquisite that his thought can find adequate expression in it as easily as in the lifting of a finger or the moving of an eyelid. Otherwise he is self-conscious, unnatural, false; and, hide it as he may, we feel the awkwardness and indecision in his work. He who treats of subjects which he knows only imperfectly cannot be true to nature; while he who employs some means of expression which he only imperfectly controls cannot be true to himself. The best art requires the fulfillment of both these severe demands; they are the cardinal virtues of art. Disregard of the first produces the dilettante; disregard of the second produces the charlatan. That either of these epithets would seem entirely incongruous, if applied to Mr. Riley, is a tribute to his thorough worth as a writer.

His verse, then, divides itself sharply into two kinds, the dialect and the conventional. But we have so completely identified him with the former manner that it is hard to estimate his work in the latter. It may be doubted, however, whether he would have reached his present eminence, had he confined his efforts to the strictly regulated forms of standard English. In poems like *A Life Term* and *One Afternoon*, for instance, there is smoothness, even grace of movement, but hardly that distinction which

we call style, and little of the lyric plangency the author commands at his best; while very often in his use of authorized English there is a strangely marked reminiscence of older poets, as of Keats in *A Water Color* (not to speak of *A Ditty of No Tone*, written as a frankly imitative tribute of admiration for the author of the *Ode to a Grecian Urn*), or of Emerson in *The All-Kind Mother*. In only one of the dialect poems, on the other hand, so far as I recall them, is there any imitative note. His *Nothin' to Say* has much of the atmosphere and feeling as well as the movement of Tennyson's *Northern Farmer*. But for the most part, when Mr. Riley uses his own dialect, he is thoroughly original as well as effective. He has not only the lyrical impetus so needful to good poetry; he has also the story-teller's gift. And when we add to these two qualities an abundant share of whimsical humor, we have the equipment which has so justly given him wide repute.

All of these characteristics are brought into play in such poems as *Fessler's Bees*, one of the fairest examples of Mr. Riley's balladry at its best:—

"Might call him a bee-expert,
When it come to handlin' bees,—
Roll the sleeves up of his shirt
And wade in amongst the trees
Where a swarm 'u'd settle, and—
Blamedest man on top of dirt!—
Rake 'em with his naked hand
Right back in the hive ag'in,
Jes' as easy as you please!"

For Mr. Riley is a true balladist. He is really doing for the modern popular taste, here and now, what the old balladists did in their time. He is an entertainer. He has the ear of his audience. He knows their likes and dislikes, and humors them. His very considerable and very successful experience as a public reader of his own work has reinforced (one may guess) his natural modesty and love of people, and made him constantly regardful of their pleasure. So that we must look upon his verses as a most gen-

uine and spontaneous expression of average poetic feeling as well as personal poetic inspiration.

Every artist's work must be, necessarily, a more or less successful compromise between these two opposing and difficult conditions of achievement. The great artists are they who succeed at last in imposing upon others their own peculiar and novel conceptions of beauty. But these are only the few whom the gods favor beyond their fellows; while for the rank and file of those who deal in the perishable wares of art a less ambitious standard may well be allowed. We must have our balladists as well as our bards, it seems; and very fortunate is the day when we can have one with so much real spirit and humanity about him as Mr. Riley.

At times the pathos of the theme quite outweighs its homeliness, and lifts the author above the region of self-conscious art; the use of dialect drops away, and a creation of pure poetry comes to light, as in that irresistible elegy *Little Haly*, for example: —

“ ‘Little Haly, little Haly,’ cheeps the robin
in the tree;
‘Little Haly,’ sighs the clover; ‘Little
Haly,’ moans the bee;
‘Little Haly, little Haly,’ calls the kill-dee
at twilight;
And the katydids and crickets hollers
‘Haly’ all the night.”

In this powerful lyric there is a simple directness approaching the feeling of Greek poetry, and one cannot help regretting the few intrusions of bad grammar and distorted spelling. They are not necessary. The poem is so universal in its human appeal, it seems a pity to limit the range of its appreciation by hampering it with local peculiarities of speech.

At times, too, in his interpretations of nature, Mr. Riley lays aside his drollery and his drawling accent in exchange for an incisive power of phrase.

“The wild goose trails his harrow”

is an example of the keenness of fancy I refer to. Another is found in the closing phrase of one of the stanzas in *A Country Pathway*: —

“A puritanic quiet here reviles
The almost whispered warble from the
hedge,
And takes a locust's rasping voice and files
The silence to an edge.”

In *The Flying Islands of the Night* Mr. Riley has made his widest departure into the reign of whimsical imagination. Here he has retained that liberty of unshackled speech, that freedom and ease of diction, which mark his more familiar themes, and at the same time has entered an entirely fresh field for him, a sort of grown-up fairyland. There are many strains of fine poetry in this miniature play, which show Mr. Riley's lyrical faculty at its best. In one instance there is a peculiar treatment of the octosyllabic quatrain, where he has chosen (one cannot guess why) to print it in the guise of blank verse. It is impossible, however, to conceal the true swing of the lines.

“I loved her. Why? I never knew. Perhaps
Because her face was fair. Perhaps because
Her eyes were blue and wore a weary air.
Perhaps! Perhaps because her limpid face
Was eddied with a restless tide, wherein
The dimples found no place to anchor and
Abide. Perhaps because her tresses beat
A froth of gold about her throat, and poured
In splendor to the feet that ever seemed
Afloat. Perhaps because of that wild way
Her sudden laughter overleapt propriety;
Or — who will say? — perhaps the way she
wept.”

It almost seems as if Mr. Riley, with his bent for jesting and his habit of wearing the cap and bells, did not dare be as poetical as he could; and when a serious lyric came to him, he must hide it under the least lyrical appearance, as he has done here. But that, surely, if it be so, is a great injustice to himself. He might well attempt the serious as well as the comic side of poetry, remembering that “when the half-gods go, the gods arrive.”

Bliss Carman.

THE SERMON OF THE ROSE.

WILLFUL we are in our infirmity
Of childish questioning and discontent.
Whate'er befalls us is divinely meant—
Thou Truth the clearer for thy mystery!
Make us to meet what is or is to be
With fervid welcome, knowing it is sent
To serve us in some way full excellent,
Though we discern it all belatedly.
The rose buds, and the rose blooms, and the rose
Bows in the dews, and in its fullness, lo,
Is in the lover's hand,—then on the breast
Of her he loves,—and there dies.—And who knows
Which fate of all a rose may undergo
Is fairest, dearest, sweetest, loveliest?

Nay, we are children: we will not mature.
A blessed gift must seem a theft; and tears
Must storm our eyes when but a joy appears
In drear disguise of sorrow; and how poor
We seem when we are richest,—most secure
Against all poverty the lifelong years
We yet must waste in childish doubts and fears
That, in despite of reason, still endure!
Alas! the sermon of the rose we will
Not wisely ponder; nor the sobs of grief
Lulled into sighs of rapture; nor the cry
Of fierce defiance that again is still.
Be patient—patient with our frail belief,
And stay it yet a little ere we die.

O opulent life of ours, though dispossessed
Of treasure after treasure! Youth most fair
Went first, but left its priceless coil of hair—
Moaned over sleepless nights, kissed and caressed
Through drip and blur of tears the tenderest.
And next went Love—the ripe rose glowing there,
Her very sister! . . . *It* is here; but where
Is she, of all the world the first and best?
And yet how sweet the sweet earth after rain—
How sweet the sunlight on the garden-wall
Across the roses—and how sweetly flows
The limpid yodel of the brook again!
And yet—and yet how sweeter, after all,
The smouldering sweetness of a dead red rose!

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE END OF THE WAR, AND AFTER.

IT is reason for universal congratulation that the war is ended (for it seems safe to assume that it is ended) so early and so happily, — for us, for the Spanish colonies, and, in spite of her present humiliation, for Spain herself; for the result makes for civilization. There was never a doubt that it would end with an American victory; but that the victory would be so easily and so cheaply won was not foreseen. Nor were the incidental benefits foreseen; for there are incidental benefits as great as the main result itself. Unforeseen, also, were the new obligations that have been imposed on us.

The problem of governing countries not only separated from the United States, but populated by different races and accustomed to different institutions from ours, is a new problem; but it is a problem that our English kinsmen have so successfully solved that we shall be dull indeed if we do not succeed, with their experience to instruct us. The present popular mood regarding this new task, as regarding most other large undertakings in which a national spirit must play an important part, seems to be a deep-seated and safe mood. The people, there can hardly be doubt, prefer to retain the territory that has fallen to them by the fortune of war, and they do not share the foreboding of the intelligent minority, whose individualism estranges them from the national feeling, and who see grave danger to our institutions in such additions to our political tasks. National feeling is a safer guide to national development than the mere reasoning process of critical minds. At any rate, it at last becomes the only guide.

The danger to our successful management of Cuba and Porto Rico, or even of the Philippine Islands, consists, not in their distance from our shores, but in their

difference of population and institutions from ours. They cannot be converted into American states by any statutes, and no laws can change their character. Nor is there any need that they should now or ever be converted into American states. We are committed to two duties: we have by conquest taken upon ourselves a solemn obligation to the people of the conquered islands to insure stable government, and the nature of our institutions forbids that we should set up any form of government except one that at the earliest possible moment shall become self-government. Even if we wished we could not shirk these responsibilities. We cannot leave the people of these islands either to their own fate, or to the mercy of the now defeated and disorganized Spanish rule, or yet to the mercy of any predatory nation that might seize them. We are become responsible for their development.

Precisely what form the government of these several islands ought to take can be determined only after careful study of their people and conservative experiment with them; but to predict that we shall make a failure in the effort to prepare them for self-government is a childish distrust of our capacity. We have never had a task just like this, but we have had tasks more difficult. Nor will our undertaking such a task involve us in entanglements with European nations — if we succeed. The European nations, it so happens, will look with somewhat greater respect upon American efforts at the government even of Manila than they would have looked six months ago. But without too great regard to European opinion it becomes our duty solemnly and patriotically now to take our new duties and responsibilities in hand, and, as a great nation committed to one great policy of government, to work out

these problems for the advancement of civilization. The great Republic can have no tribute-bearing colonies; but it can help weak people to self-government.

And it will be found that the government of each island will present itself, not as it now presents itself to the timid, as a task involving revolutionary dangers to ourselves and complications with all the other governments of the world, and a denial of the doctrines of the fathers, but rather as a practical task that practical and patriotic men can successfully accomplish.

The main result of the war, the freedom of Cuba from Spanish misrule, has been achieved, but the full fruits of it will ripen more slowly than most men at first supposed. Sympathy with the Cuban insurgents had led many persons to regard them as capable at once of self-government; but the conduct of a part of them during the war has confirmed the judgment of those men who knew them best, — that the removal of Spanish rule will not immediately nor easily lead to the self-government of Cuba. The complete conquest of the island by civilization will be accomplished through American industry and commerce, which will now follow American arms. Brigands are as certain where roads are lacking as rebellion where government is oppressive. But the future of Cuba presents no insuperable difficulties, though its subjection to civilization may require a considerable time. In his proclamation concerning the government of Santiago, the President indicated the proper course to pursue: local government to be permitted, to be required, in fact; the United States to maintain military control so long as military control is necessary for the security of life and property, but to relax it, and at last to give it up, when a competent local government has been created and tested. The process will not be very different in principle from the process of the reconstruction of the local governments of the Southern States

thirty years ago. If the Cubans do not at first show capacity for self-government, the certain increase of American influence and even of American population in the island will greatly hasten its coming. The engineer will follow the soldier. The harbor of Havana will be opened to the Gulf Stream, — a necessary and easy piece of sanitary work that the Spaniards have been going to do for a century; the cities will be properly drained, and yellow fever will be eliminated from the scourges of our own shores. Cuba will present no very serious difficulty till the time comes when it may wish to be admitted into the American Union as a state. But such a wish is not a sufficient reason for its admission.

And the same plan whereby local self-government will be built up in Cuba will apply, with modifications, to Porto Rico. One island will become an independent territory under our guardianship; the other will be directly ceded to us. But the essential elements of their government under our tutelage must be the same, for the moral obligations that we have assumed are the same, and there is but one great principle of government that we can adhere to. How much territory it may be wise to retain in the Philippine Islands it is impossible to foresee; but the principle that should govern our action is clear. We want no "colonies," can indeed have no "colonies," in the continental sense; but we must fulfill every obligation to Spain's conquered subjects that our conduct of the war in Asiatic waters has put upon us, without regard to the colonizing ambitions of the European nations; and we shall hardly fail, moreover, to keep whatever strategic advantage our navy has won, in either ocean.

The war, then, brings within the sphere of English-speaking civilization two of the most valuable of the Antilles; incidentally the Hawaiian Islands, and perhaps a part of the Philippine group: and these results can be only good. But in

achieving them we have achieved other results quite as great, and no less great because they were unexpected.

We have recovered our own national feeling. Four months ago, we were a great mass of people rather than a compact nation conscious of national strength and unity. By forgetting even for this brief time our local differences, we have welded ourselves into a conscious unity such as the Republic has not felt since its early days. Not only have the North and the South forgotten that they were ever at war, — for time and industry had already wellnigh brought this result, — but the Pacific states are nearer to the rest of the Union than they ever were before, and the great middle West is no longer estranged from the seaboard. We can work out our own problems and build our own future with a steadier purpose.

This consciousness is the keener because of the increased respect that other nations have for us. The United States was never before understood in official Europe, perhaps not even in official England. When the war was begun, most of the Continental nations failed to conceal their contempt of us: they now respect us as they never dreamed they should. Nor is it only our naval victories that have given the world a somewhat new conception of the United States. Quite as impressive has been the absence of the old-time barbarities of war and of warlike vindictiveness. To send home across the ocean a captured army, to parole the officers of a captured squadron, to feed not only the victims of Spanish misrule, but the Spanish themselves, have laid emphasis on other reasons for war than the old reasons of the punishment of enemies and the conquest of tribute-bearing territory. In humanity to the enemy this war is without parallel. Both the power and the aims of the Republic are more clearly understood in Europe than a half-century of peace

could have revealed them, and (in no spirit of boastfulness) we might add the American character, also.

It is to be hoped, too, that we have had some effect on the mediæval diplomacy of Europe. We have often been called blunt and discourteous in our diplomacy, — no doubt with truth; for European diplomacy is a dilatory art, that has always been as courteous as it has usually been mendacious. Ministers have seldom said what they or their masters meant. Now, if the dealings of civilized governments with one another are ever to advance beyond evasion and cunning, the old diplomacy must change to republican directness and frankness. It need not take on discourtesy in manner, but it must speak the truth and keep faith. If we have even in slight measure discredited the old mendacious and dilatory methods, we have done something toward furthering political civilization.

Nor will the impulse that asserted itself in the war stop with the war. The spirit of the people once having looked outward, American enterprise will seek new fields of conquest, — not by arms, but by trade and legitimate adventure. Our navy has revealed to ourselves not less than to the rest of the world our rightful place among the nations. Modern transportation, which we have done most to develop, has changed all international political conditions. By reason of it we are already "entangled" with other peoples, in ways that the fathers could not foresee and that no policy can prevent. The great outward pressure that all nations feel is the pressure of commerce for new markets; and statesmen, whether they know it or not, minister to trade, and through trade to civilization. With larger and further-reaching political duties, too, which appeal to the imagination rather than to the private greed of men, our public life will once more rise to the level of statesmanship.

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THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP.

ONE of the weightiest passages in Washington's Farewell Address is that in which he warns the American people as to "permanent inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others." The loss of an unreasoning prejudice is always a distinct gain, especially to a nation whose politics are governed by public opinion. We may therefore count the disappearance of the old blind Anglophobia, and the vanishing of the trade of the demagogue who would demonstrate his superior patriotism by merely "twisting the British lion's tail," as one of the decidedly good results of our Spanish war. The American people are now getting into a state of mind which will enable them to consider their relations with Great Britain with candid discernment, without doing injustice to the feelings they formerly entertained.

There have always been many Americans, indeed, who cherished a very warm sympathy for the mother country, partly owing to family sentiment, partly to the belief that England is among the nations of the Old World the most consistent representative of those principles of civil liberty of which this republic claims to be the completest embodiment; that, whatever criticism her conduct may in many respects have deserved, no nation has done more to carry light into the dark places of the world, and to supplant barbarism with order and progress; and that if, in doing this, she served her own interests, — sometimes

with rough disregard of the feelings and claims of others, — on the whole, she served also the general interest of mankind. But the traditional education of the masses in America still kept most prominently before the popular mind the memories of the Revolutionary war and of the war of 1812, in which Great Britain appeared mainly as the oppressor of the colonies and the ruthless tyrant of the seas, and as the only really malevolent and dangerous enemy the Americans had ever had to fight. These memories were aggravated by the impression produced upon the American mind by the attitude of Great Britain during our civil conflict; and this impression was so strong that some of the men who until then had been among the warmest admirers and friends of England were much shaken in their attachment.

It is not unnatural, therefore, that a large number of Americans should have continued to think of Great Britain as "the hereditary enemy," who would still be capable of any mischief if opportunity offered, and that the politician in quest of cheap popularity should have found in vociferous denunciation of that enemy a device sure to draw applause. But this was no excuse for the persons in important public position who, having ample facilities for information at their disposal, knew better, or at least should have known better, but who pretended to see perfidious Albion lurking behind every bush, dagger in hand, watching for a propitious moment to strike us to the

heart, or to rob us of our valuables, — Senators who would insist that if we lost a moment in taking the Hawaiian Islands, Great Britain would surely snatch them from us; or that it was altogether owing to diabolical British intrigues if we did not get on with the Nicaragua canal; or that we must punish Great Britain with tariff discriminations for maliciously maintaining the single gold standard, and thus preventing the establishment of universal bimetallism which we needed so much; or that we must not have an arbitration treaty with Great Britain that amounted to anything, because Great Britain would surely derive the only advantage from it at our expense. Indeed, we may congratulate ourselves that the jingoes of that extreme school did not succeed in making a serious quarrel out of some slight matter of difference, which they sometimes seemed morbidly anxious to do. Not to believe in British hostility constantly at work against us was to them a proof of a lack of American patriotism, and there was real danger that this sinister influence — was it infatuation or demagoguery? — would sometime get this republic into grave trouble with a power which, whatever its disposition may have been at other periods, certainly did not now wish to quarrel with us.

Then came the Spanish war and the demonstrative display of British sympathy with the United States. Even the most inveterate Anglophobist was bound to admit that if Great Britain had been watching for an opportunity to hurt this republic, her time to take advantage of its embarrassment had come, and that if, under such circumstances, she proved herself not only not hostile, but positively friendly, the old cries could not be sustained. The employment of the old-style anti-British jingo is evidently gone; and the American people will do well to remember the untrustworthiness of those public men whose unsound judgment or lack of good faith so long insisted upon

it that an offensive attitude toward Great Britain was a test of American statesmanship. Such statesmen should henceforth command no more confidence than in so important a matter they have shown themselves to deserve.

As to the sincerity of the British friendship for us, Mr. James Bryce, whose wide knowledge of men and affairs, whose high character, and whose well-known friendly feeling for this country and its people are entitled to the highest respect, told us, in a recent article in *The Atlantic Monthly*, that even during our civil war, when the attitude of Great Britain was so much complained of, "the masses of the people [in England] hoped for the victory of the North, because they felt that the North stood for human rights and freedom;" that, indeed, "the bulk of the wealthier classes of England, and the newspapers written for those classes, did in those days say many offensive things regarding the United States, and sometimes conveyed the impression — erroneous though that impression was — that England as a whole had ranged herself on the side" of the Southern Confederacy; that those wealthier classes erred so grievously "partly from ignorance, partly from their own political proclivities, which were not generally for freedom;" that "since 1863 Britain has passed through great political changes;" that "parliamentary suffrage has been so extended as now to include the immense majority of the working classes;" that now "the masses" which during our civil war were friendly to the Union, while "their sentiment told very little on the wealthy and the newspapers which the wealthy read," have "become politically predominant, and public opinion has adapted itself to the new conditions;" in other words, that Britain at large has become friendly to the United States because it has become more democratic.

All this is undoubtedly true; but more is to be said. Before the period of our

civil war this republic was looked upon by many of the ruling class in England as an experiment of uncertain result. They had no confidence in the self-sustaining power of democratic government, and they expected that some time, most likely owing to the troubles bred by the slavery question, the Union would be broken to pieces. They were not quite sure whether the interests of Great Britain might not on the whole be best served by a disruption of the Union, for the reason that if the union remained unbroken it might in various ways become a dangerous rival and competitor of the mother country. In this state of mind, they were rather disposed to welcome the Southern Confederacy as the means for dividing the United States into several comparatively harmless fragments. But when the Union issued from that crisis stronger than ever, they promptly recognized the fact that this republic was bound to be a permanent institution and a very great power, apt to become exceedingly useful as a friend, and exceedingly uncomfortable as an enemy. From that time it came to be the first precept of British statesmanship — even with most of those who would have shed no tears had the Union been disrupted — to remain on good terms with the United States at almost any cost. Witness the sacrifice of British pride in the Alabama arbitration as well as in the Venezuela case. Mr. Bryce himself approaches a recognition of this fact in the article above mentioned, when, after having spoken of the political isolation of Great Britain, he says: "In this state of facts, England has been forced to look round and consider with which of the four other world powers she has most natural affinity, and with which of them there is the least likelihood of any clash of interests. That one is unquestionably the United States."

It does not detract from the claim to sincerity of the British friendship, or from its value, that there is this consideration of interest in it. On the contrary, if the

interest is a mutual and a well-understood one, so much the better. It will make the friendship all the more natural and durable. Neither do I think that the exchange of complimentary phrases which has become customary, about kinship, common origin, common love of liberty, common language, common literature, about blood being thicker than water and so on, is mere worthless stage claptrap and flummery. There is enough truth and sincerity in it to create and keep alive a real sentiment; and while those are mistaken who think international relations may be wholly governed by mere sentiment, those are equally mistaken who think that sentiment is no force at all in international relations. As is everything that promotes peace and good will among nations, so this sentiment of kinship between the American nation and the British is well worth cultivating. It may do very good service in facilitating the coöperation of the two nations where their interests or objects are in accord, as well as in preventing serious quarrels between them about differences which are not vital.

The question is how the friendly relations which came about in so natural a way can be made to endure, and to yield the best possible fruit to the parties concerned and to mankind at large. An English statesman of high standing, who may be regarded as a sincere friend of this republic, is credited with saying in effect that if the Anglo-American friendship were to result substantially in a co-operation of the American jingoes with the British jingoes, it would be a curse rather than a blessing. I accept this without reserve, and add that such a friendship would not endure. If the United States and Great Britain, believing their combined strength to be superior to that of any probable combination against them, were to set out to conquer and divide the earth, or at least the largest possible part thereof, they would inevitably soon fall out among themselves about the

distribution of the spoil. No league of two such powers, formed in that spirit and for such purposes, could possibly last long. Nor would the common origin, and the common language and literature, and the common principles of civil liberty, and all the other elements of kinship serve to hold it together. It is a well-known fact that a family feud about property is apt to be more bitter and relentless than any other kind of quarrel, and that a friendship formed after long dissension, and then broken again, is among the most difficult to mend. I should say, therefore, that if the United States and Great Britain are to remain friends, they must carefully avoid common enterprises in which their ambitions are likely to clash. If they do not, they will be in danger of drifting into enmities far more virulent and far more calamitous than any that have existed between them hitherto.

For the same reason they should keep clear of any arrangements calculated to make them dependent upon each other as to the maintenance, respectively, of their interests or their position in the family of nations. A consciousness of such dependence would be apt to engender just that kind of suspicion, of misgiving, which is most dangerous to international friendship. I can best illustrate my meaning by inviting attention to something that is now going on. Many Englishmen are assiduously encouraging the American people to launch out on what is currently called an "imperial policy," and to this end to keep in their possession the territories conquered from Spain, especially the Philippine Islands. It is quite evident that if this republic undertakes to hold such possessions, it becomes at once entangled in the jealousies and quarrels of European powers, of which colonial acquisition in that part of the world is the principal object. It is equally evident that while, with our vast resources, we are capable of creating and maintaining military

and naval armaments strong enough to enable this republic to hold its own in these complications, single-handed and alone, our present armaments are not at all sufficient for that purpose. Nor is it certain that a majority of the American people, upon sober consideration of the matter, would wish to set and keep on foot armaments so extensive and costly. Now some of our British friends substantially tell us: "Never mind that. You just start in the imperial business, and take and keep the Philippines and whatever else. We have plenty of ships, and if you get into trouble we will see you through."

This sounds well. But Englishmen who sincerely desire a lasting friendship between the United States and Great Britain will not give us such seductive advice, if they are wise; and it should be observed that Mr. Bryce, who knows the American people, does not join in it. Neither should the American people obey such advice, if aside from other reasons against the imperial policy they have only the preservation of the friendship with Great Britain in view. While duly thankful for the kind offer, they should remember that, under any circumstances, they should be careful not to put themselves into situations the requirements of which would oblige them to depend upon foreign aid, especially when such dependence involves obligations in return the extent of which it would be difficult to measure in advance. True, the dependence and the obligations might be made mutual. An agreement between the two nations, binding Great Britain to protect the United States in the possession of the Philippines, and the United States to aid Great Britain in carrying certain points in Asia, might seem fair in the abstract, but prove otherwise in reality. Any occasion for comparing the value of the services due and the services rendered, respectively, is dangerous to the cordiality of international relations, especially when one of the nations con-

cerned is a democracy, which will always be disposed to measure much more closely services which are asked for as due, than services which it voluntarily renders.

On the whole, if we wish to keep our friendship with Great Britain on a proper and durable basis, we should constantly remember that it is a very good thing to have, but that we ought not to be in a situation to need it. The more spontaneous and unconstrained our relations are, the more will the friendship be likely to last.

It is equally desirable that those who have at heart the cultivation of the friendship between the two nations should be careful to abstain from exciting expectations as to its practical results which are not likely to be realized, and might therefore produce chilling disappointments. There are some things about which we are apt to delude ourselves, when in a state of sentimental emotion; and without the slightest desire to depreciate or discourage the feelings entertained here as well as in England at the present moment, it may be said that we are in such a state of sentimental emotion now.

An example of the outcome of that state of mind is furnished by the resolutions adopted by the Anglo-American League recently formed in London. The recital in those resolutions that the peoples of the United States and of England are akin in language, literature, and principles of government is very proper; but when the resolutions go on to say that the two nations are drawn together "by common interests in many parts of the world," and ought therefore constantly to "coöperate," they touch doubtful ground. What are those "common interests in many parts of the world," to protect and promote which the two nations should constantly "coöperate"? Any attempt to specify will meet with difficulty. It might be said in a general way that we have a common interest in

furthering the progress of civilization wherever there is an opportunity for such furtherance. But this is so vague a proposition — a proposition open to so great a variety of interpretations and including so many different subjects — that no definite plan of coöperation can be based upon it. Its active application would have to depend upon special agreement in each separate emergency.

We are told that it is the common interest of the two nations to open the markets of the world to their commerce, and, by implication, to prevent, wherever possible, the entire or partial closing of any of them. This will be true as soon as both nations agree in regarding free trade as their common interest. But as things now stand, consistent "coöperation" between them would require, at the outset, that our own ports should be relieved of those high tariff duties which to a great extent have hurt the trade of Great Britain herself, and which, if we should get any colonial possessions while our protective policy lasts, would to the same extent shut in Great Britain's face our colonial ports, too; for, whatever arrangements we may make at present by way of exceptional war measures, there will hardly be a way in time of peace to get around the constitutional mandate that "all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States;" nor would the influences which now uphold the protective system with us permit it. Thus it appears that in this respect identity of interests between the two nations depends upon identity of commercial policy. Without this identity of commercial policy the relations between Great Britain and the United States, in this regard, will not differ materially from the relations between Great Britain and any other country, inasmuch as it is the interest of every country, whatever it may do with its own ports, that every foreign port should be wide open to its goods, and

therefore that Great Britain should hold open to the whole world all the ports which she controls.

The American people will indeed consider it in their interest, and be much gratified, if Great Britain holds all her ports open, and also if Great Britain, rather than any less liberal power, gets the largest possible number of ports to hold open. But so long as our high protective policy prevails, the United States will not be in a position to reciprocate in kind; and it is doubtful, to say the least, whether, if Great Britain were for some reason attacked in any of the vast and complicated territorial possessions in which some of those open ports are situated, or if she should consider it proper to extend the policy of the "open door" by further conquests, the United States would find it in their interest to join her with their own armed forces. (I do not mean to say that they should or that they should not. In any event, they should not be in a situation obliging them to do so.)

I mention these things to emphasize the point that, however ardently we may wish for a fruitful coöperation between this republic and Great Britain as to the furtherance of the open door policy, as well as in other directions, those who value the preservation and development of the cordial feeling at present existing between the two nations should abstain from encouraging presumptions and hopes that may not be justified, and the disappointment of which may have an effect all the more chilling, the more confidently they have been entertained. It is much wiser frankly to recognize the fact that while the Americans and the English are of kin in many important respects, and while they can and should do much in harmonious concurrence for the advancement of human civilization, their spheres of action are not the same.

We are in the habit of speaking of the Americans and the English as of

two branches of the Anglo-Saxon stock. Considering the mixtures of popular elements that have occurred first in England, and then, on a much larger scale, in America, this view must be taken with a grain of allowance. However, for the sake of convenience, we may accept the term Anglo-Saxon as covering that mixed race in which the Germanic blood is the prevailing strain, and apply it to all that the English and American peoples may have in common. But however much they may have in common in origin, in temperament, in tradition, in language and literature, it does not follow that these two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon stock must, therefore, necessarily be engaged in the same pursuits; that they have exactly the same kind of work to do in and for the world; that in order to fulfill her duty, the American republic must imitate the example of England as to the means to be employed and the immediate objects to be reached; and that, for instance, as England is a great sea power and the founder of many colonies, the United States must also be a great sea power and found or acquire colonies. The difference in their territorial conditions naturally determined the difference in their respective methods of achieving greatness.

The English people, originally confined to a comparatively small island, had to be a great sea power in order to be a power at all. Even now, if they permitted any other power to command the waters around that island they would enable such a power to starve them in a short space of time. Their independence, their very existence, therefore, hangs upon the superiority of their fleets. To "rule the waves" is with them not a mere matter of policy or of pride, but of necessity.

As the population of their island increased it began to press against its narrow boundaries; and as those boundaries were formed by the sea, the English

people had to cross the sea in order to find elbow room for their energies. It was not alone the Anglo-Saxon temperament, the spirit of adventurous enterprise, but also the exigencies of their situation that impelled them to wander across the waters and to spread over the globe. The founding of colonies and the establishment of governments over subject populations was with them a perfectly natural evolution.

The condition of the American people is essentially different. They are one of the resulting creations of that transplanting process. They were placed, not upon a small isle, but upon an immense wild continent, which they had to subjugate to civilized life. They had to explore the vast resources of the great country assigned to them, and to begin and continue their development. They had to receive among themselves large numbers of people of different nationalities, who came to share with them the new opportunities for the pursuit of happiness. They had to assimilate those elements of population, and to undertake with them the solution of the problem of democracy on the largest scale. In the development of those resources and in the solution of the great democratic experiment the American people are engaged to-day. Their population is still small in proportion to the vastness of their country. The resources of that country are still, to a very large extent, not only undeveloped, but even unexplored. They still offer, and for a long period of time will offer, ample and fruitful employment for the national energies. Neither is the great problem of democratic government, based upon equal rights and universal suffrage in the nation, in the states, and in the municipalities, so near a successful solution that the American people may consider themselves discharged of this their greatest responsibility, and seek other missions to fulfill without regard to it.

The difference in the conditions of the peoples of England and of America, or

— to use the favorite phrase of the day — of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon stock, is evident. The Americans need not become a great conquering sea power in order to be a power at all, for they are a great power in the vast population and the immense resources of their continental country, — and they would be a great power even if they were not in any large measure a sea power. In fact, considering that in their continental situation they are essentially unassailable, the only weak points they have consist in such outlying possessions as the Hawaiian Islands, which demand that the republic should be a great sea power. To such weak points, which it ought not to have, it is under no necessity of adding. The Americans do not, like the English, crowd against narrow boundaries, nor need they go abroad to gratify their ambition of activity or of missionary work, for that ambition finds an almost unlimited field at home. Indeed, within a computable period of time the United States may expect to have within their great continental home a population as numerous as the British Empire has in England and all its colonial possessions together; a population, too, far more civilized and far happier than a majority of those that are ruled by the British sceptre, — an expectation the fulfillment of which will depend upon the fidelity of the American people in maintaining the character and developing the blessings of democratic government in the magnificent domain which has fallen to their care. It may well be asked whether any effort they may make to plant their power outside of its boundaries will not be so much energy reprehensibly withdrawn from their most imperative task, and an increase of the difficulties standing in the way of the performance of their true mission.

As to the furtherance of civilization and human happiness, therefore, the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon stock

may very effectively work for the same object without working on the same field of action. There are even many reasons for thinking it best for themselves as well as for mankind that they should, as little as possible, meet as active agents where their coöperation might turn into rivalry and their ambitions might come into conflict. Those of our English friends who are at present so extremely impatient to see this republic become a colonizing power, and thus put itself under the necessity of building up and maintaining great armaments on land and sea, would do well soberly to consider whether they are really rendering a service to the cause of that international friendship from which so much good may be expected if it be kept on a proper footing. Aside from the fact that the excessive urgency of their advice might produce the effect of impugning its disinterestedness, — which would be regrettable, — they should most seriously ask themselves whether they are not trying to divert the minds of the American people from the problem the solution of which is most vital to them and, if successfully accomplished, will be most beneficial to mankind; and to lure this republic upon a ground which is foreign to its natural tendencies, and on which that very international friendship aimed at would be exposed to incalculable hazards.

One point of exceedingly great value is already gained. The old distrust between the United States and Great Britain has disappeared as a power of mischief. Whatever either of the nations may do, the other will readily believe it to be prompted by good faith and friendly intention as to the relations between them. And whenever either gets into

trouble, the presumption will be that the other, if disposed actively to interfere at all, will interfere on its side, or, if by its own interests compelled to remain neutral, will maintain a thoroughly sympathetic neutrality. This may eventually open the way to further understandings; but it is in itself a result of such importance that, I repeat, the mutual confidence necessary for its maintenance should not be jeopardized by precipitate attempts at arrangements by which either of the two nations would lose the mastery of its own destinies.

As to the manner in which the friendly feeling now existing can be given a tangible expression, Mr. Bryce has made some valuable suggestions. The first thing to be accomplished is the conclusion of an arbitration treaty covering all kinds of differences, and thus recognizing that no quarrels can possibly arise between the two nations which would not be capable of amicable composition, and that under no circumstances will any less pacific method of settlement be desired on either side. In fact, the amendments disfiguring beyond recognition the arbitration treaty which two years ago was before the Senate, and its final defeat, were the last effective stroke of the old anti-British jingoism, for which amends should now be made by a prompt resumption of negotiations for the accomplishment of that great object. In this way the Anglo-American friendship will signalize itself to the world by an act that will not only benefit the two countries immediately concerned, but set an example to other nations which, if generally followed, will do more for the peace and happiness of mankind and the progress of civilization than anything that can be effected by armies and navies.

Carl Schurz.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

A YEAR has passed since I delivered a public lecture advocating the institution of a common citizenship for the whole English people. The proposal fell flat. It was inopportune. It excited no attention in England, though it brought me a few friendly letters from the United States. But the tone of my correspondents was not encouraging. An eminent professor sent me a pamphlet in which he asked the question, "Why do not Americans love England?" and answered the inquiry truthfully enough, I dare say, but in a way not calculated to flatter the self-love or win the affection of Englishmen.

To-day everything is changed. All the world is talking of the close ties which bind together all divisions of the English people. Our Queen's birthday, I am told, has been kept in many parts of the United States. English and American officers meet to exchange courtesies. A short time ago I was present at a banquet where English and American guests drank first the health of the Queen, and then the health of the President; where they sang *God Save the Queen*, and tried to sing *The Star-Spangled Banner*. All these things are trifles, but they are the straws which show the way the wind blows. They are merely signs of an *entente cordiale* between the United Kingdom and the United States which already exists, and has already produced its effect in the world of politics. England stands neutral in the war between Spain and America, but as regards the United States, her neutrality is of the most friendly character. It has made any coalition of the Continental powers in behalf of Spain an impossibility; and what is more, no one can doubt that the action of the British government commands the full support of the British people. The opposition has brought many

charges, true or false, against Lord Salisbury's government, but there is not a single leading member of Parliament who has blamed his lordship for friendliness to the United States. The wish comes to me occasionally that I had deferred my proposal for a common citizenship till this year. It is still, in my judgment, a perfectly sound and reasonable suggestion, and in 1898 it would have commanded an attention, and possibly an applause, which did not fall to it in 1897. Meanwhile, the changed state of public opinion naturally sets one a-thinking. It raises at least two inquiries which are worth making and answering.

What are the meaning and the worth of the friendship between England and the United States?

The reply lies ready to hand that it is nothing more than a phase of popular caprice, and is as unmeaning, and therefore as worthless, as the hostility and indifference of yesterday. As regards England at any rate, and for England alone do I venture to speak, this suggestion has much more plausibility than truth. There is nothing surprising or sudden in the current of popular feeling. For nearly thirty years every English statesman worthy of that name — Gladstone, Bright, Disraeli, Salisbury, Chamberlain, not to mention many others — has been studious to promote good will between Englishmen and Americans, and has been fully supported in this matter by the nation. In England, we long ago perceived that friendship between us and the United States would be a benefit to our own country, and, as we believe, an equal gain to America. The plain truth is that harmony between the two countries doubles the force of each, and the history of this generation has made two things apparent to any one who looks in the face the most obvious facts of the day.

The first fact is that community of race, of language, and of institutions has produced in England and America a community of ideals. We have infinitely more in common with each other than either of us has with any other nation. We are both devoted to industrial progress. We are both naval rather than military powers. We have both reason to look with hopefulness toward the future. We perceive that the English-speaking peoples are destined in a century or two to become the dominant power throughout the civilized world. Their future supremacy is as nearly certain as any future event can be. The only risk to which it is exposed is the possibility of a quarrel between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon people. We are aware that at this moment England and America, if allied, or even if on terms of equal friendship, without actual alliance, can control the course of the world's history. Together we may be masters of the sea; and to have control of the sea means absolute security against foreign attack.

It is the vision of this splendid future which has at last fired the imagination of Englishmen, and led them to resolve to maintain at all costs friendship between the different branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, and thus safeguard the inheritance of the whole English people. This is a fact patent to every observer.

The second fact, of equal importance, is the difficulty of maintaining a permanent alliance between England and any Continental power.

Things have changed greatly since the beginning of the century. England is now little interested in Continental politics. Unless one of the great military governments should threaten invasion, it is hardly conceivable that, as things now stand, England should equip an army to take part in a European war. But the very circumstances which withdraw England from Continental alliances may conceivably suggest combinations of Continental powers for the destruction

of England. Her empire excites their envy; they believe (erroneously enough) that her commercial success is the result of a Machiavelian policy of selfish isolation, and they see that parts of the British Empire are open to attack. Englishmen, on their side, know that a great empire can be guarded only at the price of maintaining large forces for its protection. It is not for nothing that England every year increases the strength of her fleet. It is perfectly natural, therefore, that friendship with America should be suggested by the most obvious considerations of statesmanlike foresight. The point which needs to be pressed home upon American readers is that the attitude of England toward the United States is not the result of any sudden ebullition of sentiment. It represents a set purpose pursued by English statesmen of all parties for the whole of a generation.

Of American sentiment I have said nothing. The true condition of opinion in the United States must be much better known to Americans than it can be to any Englishman. At the present moment, however, it is reasonable to assume that friendliness toward England prevails throughout the United States. This sentiment, though its expression may appear to Englishmen a little sudden, is clearly the result of definitely assignable causes, some of which have long been in operation. There is every sign that the United States are entering on a policy which, whether for good or for bad, will involve a much closer connection than has hitherto existed between their fortunes and the complications of European politics. If this be so, the United States will need allies for the first time since they became an independent nation, and no ally will be at once so valuable and so little dangerous as England. The hour is opportune for promoting friendliness between two countries, neither of which can have any adequate ground for hostility, and each of which may need the other's aid.

How can this opportunity be best turned to account?

Whoever wishes to answer this question must be on his guard against one or two popular delusions. Let no one, for instance, suppose that far-reaching policies can be grounded upon the sentimental emotion of the moment. Gratitude, affection, and love are feelings proper to individuals. They have nothing to do with the relations between states. This assertion has in it no touch of cynicism. It is the simple statement of the plain fact that personal feelings belong to persons, not to nations. Half, at least, of the errors of popular politics arise from the fallacy of personification. We talk of England and America as if they were two women, each of whom could love or hate the other; and we forget that England and America, when not used as the names of geographical divisions, are simply terms for designating millions of men and women living on opposite sides of the Atlantic, and personally unknown to one another. Such millions cannot, if they would, be actuated by gratitude or love. The suggestions of reason are amply confirmed by the experience of history. At the beginning of the century, English blood and English treasure were lavishly poured out to maintain the national independence of Spain; yet even during the Peninsular war Spaniards had no fervent love for England, and the name of Great Britain is now as much detested at Madrid as is the name of the United States. Not forty years have passed since France delivered Lombardy from the Austrians; yet at this moment Italians dread, and therefore dislike, France far more than they fear or dislike Austria. Nations are not ruled by sentimentality, and no man of common sense will dream of making sentiment the basis of international policy.

Let us again be well on our guard against the delusion that the interests of England and America will always obviously coincide. It is indeed true

that, on the whole and in the long run, the real interests of both nations are identical. To maintain peace at sea, to subject naval warfare to the rules which best promote the development of commerce, to foster trade, to avoid as far as possible the burden of standing armies, — these are objects which the two great industrial states of the modern world can pursue in common. These are matters in which no conflict of interests ought to arise. But to make this assertion is a very different thing from imagining that at no given moment can there be an apparent opposition between the wishes and the interests of the two nations. If, indeed, England and America are ever to be united by the bonds of what may be called a moral alliance, it is absolutely certain that when one ally requires the support of the other, there will need to be a certain immediate sacrifice made by whichever party is called upon for help. It is vain to suppose that the permanent relations of two states can be based on the untenable assumption of an unvarying coincidence of interests.

Let us also be watchful against the errors of hastiness. The idea prevails, for example, that it is possible at once to constitute some kind of formal alliance between Great Britain and the United States. It would be the greatest satisfaction to thousands of Englishmen to believe that this notion is well founded; but to any one who reflects upon the state of the world, it must appear extremely doubtful whether, at this time, it would be possible for England and the United States to enter into a treaty for the purpose of mutual defense. What would be the precise terms of such an agreement? Is it conceivable that the republic would guarantee England against attack, say, by France, Germany, or Russia on any part of the British Empire? Would England undertake to make every dispute of the United States with any one of the great European powers her own quarrel? No one who thinks

the matter over dare answer these or similar inquiries in the affirmative. Every tie is a bond; a contract limits the freedom of the contracting parties. We may gravely doubt if either England or America is prepared to curtail her own liberty of action. Then, again, there are technical difficulties which, however, in case of urgent necessity might be overcome, in the way of constructing a defensive alliance. The conventions of English political life do not absolutely forbid entering into elaborate and private compacts with a foreign state, but they certainly render it difficult." A writer in one of our reviews, who professes to be versed in the mysteries of diplomacy, hints that Great Britain and the United States have already established some sort of secret contract or understanding. It would be satisfactory to believe in the reality of such a transaction; but a lawyer would find it somewhat difficult to explain by what steps such a treaty can have been made in conformity with the Constitution of the United States. The truth is, that neither the constitutional conventions of England nor the definite provisions of the American Constitution lend themselves easily to the exigencies of elaborate and private diplomatic arrangements. One may hope that lasting friendliness may ultimately produce an open and permanent alliance, and any statesman deserves applause who declares openly that the formation of such an alliance would be a blessing both to England and to America. But to believe that a treaty for mutual defense has been entered into, or can at this moment be entered into, by Great Britain and the United States, is to confound hopes with realities. There is, at any rate, some danger that the premature attempt to bring about a closer unity of action than is now possible may prevent our turning to account the advantages offered to us by the circumstances of the time.

What, then, if we avoid all delusions,

are the steps by which it is possible to promote active good will between England and America?

The first and most obvious step is to put an end to every existing grievance.

On this matter, the government of Lord Salisbury, as indeed any ministry which could hold office in England, may be trusted to do its best. We may reasonably hope that before many months are past every cause of misunderstanding will have been removed.

A second, and equally obvious measure, is to carry through an arbitration treaty.

Dissensions between nations cannot always be removed by arbitration, it is true; but for all this, it is most expedient that England and the United States institute a method for determining disputes by reference to a court. The points of difference likely to arise are of the kind to which arbitration is applicable. Englishmen and Americans, moreover, are profoundly influenced by the spirit of legalism. They are better prepared than Frenchmen or Germans to acquiesce in the judgment of a properly constituted tribunal: this, indeed, is the main point on which the Anglo-Saxon race has reached a stage of civilization to which other nations have hardly attained. Add to all this that the very existence of an agreement to arbitrate fosters the conviction that an armed conflict between kindred people is in itself an enormity, which partakes of the horror and the moral criminality attaching to civil war.

But after all, thinkers who are firmly convinced that the prosperity not only of the whole English people, but also of the civilized world, depends on the maintenance of cordial friendship between the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race, must feel on reflection that more is to be achieved by statesmanship than by direct treaties of any kind whatever. The object which ought to be pursued by the leading men of each country is to produce a perma-

ment entente cordiale. If it were once understood that war between Great Britain and the United States had become a moral impossibility, the power for good of each country would be doubled. If it were seen that each nation habitually supported throughout the world the just claims of the other, few are the powers which would care to come into conflict with either state. If it were known that England would in no case abet or tolerate any coalition between the Continental powers for interference with the United States throughout the American continent; if, in short, the Monroe Doctrine were extended and accepted by Englishmen and Americans alike as protecting from the interference of the great military states every part of the American continent and the islands belonging thereto, the Continental powers would never dream of any interference with countries protected by the two greatest maritime powers. If, lastly, it were certain that any coalition for the invasion of the United Kingdom would sooner or later arouse the active hostility of the United States, Englishmen and foreigners alike would feel that the difficulties, great as they already are, of striking a fatal blow at the prosperity of England, had become practically insuperable.

Yet, be it added, there is no reason

why thoughtful patriots, whether Frenchmen, Germans, or Russians, should look with jealousy on a moral alliance between the two branches of the English people. Its great merit is that it must in substance be a union for defense, not for defiance. Neither Englishmen nor Americans are tempted to support one another in a purely aggressive war. If they act together, they must in the long run act in favor of the maintenance of peace, and also in favor of that system of free trade which has tended to facilitate the expansion of the British Empire. In short, the power of America and of England for good would be indefinitely increased by maintaining a condition of mutual friendliness. The modes by which expression should be given to this good will must necessarily depend on the circumstances of the time. A formal alliance for purposes of defense cannot be hurried on. But it might well be the crowning result of a moral alliance.

It is unlikely that the present generation will ever witness the reunion of the whole English people, but it is impossible to forego the dream, or the hope, or, if we look to the distant future, the expectation that a growing sense of essential unity may ultimately give birth to some scheme of common citizenship.

A. V. Dicey.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CARLYLE.

II.

AFTER several visits in Scotland during the summer of 1838, Carlyle went home again to Scotsbrig. On his return thence, he spent a few days in Manchester with Mrs. Hanning. "He had been put to sleep in an old bed, which he remembered in his father's house." "I was just closing my senses in sweet oblivion,"

wrote he, "when the watchman, with a voice like the deepest groan of the Highland bagpipe, or what an ostrich corneraik might utter, groaned out Groo-o-o-o close under me, and set me all in a gallop again. Groo-o-o-o; for there was no articulate announcement at all in it, that I could gather. Groo-o-o-o, repeated again and again at various distances, dying out and then growing loud again,

for an hour or more. I grew impatient, bolted out of bed, flung up the window. Groo-o-o-o. There he was advancing, lantern in hand, a few yards off me. 'Can't you give up that noise?' I hastily addressed him. 'You are keeping a person awake. What good is it to go howling and groaning all night, and deprive people of their sleep?' He ceased from that time — at least I heard no more of him. No watchman, I think, has been more astonished for some time back. At five in the morning all was as still as sleep and darkness. At half past five all went off like an enormous mill-race or ocean-tide. The Boom-m-m, far and wide. It was the mills that were all starting then, and creishy drudges by the million taking post there. I have heard few sounds more impressive to me in the mood I was in."

The following letter belongs to the time between the Hannings' departure from Manchester and Mr. Hanning's sailing for America. Kirtlebridge, where they were now living, is a few miles southeast of Ecclefechan. "The little 'trader,'" the "bit creature," was probably Mrs. Hanning's first child, Margaret Aitken Carlyle, who was not yet two years old. The reference to the new penny post marks an era.

XI. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, KIRTLEBRIDGE.
5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,
7 Feb. 1840.

DEAR JENNY, — Had I known definitely how to address a word to you, I might surely have done so long before this. We have heard in general that you are stationed somewhere in the Village of Kirtlebridge or near it, and we fancy in general that your husband is struggling along with his old impetuosity. From yourself we have no tidings. Pray, now that the Postage is so cheap, send us a pennyworth some day. I address this through Alick, fancying such may be the best way.

I enclose my last letter from the Doc-

tor. I wrote to him the day before yesterday to his final destination. I calculate he may have got my letter to-day, — that is two days after his arrival. By that note all seems to be going well with him; — we are all well here, as well as our wont is, and fighting along with printers, proof sheets &c, &c. Jane cannot regularly get out; so horribly tempestuous, wet and uncertain is the weather, which keeps her still sickly, but she never breaks actually down. How is the little "trader," as Jean or some of them call her? I remember the "bit creature" very distinctly.

This is the worst year or among the worst for working people ever seen in man's memory. Robert must not take this as a measure of his future success, but toil away steadfastly in sure hope of *better* times. It is well anyway that you are out of Manchester; nothing there but hunger, contention and despair — added to the reek and dirt! Be diligent and fear nothing.

Do you often run over to see our dear Mother in her Upper Room yonder? It will be a great comfort to her that she has you so near. Pray explain to me what part of the Village it is that you live in. I thought I knew it all, but I do not know Firpark Nook. Give my best wishes to your Goodman. Accept my thanks for your written remembrance, from one who always silently remembers you in his heart.

On April 23 of this year Carlyle wrote in his journal, "Miscellanies out, and Chartism second thousand." A month later he relieved his mother's anxiety about the last of his lectures on Heroes and Hero-Worship: "I contrived to tell them something about poor Cromwell, and I think to convince them that he was a great and true man, the valiant soldier in England of what John Knox had preached in Scotland. In a word, the people seemed agreed that it was my best course of lectures, this." Certainly

his *last* course of lectures, this. He never spoke from a platform again till twenty-six years later, when, as Lord Rector, he addressed the students of Edinburgh University. He detested the "mixture of prophecy and play-acting." In the midst of his own work of making ready these final lectures for publication, Carlyle found time to push the London Library along. He thought England, as regarded its provision of books for the poor, in "a condition worthier of Dahomey than of England."

Yet, in spite of this good and successful work for the library, Carlyle was of a mind to write, on July 3: "Alas! I get so dyspeptical, melancholic, half mad in the London summer: all courage to do anything but hold my peace fades away; I dwindle into the pusillanimity of the ninth part of a tailor, feel as if I had nothing I could do but 'die in my hole like a poisoned rat.'" He was apparently brought to the pitch of applying to himself this most terrible word of Swift's by the necessity of serving on a special jury. Let us set over against it what he said — never to be too often quoted — about a friend whom he found sitting smoking in the garden one evening, with Mrs. Carlyle: "A fine, large-featured, dim-eyed, bronze-coloured, shaggy-headed man is Alfred; dusty, smoky, free and easy, who swims outwardly and inwardly with great composure in an inarticulate element of tranquil chaos and tobacco smoke. Great now and then when he does emerge, — a most restful, brotherly, solid-hearted man." Taken together with what Tennyson himself called "the dirty monk" portrait, this probably gives a better picture of him than most of us could have made for ourselves with the eye of the flesh. Other, less welcome visitors came to Carlyle that summer, — among them a young woman from Boston, whom he called "a diseased rosebud." But America sent money as well as flowers, and the summer, according to Froude,

brought the net result up to four hundred pounds.

By August, the lecture-writing now two thirds done, Carlyle, having so far taken no holiday, made a week's riding-tour in Sussex on the back of the gift-horse, Citoyenne. "Mrs. Carlyle described to us, some years after," says "the skilful biographer," "in her husband's presence, his setting out on this expedition; she drew him in her finest style of mockery, — his cloak, his knapsack, his broad-brimmed hat, his preparation of pipes, etc., — comparing him to Dr. Syntax. He laughed as loud as any of us, — it was impossible not to laugh; but it struck me, even then, that the wit, however brilliant, was rather untender."

On the eve of riding forth, Carlyle wrote to his mother. The Bullers, mentioned in the letter which follows, were the family of Charles Buller, to whom he had been tutor. Buller died eight years afterward, in the midst of a brilliant parliamentary career. The "clergyman" was probably the Rev. Julius Hare. I find no record of a visit to Erskine until three years later. Carlyle had written to his brother John, in the winter of 1838: "Did you ever see Thomas Erskine, the Scotch saint? I have seen him several times lately, and like him as one would do a draught of sweet rustic mead, served in cut glasses and a silver tray; one of the gentlest, kindest, best bred of men. He talks greatly about 'Symbols,' and other Teufelsdröckhiana; seems not disinclined to let the Christian religion pass for a kind of mythus, provided men can retain the spirit of it. . . . On the whole I take up with my old love for the Saints." And from that time Carlyle held much salutary communion with "St. Thomas," as Mrs. Carlyle used playfully to call him.

XII. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.

CHelsea, 1st August, 1840.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — Before setting out on my long-talked-of excursion I

must send you a word. I am to go to the Bullers' place to-morrow, a place near Epsom (the great race course) some eighteen miles off. I am to ride out with a Macintosh before my saddle and a small round *trunk* the size of a quartern loaf fastened behind, and no clothes upon me that bad weather will spoil. I shall be one of the most original figures! I mean to stay a day or two about Buller's, riding to and fro to see the fine green country. I have written to a clergyman, an acquaintance of mine on the South coast some 40 miles farther off: if he repeat the invitation he once gave me, perhaps I shall ride to him and see the place where William the Conqueror fought &c. and have one dip in the sea. I mean to be out in all about a week. The weather has grown suddenly bright. I calculate the sight of the green earth spotted yellow with ripe corn will do me good. After that I am to part with my horse: the expense of it is a thing I cannot but continually grudge. I think it will suit better henceforth to get rolled out on a railway some 20 miles, clear of all bricks and reek, to *walk* then for half a day, now and then, and so come home at night again. The expense of a horse every day here is nearer four than three shillings, far too heavy for a little fellow like me, whom even *it* does not make altogether healthy. I have offered to give the beast to Mr. Marshall (son of the original donor), who kept her for me last winter. I hope he will accept on my return. It will be much the handsomest way of ending the concern. If he refuses I think I shall sell. I meditated long on riding all the way up to Carlisle and you! But in the humor I am in, I had not heart for it. These Southern coasts too are a still newer part of England for me. I give up the *riding* Northward, but not the *coming* Northward yet, as you shall hear.

My Fourth Lecture was finished three days ago. On returning *strong*, as I hope to do a week hence, I will attack

my *two* remaining lectures and dash them off speedily. The Town will be empty — none to disturb me. About the end of August I may hope to have my hands quite free, and then! Thomas Erskine invites me to Dundee &c. There are steamers, steam coaches, — I shall surely see you.

Alick's good letter gave me welcome tidings of you. I had read your own dear little epistle before. Heaven be praised for your welfare. I am glad to hear of "the peat-shed" and figure to myself the *cauldron* singing under your windows. I have written to-day to Jack. There had come a letter from Miss Elliott for him from the Isle of Wight: he once talked of settling there. I know not whether that is still in the wind again. He will have to decide about the Pellipar affair in three weeks or less.

To-day I enclose a little half sovereign. You must accept it merely to buy gooseberries: they are really very wholesome. I am to go into the City to send off some money for the Bank at Dumfries. I am in great haste. I will write again directly on my return if not sooner.

Alick's letter, tell him, was the pleasantest he has sent for many a day. I thank him much for it and will answer soon. I still owe Jamie a letter too: he is very patient, but shall be paid. Did you ever go near the sea again? This is beautiful weather for it now. It would do you and little Tom good, I think.

Jane still likes the warmth and salutes you all. Wish me a good journey! It is like to be a very brief and smooth one. Adieu, dear Mother.

Carlyle was disappointed in his hope of going home. He did not visit Scotsbrig again for another year.

So long before as January, 1839, Carlyle had written to his brother: "I have my face turned partly towards Oliver Cromwell and the Covenant time in England and Scotland." He continued

to read and think much on the subject ; and in the autumn of 1840 he wrote to Mr. Erskine : " I have got lately, not till very lately, to fancy that I see in Cromwell one of the greatest tragic souls we have ever had in this kindred of ours." But in this letter to his sister, as in so many another, there is no mention save of the close family kindred of the Carlyles : —

XIII. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, KIRTL-
BRIDGE.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, 7 October, 1840.

DEAR JENNY, — Will you take a word from me to-day in place of many hundreds which I wish I had the means of sending you ? My time is very limited indeed, but the sight of my handwriting may be a kind of enlivener to your kind thoughts about me. My dear Mother tells me you are afraid sometimes I may have forgotten you. Believe that never, my dear little sister, it will forever be an error if you do ! The whirl I am kept in here is a thing you can form no notion of, nor how natural or indeed inevitable it is for me to give up writing letters at all except when I am bound and obliged to do it. You have no lack of *news* from me ; to my Mother at least I send abundant details. Did I not *answer* your letter too ? I surely meant and ought to have done it. If at any time you wanted the smallest thing that I could do for you, and wrote about, I should be busier than I have ever yet been, if I did not answer. — In short, dear Jenny, whatever sins I may have, whatever *more* I may seem to have, try to think handsomely of them, to forgive them. And above all things, consider that whether I write many letters or few, my affection for you is a thing that will never leave me.

My Mother tells me frequently how good you are to her ; what a satisfaction it is that you are so near her. I thank you a hundred times for your

goodness to her ; but I know you do not need my thanks or encouragement — and to me it is a real comfort to reflect that you, with your true heart and helpful hand, are always so near. Surely it is a duty for us all, and a blessing in the doing of it, to take care of our Mother, and promote her comfort by all means possible to us ! I will love you better and better for this.

You would see by my Mother's last letter, where the Doctor is at present. I have heard nothing since I had a Newspaper from Dumfries, the other day, no letters. I mentioned that the box for Scotsbrig was to *be* sent off ; it *went* accordingly and is now on the way to Liverpool, likely to be with you soon. There is a small parcel in it for you. We rejoice to hear that Robert prospers in his business : it is difficult to prosper in any business at present. A man of industry, sobriety, and steadiness of purpose ; such a man has a chance if anybody have. Jane is certainly in better health this year than I have seen her for a good while. We wait to see what she will say to the *cold weather* ! I myself am as well as usual ; no great shakes of a *wellness* at any time. I expect to be busy, *very busy* this winter, which is the best consolation for all things. How I should like to hear of Jamie's harvest being all *thatched* ! My love to my Mother, to Alick and all the rest. Jane unites with me in special remembrances to Robert and the *glegg* little lassie.

Yours, dear Jenny, in great haste, in all truth,

T. CARLYLE.

Late in November, Carlyle, "greatly against wont," went out to dinner. Among the people he met were "Pickwick" and old Rogers, "still brisk, courteous, kindly affectionate — a good old man, pathetic to look upon." Carlyle's acquaintances did not always grow in his favor, and six years later he said of Rogers : "I do not remember any

old man (he is now eighty-three) whose manner of living gave me less satisfaction." In this winter of 1840-41, his dissatisfaction with things in general made him think at times of so desperate a move as retreating again to Craigenputtock. Still he kept on with the reading of "needful books." "He has had it in his head for a good while," said Mrs. Carlyle to a correspondent, on the 8th of January, 1841, "to write a 'life of Cromwell,' and has been sitting for months back in a mess of great dingy folios, the very look of which is like to give me locked-jaw."

Mrs. Hanning's second child, Mary, was born December 24, 1840.

XIV. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, KIRTLEBRIDGE.

CHELSEA, 15th January, 1841.

DEAR JENNY, — We have heard very frequently from Alick of late about you, for which punctuality we are greatly obliged to him. You have had a bad turn, poor little Jenny, and we were all anxious enough to hear from day to day, as you may believe, how it went with you. Alick reports of late, yesterday in particular, that you are now considered out of danger, steadily getting better. We will hope and believe it so, till we hear otherwise. You must take good care of yourself. This weather is good for no creature, and must be worst of all for one in your situation. Do not venture from the fire at all, till the horrible slush of snow be off the ground.

And what becomes of our good Mother all this time? She could not be at rest of course if she were not beside you, watching over you herself. Alick struggles to report favourably of her, but we have our own apprehensions. What can I do but again and again urge her to take all possible precautions about herself (which however she will not do!) and trust that she may escape without serious mischief. If you were once up again I will fancy *you* taking care of

her. It must be a great comfort to have you so near her — within walking distance in the good season.

We have never had here so ugly a winter: first violent frost, snow &c., then still nastier times of the thawing sort: for a week past there has been nothing but sleet, rime and slobber, the streets half an inch deep with slush and yet a cake of slippery ice lying below that; so in spite of daily and hourly sweeping and scraping, they constantly continue. I, with some few others, go daily out, whatever wind blow. I am covered to the throat in warm wool of various textures and can get into heat in spite of fate. Jane too holds out wonderfully, ventures forth when there is a bright blink once in a week; sits quiet as a mouse when the winds are piping abroad. We understand you are far deeper in snow than we. I believe there is now a good thick quilt of it lying over the entire surface of the Island.

The Doctor was here till Tuesday morning. We saw him daily with much speech and satisfaction. A letter yesterday announced that they were fairly settled in Wight again. He looked as well as need be.

I have sent by Alick a bit half-sovereign to buy the poor new bairn a new pock. You must take it without grumbling. Tell my dear Mother that she *must* take care of herself, that I will write to her before many days go. Better health to us all. Our kind wishes to Robert. Good be with you every one.

Your affectionate brother,

T. CARLYLE.

Here is another and a more highly elaborated bit of London weather from an undated fragment in Mrs. Hanning's possession at the time of her death: —

"Our weather is grown decidedly good for the last three days; very brisk, clear and dry. Before that it was as bad as weather at any time need be: long continued plunges of wet, then

clammy, glarry days on days of *half* wet (a kind of weather peculiar to London, and fully uglier than *whole* wet) : — a world of black sunless pluister, very unpleasant to move about in ! The incessant travel makes everything mud here, in spite of all that clats and besoms can do ; a kind of mud, too, which is as fine as paint, and actually almost sticks like a kind of paint ! I took, at last, into the country, with old clothes and trousers folded up ; there the mud was *natural* mud, and far less of it, indeed, *little* of it in comparison with other country. We dry again in a single day of brisk wind."

Early in 1841 Carlyle arranged with Fraser for the publication of *Heroes and Hero-Worship*. "The Miscellanies, Sartor, and the other books," says Froude, "were selling well, and fresh editions were wanted."

XV. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBURG.

CHELSEA, Saturday [February, 1841].

MY DEAR GOOD MOTHER, — Take *half* a word from me to-day since I have no time for more. I had forgotten that it was Saturday till after breakfast I learnt it, and ever since there has been business on business !

We received your good little letter one evening and sent it on to John. Thanks to you for it. I had a letter too from Grahame about his *Miscellanies*, for which he seems amazingly thankful, poor fellow. We will not tell him about the Ecclefechan Library — let well be !

John also sends word of himself — all right enough, the "probability" that he will be here again before long.

Jane and I are well, rejoicing in the improved weather, not the *best* of weather yet, but immensely better than it was. Some days have been sunny and bright, a pleasant prophecy of spring.

I have *bargained* with Fraser for my lectures. They are now at press, that kept me so very busy. He would give me only £75, the dog, but then he un-

dertakes a new edition of *Sartor*, too, (the former being sold) and gives me another £75 for that too. It is not so bad, £150 of ready money — at least money without risk. I did not calculate on getting anything at *present* for Teufelsdröckh. You see we are rather rising than falling, "mall in shaft," at any rate. That is always a great point. Poor Teufelsdröckh, it seems very curious money should lie even in him. They trampled him into the gutters at his first appearance, but he rises up again, — finds money bid for him.

On the whole I expect not to be obliged to lecture this year, which will be an immense relief to me : I shall not be broken in pieces, I shall have strength for perhaps some better things than lecturing.

You spoke of going to Dumfries : I am always afraid of your getting hurt on those expeditions, but I suppose you will not be able to rest without going. I wish Jean and you both were through it.

By the bye, did I ever sufficiently tell Isabella that her butter continues excellent, none better. I owe Jamie a letter too. Alick ought to have been apprised how good his bacon was — *was*, for alas, I myself eat the most part of it and it is done : some weeks ago his tobacco ran out ; I never told this either — I forgot everything !

Well, dear Mother, this is all I can say in my hurry. I will write again soon, but with two Books at the printer's with &c., &c., what can a poor man do ? Be good bairns, one and all of you.

Your ever affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

When the proofs of *Hero-Worship* were finished, visits to Richard Monckton Milnes (afterward Lord Houghton), and to the James Marshalls at Headingly, gave Carlyle what seem to have been his first glimpses of life in great country houses. On the 17th of April, 1841, he communicated his impressions

to his wife: "I never lived before in such an element of 'much ado about almost Nothing;' life occupied altogether in getting itself lived; . . . and such champagning, claretting, and witty conversationing. *Ach Gott!* I would sooner be a ditcher than spend *all* my days so. However, we got rather tolerably through it for these ten days." Visits to his mother, Miss Martineau, the Speddings, and a month in lodgings at Newby — where he probably did not think of Redgauntlet — disposed of most of the remaining holiday; and brought Carlyle back to Cheyne Row in September. The book would not yet begin itself. "Ought I to write now of Oliver Cromwell? *Gott weiss*; I cannot yet see clearly." Toward the close of this year, Carlyle was asked to let himself be nominated to the new History Chair in Edinburgh University. He declined, with noble thanks.

"Our brother," whom Carlyle writes of to Mrs. Hanning, was their half-brother, already referred to, who had emigrated to Canada in 1837, and died there in 1872.

XVI. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, DUMFRIES.
CHELSEA, 24 Nov'r, 1841.

DEAR JENNY, — Here is the American letter you spoke of. It arrived yesterday, and to-day, after showing it to John, I send it to you. I do not exactly know what part of Canada it is dated from, but the place lies some hundreds of miles north-west of where your husband is likely to be. Our brother seems to be going on in a very prosperous way there.

On Sunday last the Doctor showed me a letter he had written for you. It appeared to be full of rational advice, in all of which I agree. You must pluck up a spirit, my good little Jenny, and see clearly how many things you yourself, independent of all other persons, can still do. *You*, then, can either act like a wise, courageous person or like a

fool, between which two ways of it there lies still all the difference in the world for you. . . . I assert, and believe always, that no person whatever can be ruined except *by his own consent, by his own act*, in this world. Your little bairn will get to walk, then you will have more time to sit to some kind of employment. This will be your first consolation.

I know not whether our Mother is still with you, but suppose yes. I wrote to her a very hurried scrawl last week. Pray take good care of her from the damp and cold. I will write to her again before long. By Alick's letter of yesterday I learn that the Doctor's Book for her is safely come to Ecclefechan. You can tell her farther that I have now settled finally about her *Luther* and it is *hers*. The cost was only some 26 shillings instead of 28.

Jane has again over-hauled the drawers which you had such work with; the best plan was found to be to clip the leg off altogether and put in four new inches *above the knee!* Good be with you, dear Jenny, with you, and them all.

It is evident from one letter and another that, after the removal to Dumfries and Mr. Hanning's departure for Canada, Mrs. Hanning spent more time at the Gill than in Dumfries. "Poor Helen" was Helen Mitchell from Kirkcaldy, an entertaining as well as a faithful servant. She came to Cheyne Row toward the end of 1837, was reclaimed from drink by Mrs. Carlyle, but fell hopelessly into it again after eleven years of service. "Her end was sad, and like a thing of fate."

XVII. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.
CHELSEA, 8th January, 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — You have been wandering so about of late times, and there has been such confused trouble going on, that I have not got you regularly written to. It seems to me a long

while since we had any right communication together. To-day I will scribble you a word before going out. Alick says you are for moving over to Gill again to bear Jenny company till the day lengthens. If you be already gone they will send this after you.

The great trouble there has been at Scotsbrig must have been distressing to every person there, from the poor father and mother downwards. You, in particular, could not escape. The weather also is sorely inclement and not wholesome for those that cannot take violent exercise; yet Alick assures me you are "as well as usual." Nay, he adds that you mean soon to write to me. I pray you take care, dear Mother, in your shifting to the Gill and during your stay there in the stranger house; it is bitter weather and looks as if it would continue long frosty. Tell me especially how you are, what clothes you wear, whether you get good fires. A warm bottle is indispensable in the bed at night. You have books to read, daily little bits of work to do; you must crouch quiet till the sun comes out again.

A considerable noise has been going on about that little Review-Article of mine which I sent you. The last page of the *Divine Right of Squires* has been circulating widely through the Newspapers with various commentary and so forth. This I by no means grudge: as the thing is true, it may circulate as widely as it likes. It can do nothing but *good* (whether pleasant or painful *good*) being *true*, — let it circulate where it will. If a word of mine can help to relieve the world from an insupportable oppression, surely it shall be very welcome to do so! The man has paid me for this "article" (£24) but I think I shall not soon trouble the world again with reviewing. I mean something *else* than that if I could get at it. On the whole, what with Edinburgh Professorships, what with *Covenanter* Articles, we have had rather a noisy time of it in

the newspapers for a while back. It is not unpleasant, but except for aiding the sale of one's books, perhaps it is apt to be unprofitable. Fame? Reputation? &c, as old Tom White said of the whiskey, "*Keep your whiskey to yourself! deevil o' ever I'se better than when there's no a drop on't i' my wame?*" which is a literal *truth*, — both as to fame and whiskey.

My new book, I may tell you now, is to be something about that same *Civil war in England* which Baillie was in the midst of; I think mainly or almost exclusively about *Oliver Cromwell*. I am struggling sore to get some hold of it, but the business will be dreadfully difficult, far worse than any *French Revolution*, if I am to do it *right*: — and if I do not do it *right* what is the use of doing it at all? For some time I tried actual writing at it lately, but found it was too *soon* yet. I must wrestle and tumble about with it, indeed at bottom I do not know yet whether *ever* I shall be able to make a Book out of it! All that I can do is to *try*, till I ascertain either Yes or No. For the rest I am grown too old and cunning now to plunge right on and attempt conquering the thing by sheer *force*. I lie back, *canny, canny*, and whenever I find my sleep beginning to suffer, I lay down the tools for a while. By Heaven's great blessing I am not now urged on by direct need of money. We have arranged ourselves here in what to London people is an inconceivable state of *thrift*, and in our small way are not now tormented with any fear of want whatever, for the present. To myself my poverty is really quite a suitable, almost comfortable, arrangement. I often think what should I do if *I were* wealthy! I am perhaps among the freest men in the British Empire at this moment. No King or Pontiff has any power over me, gets any revenue from me, except what he may *deserve* at my hands. There is nothing but my Maker whom I call Master un-

der this sky. What would I be at? George Fox was hardly freer in his *suit of leather* than I here: if to be sure not carrying it quite so far as the *leather*. Jane, too, is quite of my way of thinking in this respect. Truly we have been mercifully dealt with, and much that looked like evil has turned to be good. One thing I must tell you as a small adventure which befell, the day before yesterday. On going out for walking along one of these streets an elderly, innocent, intelligent-looking gentleman accosted me with "Apologies for introducing himself to Mr. Carlyle whose works &c, &c. He was *the Parish clergyman*," rector of the Parish of St. Luke's, Chelsea! I replied of course with all civility to the worthy man (though shocked to admit that after seven years of parishionership I did not know the face of him). We walked together as far as our roads would coincide, then parted with low bows. I mean to ask about the man (whose *name* I do not even know yet!) and, if the accounts be good, to invite a nearer approximation.

Jack will be with us to-morrow evening, we expect; oftenest we see him only that once in the course of a week. He is healthy, cheery and as full of talk and activity as I ever saw him. His Patient and he walk daily, or drive, or ride several hours, which is a good encourager of health. He seems likelier than ever to stay a good while in this present situation, to realize a good purse perhaps, — and then retire as a half-pay. Jane sticks close in the house ever since the frost began, for near a week now; she is in very tolerable health. Poor Helen, our servant, heard the other night of the death of a poor sick (asthmatic) sister at Edinburgh, which grieved her to the ground for a while and still greatly afflicts her; we are sorry for the poor creature.

Alick's long letter, you can tell him, shall be answered by and by. I had also a letter from Jean not many days

ago. I have extremely little time for writing letters. You must all be patient with me. Commend me to poor Isabella, whose affliction we deeply sympathize with.

Yours affectionately.

On February 26th Mrs. Welsh died at Templand, in Nithsdale, where she had lived since her daughter's marriage. Carlyle had now to pass two months and more at Templand in the settlement of affairs. By the death of her mother Mrs. Carlyle regained possession of Craigenputtock, the rent of which, £200 a year, she had settled on Mrs. Welsh. "Thus, from this date onward," notes Carlyle in the *Reminiscences*, "we were a little richer, easier in circumstances; and the *pinch* of Poverty, which had been relaxing latterly, changed itself into a gentle *pressure*, or into a *limit* and little more. We did not change our habits in any point, but the grim collar round my neck was sensibly slackened. Slackened, not removed at all, — for almost twenty years yet. . . . I do not think my literary income was above £200 a year in those decades, — in spite of my continual diligence day by day."

The "cheery little cousin" was Miss Jeannie Welsh, daughter to John Welsh of Liverpool, before mentioned, and mentioned again in the last paragraph of the following letter.

XVIII. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.
CHELSEA, Friday, 4th June, 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — A letter from Jenny came in the beginning of the week; then last night another from her for Jack, which seemed to have been written at the same time, which also I opened as it passed, — forwarding them both thereupon to Jack. Jack's address is 3 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park. Tell Jenny to copy this, and then she will know it henceforth. You must also thank her very kindly for the word she sends me about you and about the rest. I find

your eyes are still sore, and I doubt this hot weather will do them no good. Perhaps keeping out of the light as much as possible might be useful. I would also recommend to *abstain from rubbing* as much as you can. If Jack know any likely eye water, I will make him send a receipt for it. This is a very troublesome kind of thing:—but surely we ought to be thankful that it is not a worse thing too!

Jack was away in the country last week, but is come home again. He was down here on Wednesday night to tea, as fresh and hearty as ever. They are to be in London mainly, I believe, all summer. He will contrive plenty of “jaunts” &c., I suppose. It is, as formerly, an idle trade, but a very well paid one. It was precisely on that Wednesday that the Queen had been shot at. These are bad times for Kings and Queens. This young blackguard, it seems, is *not* mad at all; was in great want, and so forth; it is said they will hang him. Such facts indicate that even among the lowest classes of the people, Queenship and Kingship are fast growing out of date.

My poor wife is still very disconsolate, silent, pale, broken-down, and very weak. I urge her out as much as possible; her cheery little cousin, too, does what she can. Alas, it is a very sore affliction; we have but one mother to lose. I speak to her seriously sometimes, but speaking cannot heal grief; only Time and Heaven's mercy can.

As for me, I sleep tolerably well, and also have now begun to work a little, which is still better! I shall have a terrible heap of reading, of meditating, sorting, struggling of every kind. But why should I not do it, if it be a good work? I feel as if there did lie something in it. I will grudge no toil to bring it out. I go often all day to the Museum Library and search innumerable old pamphlets, &c. It is a nasty place, five miles off, and full of heat and bad air, but it con-

tains great quantities of information. I refuse all *dinners* whatsoever, or very nearly all. I say, “Well, if you do take offence at me, how can I help it? In the whole world there is only one true blessing for me,—that of working an honest work. If you would give me the Bank of England, and all set to worship me with bended knees,—alas, *that* would do nothing for me at all. It is not *you* that can help me or hinder me; it is I, even I.” Pray that I persist in this good course.

Poor Isabella does not seem to profit by the warm weather. I would recommend the shower bath to her. I take it daily here. Tell Jenny that there is no hurry about the shirts. She can go on with all leisure. Did Jamie ever learn from me that in the drawer of *their* washstand, if he will pull it out, there lies for him a little piece of new stuff for rubbing on his razor strop? I always forgot to mention it. Our weather here is excellent, threatening to be too hot by and by, which, however, I shall not grudge so much this year. Broiling weather to me will be the basis of a plentiful year for all. There is much need of it!

But I must end, dear Mother. I write hardly *any* letters except to you, so you will accept this as the best I can do at present. The subscription for Burns's sister is doing well, in Liverpool at least (under John Welsh). My affection to Alick and all of them. You will get this when you go to the Preaching.

My blessings on you, dear Mother, and all love.

Your son,

TOM.

XIX. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.

CHELSEA, Monday Morning,
4th July, 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Before setting to my work, let me expend a penny and a scrap of paper on you, merely to say that we are well, and to send a bit of

ugly and curious public news that you cannot yet have heard of. On Saturday night it was publicly made known that Francis, the man who last shot at the Queen, was not to be hanged, but to be sent to Botany Bay, or some such punishment. Well, yesterday about noon, as the Queen went to St. James' Chapel, a third individual presented his pistol at the Majesty of England, but was struck down and seized before he could fire it; he and another who seemed to be in concert with him are both laid up. There is no doubt of the fact. The two are both "young" men; we have yet heard nothing more of them than that. The person who struck down the pistol (and with it the man, so vehement was he) is said to be a gentleman's flunkey; but I do not know that for certain and have seen no newspaper yet. . . . Are not these strange times? The people are sick of their misgovernment, and the blackguards among them shoot at the poor Queen: as a man that wanted the steeple pulled down might at least fling a stone at the gilt weathercock. The poor little Queen has a horrid business of it, — cannot take a drive in *HER clatch* without risk of being shot! *Our clatch* is much safer. All men are becoming alarmed at the state of the country, — as I think they well may.

Jane and her cousin have this morning been got off to Windsor by the Sterlings. The jaunt in the open air will do the poor Wife good.

John is very well. I parted with him last night near his own house rather after 10 o'clock.

Adieu, dear Mother. Here is a foolish Yankee letter of adoration to me. Burn it!

Your affectionate,
T. CARLYLE.

The picture of Sartor measuring himself for shirts to be made at long range, as it were, is memorable even in the annals of Cheyne Row.

XX. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, THE GILL.
CHELSEA, 21 July, 1842.

MY DEAR JENNY, — I am glad to hear of your well being, and that you have got done with the shirts, which is a sign of your industry. They will be well off your hands, and I have no doubt will be found very suitable when they arrive here. In the meanwhile I do not want them sent off yet till there are some more things to go with them. I am in no want of them yet, and shall not, I think, be so till it will be about time for the meal to be sent from Scotsbrig. At all events, you may look to that (for the present) as the way of sending them, and therefore keep them beside you till some chance of delivering them safe to my Mother or another Scotsbrig party turn up. There is no haste about them; the meal *cannot* be ready, I suppose, till the end of September, if then.

In the meanwhile I want you to make me some flannel things, too, — three flannel shirts especially: you can get the flannel from Alick, if he have any that he can well recommend. You can readily have them made before the other shirts go off: I have taken the measure to-day, and now send you the dimensions, together with a measuring strap which I bought some weeks ago (at one penny) for the purpose! *You are to be careful to scour the flannel first*, after which process the dimensions are these. *Width* (when the shirt is laid on its back) $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches, *extent from wrist button to wrist button* 61 inches,¹ *length* in the back 35 inches, *length* in the front $25\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Do you understand all that? I dare say you will make it out, and this measuring band will enable you to be exact enough. Only you must observe that at the beginning of it. . . . Hoity-Toity! I find that it is I myself that have made a mistake there, and that you have only to measure fair with the line and all will be right; the dimensions as above, $22\frac{1}{2}$, 61, 35, $25\frac{1}{2}$.

¹ So that each sleeve is $19\frac{1}{2}$ inches long.

If you could make me two pairs of flannel drawers, I should like very well too, but that I am afraid will be too hard for you. This is all the express work I have for you at present. Neither is there any news of much moment that I could send you. Jane continues still weak, but seems to gather strength, too. I keep very quiet and very busy, and stand the summer fully better than is usual with me here. John still continues in town, and does not speak of going yet. We meet every Sunday here at Dinner.

Our good Mother, you perhaps know, has got over to Jean for some sea bathing about Arbigland. We hope they are all well about Gill, and that a good crop is on its feet for them. Give our kind regards and continual good wishes both to Mary and Jamie, and accept them for yourself. Next time you write you had better tell me how your money stands out; and if at any time, my dear little Sister, I can help you in anything, be sure do not neglect to write *then*. Our love and best wishes to you, dear Jenny.

Your affectionate brother,

T. CARLYLE.

In May, on his way back from Temp-land, Carlyle had stopped to visit Dr. Arnold at Rugby, and in August he went to Belgium with Mr. Stephen Spring Rice and his younger brother. Of this trip Carlyle wrote an extraordinarily vivid account under the title of *The Shortest Tour on Record*. The picture of the poor lace-maker and her habitation, at Ghent, makes one think, by a queer, austere contrary, of an earlier traveler and his adventures.

In August, also, Mrs. Carlyle had gone to the Bullers', in Suffolk. Twenty capital pages of Letters and Memorials make her visit live again.

XXI. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBURG.

CAMBRIDGE, 7th Sep., 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I am sitting here in the "Hoop Inn" of Cambridge,

in a spacious apartment, blazing with gaslight and nearly solitary. It strikes me I may as well employ the hour before bedtime in writing a word for my good Mother, — to explain to her how I am, and above all what in the world I am doing here! There is a magnificent thunderstorm just going on, or rather beginning to pass off in copious floods of rain, and there is no other sound audible in this room; one single fellow-traveler lies reading the Times Newspaper on the sofa opposite, and the rain quenches even the sound of his breath.

Well, dear Mother, you heard that Jane was gone into Suffolk to Mrs. Buller's, and perhaps you understand or guess that she continues still there; nay, perhaps Jack may have informed you that on Thursday last (a week ago all but a day) I, after long higgling, set out to bring her home. Home, however, she was not to go quite so fast. Mrs. Buller, rather lively up in that region, wanted her to stay a little longer, wanted me also, I suppose, to go flaunting about, calling on Lady this and Sir Henry that, and *lionizing* and amusing myself as I best might in her neighbourhood. She is very kind indeed, — more hospitable and good than I have almost ever seen her to anybody. The place Norton is a quiet, sleek, green place, so intersected with green, wide lanes (loanings) all overgrown with trees that you can hardly find your way in it, — like walking in some coal-mine in paths underground; it or any green country whatever, as you know, is likely to be welcome to me. One day I walked off to a place called Thetford in Norfolk, about 8 miles from us. It was the morrow after my arrival, and I did not know the nature of the lanes then. I lost my way both going and coming, and made the distance 12 or 13 each way, but got home in time to dinner, and was all the better for my walk. Afterwards I never ventured out of sight of Norton Church-tower without first *drawing for myself*

a little map of my route from a big map that hangs in the lobby. With my little map in my waistcoat pocket I feared nothing, and indeed in three days knew all the outs and ins of the country; — for Mrs. Buller in that interval had contrived to *borrow me a farmer's horse* to go about on. Was not that a friendly office to a man like me?

But to hasten to the point! Mrs. Buller's, I knew beforehand, was but some 30 miles to the east of Cromwell's country; his birthplace, the farm he had first, and the farm he had second, all lie adjoining on the Westward, either in the next County, which is this (Cambridgeshire), or in Huntingdonshire, the one Westward of this. Accordingly, having talked a long enough time about jaunts and pilgrimages, — about it and about it, — I decided at last (the women threatening to laugh at me if I did not go) on actually setting off, and accordingly here I am, with my face already homewards, the main part of my little errand successfully accomplished; and a "riding tour" through the country parts of England, which I have been talking of these dozen years or more, has actually taken effect on the small scale, — a very *small* scale indeed. I have ridden but two days, and on the morrow evening I shall be at Norton again, or near it. My conveyance being the farmer's horse above mentioned, my fatigue has been great; — for it is the roughest and dourest beast nearly that I ever rode, and to-day in the morning, to mend matters, it took to the trick they call "scouring," — in a sullen, windless ninny niawing. — Many a time I thought of Alick and Jamie in these Cambridge Fens, and wished one or both of them had been near me. But I let the creature take time (for it *would* have it), and it gradually recruited again, though not brilliant at the best; and indeed I shall be very willing to wish it good-bye tomorrow evening, were I at Norton again. Poor brute, it cannot help being supple and riding as with

stilky-clogs at its feet! It has eaten four and a half feeds of corn to-day, or I think it would altogether have failed.

But at any rate I have *seen* the Cromwell country, got an image of it in my mind for all time henceforth. I was last night at Ely, the Bishop's City of this district. I walked in and about the Cathedral for two good hours. Thought vividly of Cromwell stepping up these floors, with his sword by his side, bidding the Priest (who would not obey his *first* order, but continued reading his liturgies), "Cease your fooling and come out, Sir." — One can fancy with what a *gollie* in the voice of him. I found the very house he had lived in. I sat and smoked a pipe about nine o'clock under the stars on the very "Horse-block" (*harping-on stone*) which Oliver had often mounted from, two hundred years ago. It was all full of interest, and though I could get but very little sleep at night, I did not grudge that price. To-day I rode still farther Westward to a place called St. Ives, where Oliver first took to farming. The house they showed as his I did not believe in, but the fields that he tilled and reaped are veritably there. I sat down under the shade of one of his hedges and kindled a cigar, not without reflections! I have also seen his native town Huntingdon, with many other things to-day, and am here now on my way homeward, as I said, and will not trouble my dear good Mother with one other word of babblement on the subject at present. No country *in itself* can well be uglier; it is all a drained immensity of fen (or soft peat moss), and bears a considerable resemblance to the trench at Dumfries, — if that were some 30 or 40 miles square, with Parish churches innumerable, all built on dry knolls of chalky earth that rise up like islands. You can tell Jamie that it bears *heavy* crops! oats, beans, wheat, which they are just concluding the leading in of at present; the rest of the country being done a week or two ago.

Dear Mother, was there ever such a clatter of a letter written? And not one word of news, not one word even of the many hundred I could use in inquiring! We return to Chelsea, I expect, about Monday *first*. Saturday was to be proposed, but will not stand I believe. Jack is already gone, on Saturday last, to Cheltenham, and then for North Wales. Right glad am I for him and for you that he is to come into Annandale for a little while. Poor fellow, it is long since he has been there, and he too has his own feelings and straits which he does not speak about often. My dear Mother, I will bid you all good-night. I send you my heart's best blessing o'er all the hills and rivers that lie between us to-night. The thunder is gone, and the rain. I will send you a little word when we get to Chelsea; perhaps there is something from yourself for me already forwarded to Norton. I doubt it. Good-night, my dear true Mother.

Ever your affect^e

T. CARLYLE.

I know not whether Alick has now any communication with the Whitehaven Tobacconist? A quarter of a stone might be ventured upon along with the Harvest meal, or by the Doctor or some other conveyance. It keeps in the winter; it could not be *worse* than my London tobacco all this year. Tell Alick about it; he rejoices always to help me whenever he can.

Carlyle's pilgrimage to Huntingdon, St. Ives, and thereabouts is not to be confounded with his former Cromwell journey — to Naseby — undertaken a few months before, with Dr. Arnold. Froude's account of Carlyle's investigation of the battlefield was (necessarily) so incomplete that I venture to quote here two highly interesting letters from a long afterward published book, — Letters of Edward Fitzgerald. Says Fitzgerald, in a memorandum on the subject: —

"As I happened to know the Field well, — the greater part of it then belonging to my Family, — I knew that Carlyle and Arnold had been mistaken — misled in part by an Obelisk which my Father had set up as on the highest Ground of the Field, but which they mistook for the centre-ground of the Battle. This I told Carlyle, who was very reluctant to believe that he and Arnold could have been deceived — that he could accept no hearsay Tradition or Theory against the Evidence of his own Eyes, etc. However, as I was just then going down to Naseby, I might enquire further into the matter.

"On arriving at Naseby, I had spade and mattock taken to a hill near half a mile across from the 'Blockhead Obelisk,' and pitted with several hollows, overgrown with rank Vegetation, which Tradition had always pointed to as the Graves of the Slain. One of these I had opened; and there, sure enough, were the remains of skeletons closely packed together — chiefly teeth — but some remains of Shin-bone, and marks of Skull in the Clay. Some of these, together with some sketches of the Place, I sent to Carlyle."

Fitzgerald, in a letter which has apparently not been preserved, sent the results of this first investigation to Carlyle. He wrote also from Naseby the following letter to Bernard Barton: —

[NASEBY], *Sept.* 22, /42.

MY DEAR BARTON, — The pictures are left all ready packed up in Portland Place, and shall come down with me, whenever that desirable event takes place. In the meanwhile here I am as before; but having received a long and interesting letter from Carlyle asking information about this Battle field, I have trotted about rather more to ascertain names of places, positions, etc. After all, he will make a mad book. I have just seen some of the bones of a dragoon and his horse who were found

foundered in a morass in the field — poor dragoon, much dismembered by time: his less worthy members, having been left in the owner's summer-house for the last twenty years, have disappeared one by one, but his skull is kept safe in the hall: not a bad skull neither; and in it some teeth yet holding, and a bit of the iron heel of his boot, put into the skull by way of convenience. This is what Sir Thomas Browne calls "making a man act his Antipodes."¹ I have got a fellow to dig at one of the great general graves in the field; and he tells me to-night that he has come to bones; to-morrow I will select a neat specimen or two. In the meantime let the full harvest moon wonder at them as they lie turned up after lying hid 2400 revolutions of hers. Think of that warm 14th of June when the Battle was fought, and they fell pell-mell: and then the country people came and buried them so shallow that the stench was terrible, and the putrid matter oozed over the ground for several yards; so that the cattle were observed to eat those places very close for some years after. Every one to his taste, as one might well say to any woman who kissed the cow that pastured there.

Friday, 23rd. We have dug at a place, as I said, and made such a trench as would hold a dozen fellows, whose remains positively make up the mould. The bones nearly all rotted away, except the teeth, which are quite good. At the bottom lay the form of a perfect skeleton: most of the bones gone, but the pressure distinct in the clay; the thigh and leg bones yet extant; the skull a little pushed forward, as if there were scanty room. We also tried some other reputed graves, but found nothing; indeed, it is not easy to distinguish what are graves from old marlpits, etc. I don't care for all this bone-rummaging

myself; but the identification of the graves identifies also where the greatest heat of the battle was. Do you wish for a tooth?

As I began this antiquarian account in a letter to you, so I have finished it, that you may mention it to my Papa, who perhaps will be amused at it. Two farmers insisted on going out exploring with me all day: one a very solid fellow, who talks like the justices in Shakespeare, but who certainly was inspired in finding out this grave; the other a Scotchman, full of intelligence, who proposed the flesh-soil for manure for turnips. The old Vicar, whose age reaches halfway back to the day of the Battle, stood tottering over the verge of the trench. Carlyle has shewn great sagacity in guessing at the localities from the vague descriptions of contemporaries; and his short *pasticcio* of the battle is the best I have seen. But he will spoil all by making a demigod of Cromwell, who certainly was so far from wise that he brought about the very thing he fought to prevent, — the restoration of an unrestricted monarchy.

The substance of this letter was of course communicated by Fitzgerald to Carlyle, who promptly and gratefully replied.

CHELSEA, Saturday, 25 [24] *Sept.* 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — You will do me and the Genius of History a real favour, if you persist in these examinations and excavations to the utmost length possible for you! It is long since I read a letter so interesting as yours of yesterday. Clearly enough you are upon the very battle-ground; — and I, it is also clear, have only looked up towards it from the slope of Mill Hill. Were not the weather so wet, were not, etc., etc., so many etceteras, I could almost think

huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia."

¹ Referring to a passage in the Garden of Cyrus, near the end: "To keep our eyes open longer, were but to act our antipodes. The

of running up to join you still! But that is evidently *unfeasible* at present.

The opening of that burial-heap blazes strangely in my thoughts: these are the very jawbones that were clenched together in deadly rage, on this very ground, 197 years ago! It brings the matter home to one, with a strange veracity, — as if for the first time one saw it to be no fable and theory, but a dire fact. I will beg for a tooth and a bullet; authenticated by your own eyes and word of honour! Our Scotch friend, too, making turnip manure of it, — he is part of the Picture. I understand almost all the Netherlands battlefields have already given up their bones to British husbandry; why not the old English next? Honour to thrift. If of 5000 wasted men you can make a few usable turnips, why, do it!

The more sketches and details you can contrive to send me, the better. I want to know, for one thing, whether there is any *house* on Cloisterwell; what house that was that I saw from the slope of Naseby height (Mill-hill, I suppose), and fancied to be Dust Hill Farm? It must lie about North by West from Naseby Church, perhaps near a mile off.

You say, one cannot see Dust Hill at all, much less any farm house of Dust Hill, from that Naseby Height?

But why does the Obelisk stand there? It might as well stand at Charing Cross; the blockhead that it is! I again wish I had wings; alas, I wish many things; that the gods would but annihilate Time and Space, which would include all things!

In great haste, Yours most truly,
T. CARLYLE.

Both Carlyle's letter to Fitzgerald and that to his mother from Cambridge are notable illustrations of the insatiable hunger of the eye which went far to make him the great writer he was. The print of those teeth on his mind is shown in *Cromwell*, where we read: "A friend of mine has in his cabinet two ancient grinder-teeth, dug lately from that ground, — and waits for an opportunity to rebury them there. Sound, effectual grinders, one of them very large; which ate their breakfast on the fourteenth morning of June, two hundred years ago, and, except to be clenched once in grim battle, had never work to do more in this world!"

Charles Townsend Copeland.

BOTCHING SHAKESPEARE.

"They aim at it
And botch the words up fit to their own
thoughts."

Hamlet, IV. v. 9, 10.

THE ascendancy which much of our English literature holds over us is too largely one of opinion. There is a certain range of the great books of it which we take on faith; if we do come to read them for ourselves, our enjoyment of them is derived too often from a consciousness that enjoyment is the right thing to feel under the circumstances.

But our reading is perfunctory, task-work, a lesson in culture. We pass along the beaten way, with its fingerposts of annotation and criticism, like pilgrims going to a shrine. There comes a time, too, when we cease even to make these perfunctory pilgrimages, and content ourselves with the serene recollection of past achievement. There is thus a sense in which we do not possess a great part of our literature, though we dwell, as it were, in the midst of it, like people who live in show places which they themselves

never see with other eyes than those of villagers.

Early in life we learn to style Chaucer "the Father of our English Poetry," and, conscious of our birthright, dutifully set ourselves to work getting acquainted with the Prologue and at least one of the Canterbury Tales. These we painfully read into monstrous English, sometimes catching a little of the beauty of Chaucer's rhythm where time has not played havoc with it, and often faintly discerning the play of Chaucer's humor through the veil of unfamiliar phraseology. But we do not really read Chaucer. We put that word in the vocabulary along with this word in the text, we fit that note in the back of the book to this difficult passage in the front, we ignore the sound of the language, we twist its inflection to suit a preconceived notion of its rhythm, and the net result is a jargon that Chaucer could not understand and a modern would not use. Our sole dependence for what little intelligence of Chaucer's meaning we get is upon a particular set of notes and a special glossary. When we come to read Chaucer later in life, and all the words and notes are forgotten, how tedious it all is! "Is it *Aprile* or *Aprile-e*?" "What does *soote* mean?" (We pronounce it to rhyme with *boot*, but by calling the word at the end of the next line *root* matters are set right again.) "How is a *flower engendered of virtue*?" And so on. It does not take much of this sort of thing to tire out the best of resolves. We can find enough to justify all that has been said about Chaucer; but as to reading his poetry, we will leave that to somebody who has more time and energy for it than we have.

We fare little better with Spenser, though Spenser's speech is nearer ours than Chaucer's is. Two books of the Faerie Queene are prescribed (one is almost tempted to say "proscribed") for college reading in English literature; how many of us have read more than

the academic stint of it? How many of us have gone on and learned to know the sonnets, the purity of their thought, the sweetness of their mellifluous wording? To how many persons is Spenser more than a name?

Yet if called upon to give an account of our great poetry, we invariably start the list, in a burst of enthusiasm, with Chaucer and Spenser, although Chaucer and Spenser actually play a less part in the reading of most of us than Rudyard Kipling does. And what is true of Chaucer and Spenser is true of a deal of our literature: we read about it, listen to lectures about it, talk about it, without having read it for ourselves; nay, sometimes lecture about it, like the professor of English literature whose lectures contained an account of a short dramatic poem by Browning called Pippa Pass-és. Some of us do make a praiseworthy effort to keep up with our best literature, and we flatter ourselves that our effort is successful. But the very making the effort smacks of the artificial, and the success of it too often sows the seeds of distinctions which soon grow up to choke with self-conceit and priggishness the little plants of culture we nurse so carefully.

There is a certain cant about the criticism of literature, too, growing out of this artificial way of treating it, that exasperates the more sensible of us. We recognize certain recurring phrases in all criticism, if we read much of it. We see Shakespeare so often sitting, finger on brow and pen in hand, gazing into the abysses of human despair and evolving a Hamlet as to grow tired of the picture. When we are told that "as a piece of psychological development Hamlet lacks the lucidity of classical art;" that "the hero's soul has all the untransparency and complexity of a real soul;" that "one generation after another has deposited in Hamlet's soul the sum of its experience," many of us cannot help feeling that such criticism is pretty close to nonsense. We recognize the cant

of a cultus, — a cultus that grows further and further from the interests of our every-day life. Again, a great deal of criticism is far from being critical. Its judgments, uttered with impressive conviction, are too often the result of mere personal opinion. No evidence is given; frequently, indeed, in the very nature of the case, none is obtainable. We are asked to accept a self-constituted authority. Having to do with practical affairs, having to distrust emotional opinion, having to ask searching questions of ourselves and others, it is hard to lull ourselves into a condition where we can take so much on trust. Rebellion is not worth the time and trouble; and we are not sure that rebellion would be successful. Controversy in these matters is so apt to become personal. We therefore take the easiest way out, and remove ourselves from the critic's jurisdiction.

Thus, as we grow older, we cease to be "literary." The people who leave these things more and more to others are not Philistines, either, as Matthew Arnold called them. You find them in Oxford common-rooms as well as in American homes. Nor has the age grown careless of the things of culture. That is an easy charge to make, but as groundless as such charges usually are. If one will only take the trouble to look for it, more culture can be found in a Western inland town nowadays than many of our large cities could boast of when culture was spelled with a capital C, and had Matthew Arnold for its apostle.

Why is it, then, that so many of us who have had the advantages of university training, who have passed, satisfactorily at least, various courses of literary instruction, who have been at times enthusiastic members of reading clubs, who can speak and write reasonably good English, who have some knowledge of life and affairs, — why is it that we must read lamely and haltingly the supreme poets of our race? The answer

is simple, but one we shall be most of us loath to admit: we have not the necessary English education to read English literature easily. Our training has been Greek, not English. Logically, as far as literature goes, we are citizens of Athens in the time of Pericles, not Americans and Englishmen of to-day. And it is not uncommon for us to boast of the fact. As a people we possess only our contemporary literature; we include Chaucer and Spenser by courtesy, but we do not really possess them; indeed, we do not even possess Shakespeare in the full sense of possession, though we call him our Prince of Poets.

Let us put aside the question of Chaucer and Spenser, and examine the matter as it concerns Shakespeare. We do not possess Shakespeare to the full, because we do not understand Shakespeare. And I do not only mean that there are isolated words or isolated lines in Shakespeare which we do not understand, but I would maintain that we do not read Shakespeare understandingly.

In the first place, let me explain what I mean by "understandingly." As we go through life and continuously add to our experience, we add at the same time words which are native to our thinking and fitting to our experience. Most of these words are generic, and have their place in other minds just as they have in ours. They represent pretty much the same objects of thought and pretty much the same relations for all who think in the language we use. Some of them we use often, others are as rare as the experiences they connote; but all are there, ready to rise at the proper call. It is the power of literature to call them forth and set them in what order the poet (for in this sense all literature is poetry) may choose. He weaves them together, and our lives are caught in the tissue whether we wish it or no. He uses words that have been in our hearts at times when feeling was strong and deep; words

which bitter memories cling to ; words which lovers use ; words fast knit into childish prayer ; words of homely comfort when death's hand was heavy ; words bound up with duty, hope, love, faith, and the best things we have known or hope to know. As they pass through our minds they stir us again, revealing us to ourselves as they reveal the poet's thought to us, and our hearts burn within us. They are English words worn by ages of English use, — the oldest, simplest words of the language, and therefore the richest in association. They are the words of Home, Sweet Home, America, God Save the Queen, Pilgrim's Progress, the Bible (would that they were there given their modern English form, so that they might be more homely still !), — our English birthright.

Such words make our best literature, and always will, as long as human hearts beat in our breasts. We cannot escape them : they are part of ourselves, the ghosts of our good deeds and our bad deeds that must abide with us ; we cannot get rid of them. For us they need no notes, no interpretation ; they go straight to our understandings without need of introduction ; when the poet uses them, they are intelligible, and immediately intelligible, conveying without risk of mistake exactly the thought of the poet's mind, and no other. The process of apprehending them to the full is what might be called, with a little stretching of the term, reflex action. This is what I mean by understanding, and reading in this way is reading understandingly.

Now there is another mental process which we go through in reading that is simply one of judgment. We do not possess a word as part of our thinking vocabulary, and must make an inference from the context, or from its similarity to some word we do know, in order to get at the idea probably embodied in it. This has nothing to do with literature, and if there is very much of

this sort of thing in our reading, what we read for us is not literature. We do not understand it ; we simply guess as to the probable meaning.

This process is entirely distinct from the one of understanding, yet we are constantly confusing the two ; we make the mistake of confounding the natural implications which are or ought to be purely mechanical, and which are due to the fact that answering chords of our experience vibrate with the string the poet has struck, — we confound these with the inferences we are compelled to make on account of our imperfect understanding of language. That is, to apply this to our Shakespeare reading, certain words or arrangements of words in Shakespeare are not really part of our thinking experience at all, and there is nothing in our minds to respond to them ; we recognize these blanks immediately, and fill them in with words and phrases which do provoke associations, and which seem to be those the poet might have used under the circumstances, had he spoken the language we think with. We generously set down the imperfection — for we know it is an imperfection — to the natural inequality of poetic genius and the natural faultiness of a human machine, or we attribute it to the dullness of our literary apperceptions. But the fault lies neither with Shakespeare nor with our dullness of apperception : it lies simply and solely in our ignorance of English.

Now, if you will take down your Shakespeare and read consecutively for a few pages anywhere, without resort to the usual helps and explanations, and will try at the same time to throw yourself out of a " literary " attitude far enough to discern surely what you understand immediately from what you do not understand, but infer, you will see that the mediate and secondary processes are more numerous than you had thought. Suppose the passage you turn to is Hamlet, I. iii. 58, ff., in the middle

of Polonius's long-winded good-by to his son. It runs : —

"And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no
tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. (60)
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption
tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade.
Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but being in,
Bear 't, that the opposed may beware of
thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice :
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, (70)
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
And they in France of the best rank and
station
Are of a most select and generous chief in
that."

Recognizing the unfitness of the commonest sense of *character* (59) you think of *character* in the sense of "sign" or "letter," and by this inference arrive at the meaning of Shakespeare's word. "Character," however, in Elizabethan English (frequently accented "charac'ter" as here), is a common synonym of "write." The imperative *Look* followed by the subjunctive is now strange syntax, but its likeness to such an idiom as "See you do it well" makes it intelligible. *Proportioned* (60) in the sense of "made symmetrical" is still in literary use, though we usually put "well" in front of it, and will probably give you an inkling of Shakespeare's meaning. *His act*, however, can scarcely fail to suggest a personification ; even if you remember enough of your Shakespeare training to recognize the pronoun as the genitive of *it*, the form is as unusual to your thinking as *its* was to Shakespeare's ; *act*, too, in the sense of "execution" is as unfamiliar to you as *thought* in the sense of "intention" is. Polonius's advice to his boy, to keep his own counsel and mature his plans well,

thus becomes to your mind the "literary" equivalent of "Don't be talkative and don't act foolishly." *Familiar* and *vulgar* (61) carry an ignominious sense which the words did not have to the ears of Shakespeare's audience : Polonius neither recommends familiarity to his son nor warns him against vulgarity. To *try an adoption* (62) leaves a gap in the thought that even "literary" interpretation fails to fill. *Grappling with hoops* and *dulling one's palm* (64, 65) are idioms quite strange to modern thinking ; our *entertainment* like *entrance* (66) suggests but does not convey Polonius's meaning. *Comrade* (65) with the accent on the first syllable spoils the measure. *Bearing a quarrel* (67) is again an impossible thought in Modern English, and the only possible meaning of Modern English "bear," namely, "endure," which you can put with "quarrel" to patch out a "literary" sense is so obviously at variance with the rest of the verse that its absurdity is apparent even from a "literary" standpoint. You can perhaps still "give an ear" to a person (68), but you cannot "give him a voice." *Opposed* (67), which we do not now call "op-posed," and should not use as a substantive, has an artificial sound that the word did not know in Shakespeare's time, when "oppose" still had its local meaning, "to place opposite." *Censure* (69) will betray you into thinking that Laertes is to be silent under criticism ; very good advice, but not that his father gave him. *Expressed in fancy* (71) does not now convey the idea "displayed fantastically," though perhaps with the help of the context and generous inference such a meaning might be tortured out of the words. *Proclaims* (72), again, is not a figure of speech, which it seems to be in the modern reader's mind. *Are of a most select and generous chief in that* (74) is sheer nonsense. Numerous attempts have been made to doctor the passage into something like intelligibil-

ity. Taking it as it stands, it is likely that *chief* is a sophistication of *shef* (our *sheaf*). Spelling was not fixed in the sixteenth century as it is now, so that *ch* often represented the sound *sh*. For example, in Hamlet, I. ii. 82, *shapes* appears in the Quarto of 1604 as *chapes*. The spelling of the Folio *cheff* probably represents what is now *sheaf* (in Shakespeare's time it was called "sheif," rhyming nearly with our *safe*). That being the case, *sheaf* should be the word in our texts, and Staunton's citation of Ben Jonson's "It is found in noblemen and gentlemen of the best sheaf," and "I am so haunted . . . with your refined spirits that it makes me clean of another garb, another sheaf," sufficiently explains the passage. Shakespeare's *generous*, however, by no means corresponds to Modern English "generous."

So we might go on through Hamlet and through the rest of Shakespeare's plays, showing that modern reading of Shakespeare is largely botching the words up to fit the reader's thought. This is not a peculiarly difficult passage, and it is one of those oftenest read; it is perfectly fair, therefore, to assume its difficulties, both in number and in quality, as being fairly representative of those that would be met anywhere. Yet within the compass of these seventeen lines there are nineteen forms of expression which an average educated man would fail partially or wholly to understand in the sense in which "understanding" has been defined. Is it putting the matter too strongly, then, to say "we do not understand Shakespeare"? Suppose the mistakes we made were half the number: ought we not to blush when we declaim about our knowledge of Shakespeare and what we have done for Shakespeare? And it is not Homer or Virgil or Dante, but it is the supreme poet of our own race and our own language, that we are so ignorant of. What wonder? We devote most of our educational energy to studying foreign tongues and foreign

literature. We carry on the stupid prejudice of our ancestors against our vernacular, and study the language and literature of Greece and of Rome! When shall we shake ourselves free from the Renaissance, — the ball and chain of culture? Haven't we nearly served out our sentence? When shall we cease to educate ourselves as citizens of Athens, and learn to be American? How long shall we have to wait before there is a home made in our educational system for the intelligent study of our own language and its literature? How long shall we condemn our children to ignorance of that which they ought to know best of all? When shall we gain independence enough to point criticism to our own literature and say, "Go not to Athens, go not to Rome, seek not Italy or France or Germany, but weigh and consider this, and see if there be not here enough pure gold to furnish you forth with standards of worth?"

Most readers of Shakespeare sooner or later come to the conclusion that this vagueness, which they name the "literary" way of saying things, is one of the chief characteristics of Shakespeare. They call the same thing "quaintness" in Chaucer, where they are more often entirely out of their reckoning. It is really ignorance, — ignorance of English and lack of English culture. The danger of absolute mistake can be somewhat minimized, it is true, by constant resort to notes and commentaries; but the notes, many of which are historic absurdities, are written mostly by scholars who look upon Shakespeare as Modern English and are continually liable to misunderstandings just like those which beset the general reader; for too often, like him, they depend upon "literary instinct" rather than upon actual knowledge to guide them. But suppose the notes are in every case just what they ought to be, reading Shakespeare by their help is an artificial process: the knowledge the reader gets by it does not

abide by him; it is discrete, unconnected, so that every time he reads a new play of Shakespeare's he has to wade through more notes. What wonder, then, that he should get tired of hobbling along on these crutches! What wonder that, as in the case of Chaucer, he should leave Shakespeare to be read by those who have more knowledge and more time for it than he has. Is not Shakespeare in this way losing his hold on us? As his language grows more dim to our sense, and we continue to be careless about learning it, will not the time come when Shakespeare will be little more than a great name in our literature?

Now I would not say that we have already lost Shakespeare, or that we shall lose Shakespeare within the space of a generation. What I would say is that we can in this way lose Shakespeare, and more easily, too, than we think. We English-speaking people have already been advised to abandon Chaucer, — in a journal, it is true, whose advice is not usually worth the taking, but such straws show the way the current sets. Perhaps it will be some time before any one will boldly tell us to give up Shakespeare, and thus show that Shakespeare is already practically given up. But if it is true that we have lost Chaucer as popular literature, that we have lost Spenser as popular literature, that we are losing Milton as popular literature, how shall we ultimately escape losing Shakespeare? Of course, we can selfishly say that Shakespeare will last our time, and the future can take care of itself; or we can fall back on a narrow ideal of culture, and say that there will always be enough scholars among English-speaking people to keep the light burning before Shakespeare's shrine; or we can ignore the facts, and grandiloquently say that Shakespeare is for all time. But the day may come when Shakespeare will be added to Chaucer, and we shall have in literature a Rachel weeping for her children, and not to be comforted.

For, in the first place, it is the general reader who makes a national literature. Now the chief characteristic of great literature, and the one that gives it the strongest hold on experience, is the pertinence of its appeal. The mind of him who reads recognizes something that concerns him, an experience which is identical with his, though the person who has it is widely separated from him in space and time; thus a bond of sympathy is created, and the molecule of human experience gets hold of itself as part of humanity. In its last analysis, the bond is that clear, terse expression, that graphic picture, which reveals this outside experience to him not as words, but as life. The sharpness and clearness of this expression, while it is life, depends upon words. The words must be so aptly the right ones that they are recognized and understood by the mind without effort, because they are part of its own thinking machinery. But the words must be generic, also; that is, they must convey the expression not to one man only, but to thousands. They must be the embodied thought of a race fixed in forms native to its thinking. In other words, they must be immediately intelligible to the general reader.

It follows as a corollary that while a foreign literature can be read and appreciated by a process through which native words rapidly and fittingly take the place of foreign ones, a nation's best and most vital literature must always be that which is written in its vernacular. It might be added as a further corollary that a people's strength is in direct proportion to the strength of their native literature, and that a nation which neglects its literature to follow after a foreign one is sowing the seeds of national decay.

For purposes of literature, therefore, no thought is understood unless it is understood perfectly, with that sort of understanding which we have already spoken of, — understanding that is im-

mediate perception. The shaft must go straight to the mark and stick in the gold. All great literature has this directness and simplicity. It is this that makes it great. We may easily humbug ourselves into thinking that other writing which has not this quality is great, that Mr. Gigadibs is our modern Shakespeare. This humbug may even become general enough to make Mr. Gigadibs's book occupy for a while a place beside Shakespeare on our library shelves; but there comes a time, and it comes swiftly, too, when Mr. Gigadibs's book goes to the lumber-room, with other discarded toys of his generation. It is one of the marvelous things of history how unerring, in the long run, the selection of time is. If we go back to the very beginning of our own literature and examine what has survived, comparing it with contemporary Germanic literature, we discover that what we possess of it must have been of the best produced; or if we run over the ground of Middle-English literature, we find that *Piers Plowman's Vision* and the *Canterbury Tales* are the pieces which were oftenest copied, and so ran the least risk of destruction in coming down to us. Now the basis of this historical selection is universal pertinence, simplicity, directness. In the long run people read what they can understand perfectly, and they make this literature. It is not the best of what has been thought and said in the world, but what has been thought and said the best. No other piece of English writing has taken such a hold on the English thinking race as Hamlet's soliloquy on suicide. Its matter is the veriest commonplace, — the theme of the college sophomore for generations; parodied, hackneyed, declaimed, misquoted, it still stands the most magnificent piece of writing in English. Why? Because this common thought of this common man is clothed in common words; because the words come straight from his own experience, without garnish or ornament other than

that the thought itself wore; because they go straight to the core of the commonest experience of humanity, without other help or assistance than that the understanding alone can furnish. Hamlet, and indeed all of Shakespeare, is an appeal to the general reader. In fact, not much of Shakespeare would have come down to us, had we had to depend on a purely literary public for its transmission to posterity.

Not only does the general reader thus make a national literature, he also keeps it alive. It is but an artificial life which literature lives in school and university textbooks, and among special students and scholars. When the people who, by their previous education and present surroundings, are in a position to draw help and strength from the great books in their own language abandon those books to read something else in their moments of leisure, their literature is practically dead. Their children may study it in school; they themselves may talk about it, and glibly, too; but if they do not read it because they want to read it, preferring to read criticism of it, or to read contemporary fiction, or to peruse the newspapers, for them what they are pleased to call their literature is but a figment of the imagination, — it has no reality. In short, a people's literature is what they read, not what they read about, or talk about, or would like to read. It makes no difference what the reason for the abandonment is; the result is the same. It may be for idleness, it might be because the books of it were unattainable; but anything which serves to keep a people away from their literature will eventually cause them to lose it.

In the case of Shakespeare the obstacle might easily be the lack of a clear understanding of Shakespeare's language. Inferential interpretation has a certain attraction for the scholar, and his apparent success in it gives him continual ground for gratification; but it worries

and wearies the general reader, who is discouraged and humiliated by his obvious failure in it. It becomes with him a question between spending an hour or more over fifty lines of Shakespeare in order to understand them thoroughly, and reading five times as many higgledy-piggledy to get the best sense he can. What wonder that in nine cases out of ten he chooses the easier course! His schoolboy days are over, and he does not like to think that he must take a schoolboy's attitude to Shakespeare; it is not hard for him, therefore, to persuade himself that he can read it well enough. It is so fatally easy for any one, scholar or general reader, to persuade himself that he understands what he knows nothing about! But the kind of reading he does takes little hold on him; it is not Shakespeare, though there is some Shakespeare in it,—in many cases enough to hold his attention and keep his enthusiasm for a time, and when all is said, enough to justify to him the place Shakespeare holds in our literature. It goes in at one ear and out at the other. It is a thing apart from his life. His brain, active all day in schemes to educate his sons and daughters, refuses the extra burden such reading puts upon it. So as he grows older he reads Shakespeare less and less. This man is one of a class the most numerous and the strongest in our American life; when he ceases to read Shakespeare, literature is already among us a decadent art. Have we not some reason to fear, then, that we may lose Shakespeare out of our national literature?

The loss would be one which for some time we might be quite unconscious of. We all know how easy it is for the individual to excuse his own neglect of duty by assuming that every one else is doing what he knows he ought to do, and that therefore his effort is unnecessary. That it is thus possible for nobody to do what everybody ought to do has become fixed in the proverb, "Every-

body's business is nobody's business,"—a proverb which might easily run, "What everybody reads, nobody reads." We all know that yearly a certain number of books are made and sold to be put "in every gentleman's library," but how many gentlemen read them? It is not necessary, then, to infer that good books are always read by the persons who buy them. We might lose Shakespeare from our national literature, and still go on talking about Shakespeare, and buying sumptuous editions of Shakespeare, and reading books of Shakespeare criticism; the danger is in forgetting to read Shakespeare.

And we shall lose this our richest literary possession if we do not take care. If we go on cajoling ourselves in the belief that, to read Shakespeare, all one needs is a knowledge of every-day English and a copiously annotated edition of Shakespeare's works; that it is not necessary to know the language of Shakespeare's time; that we have got along fairly well hitherto without much study of English, and things are good enough the way they are; that we can go on in our neglect with impunity,—we shall find one of these days that we have lost Shakespeare, that the kind of English literature Shakespeare represents really plays no more part in the lives of the mass of us than the Vedas do.

If we are going to keep Shakespeare, we must understand Shakespeare. Now, to understand Shakespeare, we do not need more notes on Shakespeare's text, more variorum editions of Shakespeare, more transcendental lectures on Shakespeare's life and work. Most of us will agree that in these respects abridgment with better quality is the thing we need. What we do want is a widespread understanding of Shakespeare's language,—nay, of English,—an understanding wide and broad enough to reach into the public schools and touch the masses; that for every child who can decline a Latin noun, there will be two

who know the rudiments of English historical grammar; for every boy who is reading Cæsar's Gallic Wars, there will be five reading Chaucer's Prologue; for every college student who can read Homer's archaic Greek and be unconscious of its archaic form, there will be ten who can read Beowulf without having to translate it into broken-backed, cumbrous, impossible New English compounds; for every critic who grows enthusiastic over the human and humanistic qualities of the Iliad, there will be a hundred who take these things and the knowledge of them for granted on every page of Shakespeare's plays.

Is such an end possible? Why should n't it be? Why should we be gaining a fresher knowledge and a deeper insight into the development of our political life, and remain ignorant of the development of our literature? Why should we be clever, shrewd, untiring, in the one field, and stand imbecile in the other? If we do not know these things, why can't we learn them? Is English such a perplexing subject that it can be understood only by the most scholarly professors in our best universities? The difficulty of attaining such a knowledge, granting that it is great, ought rather to be an invitation to energy than a temptation to despair; and when once it is attained, the task of presenting it ought to be easy; for English speech is the first thing we learn, and the last we forget. Let us grant for the nonce, though it is by no means true, that up to Shakespeare there is no literature in English, save a small part of Chaucer, that is worth the student's study. Let us admit all the poverty which people who cannot read it allege against our earliest literary efforts. If the study of it is going to teach us to understand Shakespeare, it is surely worth the wading through. Let your student who yearns after literary form try to get it from Greek and Latin if he wants to, but give your average student, who is going to turn into an American citizen before

long, some rudimentary knowledge of what the speech he uses is, how it has grown to be what it is, and how he can use it to the best advantage. Then bring him to the best literature in it, opening, perchance, a door that will never be closed all his life through. Make him read the great books of it intelligently, till they are instinct with life. Give him a knowledge of his language so that he can do this easily, unconsciously, so that the act of reading Shakespeare will be no guesswork, but a sure-footed progress to a distinct goal.

For it is the knowledge of Shakespeare's language as English, rich, vital English, that we want, not "notes and emendations." It is the knowledge of his speech as a living speech, to his purpose more pregnant than our speech is to ours, a familiarity with its sound and form such that there seems nothing unusual in it as we read, an acquaintance with its syntax so intimate that we could think Elizabethan syntax, if need were — in short, we want a knowledge of English that will enable us to read Shakespeare without translating it, to read Chaucer, too, without resorting to translation. For our translations of Shakespeare and Chaucer are always worse than those we make for Virgil and Horace, because we hold on to all the forms and words which have any resemblance to those we use now, and thus produce a sort of bastard-English that never existed in any English mind. And this sort of stuff we put into the mouths of Chaucer and Shakespeare! And we are English-speaking people, thinking with the language Chaucer and Shakespeare wrote! We prefer to go on in this way, reading some of our best literature lamely, haltingly, because in our educational system, planned out to suit mediæval conditions, no place is left for the proper study of our native language. We think we should be flying in the face of educational providence if we moved the study of a foreign lit-

erature far enough aside to make room for the intelligent study of our own. But no upheaval of our educational system is necessary: a few years of sound elementary teaching of English is all we want — just enough to let the student read Chaucer and Shakespeare (perhaps, too, *Beowulf*, though we do not need to add that yet), in the original, with a feeling of sureness and ease. If we are too timorous to do all this at once, let us start with Shakespeare and Elizabethan English. That will be good enough for a beginning. Let us set ourselves to teach our children to read Shakespeare in the original (that is, not in Modern English transcriptions), without notes and glossary except where they are necessary to explain passages that are obvious nonsense, or meaningless through ignorance of some contemporary conditions.

Now it is possible, and easily possible, to get in a short time a knowledge of Shakespeare's language such that the inferential process through which we arrive at an understanding of his words by substituting for them words of our own can largely be done away with for the average educated man who reads Shakespeare. Of course there will remain a number of passages in which careless transmission of Shakespeare's thought brings it to us in unintelligible form. But it is not too much to hope that common sense and a knowledge of English will do much to reduce the number. The knowledge that the form and content of English words are constantly changing, and that the ways of putting them together are likewise changing constantly, will be a thing that the student can start with. A familiarity with the sound and form of Elizabethan English presented in the light of its historical development ought to be easily obtainable by any one understanding the rudiments of English, from a year's study of a properly arranged textbook upon the subject, — a textbook which

could be used in elementary schools at a time when a student is usually initiated into the mysteries of Greek. For, like all grammatical study, this is elementary work, and ought to be finished before the student gets into the university. With these two things to start with, American common sense and American teaching ability might be left to wrestle with the problem alone without much concern as to the result.

We shall then be able to read Shakespeare without resorting to the subterfuge through which we excuse our lack of understanding on the ground that Shakespeare wrote in a "literary" way. We shall get the magnificent range and sweep of his words with a sure sympathy born of positive knowledge, not of literary affectation, and more of us will gain sureness and sweep in the use of our own.

Is not the effort worth our while? Is not Shakespeare's English worth more to us than Homer's Greek? Is not a scientific knowledge of the language that we think in, talk in, read in, buy and sell in, save and lose our immortal souls in, of more consequence to us than a superficial familiarity with the academic intricacies of Greek and Latin grammar? In Shakespeare we have a poet who has put into this language, as sensitive and tremulous under his touch as the strings of a harp, the deepest experience that we have yet known or are capable of, in terms of the life we live every day, and in words our mothers use to us all our lives through, — a poet who is rightly regarded, not as the supreme poet of our race and language only, but as the supreme poet of the whole world; and we devote a couple of years of dabbling, desultory, dilettante study to his work, and spend seven or eight on learning to read Virgil and Homer! If we have many and good courses in schools and colleges to teach us to understand Homer's Greek, ought we not to have more and better courses to teach us Shakespeare's English? We are told that we

go through this routine of classical study in order that we may better understand literature. But what good is such an understanding of literature to give us, if we cannot read intelligently and easily the language that the best of our own literature has been written in? What study of our literature will be of any avail that does not take into account its development and its continual relation to the life of the people that produced it? How long are we to listen to historians of our literature who cannot read it with perfect intelligence back of the eighteenth century? How long shall we remain deaf and blind to this our most vital interest?

Is not our duty, then, plain, to learn thoroughly this English we love, and to study deeply its literature in the light of our knowledge; to cease thinking of ourselves as a barbarian nation, and learn the language of the people? Is not our duty to our children equally plain, to hand on to them this language the better

for our having used it, this literature the clearer for our having taught it to them? This will require effort, strong and persistent; it means work for our educational system; it means courage in departing from ancient tradition and daring to make the future our own. But the gain! A people rich in the consciousness of their greatness, and strong in the power of their thought!

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate" — a period of darkness and barbarism.

Mark H. Liddell.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

VII.

To maintain such numbers of servants as were kept in our house would have been simply ruinous, if it had been necessary to buy all our provisions at Moscow; but in those times of serfdom things were managed very simply. When winter came, father sat at his table and wrote the following: —

"To the manager of my estate, Nikólskoye, situated in the government of Kalúga, district of Meschóvsk, on the river Sirena, from the Prince Alexéi Petróvich Kropótkin, Colonel and Commander of various orders.

"On receipt of this, and as soon as winter communication is established, thou

art ordered to send to my house, situated in the city of Moscow, twenty-five peasant-sledges, drawn by two horses each, one horse from each house, and one sledge and one man from each second house, and to load them with [so many] quarters of oats, [so many] of wheat, and [so many] of rye, as also with all the poultry and geese and ducks, well frozen, which have to be killed this winter, well packed and accompanied by a complete list, under the supervision of a well-chosen man;" and so it went on for a couple of pages, till the next full stop was reached. After this there followed an enumeration of the penalties which would be inflicted in case the provision should not reach the house situated in such a street, num-

ber so and so, in due time and in good condition. Some time before Christmas the twenty-five peasant-sledges really entered our gates, and covered the surface of the wide yard.

"Frol!" shouted my father, as soon as the report of this great event reached him. "Kiryúshka! Yegórka! Where are they? Everything will be stolen! Frol, go and receive the oats! Uliána, go and receive the poultry! Kiryúshka, call the princess!"

All the household was in commotion, the servants running wildly in every direction, from the hall to the yard, and from the yard to the hall, but chiefly to the maid servants' room, to communicate there the Nikólskoye news: "Pásha is going to marry after Christmas. Aunt Anna has surrendered her soul to God," and so on. Letters had also come from the country, and very soon one of the maids would steal upstairs into my room.

"Are you alone? The teacher is not in?"

"No, he is at the university."

"Well, then, be so good as to read me this letter from mother."

And I would read to her the naïve letter, which always began with the words, "Father and mother send you their blessings for ages not to be broken." After this came the news: "Aunt Eupraxie lies ill, all her bones aching; and your cousin is not yet married, but hopes to be after Easter." Following the news came the greetings, two pages of them: "Brother Paul sends you his greetings, and the sisters Mary and Dária send their greetings, and then uncle Dmítri sends his many greetings," and so on. However, notwithstanding the monotony of the enumeration, each name awakened some remarks: "Then she is still alive, poor soul, if she sends her greetings; it is nine years since she has lain motionless." Or, "Oh, he has not forgotten me; he must be back, then, for Christmas; such a nice boy. You will write me a letter, won't

you? and I must not forget him then." I promised, of course, and when the time came I wrote a letter in exactly the same style.

When the sledges had been unloaded, the hall filled with peasants. They had put on their best coats over their sheepskins, and waited until father should call them into his room to have a talk about the snow and the prospects of the next crops. They hardly dared to walk in their heavy boots on the polished floor. A few ventured to sit down on the edge of an oak bench; they emphatically refused to make use of chairs. So they waited for hours, looking with alarm upon every one who entered father's room or issued from it.

Some time later on, usually next morning, one of the servants would run slyly upstairs to the class-room.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes."

"Then go quickly to the hall. The peasants want to see you; something from your nurse."

When I went down to the hall, one of the peasants would give me a little bundle containing perhaps a few rye cakes, half a dozen hard-boiled eggs, and some apples, tied in a motley colored cotton kerchief. "Take that: it is your nurse, Vasilísa, who sends it to you. Look if the apples are not frozen. I hope not: I kept them all the journey on my breast. Such a fearful frost we had." And the broad, bearded face, covered with frost-bites, would smile radiantly, showing two rows of beautiful white teeth from beneath quite a forest of hair.

"And this is for your brother, from his nurse Anna," another peasant would say, handing me a similar bundle. "'Poor boy,' she says, 'he must never have enough at school.'"

Blushing and not knowing what to say, I would murmur at last, "Tell Vasilísa that I kiss her, and Anna too, for my brother." At which all faces would become still more radiant.

"Yes, I will, to be sure."

Then Kirila, who kept watch at father's door, would whisper suddenly, "Run quickly upstairs; your father may come out in a moment. Don't forget the kerchief; they want to take it back."

As I carefully folded the worn kerchief, I most passionately desired to send Vasilisa something. But I had nothing to send, not even a toy, and we never had pocket-money.

Our best time, of course, was in the country. As soon as Easter and Whitsuntide had passed, all our thoughts were directed toward Nikólskoye. However, time went on, — the lilacs must be through blooming at Nikólskoye, — and father had still thousands of affairs to keep him in town. At last, five or six peasant-carts entered our yard: they came to take all sorts of things which had to be sent to the country house. The great old coach and the other coaches in which we were going to make the journey were taken out and inspected once more. The boxes began to be packed. Our lessons made slow progress; at every moment we interrupted our teachers, asking whether this or that book should be taken with us, and long before all others we began packing our books, our slates, and our few toys.

Everything was ready: the peasant-carts stood heavily loaded with furniture for the country house, boxes containing the kitchen utensils, and almost countless empty glass jars which were to be brought back in the autumn filled with all kinds of preserves. The peasants waited every morning for hours in the hall; but the order for leaving did not come. Father continued to write all the morning in his room, and disappeared at night. Finally, our stepmother interfered, her maid having ventured to report that the peasants were very anxious to return, as hay-making was near.

Next afternoon, Frol, the major-domo, and Mikhael Aléeff, the first violin, were

called into father's room. A sack containing the "food money" — that is, a few coppers a day — for each of the forty or fifty souls who were to accompany the household to Nikólskoye, was handed to Frol, with a list. All were enumerated in that list: the band in full; then the cooks and the under-cooks, the laundresses, the under-laundress who was blessed with a family of six mites, "Polka Squinting," "Domna the Big One," "Domna the Small One," and the rest of them.

The first violin received an "order of march." I knew it well, because father, seeing that he never would be ready, had called me to copy it into the book, in which he used to copy all "outgoing papers:" —

"To my house servant, Mikhael Aléeff, from Prince Alexéi Petróvich Kropótkin, Colonel and Commander.

"Thou art ordered, on May 29th, at six A. M., to march out with my loads, from the city of Moscow, for my estate, situated in the government of Kalúga, district of Meschóvsk, on the river Siréna, representing a distance of one hundred and sixty miles from this house; to look after the good conduct of the men entrusted to thee, and if any one of them proves to be guilty of misconduct or of drunkenness or of insubordination, to bring the said man before the commander of the garrison detachment of the separate corps of the interior garrisons, with the inclosed circular letter, and to ask that he may be punished by flogging [the first violin knew who was meant], as an example to the others.

"Thou art ordered, moreover, to look especially after the integrity of the goods entrusted to thy care, and to march according to the following order: First day, stop at village So and So, to feed the horses; second day, spend the night at the town of Podolsk;" and so on for all the seven or eight days that the journey would last.

Next day, at ten instead of at six, —

punctuality is not a Russian virtue,—the carts left the house. The servants had to make the journey on foot; only the children were accommodated with a seat in a bath-tub or basket, on the top of a loaded cart, and some of the women might find an occasional resting-place on the rim of a cart. The others had to walk all the hundred and sixty miles. As long as they were marching through Moscow, discipline was maintained: it was peremptorily forbidden to wear top-boots or to pass a belt over the coat. But when they were on the road, and we overtook them a couple of days later, and especially when it was known that father would stay a few days longer at Moscow, the men and the women—dressed in all sorts of impossible coats, belted with cotton handkerchiefs, burned by the sun or dripping under the rain, and helping themselves along with sticks cut in the woods—certainly looked more like a wandering band of gypsies than the household of a wealthy landowner. Similar peregrinations were made by every household in those times, and when we saw a file of servants marching along one of our streets, we at once knew that the Apukhtins or the Pryanishnikoffs were migrating.

The carts were gone, yet the family did not move. All of us were sick of waiting; but father still continued to write interminable orders to the managers of his estates, and I copied them diligently into the big “outgoing book.” At last the order to start was given. We were called downstairs. My father read aloud the order of march, addressed to “the Princess Kropótkin, wife of Prince Alexéi Petróvich Kropótkin, Colonel and Commander,” in which the halting-places during the five days’ journey were duly enumerated. True, the order was written for May 30, and the departure was fixed for nine A. M., though May was gone, and the departure took place in the afternoon: this upset all cal-

culations. But, as is usual in military marching-orders, this circumstance had been foreseen, and was provided for in the following paragraph:—

“If, however, contrary to expectation, the departure of your highness does not take place at the said day and hour, you are requested to act according to the best of your understanding, in order to bring the said journey to its best issue.”

Then, all present, the family and the servants, sat down for a moment, signed themselves with the cross, and bade my father good-by. “I entreat you, Alexis, don’t go to the club,” our stepmother whispered to him. The great coach, drawn by four horses, with a postilion, stood at the door, with its little folding ladder to facilitate climbing in; the other coaches also were there. Our seats were enumerated in the marching-orders, but our stepmother had to exercise “the best of her understanding” even at that early stage of the proceedings, and we started to the great satisfaction of all.

The journey was an inexhaustible source of enjoyment for us children. The stages were short, and we stopped twice a day to feed the horses. As the ladies screamed at the slightest declivity of the road, it was found more convenient to alight each time the road went up or down hill, which it did continually, and we took advantage of this to have a peep into the woods by the roadside, or a run along some crystal brook. The beautifully kept highroad from Moscow to Warsaw, which we followed for some distance, was covered, moreover, with a variety of interesting objects: files of loaded carts, groups of pilgrims, and all sorts of people. Twice a day we stopped in big, animated villages, and after a good deal of bargaining about the prices to be charged for hay and oats, as well as for the samovars, we dismounted at the gates of an inn. Cook Andrei bought a chicken and made the soup, while we ran in the meantime to the

next wood, or examined the yard of the great inn.

At Máloyaroslávetz, where a battle was fought in 1812, when the Russian army vainly attempted to stop Napoleon in his retreat from Moscow, we usually spent the night. M. Poulain, who had been wounded in the Spanish campaign, knew, or pretended to know, everything about the battle at Máloyaroslávetz. He took us to the battlefield, and explained how the Russians tried to check Napoleon's advance, and how the Grande Armée crushed them and made its way through the Russian lines. He explained it as well as if he himself had taken part in the battle. Here the Cossacks attempted *un mouvement tournant*, but Davoust, or some other marshal, routed them and pursued them just beyond these hills on the right. There the left wing of Napoleon crushed the Russian infantry, and here Napoleon himself, at the head of the Old Guard, charged Kutúzoff's centre, and covered himself and his Guard with undying glory.

We once took the old Kalúga route, and stopped at Tarutino; but here Poulain was much less eloquent. For it was at this place that Napoleon, who intended to retreat by a southern route, was compelled, after a bloody battle, to abandon that plan, and was forced to follow the Smolensk route, which his army had laid waste during its march on Moscow. But still — so it appeared in Poulain's narrative — Napoleon was deceived by his marshals; otherwise he would have marched straight upon Kieff and Odessa, and his eagles would have floated over the Black Sea.

Beyond Kalúga we had to cross for a stretch of five miles a beautiful pine forest, which remains connected in my memory with some of the happiest reminiscences of my childhood. The sand in that forest was as deep as in an African desert, and we went all the way on foot, while the horses, stopping every moment, slowly dragged the carriages

in the sand. When I was in my teens, it was my delight to leave the family behind, and to walk the whole distance by myself. Immense red pines, centuries old, rose on every side, and not a sound reached the ear except the voices of these lofty trees. In a small ravine a fresh crystal spring murmured, and a passer-by had left by it, for the use of those who should come after him, a small funnel-shaped ladle, made of birch bark, with a split stick for a handle. Noiselessly a squirrel ran up a tree, and the underwood was as full of mysteries as were the trees. In that forest my first love of nature and my first dim perception of its incessant life were born.

Beyond the forest, and past the ferry which took us over the Ugra, we left the highroad and entered narrow country lanes, where green ears of rye bent toward the coach, and the horses managed to bite mouthfuls of grass on either side of the way, as they ran, closely pressed to one another in the narrow, trenchlike road. At last we caught sight of the three willows which marked the approach to our own village, and all of a sudden we saw the beautiful yellow bell tower of the Nikólskoye church.

For the quiet life of the landlords of those times Nikólskoye was admirably suited. There was nothing in it of the luxury which is seen in richer estates; but an artistic hand was visible in the planning of the buildings and gardens, and in the general arrangement of things. Besides the main house, which father had recently built, there were, round a spacious and well-kept yard, several smaller houses, which, while they gave a greater degree of independence to their inhabitants, did not destroy the close intercourse of the family life. An immense "upper garden" was devoted to fruit trees, and through it the church was reached; the southern slope of the land, which led to the river, was entirely given up to a pleasure garden, where flower-beds were intermingled with al-

leys of lime trees, lilacs, and acacias. From the balcony of the main house there was a beautiful view of the river, with the ruins of an old earthen fortress where the Russians offered a stubborn resistance during the Mongol invasion, and further on a great area of yellow grain-fields bordered by woods.

In the early years of my childhood we occupied with M. Poulain one of the separate houses entirely by ourselves; and after his method of education was softened by the intervention of our sister Hélène, we were on the best possible terms with him. Father was invariably absent from home in the summer, which he spent in military inspections, and our stepmother did not pay much attention to us, especially after her own child was born. We were thus always with M. Poulain, who thoroughly enjoyed the stay in the country, and let us enjoy it. The woods; the walks along the river; the climbing over the hills to the old fortress, which Poulain made alive for us as he told how it was defended by the Russians, and how it was captured by the Tartars; the little adventures, in one of which Poulain became our hero by saving Alexander from drowning, — yielded no end of new and delightful impressions. Large parties were organized, also, in which all the family took part, sometimes picking mushrooms in the woods, and afterward having tea in the midst of the forest, where a man a hundred years old lived alone with his little grandson, taking care of bees. At other times we went to one of father's villages where a big pond had been dug, in which golden carp could be caught. My former nurse lived in that village. Her family was one of the poorest; besides her husband, she had only a small boy to help her, and a girl, my foster-sister, who became later on a preacher and a "virgin" in the Nonconformist sect to which they belonged. There was no bound to her joy when I came to see her. Cream, eggs, apples, and honey were all that she could

offer; but the way in which she offered them, in bright wooden plates, after having covered the table with a fine snow-white linen tablecloth of her own make (with the Russian Nonconformists absolute cleanliness is a matter of religion), and the fond words with which she addressed me, treating me as her own son, left the warmest feelings in my heart. I must say the same of the nurses of my elder brothers, Nicholas and Alexander, who belonged to prominent families of two other Nonconformist sects in Nikólskoye. Few know what treasures of goodness can be found in the hearts of Russian peasants, even after centuries of the most shameful oppression, which might well have embittered them.

On stormy days M. Poulain had an abundance of tales to tell us, especially about the campaign in Spain. Over and over again we induced him to tell us how he was wounded in a battle, and every time he came to the point when he felt warm blood streaming into his boot, we jumped to kiss him and gave him all sorts of pet names.

Everything seemed to prepare us for the military career: the predilection of our father (the only toys that I remember his having bought for us were a rifle and a real sentry-box); the war tales of M. Poulain; nay, even the library which we had at our disposal. This library, which had once belonged to General Repninsky, our mother's grandfather, a learned military man of the eighteenth century, consisted exclusively of books on military warfare, adorned with rich plates and beautifully bound in leather. It was our chief recreation, on wet days, to look over the plates of these books, representing the weapons of warfare since the times of the Hebrews, and giving plans of all the battles that had been fought since Alexander of Macedonia. These books also instructed us how to build strong fortresses which would stand for some time the blows of a battering-ram, as well as those from an Archime-

dean catapult (which, however, persisted in sending stones into the windows, and was soon prohibited). Yet neither Alexander nor I became a military man. The literature of the sixties wiped out the teachings of our childhood.

M. Poulain's opinions about revolutions were those of the Orleanist *Illustration Française*, of which he received back numbers, and of which we knew the woodcuts. For a long time I could not imagine a revolution otherwise than in the shape of Death riding on a horse, the red flag in one hand and a scythe in the other, mowing down men right and left. But I now think that M. Poulain's dislike was limited to the uprising of 1848, for one of his tales about the Revolution of 1789 deeply impressed my mind.

The title of prince was used in our house with and without occasion. M. Poulain must have been shocked by it, for he began once to tell us what he knew of the great Revolution. I cannot now recall what he said, but one thing I remember, namely, that Count Mirabeau and other nobles one day renounced their titles, and that Count Mirabeau, to show his contempt for aristocratic pretensions, opened a shop decorated with a signboard which bore the inscription, "Mirabeau, tailor." (I tell the story as I had it from M. Poulain.) For a long time after that I worried myself thinking what trade I could recognize as mine, so as to write, "Kropotkin, such a handicraft man." Later on, my Russian teacher, Nikolái Pávlovich Smirnýoff, and the general republican tone of Russian literature influenced me in the same way; and when I began to write novels — that is, in my twelfth year — I adopted the signature P. Kropotkin, which I never have departed from, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my chiefs when I was in the military service.

VIII.

In the autumn of 1852 my brother Alexander was sent to the corps of ca-

dets, and from that time we saw each other only during the holidays and occasionally on Sundays. The corps of cadets was five miles from our house, and although we had a dozen horses, it always happened that when the time came to send a sledge to the corps there was no horse free for that purpose. My eldest brother, Nicholas, came home very seldom. The relative freedom which Alexander found at school, and especially the influence of two of his teachers in literature, developed his intellect rapidly, and later on I shall have ample occasion to speak of the beneficial influence that he exercised upon my own development. It is a great privilege to have a loving, intelligent elder brother.

In the meantime I remained at home. I had to wait till my turn to enter the corps of pages should come, and that did not happen until I was nearly fifteen years of age. M. Poulain was dismissed, and a German tutor was engaged instead. He was one of those idealistic men who are not uncommon among Germans, but I remember him chiefly on account of the enthusiastic way in which he used to recite Schiller's poetry, accompanying it by a most naïve kind of acting that delighted me. He stayed with us only one winter.

The next winter I was sent to attend the classes at a Moscow gymnasium; and finally I remained with our Russian teacher, Smirnýoff. We soon became friends, especially after my father took both of us for a journey to his Ryazán estate. During this journey we indulged in all sorts of fun, and we used to invent humorous stories in connection with the men and the things that we saw; while the impression produced upon me by the hilly tracts we crossed added some new and fine touches to my growing love of nature. Under the impulse given me by Smirnýoff, my literary tastes also began to grow, and during the years from 1854 to 1857 I had full opportunity to develop them. My teacher, who had by

this time finished his studies at the university, obtained a small clerkship in a law court, and spent his mornings there. I was thus left to myself till dinner-time, and after having prepared my lessons and taken a walk, I had plenty of time to read, and especially to write. In the autumn, when my teacher returned to his office at Moscow, while we remained in the country, I was left again to myself, and though in continual intercourse with the family, and spending a good deal of time in playing with my little sister Pauline, I could in fact dispose of my time as I liked for reading and writing.

Serfdom was then in the last years of its existence. It is recent history, — it seems to be only of yesterday; and yet, even in Russia, few realize what serfdom was in reality. There is a dim conception that the conditions which it created were very bad; but those conditions, as they affected human beings bodily and mentally, are not generally understood. It is amazing, indeed, to see how quickly an institution and its social consequences are forgotten when the institution has ceased to exist, and with what rapidity men and things change. I will try to recall the conditions of serfdom by telling, not what I heard, but what I saw.

Uliána, the housekeeper, stands in the passage leading to father's room, and crosses herself; she dares neither to advance nor to retreat. At last, after having recited a prayer, she enters the room, and reports, in a hardly audible voice, that the store of tea is nearly at an end, that there are only twenty pounds of sugar left, and that the other provisions will soon be exhausted.

"Thieves, robbers!" shouts my father. "And you, you are in league with them!" His voice thunders throughout the house. Our stepmother leaves Uliána to face the storm. But father cries, "Frol, call the princess! Where is she?" And when she enters, he receives her with the same reproaches.

"You also are in league with this progeny of Ham; you are standing up for them;" and so on, for half an hour or more.

Then he commences to verify the accounts. At the same time, he thinks about the hay. Frol is sent to weigh what is left of that, and our stepmother is sent to be present during the weighing, while father calculates how much of it ought to be in the barn. A considerable quantity of hay appears to be missing, and Uliána cannot account for several pounds of such and such provisions. Father's voice becomes more and more menacing; Uliána is trembling; but it is the coachman who now enters the room, and is stormed at by his master. He keeps repeating, "Your highness must have made a mistake."

Father repeats his calculations, and this time it appears that there is more hay in the barn than there ought to be. The shouting continues; he now reproaches the coachman with not having given the horses their daily rations in full; but the coachman calls on all the saints to witness that he gave the animals their due, and Frol invokes the Virgin to confirm the coachman's appeal.

But father will not be appeased. He calls in Makár, the piano-tuner and sub-butler, and reminds him of all his recent sins. He was drunk last week, and must have been drunk yesterday, for he broke half a dozen plates. In fact, the breaking of these plates was the real cause of all the disturbance: our stepmother had reported the fact to father in the morning, and that was why Uliána was received with more scolding than was usually the case, why the verification of the hay was undertaken, and why father continued to shout that "this progeny of Ham" deserved all the punishments on earth.

Of a sudden there is a lull in the storm. My father takes his seat at the table and writes a note. "Take Makár with this note to the police station, and let a hun-

dred lashes with the birch rod be given to him."

Terror and absolute muteness reign in the house.

The clock strikes four, and we all go down to dinner; but no one has any appetite, and the soup remains in the plates untouched. We are ten at table, and behind each of us a violinist or a trombone-player stands, with a clean plate in his left hand; but Makár is not among them.

"Where is Makár?" our stepmother asks. "Call him in."

Makár does not appear, and the order is repeated. He enters at last, pale, with a distorted face, ashamed, his eyes cast down. Father looks into his plate, while our stepmother, seeing that no one has touched the soup, tries to encourage us.

"Don't you find, children," she says, "that the soup is delicious?"

Tears suffocate me, and immediately after dinner is over I run out, catch Makár in a dark passage, and try to kiss his hand; but he tears it away, and says, either as a reproach or as a question, "Let me alone; and you, too, when you are grown up, will be just the same?"

"No, no, never!"

Yet father was not among the worst of landowners. On the contrary, the servants and the peasants considered him one of the best. What we saw in our house was going on everywhere, often in much more cruel forms. The flogging of the serfs was a regular part of the duties of the police.

A landowner once made the remark to another, "Why is it, general, that the number of your souls increases so slowly? You probably do not look after their marriages."

A few days later the general returned to his estate. He had a list of all the inhabitants of his village brought him, and picked out from it the names of the boys who had attained the age of eigh-

teen, and of the girls just past sixteen, — these are the legal ages for marriage in Russia. Then he wrote, "John to marry Anna, Paul to marry Paráshka," and so on with five couples, and gave orders that the five weddings should take place in ten days, the next Sunday but one.

A general cry of despair rose from the village. Women, young and old, wept in every house. Anna had hoped to marry Gregory; Paul's parents had already had a talk with the Fedótoffs about their girl, who would soon be of age. Moreover, it was the season for ploughing, not for weddings; and what wedding can be prepared in ten days? Dozens of peasants came to see the landowner; peasant women stood in groups at the back entrance of the estate, with pieces of fine linen for the landowner's spouse, to secure her intervention. All in vain. The master had said that the weddings should take place at such a date, and so it must be.

At the appointed time, the nuptial processions, in this case more like burial processions, went to the church. The women cried with loud voices, as they are wont to cry during burials. One of the house valets was sent to the church, to report to the master as soon as the wedding ceremonies were over; but soon he came running back, cap in hand, pale and distressed.

"Paráshka," he said, "makes a stand; she refuses to be married to Paul. Father" (that is, the priest) "asked her, 'Do you agree?' but she replied in a loud voice, 'No, I don't.'"

The landowner was furious. "Go and tell that long-maned drunkard" (meaning the priest; the Russian clergy wear their hair long) "that if Paráshka is not married at once, I will report him as a drunkard to the archbishop. How dares he, clerical dirt, disobey me? Tell him he shall be sent to rot in a monastery, and I shall exile Paráshka's family to the steppes."

The valet transmitted the message.

Paráshka's relatives and the priest surrounded the girl; her mother, weeping, fell on her knees before her, entreating her not to ruin the whole family. The girl continued to say "I won't," but in a weaker and weaker voice, then in a whisper, until at last she stood silent. The nuptial crown was put on her head; she made no resistance, and the valet ran full speed to the mansion to announce, "They are married."

Half an hour later, the small bells of the nuptial processions resounded at the gate of the mansion. The five couples alighted from the cars and entered the hall. The landlord received them, offering them glasses of wine, while the parents, standing behind the crying daughters, ordered them to bow to the earth before their lord.

Marriages by order were so common that amongst our servants, each time a young couple foresaw that they might be ordered to marry, although they had no mutual inclination for each other, they took the precaution of standing together as godfather and godmother at the christening of a child in one of the peasant families. This rendered marriage impossible, according to Russian Church law. The stratagem was usually successful, but once it ended in a tragedy. Andrei, the tailor, fell in love with a girl belonging to one of our neighbors. He hoped that my father would permit him to go free, as a tailor, in exchange for a certain yearly payment, and that by working hard at his trade he could manage to lay aside some money and to buy freedom for the girl. Otherwise, in marrying one of my father's serfs she would have become the serf of her husband's master. However, as Andrei and one of the maids of our household foresaw that they might be ordered to marry, they agreed to unite as godparents in the christening of a child. What they had feared happened: one day they were called to the master, and the dreaded order was given.

"We are always obedient to your will," they replied, "but a few weeks ago we acted as godfather and godmother at a christening." Andrei also explained his wishes and intentions. The result was that he was sent to the recruiting board to become a soldier.

Under Nicholas I. there was no obligatory military service for all, such as now exists. Nobles and merchants were exempt, and when a new levy of recruits was ordered, the landowners had to supply a certain number of men from their serfs. As a rule, the peasants, within their village communities, kept a roll amongst themselves; but the house servants were entirely at the mercy of their lord, and if he was dissatisfied with one of them, he sent him to the recruiting board and took a recruit acquittance, which had a considerable money value, as it could be sold to any one whose turn it was to become a soldier.

Military service in those times was terrible. A man was required to serve twenty-five years under the colors, and the life of a soldier was hard in the extreme. To become a soldier meant to be torn away forever from one's native village and surroundings, and to be at the mercy of officers like Timoféeff, whom I have already mentioned. Blows from the officers, flogging with birch rods and with sticks, for the slightest fault, were normal affairs. The cruelty that was displayed surpasses all imagination. Even in the corps of cadets, where only noblemen's sons were educated, a thousand blows with birch rods were sometimes administered, in the presence of all the corps, for a cigarette,—the doctor standing by the tortured boy, and ordering the punishment to end only when he ascertained that the pulse was about to stop beating. The bleeding victim was carried away unconscious to the hospital. The Grand Duke Mikhael, commander of the military schools, would quickly have removed the director of a corps who had not had one or two such cases

every year. "No discipline," he used to say.

When one of the common soldiers appeared before a court-martial, the sentence was that a thousand men should be placed in two ranks facing each other, every soldier armed with a stick of the thickness of the little finger (these sticks were known under their German name of *Spitzeruthen*), and that the condemned man should be dragged three, four, five, and seven times between these two rows, each soldier administering a blow. Sergeants followed to see that full force was used. After one or two thousand blows had been given, the victim, spitting blood, was taken to the hospital and attended to, in order that the punishment might be finished as soon as he had more or less recovered from the effects of the first part of it. If he died under the torture, the execution of the sentence was completed upon the corpse. Nicholas I. and his brother were pitiless; no remittance of the punishment was ever possible. "I will send you through the ranks; you shall be skinned under the sticks," were threats which made part of the current language.

A gloomy terror used to spread through our house when it became known that one of the servants was to be sent to the recruiting board. The man was chained and placed under guard in the office. A peasant-cart was brought to the office door, and the doomed man was taken out between two watchmen. All the servants surrounded him. He made a deep bow, asking every one to pardon him his willing or unwilling offenses. If his father and mother lived in our village, they came to see him off. He bowed to the ground before them, and his mother and his other female relatives began loudly to give utterance to their lamentations, — a sort of half-song and half-recitative: "To whom do you abandon us? Who will take care of you in the strange lands? Who will

protect you from cruel men?" — exactly in the same way in which they sang their lamentations at a burial, and with the same words.

Thus Andrei had now to face for twenty-five years the terrible fate of a soldier: all his schemes of happiness had come to a violent end.

The fate of one of the maids, Pauline, or Pólya, as she used to be called, was even more tragical. She had been apprenticed to make fine embroidery, and was an artist at the work. At Ní-kólskoye her embroidery frame stood in sister Hélène's room, and she often took part in the conversations that went on between our sister and a sister of our stepmother who stayed with Hélène. Altogether, by her behavior and talk Pólya was more like an educated young person than a housemaid.

A misfortune befell her: she realized that she would soon be a mother. She told all to our stepmother, who burst into reproaches: "I will not have that creature in my house any longer! I will not permit such a shame in my house! oh, the shameless creature!" and so on. The tears of Hélène made no difference. Pólya had her hair cut short, and was exiled to the dairy; but as she was just embroidering an extraordinary skirt, she had to finish it at the dairy, in a dirty cottage, at a microscopical window. She finished it, and made many more fine embroideries, all in the hope of obtaining her pardon. But pardon did not come.

The father of her child, a servant of one of our neighbors, implored permission to marry her; but as he had no money to offer, his request was refused. Pólya's "too gentlewoman-like manners" were taken as an offense, and a most bitter fate was kept in reserve for her. There was in our household a man employed as a postilion, on account of his small size; he went under the name of "bandy-legged Fílka." In his boyhood

a horse had kicked him terribly, and he did not grow. His legs were crooked, his feet were turned inward, his nose was broken and turned to one side, his jaw was deformed. To this monster it was decided to marry Pólya, — and she was married by force. The couple were sent to become peasants at my father's estate in Ryazán.

Human feelings were not recognized, not even suspected, in serfs, and when Turguéneff published his little story *Mumu*, and Grigoróvich began to issue his wonderful novels, in which he made his readers weep over the misfortunes of the serfs, a great number of persons received a startling revelation. "They love just as we do; is it possible?" exclaimed the sentimental ladies who could not read a French novel without shedding tears over the troubles of the noble heroes and heroines.

The education which the owners occasionally gave to some of their serfs was only another source of misfortune for the latter. My father once picked out in a peasant house a clever boy, and sent him to be educated as a doctor's assistant. The boy was diligent, and after a few years' apprenticeship made a decided success. When he returned home, my father bought all that was required for a well-equipped dispensary, which was arranged very nicely in one of the side houses of Nikólskoye. In summer time, Sásha the Doctor — that was the familiar name under which this young man went in the household — was busy gathering and preparing all sorts of medical herbs, and in a short time he became most popular in the region round Nikólskoye. The sick people among the peasants came from the neighboring villages, and my father was proud of the success of his dispensary. But this condition of things did not last. One winter, my father came to Nikólskoye, stayed there for a few days, and left. That night Sásha the Doctor shot

himself, — by accident, it was reported; but there was a love-story at the bottom of it. He was in love with a girl whom he could not marry, as she belonged to another landowner.

The case of another young man, Gherásim Kruglóff, whom my father educated at the Moscow Agricultural Institute, was almost equally sad. He passed his examinations most brilliantly, getting a gold medal, and the director of the Institute made all possible endeavors to induce my father to give him freedom and to let him go to the university, — serfs not being allowed to enter there. "He is sure to become a remarkable man," the director said, "perhaps one of the glories of Russia, and it will be an honor for you to have recognized his capacities and to have given such a man to Russian science."

"I need him for my own estate," my father always replied to the many applications made on the young man's behalf. In reality, with the primitive methods of agriculture which were then in use, and from which my father would never have departed, Gherásim Kruglóff was absolutely useless. He made a survey of the estate, but when that was done he was ordered to sit in the servants' room and to stand with a plate at dinner-time. Of course Gherásim resented it very much; his dreams carried him to the university, to scientific work. His looks betrayed his discontent, and my stepmother seemed to find an especial pleasure in offending him at every opportunity. One day in the autumn, a rush of wind having opened the entrance gate, she called out to him, "Garáska, go and shut the gate."

That was the last drop. He answered, "You have a porter for that," and went his way.

My stepmother ran into father's room, crying, "Your servants insult me in your house!"

Immediately Gherásim was put under arrest and chained, to be sent away as a

soldier. The parting of his old father and mother with him was one of the most heart-rending scenes I ever saw.

This time, however, fate took its revenge. Nicholas I. died, and military service became more tolerable. Gherásim's great ability was soon remarked, and in a few years he was one of the chief clerks, and the real working force in one of the departments of the ministry of war. Meanwhile, my father, who was absolutely honest, and, at a time when almost every one was receiving bribes and making fortunes, had never let himself be bribed to depart from the strict rules of the service, in order to oblige the commander of the corps to which he belonged, consented to allow an irregularity of some kind. It nearly cost him his promotion to the rank of general; the only object of his thirty-five years' service in the army seemed on the point of being lost. My stepmother went to St. Petersburg to remove the difficulty, and one day after many applications, was told that the only way to obtain what she wanted was to address herself to a particular clerk in a certain department of the ministry. Although he was a mere clerk, he was the real head of his superiors, and could do everything. This man's name was Gherásim Ivánovich Kruglóff!

"Imagine, our Garáska!" she said to me afterward. "I always knew that he had great capacity. I went to see him, and spoke to him about this affair, and he said, 'I have nothing against the old prince, and I will do all I can for him.'"

Gherásim kept his word: he made a favorable report, and my father got his promotion. At last he could put on the long-coveted red trousers and the red-lined overcoat, and could wear the plumage on his helmet.

These were things which I myself saw in my childhood. If, however, I were to relate what I heard of in those years it would be a much more gruesome nar-

rative: stories of men and women torn from their families and their villages, and sold, or lost in gambling, or exchanged for a couple of hunting dogs, and then transported to some remote part of Russia for the sake of creating a new estate; of children taken from their parents and sold to cruel or dissolute masters; of flogging "in the stables," which occurred every day with unheard-of cruelty; of a girl who found her only salvation in drowning herself; of an old man who had grown gray-haired in his master's service, and at last hanged himself under his master's window; and of revolts of serfs, which were suppressed by Nicholas I.'s generals by flogging to death each tenth or fifth man taken out of the ranks, and by laying waste the village, whose inhabitants, after a military execution, went begging for bread in the neighboring provinces. As to the poverty which I saw during our journeys in certain villages, especially in those which belonged to the imperial family, no words would be adequate to describe the misery to readers who have not seen it.

To become free was the constant dream of the serfs, — a dream not easily realized, for a heavy sum of money was required to induce a landowner to part with a serf. "Do you know," my father said to me once, "that your mother appeared to me after her death? You young people do not believe in these things, but it was so. I sat one night very late in this chair, at my writing-table, and slumbered, when I saw her enter from behind, all in white, quite pale, and with her eyes gleaming. When she was dying she begged me to promise that I would give liberty to her maid, Másha, and I did promise; but then, what with one thing and another, nearly a whole year passed without my having fulfilled my intention. Then she appeared, and said to me in a low voice, 'Alexis, you promised me to give liberty to Másha;

have you forgotten it?' I was quite terrified; I jumped out of my chair, but she had vanished. I called the servants, but no one had seen anything. Next morning I went to her grave and had a litany sung, and immediately gave liberty to Másha."

When my father died, Másha came to his burial, and I spoke to her. She was married, and quite happy in her family life. My brother Alexander, in his jocose way, told her what my father had said, and we asked her what she knew of it.

"These things," she replied, "happened a long time ago, so I may tell you the truth. I saw that your father had quite forgotten his promise, so I dressed up in white and spoke like your mother. I recalled the promise he had made to her, — you won't bear a grudge against me, will you?"

"Of course not!"

Ten or twelve years after the scenes described in the early part of this chapter, I sat one night in my father's room, and we talked of things past. Serfdom had been abolished, and my father complained of the new conditions, though not very severely; he had accepted them without much grumbling.

"You must agree, father," I said, "that you often punished your servants cruelly, and even without reason."

"With the people," he replied, "it was impossible to do otherwise;" and, leaning back in his easy-chair, he remained plunged in thought. "But what I did was nothing worth speaking of," he said after a long pause. "Take that same Sablin: he looks so soft, and talks in such a thin voice; but he was really terrible with his serfs. How many times they plotted to kill him! I, at least, never took advantage of my maids, whereas that old devil T—— went on in such a way that the peasant women were going to inflict a terrible punishment upon him. . . . Good-by, *bonne nuit*!"

IX.

I well remember the Crimean war. At Moscow it affected people but little. Of course, in every house lint and bandages for the wounded were made at evening parties: not much of it, however, reached the Russian armies, immense quantities being stolen and sold abroad. My sister Hélène and other young ladies sang patriotic songs, but the general tone of life in society was hardly influenced by the great struggle that was going on. In the country, on the contrary, the war caused terrible gloominess. The levies of recruits followed one another rapidly, and we continually heard the peasant women singing their funereal songs. The Russian people looked upon the war as a calamity which had been sent upon them by Providence, and they accepted it with a solemnity that contrasted strangely with the levity I saw elsewhere under similar circumstances. Young though I was, I realized that feeling of solemn resignation which pervaded our villages.

My brother Nicholas was smitten like many others by the war fever, and before he had ended his course at the corps he joined the army in the Caucasus. I never saw him again.

In the autumn of 1854 our family was increased by the arrival of two sisters of our stepmother. They had had their own house and some vineyards at Sebastopol, but now they were homeless, and came to stay with us. When the allies landed in the Crimea, the inhabitants of Sebastopol were told that they need not be afraid, and had only to stay where they were; but after the defeat at the Alma, they were ordered to leave with all haste, as the city would be invested within a few days. There were few conveyances, and there was no way of moving along the roads in face of the troops which were marching southward. To hire a cart was almost impossible, and the ladies, having abandoned all they had

on the road, had a very hard time of it before they reached Moscow.

I soon made friends with the younger of the two sisters, a lady of about thirty, who used to smoke one cigarette after another, and to tell me of all the horrors of their journey. She spoke with tears in her eyes of the beautiful battle-ships which had to be sunk at the entrance of the harbor of Sebastopol, and could not understand how the Russians would manage to defend Sebastopol from the land; there was even no wall worth speaking of.

I was in my thirteenth year when Nicholas I. died. It was late in the afternoon, the 18th of February (2d of March), that the policemen distributed in all the houses of Moscow a bulletin announcing the illness of the Tsar, and inviting the inhabitants to pray in the churches for his recovery. At that time he was already dead, and the authorities knew it, as there was telegraphic communication between Moscow and St. Petersburg; but not a word having been previously uttered about his illness, the people were in this way gradually prepared for the announcement of his death. We all went to church and prayed most piously.

Next day, Saturday, the same thing was done, and even on Sunday morning bulletins about the Tsar's health were distributed. The news of the death of Nicholas reached us only about midday, through some servants who had been to the market. A real terror reigned in our house and in the houses of our relatives, as the information spread. It was said that the people in the market behaved in a strange way, showing no regret, but indulging in dangerous talk. Full-grown people spoke in whispers, and our stepmother kept repeating, "Don't talk before the men;" while the servants whispered among themselves, probably about the coming "freedom." The nobles expected at every moment a revolt of the serfs, — a new uprising of Pugachóff.

At St. Petersburg, in the meantime, men of the educated classes, as they communicated to one another the news, embraced in the streets. Every one felt that the end of the war and the end of the terrible conditions which prevailed under the "iron despot" were near at hand. Poisoning was talked about, the more so as the Tsar's body decomposed very rapidly, but the true reason only gradually leaked out: a too strong dose of an invigorating medicine that Nicholas had taken.

In the country, during the summer of 1855, the heroic struggle which was going on in Sebastopol for every yard of ground and every bit of its dismantled bastions was followed with a solemn interest. A messenger was sent regularly twice a week from our house to the district town to get the papers; and on his return, even before he had dismounted, the papers were taken from his hands and opened. Hélène or I read them aloud to the family, and the news was at once transmitted to the servants' room, and thence to the kitchen, the office, the priest's house, and the houses of the peasants. The reports which came of the last days of Sebastopol, of the awful bombardment, and finally of the evacuation of the town by our troops were received with tears. In every country house round about, the loss of Sebastopol was mourned over with as much grief as the loss of a near relative would have been, although every one understood that now the terrible war would soon come to an end.

X.

It was in August, 1857, when I was nearly fifteen, that my turn came to enter the corps of pages, and I was taken to St. Petersburg. When I left home I was still a child; but human character is usually settled in a definite way at an earlier age than is generally supposed, and it is evident to me that under my childish appearance I was then very

much what I was to be later on. My tastes, my inclinations, were already determined.

The first impulse to my intellectual development was given, as I have said, by my Russian teacher. It is an excellent habit in Russian families — a habit now, unhappily, on the decline — to have such a teacher in the house; that is, a student who aids the boys and the girls with their lessons, even when they are at a gymnasium. For a better assimilation of what they learn at school, and for a widening of their conceptions about what they learn, his aid is invaluable. Moreover, he introduces an intellectual element into the family, and becomes an elder brother to the young people, — often something better than an elder brother, because the student has a certain responsibility for the progress of his pupils; and as the methods of teaching change rapidly, from one generation to another, he can assist his pupils better than the best educated parents could.

Smirnóff had literary tastes. At that time, under the terrible censorship of Nicholas I., many quite inoffensive works by our best writers could not be published; others were so mutilated as to deprive some passages in them of any meaning. In the genial comedy by Griboyédoff, *Misfortune from Intelligence*, which ranks with the best comedies of Molière, Colonel Skalozyb had to be named “Mr. Skalozyb,” to the detriment of the sense and even of the verses; for the representation of a colonel in a comical light would have been considered an insult to the army. Of so innocent a book as Gógol’s *Dead Souls* the second part was not allowed to appear, nor the first part to be reprinted, although it had long been out of print. Numerous verses of Púshkin, Lérmontoff, A. K. Tolstói, Ryléeff, and other poets were not permitted to see the light; to say nothing of such verses as had any political meaning or contained a criticism of the prevailing conditions. All these circulated

in manuscript, and Smirnóff used to copy whole books of Gógol and Púshkin for himself and his friends to use, a task in which I occasionally helped him. As a true child of Moscow he was also imbued with the deepest veneration for those of our writers who lived in Moscow, — some of them in the Old Equeries’ Quarter. He pointed out to me with respect the house of the Countess Saliàs (Eugénie Tour), who was our near neighbor, while the house of the noted exile Alexander Hérzen always was associated with a certain mysterious feeling. The house where Gógol lived was for us an object of deep respect, and though I was not nine when he died (in 1851), and had read none of his works, I remember well the sadness his death produced at Moscow. Turguéneff well expressed that feeling in a note, for which Nicholas I. — no one could say why — ordered him to be put under arrest and sent into exile to his estate.

Púshkin’s great poem, *Evghéníy Onyéghin*, made but little impression upon me, and I still admire the marvelous simplicity and beauty of his style in that poem more than its contents. But Gógol’s works, which I read when I was eleven or twelve, had a powerful effect on my mind, and my first literary essays were in imitation of his humorous manner. An historical novel by Zagóskin, *Yuriy Miloslávskiy*, about the times of the great uprising of 1612, Púshkin’s *The Captain’s Daughter*, dealing with the Pugachóff uprising, and Dumas’ *Queen Marguerite* awakened in me a lasting interest in history. As to other French novels, I have only begun to read them since Daudet and Zola came to the front. Nekrásoff’s poetry was my favorite from early years; I knew many of his verses by heart.

Nikolái Pávlovich early began to make me write, and with his aid I wrote a long *History of a Sixpence*, for which we invented all sorts of characters, into whose possession the sixpence fell. My

brother Alexander had at that time a much more poetical turn of mind. He wrote most romantic stories, and early made verses. The latter, which he composed with wonderful facility, were most musical and easy; and if his mind had not subsequently been taken up by natural history and philosophical studies, he undoubtedly would have become a poet of mark. In those years his favorite resort for finding poetical inspiration was the gently sloping roof underneath our window. This aroused in me a constant desire of teasing him. "There is the poet sitting under the chimney-pot, trying to write his verses," I used to say; and the teasing ended in a fierce scrimmage, which brought our sister Hélène to a state of despair. But Alexander was so devoid of revengefulness that peace was soon concluded, and we loved each other immensely. Among boys, scrimmage and love seem to go hand in hand.

I had even then taken to journalism. In my twelfth year I began to edit a daily. Paper was not to be had at will in our house, and my daily was in 32° only. As the Crimean war had not yet broken out, and the only paper which my father used to receive was the *Gazette of the Moscow Police*, I had not a great choice of models. As a result my own *Gazette* consisted merely of short paragraphs announcing the news of the day: as, "Went out to the woods. N. P. Smirnóff shot two thrushes," and so on.

This soon ceased to satisfy me, and in 1855 I started a monthly review in 16°, which contained Alexander's verses, my novelettes, and some sort of "varieties." The material existence of this review was fully guaranteed, for it had plenty of subscribers; that is, the editor himself and Smirnóff, who regularly paid his subscription, of so many sheets of paper, even after he had left our house. In return, I accurately wrote out for my faithful subscriber a second copy.

When Smirnóff left us, and a student

of medicine, N. M. Pávloff, took his place, the latter helped me in my editorial duties. He obtained for the review a poem by one of his friends, and — still more important — the introductory lecture on physical geography by one of the Moscow professors. Of course this had not been printed before: a reproduction would never have found its way into the review.

Alexander, I need not say, took a lively interest in the paper, and its fame soon reached the corps of cadets. Some young writers on the way to fame undertook the publication of a rival. The matter was serious: in poems and novels we could hold our own; but they had a "critic," and a "critic" who writes, in connection with the characters of some new novel, all sorts of things about the conditions of life, and touches upon a thousand questions which could not be touched upon anywhere else, makes the soul of a Russian review. They had a critic, and we had none! He wrote an article for the first number; and his article, rather pretentious and weak, was shown to my brother. Alexander at once wrote an anti-criticism, ridiculing and demolishing the critic in such a violent manner that when he showed his article to his comrades, saying that it would appear in our next number, there was great consternation in the rival camp. The result was that they gave up publishing their paper, their best writers joined our staff, and we triumphantly announced the future "exclusive collaboration of so many distinguished writers."

In August, 1857, the review had to be suspended, after nearly two years' existence. New surroundings and a quite new life were before me. I went away from home with regret, the more so because the whole distance between Moscow and St. Petersburg would be between me and Alexander, and I already considered it a misfortune that I had to enter a military school.

P. Kropotkin.

BIRDS, FLOWERS, AND PEOPLE.

"I'd rather do anything than to pack," said a North Carolina mountain man. His tone bespoke a fullness of experience; as if a farm-bred Yankee were to say, "I'd rather do anything than to pick stones in cold weather." He had found me talking with a third man by the wayside on a sultry forenoon. The third man carried a bag of corn on his back, and was on his way from Horse Cove to Highlands (valleys are coves in that part of the South), up the long steep mountain side down which, with frequent stops for admiration of the world below, I had been lazily traveling. He was sick, he told me; and as his appearance corroborated his words, I had been trying to persuade him to leave his load where it was, trust its safety to Providence, and go home. Just then it happened that mountaineer number two came along and delivered himself as above quoted.

He was going to Highlands, also. He had been "putting in a week" trying to buy a cow to replace one that had mired herself and broken her neck. "I would rather have paid down twenty-five dollars in gold," he declared. (The air was full of political silver talk; but gold is the standard, after all, when men come to business.) He knew the invalid, it appeared; for presently he turned into a trail, a short cut through the woods, which till now had escaped my notice, and remarked, "Well, John, I guess I'll take the narrow way;" and off he went up the slope, while the other man and I continued our dialogue, — I still playing the part of Mr. Worldly Wiseman, and Christian still unconvinced, but not indisposed to parley.

He wished to know where I had come from; and when I told him, he said, "Massachusetts! Well, I reckon it's right hot down there now." He held

the common belief of the mountain people that the rest of the earth's surface is mostly uninhabitable in summertime. One morning, I remember, I said something to an idler on the village sidewalk about the cool night we had just passed. I meant my little speech as a kind of local compliment, but he took me up at once. It was "pretty hot," he thought, — about as hot a night as he ever knew. He did not see how folks *lived* down in Charleston; and I partly agreed with him. He had been "borned right here," and had never been farther away than to Seneca; and from his manner of expressing himself I inferred that he hoped never to find himself so far from home again. This was in the midst of a "heated term," when the mercury, at four o'clock in the afternoon, registered 74° on the hotel piazza.

However, it was many degrees warmer than that in Horse Cove (at a considerably lower level) on the day of which I am writing, and a sick man with a bag of corn on his back had good reason to rest halfway up the climb. He had killed "a pretty rattlesnake" a little way back, he told me. "Very dangerous they are," he added, with an evident kindly desire to put a stranger on his guard. As we separated, a man on horseback turned a corner in the road above us, and on looking round, a few minutes later, I was relieved to see that he had lent the pack-bearer his horse, and was pursuing his own way on foot. And now I thought, not of Bunyan's parable, but of an older and better one.

Though the primary interest of my trip to the North Carolina mountains was rather with the fauna and flora than with the population (as we call it, in our lofty human way of speaking, having no doubt that we are the people), I found, first and last, no small pleasure in the

men, women, and children, as I fell in with them out of doors here and there, in the course of my daily perambulations. Poverty-cursed as they looked (the universal "packing" by both sexes over those up-and-down roads, and the shiftless, comfortless appearance of the cabins, were proof enough of a pinched estate), they seemed to be laudably industrious, and, as the world goes, enjoyers of life. If they said little, it was perhaps rather my fault than theirs (the key must fit the lock), and certainly they treated me with nothing but kindness.

More than a fortnight after my interview with the invalid, just described, I was returning to the hotel from an early morning jaunt down the Walhalla road, when I met a man driving a pair of dwarfish steers hitched to a pair of wheels, on the axle-tree of which was fastened a rude, widely ventilated, home-made box, with an odd-shaped, home-made basket hung on one side of it,—the driver, literally, on the box. I greeted him, and he pulled up. "Well, I see you are still here," he said, after a good-morning. "You have seen me before?" I replied. He was sallow and thin,—the usual mountaineer's condition,—but wore the pleasantest of smiles. "Yes; I saw you down in the Cove with the sick man." He was the pilgrim who took the "narrow way," and was hunting for a cow, though I should not have remembered him. And now, peeping through one of the holes in the box, I saw that he had a calf inside. "A Jersey?" asked I. "Part Jersey," he answered. Mr. S—— (one of the villagers, whom by this time I counted as a friend, a white-haired, youngish veteran of the civil war, on the Union side, a neighbor I had "taken to" from the moment I saw him), Mr. S—— had given the calf to the man's father-in-law, and he, the son-in-law, had driven up to the village to fetch it home. He lived about six miles out, on a side road. I inquired about the two or three houses

in sight in the valley clearing below us. It was the "Webb settlement," he told me; "so we always call it." I remarked that all hands seemed to have plenty of children. "Yes, plenty of children," he responded, with a laugh; and away he drove.

It was only a few minutes before another man appeared, a foot passenger this time, walking at a smart pace, with an umbrella on his shoulder, and a new pair of boots slung across it. "You travel faster than I do," said I. "Yes, sir," he answered, smiling (all men like the name of being active), "I go pretty peart when I go." He, too, had six miles before him, and believed it would "begin to rain after a bit." It would have been an imposition upon good nature to detain him. There was a bend in the road just below, and in another minute I heard him spanking round it at a lively trot.

Five minutes more, and a second pedestrian hove in sight. He, likewise, was in haste. "You are all in a hurry to-day," I said to him. I was in pursuit of acquaintance, and in such places it is the part of wisdom, and of good manners as well, to make the most of chance opportunities. "Yes, sir," he made answer, slackening his pace; "I want to get my road done. I've got till Saturday, and I want to get it done;" and he put on steam again, and was gone. His countenance was familiar, but I could not tell where I had seen him,—one of the fathers of the Webb settlement, perhaps. The mountaineers, all thin, all light-complexioned, and all wearing the same drab homespun, look confusingly alike to a newcomer. Whoever the stranger was, he had evidently undertaken to build some part of the new road, and was returning from the village with supplies. In one hand he carried two heavy drills, and under the other arm a strip of pork, a piece of brown paper wrapped about the middle of it, and the long ends dangling. It

did my vacationer's heart good to see men so cheerfully industrious; but I thought it a reproach to the order of the world that so much hard work should yield so little of comfort. But then, who knows which was the more comfortable, — the idle, criticising tourist or the sweating laborer? For the time being, at all events, the laborer had the air of a person inwardly well off. A mountain man with a "contract" was not likely to be envious even of a boarder at "Mrs. Davis's," as the hotel is locally, and very properly, called.

As I went on, passing the height of land and beginning my descent homeward, I met two other foot passengers, — two women: one old and fat, — the only fat mountaineer of either sex seen in North Carolina, — with a red face and a staff; the other young, slightly built and pale, carrying an old-fashioned shotgun (the ramrod projecting) over her right shoulder. Both wore sunbonnets, and the younger had a braid of hair hanging down her back. With her slender figure, her colorless face, her serious look, and the long musket, she would have made a subject for a painter. This pair I could think of no excuse for accosting, much as I should have enjoyed hearing them talk.¹ Shortly after they had gone, I stopped to speak with a small boy who was climbing the hill, with a mewling kitten hugged tightly to his breast. He was taking it home to his cat, he said. She brought in mice and things, and wanted something to give them to. The little fellow was still young enough to understand the mother instinct.

That was a truly social walk. I had never before found one of those mountain roads half so populous. Once, indeed, I drove all day without seeing a passenger of any sort, until, near the end

of the afternoon and within a mile or two of the town, I met a solitary horseman.

The *new* road, of which I have spoken, and concerning which I heard so much said on all hands, was really not quite that, but rather a new laying out — with loops here and there to avoid the steeper pitches — of the road from Walhalla, over which I had driven on my entrance into the mountains. My friend Mr. S — had made the surveys for the work, and the whole town was looking forward eagerly to its completion. Toward sunset, on a Sunday afternoon, I had been out of the village in an opposite direction, and was sitting by the wayside in the Stewart woods, full of flowers and music, where I loved often to linger, when three men approached on foot. "How far have you come?" I inquired. "From Franklin," — about twenty miles distant, — they answered. They were going to work "on the new road up at Stooly" (Satulah Mountain), or so I understood the oldest of the trio, who acted throughout as spokesman. (In my part of the country it is only the professionally idle who walk twenty miles at a stretch.) "Well," said I, none too politely, being nothing but an outsider, "I hope you'll make it better than it was when I came up." He replied, quite good-humoredly, that they were making a good road of it this time. And so they were, comparatively speaking; for I went over the mountain one day on purpose to see it, after I knew who had laid it out, and had begun to feel a personal interest in its success. One of the men carried a hoe, and one a small tin clock. They had no other baggage, I think. When a man works on the road, he needs a hoe to work with, and a timepiece to tell him when to begin and when to leave off. So I thought to myself; but

¹ On a different road, and on a Sunday morning, I met a young colored woman, — an unusual sight, colored people being *personæ non græ* in the mountains. We bade each other good-morning, as Christians should. My

notebook, I see, records her as dressed in her best clothes, — a blue gown, I think, — with a handsome light-colored silk parasol in one hand, and a tin pail in the other.

I am bound to add that these workmen seemed to be going to their task as if it were a privilege. It eases labor to feel that one is doing a good job. That makes the difference, so we used to be told, by Carlyle or some one else, between an artist and an artisan; and I see no reason why such encouraging distinctions should not apply to road-menders as well as to menders of philosophy. There is no such thing as drudgery, even for a man with a hoe, so long as quality is the end in view.

Whatever else was to be said of the roads hereabout, — and the question is of paramount importance in such a country, where mails and supplies must be transported thirty miles (a two days' journey for loaded wagons), — they were almost ideally perfect from a walking naturalist's point of view; neither sandy nor muddy, the two evils of Southern roads in general, and conducting the traveler at once into wild and shady places. The village is closely built, and no matter in which direction I turned, the houses were quickly behind me, and I was as truly in the woods as if I had made a day's march from civilization. A straggling town, with miles of outlying farms and pasture lands, through the sunny stretches of which a man must make his way forenoon and afternoon, is a state of things at once so usual and so disheartening that the point may well be among the earliest to be considered in planning a Southern vacation.

In a new country an ornithologist thinks first of all of the birds peculiar to it, if any such there are; and I was no sooner off the hotel piazza for my first ante-breakfast stroll at Highlands than I was on the watch for Carolina snowbirds and mountain solitary vireos, two varieties ("subspecies" is the more modern word) originally described a few years ago, by Mr. Brewster,¹ from specimens

taken at this very place. I had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile over the road by which I had driven into the town, after dark, on the evening before, when I was conscious that a bird had flown out from under the overhanging bank just behind me. I turned hastily, and on the instant put my eye upon the nest. My ear, as it happened, had marked the spot precisely. "Here it is," I thought, and in a fraction of a minute more the anxious mother showed herself, — a snowbird. The nest looked somewhat larger than those I had seen in New Hampshire, but that may have been a fault of memory.² It contained young birds and a single egg. I was in great luck, I said to myself; but in truth, as a longer experience showed, the birds were so numerous all about me that it would have been no very difficult undertaking to find a nest or two almost any day.

Birds which had been isolated (separated from the parent stock) long enough to have taken on some constant physical peculiarity — without which they could not be entitled to a distinctive name, though it were only a third one — might be presumed to have acquired at the same time some slight but real idiosyncrasy of voice and language. But if this is true of the Carolina junco, I failed to satisfy myself of the fact. On the first day, indeed, I wrote with perfect confidence, "The song is clearly distinguishable from that of the northern bird, — less musical, more woodeny and chippery;" more like the chipping sparrow's, I meant to say. If I had come away then, with one bird's trill to go upon, that would have been my verdict, to be printed, when the time came, without misgiving. But further observation brought further light, or, if the reader will, further obscurity. Some individuals were better singers than others, — so much was to be expected; but

"larger and composed of coarser material" than that of *Junco hyemalis*.

¹ The Auk, vol. iii. pp. 108 and 111.

² My first impression was correct. Mr. Brewster, as I now notice, says of the nest that it is

taking them together, their music was that of ordinary snowbirds such as I had always listened to. For aught my ears told me, I might have been in Franconia. This is not to assert that the Alleghanian junco has not developed a voice in some measure its own; I believe it has; probability has more authority than personal experience with me in matters of this kind; but the change is as yet too inconsiderable for my senses to appreciate on a short acquaintance, with no opportunity for a direct comparison. In such cases, it is perhaps true that one needs to trust the first lively impression, — which has, undeniably, its own peculiar value, — or to wait the result of absolute familiarity. My stay of three weeks gave me neither one thing nor another; it was long enough to dissipate my first feeling of certainty, but not long enough to yield a revised and settled judgment.

The mountain vireo (*Vireo solitarius alticola*), like the Carolina snowbird, may properly be called a native of Highlands; and, like the snowbird, it proved to be common. My first sight of it was in the hotel yard, but I found it — single pairs — everywhere. A look at the feathers of the back through an opera-glass showed at once the principal distinction — apart from a superiority in size, not perceptible at a distance — on which its subspecific identity is based; but though to its original describer its song sounded very much finer than the northern bird's, I could not bring myself to the same conclusion. I should never have remarked in it anything out of the common. Once, to be sure, I heard notes which led me to say, "There! that voice is more like a yellow-throat's, — fuller and rounder than a typical solitary's;" but that might have happened anywhere, and at all other times, although I had the point continually in mind, I could only pronounce the song to be exactly what my ear was accustomed to, — sweet and everything that was beautiful, but a soli-

tary vireo's song, and nothing else. And this, to my thinking, is praise enough. There is no bird-song within my acquaintance that excels the solitary's in a certain intimate expressiveness, affectionateness, home-felt happiness, and purity. Not that it has all imaginable excellencies, — the unearthly, spiritual quality of the best of our woodland thrush music, for example; but such as it is, an utterance of love and love's felicity, it leaves nothing to ask for. What a contrast between it and the red-eye's comparatively meaningless and feelingless music! And yet, so far as mere form is concerned, the two songs may be considered as built upon the same model, if not variations of the same theme. There must be a world-wide difference between the two species, one would say, in the matter of character and temperament.

My arrival at Highlands seemed to have been coincident with that of an extraordinary throng of rose-breasted grosbeaks. For the first few days, especially, the whole countryside was alive with them, till I felt as if I had never seen grosbeaks before. Their warbling was incessant; so incessant, and at the same time so exceedingly smooth and sweet, — "mellifluous" is precisely the word, — that I welcomed it almost as a relief when the greater part of the chorus moved on. After such a surfeit of honeyed fluency, I was prepared better than ever to appreciate certain of our humbler musicians, — with a touch of roughness in the voice and something of brokenness in the tune; birds, for instance, like the black-throated green warbler, the yellow-throated vireo, and the scarlet tanager. But if I was glad the crowd had gone, I was glad also that a goodly sprinkling of the birds had remained; so that there was never a day when I did not see and hear them. The rose-breast is a lovely singer. In my criticism of him I am to be understood as meaning no more than this: that he, like every other artist, has the defects of his good qualities. Smooth-

ness is a virtue in music as in writing ; but it is not the only virtue, nor the one that wears longest.

After the grosbeaks, whose great abundance was but transitory, two of the most numerous birds were the Canadian flycatching warbler and the black-throated blue, — two Northerners, as I had always thought of them. Every mountain stream was overhung, mile after mile, by a tangle of rhododendron and laurel, and out of every such tangle came the hoarse, drawling *kree, kree, kree* of the black-throated blue, and the sharp, vivacious, half-wrennish song of the Canadian flycatcher. I had never seen either species in anything near such numbers ; and I may include the Blackburnian warbler in the same statement. Concerning the black-throated blue, it is to be said that within a year or two the Alleghanian bird has been discriminated by Dr. Coues as a local race, with a designation of its own, — *Dendroica cerulescens cairnsi*, — the points of distinction being its smaller size and the color of the middle back, black instead of blue. I cannot recollect that I perceived anything peculiar about its notes, nor, so far as appears, did Mr. Brewster do so ; yet it would not surprise me if such peculiarities were found to exist. The best of ears (and there can be very few to surpass Mr. Brewster's, I am sure) cannot take heed of everything, especially in a strange piece of country, with a voice out of every bush calling for attention.

A few birds, too familiar to have attracted any particular notice on their own account, became interesting because of the fact that they were not included among those found here by Mr. Brewster. One of these was the Maryland yellow-throat, of which Mr. Brewster saw no signs above a level of 2100 feet. (The elevation of Highlands, I may remind the reader, is 3800 feet.) At the time of my visit, the song, *witchery, witchery, witchery*, or *fidgety, fidgety, fidgety* (every listener will transliterate

the dactyls for himself), was to be heard daily from the hotel piazza, though so far away that, with Mr. Brewster's negative experience in mind, I deferred listening the name till, after two or three days, I found leisure to go down to the swamp out of which the notes, whatever they were, evidently proceeded. Then it transpired that at least five males were in song, in four different places. Later (May 25) I happened upon one in still another and more distant spot. Probably the species had come in since Mr. Brewster's day (eleven years before), with some change of local conditions, — the cutting down of a piece of forest, perhaps, and the formation of a bushy swamp in its place. A villager closely observant of such things, and well acquainted with the bird, assured me from his own recollection of the matter (and he remembered Mr. Brewster's visit well) that such was pretty certainly the case.

Another bird seen almost daily, though in limited numbers, was the red-winged blackbird, which Mr. Brewster noticed only in a few places in the lower valleys. It seemed well within the range of probability that the same changes which had brought in one lover of sedgy tussocks and button-bushes should have attracted also another. I made no search for nests, but the fact that the birds were seen constantly from May 7 to May 27 may be taken as reasonably conclusive evidence that they were on their breeding-grounds.

Two or more pairs of phœbes had settled in the neighborhood, and two or more pairs of parula warblers. The former were not found by Mr. Brewster above a level of 3000 feet, and the latter he missed at Highlands, although, as he says, the presence of trees hung with usnea lichens made their absence a surprise.

Hardly less rememberable than these differences of experience was one striking coincidence. On the 25th of May, when I had been at Highlands more than

a fortnight, I was sitting on the veranda waiting for the dinner-bell, and reading the praises of "free silver" in a Georgia newspaper, when I jumped to my feet at the whistle of a Baltimore oriole. I started at once in pursuit, and presently came up with the fellow, a resplendent old male, in a patch of shrubbery bordering the hotel grounds. I kept as near him as I could (in Massachusetts he would scarcely have drawn a second look), and even followed him across the street into a neighbor's yard. He was the only one I had seen (he was piping again the next morning, the last of my stay), and on referring to Mr. Brewster's paper I found that he too met with one bird here,¹ and in exactly the same spot. The keeper of the hotel remembered the circumstance, and the pleasure of Mr. Brewster over it. In my case, at any rate, the lateness and unexpectedness of the bird's appearance, together with what a certain scholarly friend of mine would have called his "uniquity," made him the bringer of a most agreeable noonday excitement. Where he had come from, and whether he had brought a mate with him, were questions I had no means of answering. He reminded me of my one Georgia oriole, on the field of Chickamauga.

The road to Horse Cove, of which I have already spoken, offered easy access to a lower and more summery level, the land at this point dropping almost perpendicularly for about a thousand feet. In half an hour the pedestrian was in a new climate, with something like a new fauna about him. Here were such birds as the Kentucky warbler, the hooded warbler, the cardinal grosbeak, and the Acadian flycatcher, none of them to be discovered on the plateau above. Here, also, — but this may have been nothing more than an accident, — were the only bluebirds (a single family) that I saw

anywhere until, on my journey out of the mountains, I descended into the beautiful Cullowhee Valley.

At Highlands the birds were a mixed lot, Southerners and Northerners delightfully jumbled: a few Carolina wrens (one was heard whistling from the summit of Whiteside!); a single Bewick wren, singing and dodging along a fence in the heart of the village; tufted titmice; Carolina chickadees; Louisiana water thrushes and turkey buzzards: and on the other side of the account, brown creepers, red-bellied nuthatches, black-throated blues, Canada warblers, Blackburnians, snowbirds, and olive-sided flycatchers.

An unexpected thing was the commonness of blue golden-winged warblers, chats, and brown thrashers (the chats less common than the other two) at an elevation of 3800 feet. Still more numerous, in song continually, even on the summit of Satulah, were the chestnut-sided warblers, although Mr. Brewster, in his tour through the region, "rarely saw more than one or two in any single day:" a third instance, as seemed likely, of a species that had taken advantage of new local conditions — an increase of shrubby clearings, in the present case — within the last ten years. Here, as everywhere, the presence of some birds and the absence of others were provocative of questions. Why should the Kentucky warbler sing from rhododendron thickets halfway up the slope at the head of Horse Cove, and never be tempted into other thickets, in all respects like them, just over the brow of the cliff, 500 feet higher? Why should the summer yellow-bird, which pushes its hardy spring flight beyond the Arctic circle, restrict itself here in the Carolinas to the low valley lands (I saw it at Walhalla and in the Cullowhee Valley), and never once choose a nesting-site in appropriate surroundings at a little higher level? Why should the chat and the blue golden-wing find life agreeable at Highlands,

¹ "At Highlands I saw a single male, — an unusually brilliant one, — which I was told was the only bird of the kind in the vicinity."

and their regular neighbors, the prairie warbler and the white-eyed vireo, so persistently refuse to follow them? And why, in the first half of May, was there so strange a dearth of migrants in these attractive mountain woods? — a few blackpoll warblers (last seen on the 18th), a single myrtle-bird (on the 7th), and a crowd of rose-breasted grosbeaks and Blackburnian warblers (on the 8th and 9th, especially) being almost the only ones to fall under my notice. After all, one of the best birds I saw, not forgetting the Wilson's phalarope, — my adventure with which has been detailed in an earlier paper, — was a song sparrow singing from a dense swampy thicket on the 25th of May. So far as I am aware, no bird of his kind has ever before been reported in summer from a point so far south. He looked natural, but not in the least commonplace, as, after a long wait on my part, — for the sake of absolute certainty, — he hopped out into sight. I was proud to have made one discovery!

In such a place, so limited in the range of its physical conditions, — a village surrounded by forest, — the birds, however numerous they might be, counted as individuals, were sure to be of comparatively few species. Omitting such as were certainly, or almost certainly, migrants or strays, — the blackpoll, the myrtle-bird, the barn swallow, the kingbird, the solitary sandpiper, and the phalarope, — and such as were found only at a lower level, in Horse Cove and elsewhere; omitting, too, all birds of prey, — few, and for the most part but imperfectly identified; restricting myself to birds fully made out and believed to be summering in the immediate neighborhood of Highlands; omitting the raven, of course, — I counted but fifty-nine species.

All things considered, I was not inconsolable at finding my ornithological activities in some measure abridged. I had the more time, though still much too

little, for other pursuits. It would have been good to spend the whole of it upon the plants, or in admiring the beauties of the country itself. As it was, I plucked a blossom here and there, stored up a few of the more striking of them in the memory, and enjoyed many an hour in gazing upon the new wild world, where, no matter how far I climbed, there was nothing to be seen on all sides but a sea of hills, wave rising beyond wave to the horizon's rim.

The horizon was never far off. I was twice on Satulah and twice on Whiteside, from which latter point, by all accounts, I should have had one of the most extensive and beautiful prospects to be obtained in North Carolina; but I had fallen upon one of those "spells of weather," common in mountainous places, which make a visitor feel as if nothing were so rare as a transparent atmosphere. For ordinary lowland purposes the days were no doubt favorable enough: a pleasing, wholesome alternation of rain and shine, wind and calm, with no lack of thunder and lightning, and once, at least, a lively hailstorm. "Weather like this I have never seen elsewhere. Such air!" So I wrote in my enthusiasm, thinking of physical comfort, — a man who wished to walk and sit still by turns, and be neither sunstruck nor chilled; but withal, there was never an hour of clear distance till the morning I came away, when mountain ascents were no longer to be thought of. The world was all in a cover of mist, and the outlying hills, one beyond another, with the haze settling into the valleys between them, were, as I say, like the billows of the sea. Nothing could have been more beautiful, perhaps; but a curtain is a curtain, and I longed to see it rise. A change of wind, a puff from the northwest, and creation would indeed have "widened in man's view." That was not to be, and all those lofty North Carolina peaks — of which, to a New Eng-

lander, there seem to be so many¹ — were seen by me only from railway trains and from the hotel veranda at Asheville, on my journey homeward. On Satulah and Whiteside I was forced to please myself with the glory of the foreground. What lay beyond the mist was matter for dreams.

But even as things were, I was not so badly used. There was more beauty in sight than I could begin to see, and, notwithstanding the comparative narrowness of the outlook, — partly because of it, — one of my most enjoyable forenoons was spent on the broad, open, slightly rounded summit of Satulah. Here and there ("more here than there," my pencil says) a solitary cabin was visible, or a bit of road, a ribbon of brown amidst the green of the forest, but no village, nor so much as a hamlet. The only other signs of human existence were a light smoke, barely distinguishable, rising from Horse Cove as I guessed, and, for a few minutes, a man whom my eye fell upon most unexpectedly, a motionless speck, though he was walking, far down the Walhalla road. I turned my glass that way, and behold, he had the usual bag of grain on his back.

The date was May 12. I had been in Highlands less than a week, and my thoughts still ran upon ravens, the birds which, more even than the southern snowbird and the mountain vireo, I had come hither to seek. They were said often to fly over, and this surely should be a place to see them. They could not escape me, if they passed within a mile. But though I kept an eye out, as we say, and an ear open, it was a vigil thrown away. Buzzards, swifts, and a bunch of twittering goldfinches were all the birds that "flew over." A chestnut-sided warbler sang so persistently from the mountain side just below that his sharp voice became almost a trouble. From

the same quarter rose the songs of an oven-bird, a rose-breasted grosbeak, and a scarlet tanager. On the summit itself were snowbirds and chewinks; and once, to my delight, a field sparrow gave out a measure or two. After all, go where you will, you will hear few voices that wear better than his, — clear, smooth, most agreeably modulated, and temperately sweet.

The only trees I remember at the very top of the mountain were a few dwarfed and distorted pines and white oaks, — enough to remind a Yankee that he was not in New Hampshire. On the other hand, here grew our Massachusetts huckleberry (*Gaylussacia resinosa*), which I had seen nowhere below, where a great abundance of the buckberry — so I think I heard it called (*G. ursina*), — taller bushes, more comfortable to pick from, with larger blossoms — seemed to have taken its place. I should have been glad to try the fruit, which was described as of excellent quality. On that point, with no thought of boasting, I could have spoken as an expert. With the huckleberry was chokeberry, another New England acquaintance, fair to look upon, but a hypocrite, — "by their fruits ye shall know them;" and underneath, among the stones, were common yellow five-fingers, bird-foot violets, and leaves of trailing arbutus, three-toothed potentilla (a true mountain-lover), checkerberry, and galax. With them, but deserving a sentence by themselves, were the exquisite vernal iris and the scarlet painted cup, otherwise known as the Indian's paint-brush and prairie fire, splendid for color, and in these parts, to my astonishment, a frequenter of the forest. I should have looked for it only in grassy meadows. Here and there grew close patches of the pretty, alpine-looking sand myrtle (*Leiophyllum buxifolium*), thickly covered with small white

eighty-two others more than 5000 feet high, and an "innumerable" multitude the altitude of which is between 4000 and 5000 feet.

¹ According to a publication of the State Board of Agriculture, North Carolina contains forty-three peaks more than 6000 feet high,

flowers, — a plant which I had seen for the first time the day before on the summit of Whiteside. Mountain heather I called it, finding no English name in Chapman's Flora. Stunted laurel bushes in small bud were scattered over the summit. A little later they would make the place a flower garden. A single rose-acacia tree had already done its best in that direction, with a full crop of gorgeous rose-purple clusters. The winds had twisted it and kept it down, but could not hinder its fruitfulness.

These things, and others like them, I noticed between times. For the most part, my eyes were upon the grand panorama, a wilderness of hazy, forest-covered mountains, as far as the eye could go; nameless to me, all of them, with the exception of the two most conspicuous, — Whiteside on the one hand, and Rabun Bald on the other. For my comfort a delicious light breeze was stirring, and the sky, as it should be when one climbs for distant prospects, was sprinkled with small cumulus clouds, which in turn dappled the hills with moving shadows. One thing brought home to me a truth which in our dullness we ordinarily forget: that the earth itself is but a shadow, a something that appeareth, changeth, and passeth away. The rocks at my feet were full of pot-holes, such as I had seen a day or two before, the water still swirling in them, at Cullasajah Falls. As universal time is reckoned, — if it is reckoned, — old Satulah and all that forest-covered world which I saw, or thought I saw, from it, were but of yesterday, a "divine improvisation," and would be gone to-morrow.

More beautiful than the round prospect from Satulah, though perhaps less stimulating to the imagination, was the view from the edge of the mountain wall at the head of Horse Cove. Here, under a chestnut tree, I spent the greater part of a half day, the valley with its road and its four or five houses straight at my feet. A dark precipice

of bare rock bounded it on the right, a green mountain on the left, and in the distance southward were ridges and peaks without number. A few of the nearer hills I knew the names of by this time: Fodderstack, Bearpen, Hogback, Chimneytop, Terrapin, Shortoff, Scaly, and Whiteside. Satulah was the only *fine* name in the lot; and that, for a guess, is aboriginal. The North American Indians had a genius for names, as the Greeks had for sculpture and poetry, and will be remembered for it.

I had come to the brow of the cliffs, at a place called Lover's Leap, in search of a particular kind of rhododendron. It bore a small flower, my informant had said, and grew hereabout only in this one spot. It proved to be *R. punctatum*, new to me, and now (May 23) in early blossom. Four days afterward, in the Cullowhee and Tuckaseegee valleys, I saw riverbanks and roadsides lined with it; very pretty, of course, being a rhododendron, but not to be compared in that respect with the purple rhododendron or mountain rose-bay (*R. Catawbiense*). That, also, was to be found here, but very sparingly, as far as I could discover. I felicitated myself on having seen it in its glory on the mountains of southeastern Tennessee. The common large rhododendron (*R. maximum*) stood in thickets along all the brooks. I must have walked and driven past a hundred miles of it, on the present trip, it seemed to me; but I have never been at the South late enough to see it in flower.

What I shall remember longest about the flora of Highlands — and there is no part of eastern North America that is botanically richer, I suppose — is the azaleas. When I drove up from Walhalla, on the 6th of May, the woods were bright, mile after mile, with the common pink species (*A. nudiflora*); and at Highlands, in some of the dooryards, I found in full bloom a much lovelier kind, — also pink, and also leafless, — *A. Vaseyi*, as it turned out: a rare and

lately discovered plant, of which the village people are justly proud. I could not visit its wild habitat without a guide, they told me. Within a week or so after my arrival the real glory of the spring was upon us: the woods were lighted up everywhere with the flame-colored azalea; and before it was gone, — while it was still at its height, indeed, — the familiar sweet-scented white azalea (*A. viscosa*), the “swamp pink” of my boyhood, came forward to keep it company and lend it contrast. By that time I had seen all the rhododendrons and azaleas mentioned in Chapman’s Flora, including *A. arborescens*, a tardy bloomer, which a botanical collector, with whom I was favored to spend a day on the road, pointed out to me in the bud.

The splendor of *A. calendulacea*, as displayed here, is never to be forgotten; nor is it to be in the least imagined by those who have seen a few stunted specimens of the plant in northern gardens. The color ranges from light straw-color to the brightest and deepest orange, and the bushes, thousands on thousands, no two of them alike, stand, not in rows or clusters, but broadly spaced, each by itself, throughout the hillside woods.

They were never out of sight, and I never could have enough of them. Wherever I went, I was always stopping short before one bush and another; admiring this one for the brilliancy or delicacy of its floral tints, and that one for its bold and pleasing habit. For as the plants do not grow in close ranks, so they do not put forth their flowers in a mass. They know a trick better than that. Thousands of shrubs, but every one in its own place, to be separately looked at; and on every shrub a few sprays of bloom, each well apart from all the others; one twig bearing nothing but leaves, another full of blossoms; a short branch here, a longer one there; and again, a smooth straight stem shooting far aloft, holding at the tip a bunch of leaves and

flowers; everything free, unstudied, and most irregularly graceful, as if the bushes had each an individuality as well as a tint of its own.

One walk on Satulah — not to the summit, but by a roundabout course through the woods to a bold cliff on the southern side (all the mountains, as a rule, are rounded on the north, and break off sharply on the south) — was literally a walk through an azalea show: first the flame-colored, bushes beyond count and variety beyond description; and then, a little higher, a plentiful display of the white *viscosa*, more familiar and less showy, but hardly less attractive.

Better even than this wild Satulah garden was a smaller one nearer home: a triangular hillside, broad at the base and pointed at the top, as if it were one face of a pyramid; covered loosely with grand old trees, — oaks, chestnuts, and maples; the ground densely matted with freshly grown ferns, largely the cinnamon osmunda, clusters of lively green and warm brown intermixed; and everywhere, under the trees and above the ferns, mountain laurel and flame-colored azalea, — the laurel blooms pale pink, almost white, and the azalea clusters yellow of every conceivable degree of depth and brightness. A zigzag fence bounded the wood below, and the land rose at a steep angle, so that the whole was held aloft, as it were, for the beholder’s convenience. It was a wonder of beauty, with nothing in the least to mar its perfection, — the fairest piece of earth my eye ever rested upon. The human owner of it, Mr. Selleck (why should I not please myself by naming him, a landowner who knew the worth of his possession!), had asked me to go and see it; and for his sake and its own, as well as for my own sake and the reader’s, I wish I could show it as it was. It rises before me at this moment, like the rhododendron cliffs on Walden’s Ridge, and will do so, I hope, to my dying day.

Bradford Torrey.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

XXXIII.

MATTINGLEY's dungeon was infested with rats and other vermin ; he had only straw for his bed, and his food and drink were bread and water. The walls were damp with moisture from the Fauxbie which ran beneath, and little more than a glimmer of light came through a small barred window. Superstition had surrounded the Vier Prison with horrors. As carts passed under the great archway, its depth multiplied the sounds so powerfully, the echoes were so fantastic, that folk believed them the roarings of fiendish spirits. If a mounted guard hurried through, the reverberations of the drumbeats and the clatter of hoofs were so uncouth that children stopped their ears and fled in terror. To the ignorant populace, the Vier Prison was the home of noisome serpents, and the rendezvous of the devil and his witches of Rocbert.

When, therefore, the seafaring merchant of the Vier Marchi, whose massive, brass-studded bahue had been as a gay bazaar where the gentry of Jersey refreshed their wardrobes with one eye closed, — when he was transferred to the Vier Prison, little wonder that he should become a dreadful being, round whom played the lightnings of dark fancy and sombre terror ! Elie Mattingley the popular sinner, with insolent gold rings in his ears, and unquestioned as to how he came by his merchandise, was one person ; Elie Mattingley prepared as a torch for the burning, and housed amid the terrors of the Vier Prison, was another.

Few persons in Jersey slept during the night before his execution. Here and there compassionate women or unimportant men lay awake through pity, and a few through a vague sense of loss, — for henceforth the Vier Marchi would

lack a familiar interest ; but mostly the people of Mattingley's world were kept awake through curiosity. Morbid expectation of the coming event had for them a touch of gruesome diversion ; it would relieve the monotony of existence, and provide hushed gossip for vraise-gatherings and veilles for a long time to come. Thus Elie Mattingley's death would not be in vain.

Many things had come at once. Mattingley was one sensation, but there was still another. Olivier Delagarde had been unmasked as a traitor, and the whole island had gone tracking him down. No aged toothless tiger was ever sported through the jungle by an army of shikaris with hungrier malice than was the broken, helpless, and evil Olivier Delagarde by the people he had betrayed. Ensued, therefore, a commingling of devout patriotism and lust of man-hunting with a comely content in the expected sacrifice of the morrow.

Nothing of his neighbors' excitement disturbed Mattingley. He did not sleep, but that was because he was still watching and waiting for a means of escape. He felt his chances diminish, however, when, about midnight, an extra guard was put round the prison, — not so much to prevent escape as further to confirm the dignity of the Royal Court. Something had gone amiss in the matter of his rescue.

Three things had been planned. First, Mattingley was to try escape by the small window of the dungeon.

Secondly, Carterette was to bring Sebastian Alixandre to the Vier Prison disguised as a sorrowing aunt of the condemned man, known to live in Guernsey. Alixandre was suddenly to overpower the jailer ; Mattingley was to make a rush for freedom, and a few bold spirits without would second his efforts and

smuggle him to the sea. The directing mind and hand in the business were Ranulph Delagarde's. He was to have his boat waiting in the harbor of St. Helier's to respond to a signal from the shore, to pilot them clear of the harbor and make sail for France, where he and his father were to be landed. There he would give Mattingley, Alixandre, and Carterette his own boat, to fare across the seas to the great fishing-ground of Gaspé in Canada.

Lastly, if these projects failed, the executioner was to be drugged with liquor, his besetting weakness, on the eve of the hanging.

The first of these plans had been found impossible, the window being too small for even Mattingley's head to get through. The second failed because the Royal Court had forbidden Carterette further admittance to the prison, intent that she should no longer be contaminated by so vile a wretch. This Christian solicitude had looked down from the windows of the Cohue Royale upon this same criminal in the Vier Marchi, with a blind eye for himself the sinner, and an open one for his merchandise; but now, restored to full sight by that oculist called accident, it had straightway righteously done what so long it had amiably left undone.

As the night wore on, Mattingley could hear the hollow sound of the sentinels' steps under the archway of the Vier Prison. He was stoical. If he had to die, then he had to die. Death could only be a little minute of agony; and for what came after — well, he had not thought fearfully of that, and he had no wish to think of it at all. The clergyman who had visited him had talked, and he had not listened; he had his own ideas about life and death and the beyond, and they were not ungenerous. He had seemed to his visitor patient, but impossible; kindly, but unresponsive; sometimes even curious, but without remorse.

"You should repent with sorrow and

a contrite heart," the clergyman had said. "You have done many evil things in your life, Mattingley."

Mattingley had replied, "Ah bah, I can't remember them! I know I never done them, for I never done anything but good all my life, — so much for so much."

He had argued it out with himself, and he believed he was a good man. He had been open-handed, fair in a bargain, had stood by his friends, and, up to a few days ago, had been outwardly counted a good citizen, for many had come to profit through him. His trades — a little smuggling, a little piracy. Was not the former hallowed by distinguished patronage, and had it not existed from time immemorial? The latter was fair fight for gain, — an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. If he had not robbed others on the high seas, they would probably have robbed him, — and sometimes they did. His spirit was that of the Elizabethan buccaneers who defeated the invincible Armada; he belonged to a century not his own. As for the crime for which he was to suffer death, it had been the work of a confederate; and very bad work it was, — to try to steal Jean Touzel's *Hardi Biao*, and then bungle it! He had had nothing to do with it, for he and Jean Touzel were the best of friends, as was proved by the fact that while he lay in his dungeon awaiting death, Jean wandered the shore distracted and sorrowing for Mattingley's fate.

Thinking now of the whole business and of his past life, Mattingley suddenly had a pang. Yes, remorse smote him at last. There was one thing on his conscience, — only one. He had a profound reverence for the feelings of others, and where the Church was concerned this was mingled with a droll sort of pity, as of the greater for the lesser, the wise for the helpless. For clergymen he had a half-affectionate contempt. He remembered now that his confederate, who had

turned out so badly — he had trusted him, too! — when, four years ago, he wickedly robbed the Church of St. Michael's, and carried off the great chest with Communion plate, offertories, and rent, had piously left behind in Mattingley's house the vestry books and register, — a nice definition in rogues' etiquette and ethics. It smote Mattingley's soul now, that these stolen books had not been returned to St. Michael's. His sense of reverence was shocked. Next morning he must send word to Carterette to restore these records. Then his conscience would be clear once more. With this intention quieting his mind, he turned over on his straw and went peacefully to sleep.

Hours afterward he waked with a yawn. There was no start, no terror, but the appearance of the jailer with the devoted clergyman roused in him a sense of disgust for the approaching function at the *Mont ès Pendus*, — disgust was his chief feeling. This was no way for a man to die! With a choice of evils, he would have preferred walking the plank, or even dying quietly in his bed, to being stifled by a rope. To dangle from a crosstree like a half-filled bag offended every instinct of picturesqueness; and always and above all he had been picturesque.

He asked at once for pencil and paper. His wishes were instantly obeyed, and with deference. On the whole, he realized, by the attentions paid him, — the brandy offered by the jailer, the fluttering grave tenderness of the clergyman, — that in the life of a criminal there is one moment when he commands the situation. He refused the brandy, for he was strongly against spirituous liquors in the early morning; but he ordered coffee, for he was thirsty. Eating seemed superfluous; besides, he thought a man might die more gayly on an empty stomach. He assured the clergyman that he had come to terms with his conscience, and was now about

to perform the last act of a well-intentioned life.

There and then he wrote to Carterette, telling her about the vestry books of St. Michael's, and making his last request that she should restore them. There were no affecting messages between him and the girl, — they understood each other. He knew that when it was possible she would never fail to come to the mark where he was concerned, and she had equal faith in him. So the letter was sealed, addressed with flourishes, — he was proud of his handwriting, — and handed to the clergyman for Carterette.

He had scarcely finished his coffee when there was a roll of drums outside. Mattingley knew that his hour was come, and yet, to his surprise, he had no extraordinary sensations. He had a shock presently, however; for on the jailer's announcing the executioner, who should be standing there before him but the undertaker's apprentice! In politeness to the clergyman Mattingley forbore profanity, — a gracious self-denial. This was the one Jerseyman for whom he had a profound hatred, — this youth with the slow, cold, watery blue eye, a face that never wrinkled with either mirth or misery, the teeth set square in the jaw always showing a little, making an involuntary grimace of cruelty. Here was insult.

"Help of Heaven, so you're going to do it — you!" broke out Mattingley.

"The other man is drunk," said the undertaker's apprentice; "he's been full as a jug three days. He got drunk too soon." The grimace seemed to widen.

"Oh my good!" said Mattingley, and he would say no more. To him words were like nails, — of no use unless they were to be driven home by acts.

To Mattingley the procession to the *Mont ès Pendus* was stupidly slow. As it issued from the archway of the Vier Prison between mounted guards, and passed through the lane made by the

moving mass of spectators, he looked round coolly. One or two bold spirits cried out, "Head up to the wind, Maitre Elie!"

"Oui-gia," he replied; "devil a top-sail in!" and turned with a look of contempt on those who hooted him. He realized now that there was no chance of rescue. The island militia and the town guard were in ominous force; and although his respect for the militia was not devout, a bullet from the musket of a fool was as effective as one from Bonapend's, — as Napoleon Bonaparte was disdainfully called in Jersey. Yet he could not but wonder why all the plans of Alixandre, Carterette, and Ranulph had gone for nothing, — even the hangman had been got drunk too soon! He had a high opinion of Ranulph, and that he should fail him was a blow to his judgment of humanity.

He was thoroughly disgusted. Also they had compelled him to put on a white shirt, — he who had never worn linen in his life. He was ill at ease in it. It made him conspicuous; it looked as though he were aping the gentleman at the last. He tried to resign himself; but resignation was not to be learned so late in life. Somehow, he could not feel that this was really the day of his death. Yet how could it be otherwise? There was the vicomte in his red robe. There was the sinister undertaker's apprentice, proud of his importance, ready to do his hangman's duty with no twinge of sentiment. There, as they crossed the muelles, while the sea droned its sing-song on his left, was the parson droning his sing-song on the right, — "In the midst of life we are in death," etc. There were the red-coated militia, the unkempt mounted guard, the grumbling drums, and the crowd morbidly enjoying their Roman holiday. And there, looming up before him, were the four stone pillars on the Mont à Pendus from which he was to swing. His disgust deepened. He was not dying like a

seafarer who had fairly earned his reputation.

His feelings found vent even as he came to the foot of the platform where he was to make his last stand, and the guards formed a square about the great pillars, glooming like Druidic altars awaiting their victim. He burst forth in one phrase expressive of his feelings.

"Sacré matin, so damned paltry!" he said, in equal tribute to two races.

The undertaker's apprentice, mistaking his meaning, and thinking it a reflection upon his arrangements, returned, with a wave of the hand to the rope, "Ch'est très ship-shape, maitre!" But he was wrong. He had made everything ship-shape, as he thought; but two obscure, dishonored folk, one a wise man and the other a fool, had set a gin for him. The rope to be used at the hanging had been prepared, examined by the vicomte, approved, and the undertaker's apprentice had carried it to his room at the top of the Cohue Royale. In the dead of night, however, Dormy Jamais drew it from under the mattress, and substituted one which was too long. This had been Ranulph's idea as a last resort; for he had a grim satisfaction in trying to foil the law even at the twelfth hour!

The great moment had come. The shouts and hootings ceased. Out of the silence there rose only the champing of a horse's bit or the hysterical giggle of a woman. The high, painful drone of the parson's voice was heard.

Then came the fatal "*Maintenant!*" from the vicomte. The platform fell, and Elie Mattingley dropped the length of the rope.

What was the consternation of the vicomte and the hangman, and the horror of the crowd, to see that Mattingley's toes just touched the ground! The body shook and twisted. The man was being slowly strangled, not hanged.

The undertaker's apprentice was the only person who kept a cool head. The

solution of the problem of the rope for afterward; but he had been sent there to hang a man, and a man he would hang somehow. Without more ado, he jumped upon Mattingley's shoulders and began to drag him down.

The next instant some one burst through the mounted guard and the militia: it was Ranulph Delagarde. Rushing to the vicomte, he exclaimed, "Shame! The man was to be hung, not strangled! This is murder! Stop it, or I'll cut the rope!" He looked round on the crowd. "Cowards! cowards!" he cried, "will you see him murdered?"

He started forward to drag away the executioner, but the vicomte, thoroughly terrified at Ranulph's onset, seized the undertaker's apprentice, who drew off with unruffled malice, and with steely eyes watched what followed.

Mattingley's feet were now firmly on the ground. While the excited crowd tried to break through the cordon of militia and mounted guards, Mattingley, by a twist and a jerk, freed his corded hands. Loosing the rope at his neck, he opened his eyes and looked around him, dazed and dumb.

The apprentice came forward. "I'll shorten the rope — *oui-gia!* Then you shall see him swing!" he grumbled viciously to the vicomte.

The gaunt vicomte was trembling with excitement. This was an unexpected situation. He looked helplessly around.

The apprentice caught hold of the rope to tie knots in it and so shorten it; but Ranulph again appealed to the vicomte, although in his voice there was more command than appeal.

"You've hung the man," he said; "you've strangled him, and you've not killed him. You've got no right to put that rope round his neck again!"

Two jurats who had waited on the outskirts of the crowd, furtively watching the carrying out of their sentence, burst in, as excited and nervous as the vicomte.

"Hang the man again, and the whole

world will laugh at you," Ranulph said. "If you're not worse than fools or Turks, you'll let him go. He has suffered death already. Take him back to the prison, if you're afraid to free him!" He turned round to the crowd fiercely. "Have you nothing to say to this butchery?" he cried. "For the love of God, have n't you anything to say?"

Half the crowd shouted, "Let him go free!" and the other half, disappointed in the working out of the gruesome melodrama, groaned and hooted.

Meanwhile, Mattingley stood as still as ever he had stood by his *bahue* in the *Vier Marchi*, watching — waiting.

The vicomte conferred with the jurats nervously for a moment, and then turned to the guard and said, "Escort the prisoner to the Vier Prison."

Mattingley had been slowly solving the problem of his salvation. His eye, like a gimlet, had screwed its way through Ranulph's words into what lay behind, and at last he understood the whole beautiful scheme. It pleased him. Carterette had been worthy of herself and of him. Ranulph had played his game well, too. Sebastian Alixandre, whom now he saw peering over the shoulders of a militiaman, — he was entirely proud of him, also. He failed only to do justice to one, — even to the poor *béganne*, Dormy Jamais. But then the virtue of fools is its own reward.

As the procession started back, with the undertaker's apprentice following Mattingley, not going before, Mattingley turned to him, and with a smile of malice said, "*Ch'est très ship-shape, maître — eh?*" and he jerked his head back toward the inadequate rope.

He was not greatly troubled about the rest of this grisly farce. He was now ready for breakfast, and his appetite grew as he heard how the crowd hooted and snarled *yah!* at the apprentice. He was quite easy about the future. What had been so well done thus far could not fail in the end.

XXXIV.

Events proved Mattingley right. It is more than probable that the fury of the Royal Court, when they heard he had broken prison, was not quite sincere; for it was notable that the night of his escape, suave and uncrestfallen, they dined in the Rue des Très Pigeons, in the sanctuary provided for them by mine host Maitre Lys. The flight of Mattingley gave them a happy issue from their quandary.

No one in Jersey knew how it was that Mattingley broke jail, nor who connived at it, but the vicomte officially explained that he had escaped by the dungeon window. People came to see the window, and there, "*bà sù*," the bars were gone! But that did not prove the case, and the mystery was deepened by the fact that Jean Touzel, whose head was too small for Elie Mattingley's hat, could not get that same head through the dungeon window. Having proved so much, Jean left the mystery there, and returned to the Hardi Biaou.

This happened on the morning after the dark night when Mattingley, Carterette, and Alixandre hurried from the Vier Prison through the Rue des Sablons to the sea, and there boarded Ranulph's boat, wherein was Olivier Delagarde, the traitor.

Accompanying Carterette to the shore was a little figure that moved along beside them like a shadow, — a little gray figure that carried a gold-headed cane given to him by the late monarch of France. At the shore this same little gray figure bade Mattingley good-by with a quavering voice. Whereupon Carterette, her face all wet with tears, kissed him upon both cheeks, and sobbed so that she could scarcely speak. For now when it was all over — all the horrible ordeal over — the woman in her broke down before the little old gentleman who had been so kind to her, who

had been like a benediction in the house where the ten commandments were imperfectly upheld. But she choked down her sobs, and, thinking of another woman more than of herself, said: —

"Dear chevalier, do not forget that book I gave you to-night. Read it — read the last writing in it, and then you will know — ah *bidemme!* — but you will know that her we love — ah, but you must read it, and tell nobody till — till you see her. She has n't held her tongue for naught, and it's only fair to do as she's done all along. *Pardingue*, but my heart hurts me!" she added, and she caught the hand that held the gold-headed cane and kissed it with impulsive ardor. "You have been so good to me — *oui-gia!*" she said; and then she dropped the hand, and fled to the boat rocking in the surf.

The little chevalier watched the boat glide out into the gloom of night, and waited till he knew that they must all be aboard Ranulph's schooner and making for the sea. Then he went slowly back to the empty house in the Rue d'Egypte.

Opening the book that Carterette had placed in his hands before they left the house, he turned up and scanned closely the last written page. A moment after he started violently; his eyes dilated, first with wonder, then with a bewildered joy; and then, Protestant though he was, with the instinct of his long-gone forefathers, he made the sacred sign, and said, "Now I have not lived and loved in vain, thanks be to God!"

Even as joy opened the eyes of this wan old man who had been sorely smitten through the "friends of his heart, out at sea night and death were closing the eyes of another wan old man who had been a traitor to his country.

For indeed the boat of the fugitives had scarcely cleared reefs and rocks, and reached the open Channel, when Olivier

Delagarde, uttering the same cry as when Ranulph and the soldiers had found him wounded in the Grouville Road, fifteen years before, suddenly started up from where he had lain mumbling, and whispering hoarsely, "Ranulph — they've killed — me!" fell back dead.

True to the instinct which had kept him faithful to one idea for fifteen years, and in spite of the protests of Mattingley and Carterette, — of the despairing Carterette, who felt the last thread of her hopes snap with his going, — Ranulph at once made ready to leave them, and bade them good-by. Placing his father's body in the rowboat, he drew back to the shore of St. Aubin's Bay with his pale freight, and carried it on his shoulders up to the little house where he had lived for years.

There he kept the death-watch alone.

XXXV.

Guida knew nothing of the arrest and trial of Mattingley until he had been condemned to death. Nor until then had she known anything of what had happened to Olivier Delagarde; for the day after her interview with Ranulph she had gone a-marketing to the island of Sark, with the results of a quarter of a year's knitting. Several times a year she made this journey, landing at the Eperqu rie Rocks, as she had done one day long ago, and selling her beautiful wool caps and jackets to the farmers and fisherfolk, getting in kind for what she sold.

This time she had remained at Sark beyond her intention, for ugly gales from the southeast came on, and then a slight accident happened to her child, the little Guilbert. Thus a month and over passed, and by the time she was ready to return to Plemont Mattingley had been condemned.

When Guida made these excursions to Sark, Dormy Jamais always remained

at the little house, milking her cow, feeding her fowls, and keeping all in order, — as perfect a sentinel as Biribi, and as faithful. For the first time in his life, however, Dormy Jamais had been unfaithful. Not long after Carcaud, the baker, and Mattingley were arrested, he deserted the hut at Plemont to exploit the adventure which was at last to save Olivier Delagarde and Mattingley from death. But he had been unfaithful only in the letter of his bond. He had gone to the house of Jean Touzel, through whose Hardi Biaou the disaster had come, and had told Maitresse Aimable that she must go to Plemont in his stead; for a fool must keep his faith, whatever the worldly-wise may do. So the poor simpleton and the fat femme de ballast, puffing with every step, trudged across the island to Plemont. There the fool installed the cumbrous figure in her place as keeper of the house, and, tireless, sleepless, trudged back again in the dark night to his fugitives from justice.

The next day Maitresse Aimable's quiet had been invaded by two signalmen, who kept watch, not far from Guida's home, for all sail, friend or foe, bearing in sight. They were now awaiting the new admiral of the Jersey station and his fleet, and they brought Maitresse Aimable strange news. With churlish insolence, they had entered the hut before she could prevent it. Looking round, they laughed meaningly, and then told her that the commander presently coming to lie with his fleet in Grouville Bay was none other than the sometime Jersey midshipman, now Admiral Prince Philip d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy. Maitresse Aimable then understood the meaning of their laughter, and the insult they implied concerning Guida; and again her voice came ravaging out of the silence where it lay hid so often and so long, and the signalmen went their way.

Maitresse Aimable could not make head or tail of her thoughts; they were

a mixture altogether. She could not see an inch before her nose; all she could feel was an aching heart for Guida. She had heard strange tales of how Philip had become Prince Philip d'Avranche; how the old duke had died on the very day that Philip had married the Comtesse Chantavoine; how the imbecile Prince Leopold John had succeeded; how he had died suddenly; how Prince Philip had become the Duc de Bercy; and how he had fought his ship against a French vessel off Ushant, and, though she had heavier armament than his own, had destroyed her. For this he had been made an admiral. Only the other day her Jean had brought the Gazette de Jersey, in which all these things were related, and had spelled them out for her. And now this same Philip d'Avranche, with his new name and fame, was on his way to defend the Isle of Jersey.

Maitresse Aimable's muddled mind could not get hold of this new Philip. For years she had thought him a monster, and here he was, a great and valiant gentleman to the world. He had done a thing that Jean would rather have cut off his hand — both hands — than do, and yet here he was, an admiral, a prince, and a sovereign duke, and men like Jean were as dust beneath his feet! The real Philip she had known, and he was the man who had spoiled the life of a woman; this other Philip, — she could read about him, she could think about him, just as she could think about William and his Horse in Boulay Bay, or the Little Bad Folk of Roebert, but she could not realize him as a thing of flesh and blood and actual being. The more she tried to realize him, the more mixed she became.

As in her mental maze she sat panting her way to enlightenment, she saw Guida's boat entering the little harbor. Now the truth must be told; but how?

After her first exclamation of welcome to mother and child, she struggled

painfully for her voice. She tried to find words in which to tell Guida the truth, but stopping in despair, she began rocking the child back and forth, saying only, "Prince Admiral he — and now! Oh my good, oh my good!"

At this point of hesitation Guida's sharp intuition found the truth.

"Philip d'Avranche!" she said to herself. Then aloud, in a shaking voice, "Philip d'Avranche!"

Her heart suddenly leaped within her, not with emotion at thought of him or of anything that he had been to her, but because she felt a crisis near. She could not think clearly for a moment. It was as if her brain had received a blow, and all her head had a numb, singing sensation which obscured eyesight, hearing, speech.

When she had recovered a little, she took the child from Maitresse Aimable, and, pressing him to her bosom, placed him in the Sieur de Mauprat's great armchair. Never before had the little Gilbert sat there. The outward action, ordinary as it was, seemed significant of what was in her mind. The child himself realized something unusual, and he sat perfectly still, his small hands spread out on the big arms.

"You always believed in me, 'Tresse Aimable," Guida said at last, in a low voice.

"Oui-gia, what else?" was the quick reply. The instant responsiveness of her own voice appeared to confound the femme de ballast, and her face suffused.

Guida stooped quickly and kissed her on the cheek.

"You'll never regret that. And you will have to go on believing still; but you'll not be sorry at the end, 'Tresse Aimable," she said, and turned away to the fireplace.

An hour afterward Maitresse Aimable was upon her way to St. Helier's, but now she carried her weight more easily and panted less. No doubt this was because it was all downhill, added to the

remembrance that Guida had kissed her. Moreover, twice within a month Jean had given her ear a friendly pinch; surely she had reason to carry her weight more lightly.

That afternoon and evening Guida struggled with herself. At first all her thoughts were in conflict; the woman in her shrinking from the ordeal that soon must come, almost preferring the peace of this isolation from her own world, in the knowledge of her own uprightness. But the mother in her pleaded, asserted, commanded, ruled confused ideas and emotions to quiet and definite purpose. Finality of purpose once achieved, a kind of peace came over her sick spirit; for with finality there is quiescence, if not peace.

When she looked at the little Guilbert, refined and strong, curiously observant and sensitive in temperament, so like herself, her courage suddenly leaped to a higher point than it had ever known. This innocent had suffered enough. What belonged to him he had not had. He had been wronged in much by his father, and maybe (and this was the cruel part of it) had been unwittingly wronged — alas, how unwittingly! — by her. If she gave her own life many times, it still could be no more than was the child's due.

Gazing at him now, seated in the great armchair, his look carrying the consciousness of some new dignity to which he must conform, her heart swelled with pride of him. How well they understood each other, and how wise was the child! He seemed always to feel what was going on in his mother's mind. It was almost uncanny, his interpretation of her thoughts. Often she had glanced up from her work to find his eyes fixed upon her, just as her own mother's gaze had been wont to rest upon her, though the looks had been so different; this later tie was so close, so vital, so intimate.

An impulse seized her now, and, with

a quick explosion of feeling, she dropped on her knees in front of the armchair. Looking into his eyes, as though hungering for the word she so often yearned to hear, she said, "You love your mother, Guilbert? You love her, little son?"

With a pretty smile and eyes brimming with affectionate fun, but without a word, the child put out a tiny hand and drew the fingers softly down his mother's face.

"Speak, little son: tell your mother that you love her."

The little hand pressed itself over her eyes, and a gay laugh came from the sensitive lips; then both arms ran round her neck. The child drew her head to him impulsively, and kissing her, a little upon the hair and a little upon the forehead, so indefinite was the embrace, he said, "Si, maman, I loves you best of all!" Then, preoccupied with his new dignity, he sat back, put his hands upon the chair-arms as before, and, as she looked at him entranced, added, "Maman, can't I have the sword now?"

By what strange primitive instinct did he interpret meanings, and by his infant logic come into line with her own thoughts and purposes?

"You shall have the sword some day," she answered, her eyes flashing.

"But, maman, can't I touch it now?"

Without a word, she took down the sheathed gold-handled sword and laid it across the chair-arms in front of the child.

"I can't take the sword out, can I, maman?" he asked.

She could not help smiling. "Not yet, my son, not yet."

"I has to be growed up, so the blade does n't hurt me, has n't I, maman?"

She nodded, and smiled again. Presently she said to him, "Guilbert, if I let you have the sword, will you stay here alone with Biribi till I come back?"

He nodded his head sagely. "Ma-

man!" he called, as she was about to go. She turned to him; the little figure was erect with a sweet importance. "Maman, what am I now?" he asked, with wide-open, amazed eyes.

A strange look passed across her face. She went over to him, and, stooping, kissed his curly hair.

"You are my prince."

He did not reply to that, but his eyes blinked as though he were trying to work it out in his own mind.

A little later Guida was standing on that point of land called Grosnez, — the brow of the Jersey tiger. Not far from her was the signal-staff which telegraphed to another signal-staff inland. Upon the staff now was hoisted a red flag. She knew the signals well; the red flag meant men-of-war in sight. Then bags were hoisted that told the number of vessels: one, two, three, four, five, six; then one next the upright, meaning seven. Last of all came the signal for a flagship among them.

This was a fleet in command of an admiral. There, far out, between Guernsey and Jersey, was the squadron itself. She watched it for a little while, her heart hardening; then, turning, she went back to the hut, for she saw that the men by the signal-staff were watching her. But presently she came out again with the child, and, in a spot where she was shielded from any eyes on the land or on ships at sea, she watched the fleet draw nearer and nearer.

The vessels passed almost within a stone's throw of her. She could see the flag, the St. George's cross, flying at the main of the largest ship. That was the admiral's flag; that was the flag of Admiral Prince Philip d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy!

She felt her heart stand still, and with a tremor, as of fear, she gathered the child close to her.

"What is all those ships, maman?" asked the boy.

"They are the ships to defend the island of Jersey," she replied, watching the Imperturbable and its flotilla range on.

"Will they offend us, maman?"

"Perhaps, — in the end," she said; but still the answer was not wholly intended for the child.

XXXVI.

Off Grouville Bay, between the Castle of Mont Orgueil and the beautiful, malignant Banc des Violets, lay the squadron of the Jersey station. The St. George's cross was flying at the main of the Imperturbable, and on every ship of the fleet the white ensign flapped in the morning wind. The wooden-walled three-decked Imperturbable, with her one 68-pounder, seventy-four 32-pounders, and six hundred men, was not less picturesque, and was much more important, than the Castle of Mont Orgueil, standing over two hundred feet above the level of the sea, and flying the flag of a vice-admiral. It had become the home of Admiral Prince Philip d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, and the Comtesse Chantavoine, now known to the world as the Duchesse de Bercy.

The Comtesse Chantavoine had arrived in the island almost simultaneously with Philip, although he had urged her to remain at the Château of Bercy. But the duchy of Bercy was in hard case. When the imbecile Duke Leopold John died, and Philip succeeded, the neutrality of Bercy was proclaimed; but this neutrality had since been violated, and the duchy was in danger at once from the incursions of the Austrians and the ravages of the Republican troops. In Philip's absence, the valiant governor-general of the duchy, aided by the influence and courage of the Comtesse Chantavoine, had thus far saved it from dismemberment, in spite of attempted betrayals by the intendant, Comte Ca-

rignan Damour, who remained Philip's implacable enemy. But when the Marquis Grandjon-Larisse, the uncle of the comtesse, died, her cousin, General Grandjon-Larisse, — whose word with Dalbarade had secured Philip's release, years before, — for her own protection, first urged, and then commanded her temporary absence from the duchy. So far he had been able to protect it from the fury of the Republican government and the secret treachery of the Jacobins; but a time of real peril was now at hand. Under these anxieties and the lack of other inspiration than duty, her health had failed, and at last she obeyed her cousin, joining Philip at the Castle of Mont Orgueil.

More than a year had passed since she had seen him, but there was no emotion, no ardor, in their present greeting. From the first there was nothing to link them together. She had married hoping that she might love thereafter; he had married in choler and bitterness, and in the stress of a desperate ambition. He had avoided the marriage so long as he might, in the hope of preventing it until the duke should die; but, with the irony of fate, the expected death had come an hour after the marriage. Then, within eighteen months, came the death of the imbecile Leopold John, and Philip found himself the Duke of Bercy; and not a month later, by reason of a splendid victory for the Imperturbable, an English admiral.

In this battle he had fought for victory for his ship, and a fall for himself. Death, with the burial of private dishonor under the roses of public triumph, — that had been his desire, all other ambitions being now achieved. But he had found that Death is willful, and chooseth his own time; that he may be lured, but will not come with shouting. So he had stoically accepted his fate, and could even smile with a bitter cynicism when ordered to proceed to the coast of Jersey, where it was deemed

certain collision with a French squadron would occur. From Mont Orgueil he could have communication by signals with the leaders of the Vendée, among whose most famous chieftains was now Comte Détrican de Tournay. The high place Philip had striven for, sold his honor for, had been granted him, and now, with sinister amusement, Fate threw him into alliance with the man he hated, the heir by blood and descent to the duchy he ruled.

Thus, too, he was brought face to face with his past, — with the memory of Guida Landresse de Landresse. Looking out from the windows of Mont Orgueil Castle or from the deck of the Imperturbable, he could see — and he could scarce choose but see — the lonely Ecréhos. There, with a wild eloquence, he had made a girl believe he loved her, and had taken the first step in the path which should have led to true happiness and honor. From this good path he had violently swerved — and now?

From all that appeared, however, the world went very well with him. Almost any morning one might have seen a boat shoot out from below the castle wall, carrying a flag with the blue ball of a vice-admiral of the white in the canton; and as the admiral himself stepped upon the deck of the Imperturbable, the guard under arms offered the ceremony of respect, while across the water came a gay march played in his honor.

Jersey was elate, eager to welcome one of her own sons risen to such high estate; and when, the day after his arrival, he passed through the Vier Marchi on his way to visit the lieutenant-governor, the jurats in their red robes impulsively turned out to greet him. They were ready to prove that memory is a matter of will and cultivation. There is no curtain so opaque as that which drops between the mind of man and the thing which it is to his disadvantage to remember. But how closely does the

ear of advantage listen for the footfall of a most distant memory, when to do so is to share even a reflected glory!

A week had gone since Philip had landed on the island. There was scarce an hour of that time when memory had not pursued him, scarce a step he took but reminded him of Guida. If he came along the shore of St. Clement's Bay, he saw the spot where he had stood with her the evening he married her, and she said to him, "*Philip, I wonder what we shall think of this day a year from now? . . . To-day is everything to you; to-morrow is very much to me.*" He remembered Shoreham sitting upon the cromlech above, singing the legend of the *gui-l'année*, — and Shoreham was lying now a hundred fathoms deep!

As he walked through the Vier Marchi with his officers, there flashed before his eyes the scene of fifteen years ago, when amid the grime and havoc of battle he had run to save Guida from the scimitar of the garish Turk. Crossing the Place du Vier Prison, he recalled the morning when, with his few sailors, he had rescued Ranulph from the hands of the mob, and Guida's face at the window had set his pulses beating faster. How many years ago was this, then? Only four, and yet it seemed twenty.

He was a boy then; now his hair was streaked with gray. He had been light-hearted then, and he was still buoyant with his fellows, still alert and vigorous, quick of speech and keen of humor, — but only before the world. In his own home he was fitful of temper, impatient of the still, meditative look of his wife, of her resolute tenacity of thought and purpose, of her unvarying evenness of mood through which no warmth played. If she had only defied him, given him petulance for petulance, impatience for impatience, it would have been easier to bear. If — if he could only read behind those still, passionless eyes, that clear, unvarying, unwrinkled forehead! But

he knew her no better now than he did the day he married her. Unwittingly she chilled him, and he knew that he had no right to complain. He knew that he had done her the greatest wrong which can be done a woman; for, whatever chanced, Guida was still his wife. There was in him yet the strain of Calvinistic morality of the island race that bred him. He had shrunk from coming here, but it had proved far worse than he had looked for.

One day, in a nervous, bitter moment, after an impatient hour with the comtesse, he had said, "Can you — can you not speak? Can you not tell me what you think of this?" And she had answered quietly, "It would do no good; you would not understand. I know you in some ways better than you know yourself, but you do not know me at all. I cannot tell what it is, but there is something wrong in your nature, something that has poisoned your life. And not I alone have felt that. I never told you, but you remember the day the old duke died, — the day we were married? You had gone from the room an instant. The duke beckoned me to him, and whispered, 'Don't be afraid — don't be afraid' — and then he died. That meant that he was afraid; that death had cleared his sight as to you, in some way. He was afraid, — of what? And I have been afraid, — of what? I do not know. Things have not gone well, somehow. You are strong, you are brave, and I come of a race that have been strong and brave; yet — yet we are lonely and far apart, and we shall never be nearer or less lonely, — that I know."

To this he had made no reply. His anger had vanished. Something in her words had ruled him to her own calmness, and at that moment he had had the first flash of understanding of her nature and its relation to his own. He had simply said that time would probably give them better knowledge, and with that he had left her.

Passing through the Rue d'Egypte one day, in front of the house of Elie Mattingley, the smuggler, he met Dormy Jamais. Forgetful of everything save that this quaint, foolish figure had interested him when a boy, he called him by name; but Dormy Jamais swerved away, eying him askance.

Immediately afterward, chancing to look up at the windows of Mattingley's house, he suddenly felt a shiver run through him. There were the faces of the two men whom he least cared to see in this world, — Ranulph Delagarde and the Chevalier du Champsavoys. Ranulph was looking down at him with an infinite scorn and loathing, yet with something of triumph, too; and there was a disconcerting look of triumph, also, in the chevalier's face. The triumph in both faces was due to the fact that, but a few minutes before, the chevalier had shown to Ranulph a certain page in a certain book, long lost, which Carterette Mattingley had placed in his hands.

From this page Ranulph knew that Guida would henceforth have stronger champions than himself; that he might now seek his own fate with one burden the less on his mind; that he was free to go forth and lose himself in the storm of war in the Vendée.

Something in Ranulph's eye quickened Philip's footsteps, drove him on, angry and confused. He bitterly reflected that there was no one of these men but was happier than he. He would willingly have changed places with Mattingley, the fugitive, who had had the hangman's rope round his neck; with Ranulph Delagarde, the son of a traitor, the poor shipwright with a broken life, whom the people of the island now held in such ill repute. A wave of remorse rushed over him. If he could only turn back, even now, and throw up all, — go to Guida, beg her to come with him to a new life, and begin the world again. Every sentence of the letter she had written to him at Bercy, renouncing him, he knew

only too well. The words would not be erased from his brain, but, like some deadly rust, ate away his pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy. Where would it all end?

Even at that moment he saw Jean Touzel standing in the doorway of his house. Since his return Philip had not dared to ask about Guida, and no one had said a word concerning her, — whether she was dead or living. He felt now that he must know, and Jean Touzel or Maitresse Aimable could tell him. He instantly bethought him of an excuse for the visit. His squadron needed another pilot; he would approach Jean Touzel in the matter.

Bidding his flag lieutenant go on to Elizabeth Castle, whither they were bound, and await him there, he crossed over to Jean. By the time he reached the doorway, however, Jean had retreated to the veille by the chimney, behind Maitresse Aimable, who sat in a great stave chair mending a net.

Philip knocked and stepped inside. When Maitresse Aimable saw who it was, she was so startled that she dropped her work, and made vague clutches to recover it. Stooping, however, was a great effort for her. Philip stepped forward and picked up the net. Politely handing it to her, he said, "Ah, Maitresse Aimable, it is as if you had never stirred all these years!" Then turning to her husband, "I have come looking for a good pilot, Jean."

Maitresse Aimable had at first flushed to a purple, had afterward gone pale, then recovered herself, and now returned Philip's look with a downright steadiness. Like Jean, she knew well enough he had not come for a pilot; that was not the business of a prince admiral, — that could easily be a quartermaster's work. Maitresse Aimable did not even rise. Philip might be whatever the world chose to call him, but her house was her own; he had come uninvited, and he was unwelcome.

She kept her seat, but her fat head inclined once in greeting, and she waited for him to speak again. She knew why he had come; and somehow, the steady look in these slow brown eyes and the blinking glance behind Jean's brass-rimmed spectacles disconcerted Philip. Here were people who knew the truth about him, — knew the sort of man he really was. These poor folk, who had had nothing of the world but what they earned, they would never hang on any prince's favors.

He read the situation rightly. The penalties of his life had taught him a discernment which could never have come to him through place and good fortune. Having at last discovered his real self a little, he was in the way of knowing others.

"May I shut the door?" he asked quietly. Jean nodded. Closing it, Philip turned to them again. "Since my return I have heard naught concerning Mademoiselle Landresse," he said. "I want to ask you about her now. Does she still live in the Place du Vier Prison?"

Both Jean and Aimable shook their heads. They had spoken no word since his entrance.

"She — she is not dead?" he asked, and he paled. They shook their heads again. "Her grandfather" — he paused — "is he living?" Once more they shook their heads in negation. "Where is mademoiselle?" he queried, his heart sick.

Jean looked at his wife; neither moved nor answered. "Where does she live?" urged Philip. Still there was no motion, no reply. "You might as well tell me," he added, in a tone half pleading, half angry, — little like a sovereign duke, very like a man in trouble. "You must know I shall find out from some one else, then," he continued. "But it were better for you to tell me. I mean her no harm, and I should rather know about her from her friends."

He took off his hat now. Something in the dignity of these honest folk rebuked the pride of place and spirit in him. As plainly as though heralds had proclaimed it, he understood that these two knew that upon the shield of his honor there were abatements, — argent, a plain point tenne, due to him "that tells lyes to his prince or general," and argent, a gore sinister tenne, due for flying from his colors.

Maitresse Aimable turned and looked toward Jean, but Jean turned away his head. Then she did not hesitate. The voice so often eluding her will responded readily now. Anger — plain primitive rage — possessed her. She had had no child, but, as the years had passed, all the love that might have been given to her own was bestowed upon Guida, and she spoke in that mind.

"Oh my grief, to think you have come here — you! You steal the best heart in the world; there is none like her — nannin-gia. You promise her, you break her life, you spoil her, and then you fly away, — ah, coward, you! Man pèthe bénin, was there ever such a man like you! If my Jean, there, had done a thing as that, I would sink him in the sea. Ah bah! he would sink himself, je me crais. But you come back here, oh my Mother of God, you come back here with your sword, with your crown — ugh, it is like a black cat in heaven — you!"

She got to her feet more nimbly than she had ever done in her life, and the floor seemed to heave as she came toward Philip. "You come to speak to me with soft words," she said harshly. "You shall have the hard truth from me — moi. You want to know now where she is. I ask where you have been these four years! Your voice, it grow soft and tremble when you speak of her now. Oh ho! it has been nice and quiet these four years. The grand-pèthe of her drop dead in his chair when he know. The world turn against her,

make light of her, when they know. All alone, — she is all alone, but for one fat old fool like me. She bear all the shame, all the pain, for the crime of you. All alone she take her child and go on to the rock of Plemont to live these three years. But you, you go and get a crown, and be amiral, and marry a grande comtesse, — marry, oh, *je craiss ben!* This is no world for such men like you. You come to my house, to the house of Jean Touzel; well, you have the truth of God, *bà sù!* No good will come to you in the end — *nannin-gia*. When you come to die, you will think and think and think of the beautiful Guida Landresse; you will think and think of the heart and life you kill; and you will call, and she will not come. You will call till your throat rattle, but she will not come, and the child of sorrow you gave her will not come, — no, *bidemme!* E'fin, the door you shut you can open now, and you can go from the house of Jean Touzel. It belong to the wife of an honest man, — *maint'nant!*"

In the moment's silence that ensued Jean took a step forward. "Ma femme, ma bonne femme!" he said in a shaking voice. Then he pointed to the door.

Humiliated, overwhelmed by the words of the woman, Philip turned mechanically toward the door without a word, and his fingers fumbled for the latch, for a mist was before his eyes. With a great effort he recovered himself. The door opened now, and he passed slowly out into the Rue d'Egypte.

"A child — a child!" he said aloud, brokenly. "Guida's child — my God! And I — have never — known. Plemont — Plemont — she is at Plemont!" He shuddered. "Guida's child — and mine!" he kept on saying to himself, as in a painful dream he passed on to the shore.

In the little fisherman's cottage he had left, a fat old woman sat sobbing in the great chair made of barrel-staves, and a man, stooping, kissed her twice

on the cheek, — the first time in fifteen years. And then she both laughed and cried.

XXXVII.

Guida sat by the fire, sewing, Biribi, the dog, at her feet. At a little distance away, to the right of the chimney, lay Guilbert asleep. Twice Guida lowered the work to her lap, and looked at the child on the bed, the reflected light of the fire playing on his face. Stretching out her hand, she touched him, and then she smiled. Hers was an all-devouring love; the child was everything in life to her; her own present or future was as nothing; she was but fuel for the fire of his existence.

A storm was raging outside. The sea roared in upon Plemont and Grosnez, and battered the rocks in a futile agony. A hoarse northeaster ranged across the tiger's head in helpless fury, — a night of awe to inland folk, and of danger to seafarers. To Guida, who was both of the sea and of the land, fearless as to either, it was neither terrible nor desolate to be alone with the storm. Storm was but power unshackled, and power she loved and understood. She had lived so long in close commerce with storm and sea that something of their wild force had entered into her, and she was kin with them. To her, each wind was intimate as a friend, each rock and cave familiar as her hearthstone; and the ungovernable ocean spoke in terms intelligible. So heavy was the surf that now and then the spray of some foiled wave broke on the roof; but she only nodded at that, as though the sea were calling her to come forth, were tapping upon her roof-tree in joyous greeting.

But suddenly she started and bent her head as though listening to other sounds. It seemed as if her whole body were hearkening. Now she rose quickly to her feet, dropped her work upon the table near by, and rested herself against it,

still listening. She was sure she heard a horse's hoofs. Turning swiftly, she drew the curtain of the bed before her sleeping child, and then stood still, waiting, waiting. Her hand went to her heart once, as though its fierce throbbing hurt her. Plainly as though she could look through these stone walls into clear sunlight, she saw some one dismount, and she heard a voice.

The door of the hut was unlocked and unbarred. If she feared, it was easy to shoot the bolt and lock the door, to drop the bar across the little window, and be safe and secure. But no bodily fear possessed her; only that terror of the spirit when its great trial comes and it shrinks back, though the brain be of faultless courage.

She waited. There came a knocking at the door. She did not move from where she stood.

"Come in," she said in a clear voice. She was composed and resolute now.

As the latch clicked the door opened, and a cloaked figure entered, the shriek of the storm behind. The door closed. The intruder took a step forward; his hat came off; the cloak was loosed and dropped upon the floor. Guida's premonition had been right: it was Philip.

She did not speak. A stone could have been no colder, as she stood in the light of the fire and the crasset, her wonderful hair burnished by the flames, her face still and strong, the eyes darkling, luminous. There was on her the dignity of the fearless, the pure in heart.

"Guida!" Philip said, took a step nearer, and paused.

He was haggard; he had the look of one who had come upon a desperate errand. When she did not answer, he went on pleadingly, "Guida, won't you speak to me?"

"Prince Philip d'Avranche chooses a strange hour for his visit," she returned quietly.

"But see," he said hurriedly, "what I have to say to you." He paused, as

though to choose the thing he should say first.

"You can say nothing I need hear," she answered, looking him steadily in the eyes.

"Ah, Guida," he cried, disconcerted by her cold composure, "for God's sake, listen to me! To-night we have to face our fate. To-night you have to say"—

"Fate was faced long ago. I have nothing to say."

"Guida, I have repented of all. I have come now only to speak honestly of the wrong I did you. I have come to"—

Scorn sharpened her words, though she spoke calmly: "You have forced yourself upon a woman's presence,—and at this hour!"

"I chose the only hour possible," he said quickly. "Ah, Guida, the past cannot be changed, but we have the present and the future still. I have not come to justify myself, but to find a way to atone"—

"No atonement is possible."

"You cannot deny me the right to confess to you that"—

"To you denial should not seem hard usage," she answered slowly, "and confession should have witnesses if"—She paused suggestively. The imputation that of all men he had the least right to resent denial; that his present course was dishonest; that he was willing to justify her privately, though not publicly; that repentance should have been open to the world,—it all stung him.

He threw out his hands in a gesture of protest and pleading. "As many witnesses as you will, but not now, not this hour, after all these years. Will you not at least listen to me, and then judge and act? Will you not hear me, Guida?"

She had not yet even stirred. Now that it had come, this scene was all so different from what she had ever imagined. But she spoke out of a merciless understanding, an unchangeable hon-

esty. Her words came clear and pitiless: "If you will speak to the point and without a useless emotion, I will try to listen. Common kindness should have prevented this intrusion — by you!"

Every word she said was like a whip-lash across his face. A devilish light leaped into his eyes, but it faded as quickly as it came.

"After to-night, to the public what you will," he repeated, with dogged persistence, "but it was right we should speak alone to each other at least this once, — before the open end. I did you wrong, yet I did not mean to ruin your life, and you should know that. I ought not to have married you secretly, — I acknowledge that. But I loved you!"

She shook her head, and, with a smile of pitying disdain, — he could so little see the real truth, his real misdemeanor, — she said, "Oh no, never, — never! You were not capable of love; you never knew what it means. From the first you were too untrue ever to love a woman. There was a great fire of emotion; you saw shadows on the wall, and you fell in love with them. That was all."

"I tell you that I loved you," he answered, with passionate energy. "But as you will. Let it be that it was not real love: at least it was all there was in me to give. I never meant to desert you. I never meant to disavow our marriage. I denied you, you will say. I did. In the light of what came after, it was dishonorable, — I grant that; but I did it at a crisis and for the fulfillment of a great ambition, and as much for you as for me."

"Oh, how little you know what true people think or feel!" she exclaimed, with a kind of pain in her voice, and as much scorn, for she felt that such a nature could never quite realize its own enormities. Well, since it had gone so far, she would speak openly, though it hurt her sense of self-respect. She had hoped never to speak with him upon the past.

"Do you think that I or any good woman would have had place or power, been princess or duchess, at the price? What sort of mind have you?" She looked him straight in the eyes. "Put it in the clear light of right and wrong, it was knavery. You — you talk of not meaning to do me harm, Monsieur le Prince! You were never capable of doing me good. It was not in you. From first to last you are untrue. Were it otherwise, were you not from first to last unworthy, would you have made a mock marriage — it is no more — with the Comtesse Chantavoine? No matter what I said or what I did in anger or contempt of you, had you been an honest man you would not have made this mock marriage, and ruined another life. Marriage, alas! You have wronged the comtesse more deeply than you have wronged me. One day I shall be righted, but what can you say or do to right her wrongs?" Her voice had now a piercing indignation and force. "Yes, Philip d'Avranche, it is as I say. The world turned against me because of you; I have been shamed and disgraced. For years I have suffered in silence. But I have waited without fear for the end. God is with me to justify and to set right. He is stronger than fate or fortune. He has brought you to Jersey once more, to right my wrongs, — mine and my child's."

She saw his eyes flash to the little curtained bed. They both stood silent and still. He could hear the child breathing. His blood quickened. An impulse seized him. He took a step toward the bed as though to draw the curtain, but she quickly moved between.

"Never!" she said in a low, stern tone; "no touch of yours for my Gilbert, — for my son! Every minute of his life has been mine. He is mine, — all mine, — and so he shall remain."

It was as if the outward action of life was suspended in them for a moment, and then came the battle of two strong

spirits: the struggle of fretful and indulged egotism, the impulse of a vigorous temperament, against a deep moral force, a high purity of mind and conscience, and the invincible love of the mother for the child. Time, bitterness, and power had hardened Philip's mind, and his long-restrained emotions, breaking loose now, made him a passionate and willful figure. His force lay in the very unruliness of his spirit, hers in the perfect command of her moods and emotions. Well equipped by the thoughts and sufferings of four long years, her spirit was trained to meet this onset with wisdom and understanding. She understood him, — his nature, if not his deeds. They were like two armies watching each other across a narrow stream, between one conflict and another.

The only sounds in the room were the whirring of the fire in the chimney and the child's breathing. At last Philip's intemperate self-will gave way. There was no withstanding that cold, still face, that unwavering eye. Only brutality could go further. The nobility of her nature, her inflexible straightforwardness, came upon him with such force that his mood changed. It appeared to him once again as if all his world lay here before him. Dressed in molleton, with no adornment save the glow of a perfect health, she seemed at this moment the one being on earth worth living and caring for. What had he got for all the wrong he had done her? Nothing. Come what might, there was one thing that he could yet do, and even as the thought possessed him he spoke.

"Guida," he said, with rushing emotion, "it is not too late. Forgive the past, — the wrong of it, the shame of it. You are my wife; nothing can undo that. The other woman, — she is not my wife. If we part and never meet again, she will suffer no more than she suffers to go on with me. She has never loved me, nor I her. Ambition did it all, and of ambition God knows I have had

enough! Let me proclaim our marriage; let me come back to you. Then, happen what will, for the rest of our lives I will try to atone for the wrong I did you. I want you; I want our child. I want to win your love again. I can't wipe out what I have done, but I can put you right before the world, I can prove to you that I set you above place and ambition. If you shrink from doing it for me, do it" — he glanced toward the bed — "do it for our child. To-morrow, to-morrow it shall be, if you will forgive. To-morrow let us start again."

She did not answer at once; but at last, unmoved, she said, "Giving up place and ambition would prove nothing now. It is easy to repent when our pleasures have palled. I told you in a letter, four years ago, that your protests came too late. They are always too late. With a nature like yours nothing is sure or lasting; everything changes with the mood. It is different with me: I only speak what I truly mean. Believe me, for I tell you the truth, you are a man whom a woman could forget, but could never forgive. As a prince you are much better than as a plain man, for princes may do what other men may not. It is their way to take all, and give nothing. You should have been born a prince; then all your actions would have seemed natural. Yet now you must remain a prince, for what you got at such a price to others you must pay for. You say you would come down from your high place, you would give up your worldly honors, for me. What madness! You are not the kind of man with whom a woman could trust herself in the troubles and changes of life. If I would have naught of your honors and your duchy long ago, do you think I would now share a disgrace from which you could never rise? For in my heart I feel that this remorse is but caprice. It is to-day; it may not — will not — be to-morrow."

"You are wrong, you are wrong. I am honest with you now," he broke in.

"No, Philip d'Avranche," she answered coldly, "it is not in you to be honest. Your words have no ring of truth in my ears, for the note is the same that I heard once upon the Ecréhos. I was a young girl then, and I believed; I am a woman now, and I should still disbelieve though all the world were on your side to tell me I was wrong. I tell you," — her voice rose again; it seemed to catch the note of freedom and strength of the storm without, — "I tell you, I will still live as my heart and conscience prompt me. The course I have set for myself I will follow; the life I entered upon when my child was born I will not leave. No word you have said has made my heart beat faster. You and I can never have anything to say to each other in this life, beyond" — her voice changed, she paused — "beyond one thing." Going to the bed where the child lay, she drew the curtain softly, and pointing she said, "There is my child. I have set my life to the one task, to keep him to myself, and yet to win for him the heritage of the dukedom of Bercy. You shall yet pay to *him* the price of your wrongdoing."

She drew back slightly, so that he could see the child lying with his rosy face half buried in the pillow, the little hand lying like a flower upon the coverlet.

Once more, with a passionate exclamation, he made a step nearer to the child.

"No farther!" she said in a voice of command, stepping between. When she saw the wild impulse in his face to thrust her aside, she added, "It is only the shameless coward who strikes the dead! You had a wife, — Guida d'Avranche; but Guida d'Avranche is dead. There only lives the mother of this child, Guida Landresse de Landresse." She drew herself up, and looked at him with scorn, almost with hatred. Had he

touched her — but she would rather pity than loathe!

Her words roused all the devilry in him. The face of the child had sent him mad.

"By Heaven, I will have the child, — I will have the child!" he said harshly. "You shall not treat me like a dog. You know well I would have kept you as my wife, but your narrow pride, your unjust anger, threw me over. You have wronged me. I tell you, you have wronged me, for you kept the secret of the child from me all these years!"

"The whole world knew!" she cried indignantly.

"I will break your pride!" he said, incensed and unable to command himself. "Mark you, I will break your pride. And I will have my child, too!"

"Establish to the world your right to him," she answered keenly. "You shall have the right, but the possession shall be mine."

He was the picture of impotent anger and despair. It was the irony of penalty that the one person in the world who could really sting him was this unacknowledged, almost unknown woman. She was the only human being who had power over him, who could shatter his egotism and resolve him into the common elements of a base manhood. Of little avail his eloquence now! He had cajoled a sovereign dukedom out of an aged and fatuous prince; he had cajoled a wife, who yet was no wife, from among the highest of a royal court; he had cajoled success from fate by a valor informed with vanity and ambition; years ago, with eloquent arts he had cajoled a young girl into a secret marriage. But he could no longer cajole the woman who was his one true wife. She knew him through and through.

He was so wild with rage that he could almost have killed her, as she stood there, one hand stretched out as though to protect the child, the other pointing to the door.

He seized his hat and cloak, and laid his hand upon the latch; then suddenly turned to her. A dark project came to him. He himself could not prevail with her, but he would reach her yet through the child! If the child were his, Guida would come to him.

"Remember, I will have the child!" he said, his face black with evil purpose.

She did not deign reply, but stood

fearless and still, as, throwing open the door, he rushed out into the night.

She listened until she heard his horse's hoofs upon the rocky road of the upland. Then she went to the door, locked it and barred it. Turning, she ran to the bed, with a cry as of hungry love. Crushing the child to her bosom, she buried her face in his brown curls.

"My son, my own darling son!"

Gilbert Parker.

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCES OF AN ASTRONOMER.

III.

WE spent most of the winter of 1870-71 in Berlin, patiently waiting for the end of the Franco-Prussian war, in order that I might rummage among the old manuscripts of the Paris observatory. Delaunay was then director of that institution, having succeeded Leverrier when the emperor removed the latter from his position. I had for some time kept up an occasional correspondence with Delaunay, and while in England, the autumn before, had forwarded a message to him, through the Prussian lines, by the good offices of the London Legation and Mr. Washburn. He was therefore quite prepared for our arrival. We took the first train which was likely to go through to Paris. The evacuation of a country by a hostile army is rather a slow process, so that the German troops were met everywhere on the road, even in France. They had left Paris just before we arrived; but the French national army was not there, the Communists having taken possession of the city as fast as the Germans withdrew. As we passed out of the station, the first object to strike our eyes was a flaming poster addressed to "Citoyens," and containing

one of the manifestoes which the Communist government was continually issuing.

Of course we made an early call on Mr. Washburn. His career in Paris was one of the triumphs of diplomacy; he had cared for the interests of German subjects in Paris in such a way as to earn the warm recognition both of the emperor and of Bismarck, and at the same time had kept on such good terms with the French as to be not less esteemed by them. He was surprised that we had chosen such a time to visit Paris; but I told him the situation, the necessity of my early return home, and my desire to make a careful search in the records of the Paris observatory for observations made two centuries ago. He advised us to take up our quarters as near to the observatory as convenient, in order that we might not have to pass through the portions of the city which were likely to be the scenes of disturbance.

We were received at the observatory with a warmth of welcome that might be expected to accompany the greeting of the first foreign visitor, after a siege of six months. Yet a tinge of sadness in the meeting was unavoidable. Delaunay immediately began lamenting the condition of his poor ruined country, de

spoiled of two of its provinces by a foreign foe, condemned to pay an enormous subsidy in addition, and now the scene of an internal conflict the end of which no one could foresee.

The old records I wished to consult were placed at my disposal, with full liberty not only to copy, but to publish anything of value I could find in them. The mine proved rich beyond the most sanguine expectation. After a little prospecting, I found that the very observations I wanted had been made in great numbers by the Paris astronomers, both at the observatory and at other points in the city. Some explanation of the work I was engaged in may not be devoid of interest, but it necessitates talking a little astronomy.

Millions of stars, visible with large telescopes, are scattered over the heavens; tens of thousands are bright enough to be seen with small instruments, and several thousand are visible to any ordinary eye. The moon performs a monthly course around the heavens, at a distance from us which is very small compared with that of the stars; consequently, she often passes over a star, and of course hides it from view during the time required for the passage. The great majority of stars are so small that their light is obscured by the effulgence of the moon as the latter approaches them. But quite frequently the star passed over is so bright that the exact moment when the moon reaches it can be observed with the utmost precision. The star then disappears from view in an instant, as if its light were suddenly and absolutely extinguished. This is called an occultation. If the moment at which the disappearance takes place is observed, we know that at that instant the apparent angle between the centre of the moon and the star is equal to the moon's semi-diameter. By the aid of a number of such observations, the path of the moon in the heavens, and the time at which she arrives at each point of the path, can be

determined. From the tables of the moon's motion, assuming them to be correct, the time of each occultation, as seen from any known station, can be predicted. If the predicted and the observed moments agree, the tables are correct. If they do not, the discrepancy will enable us to determine the error in the moon's predicted position. In order that the determination may be of sufficient scientific precision, the time of the occultation must be known within one or two seconds; otherwise, we shall be in doubt how much of the discrepancy may be due to the error of the observation, and how much to the error of the tables.

Occultations of some bright stars, such as Aldebaran and Antares, can be observed by the naked eye; and yet more easily can those of the planets be seen. It is therefore a curious historic fact that there is no certain record of an actual observation of this sort having been made until after the commencement of the seventeenth century. Even then the observations were of little or no use, because astronomers could not determine their time with sufficient precision. It was not till after the middle of the century, when the telescope had been made part of astronomical instruments for finding the altitude of a heavenly body, and after the pendulum clock had been invented by Huyghens, that the time of an occultation could be fixed with the required exactness. Thus it happens that from 1640 to 1670 somewhat coarse observations of the kind are available, and after the latter epoch those made by the French astronomers become quite comparable with the modern ones in precision.

And how, the reader may ask, did it happen that these observations were not published by the astronomers who made them? Why should they have lain unused and forgotten for two hundred years? The answer to these questions is made plain enough by an examination of the records. The astronomers had no

idea of the possible usefulness and value of what they were recording. So far as we can infer from their work, they made the observations merely because an occultation was an interesting thing to see; and they were men of sufficient scientific experience and training to have acquired the excellent habit of noting the time at which a phenomenon was observed. But they were generally satisfied with simply putting down the clock time. How they could have expected their successors to make any use of such a record, or whether they had any expectations on the subject, we cannot say with confidence. It will be readily understood that no clocks of the present time (much less those of two hundred years ago) run with such precision that the moment read from the clock is exact within one or two seconds. The modern astronomer does not pretend to keep his clock correct within less than a minute; he determines by observation how far it is wrong, on each date of observation, and adds so much to the time given by the clock, or subtracts it, as the case may be, in order to get the correct moment of true time. In the case of the French astronomers, the clock would frequently be fifteen minutes or more in error, for the reason that they used apparent time, instead of mean time as we do. Thus when, as was often the case, the only record found was that, at a certain hour, minute, and second, by a certain clock, *une étoile se cache par la lune*, a number of very difficult problems were presented to the astronomer who was to make use of the observations two centuries afterward. First of all, he must find out what the error of the clock was at the designated hour, minute, and second; and for this purpose he must reduce the observations made by the observer in order to determine the error. But it was very clear that the observer did not expect any successor to take this trouble, and therefore did not supply him with any facilities for so doing. He did not even describe the particular instru-

ment with which the observations were made, but only wrote down certain figures and symbols, of a more or less hieroglyphic character. It needed much comparison and examination to find out what sort of an instrument was used, how the observations were made, and how they should be utilized for the required purpose.

Generally the star which the moon hid was mentioned, but not in all cases. If it was not, the identification of the star was a puzzling problem. The only way to proceed was to calculate the apparent position which the centre of the moon must have held to an observer at the Paris observatory, at the particular hour and minute of the observation. A star map was then taken; the points of a pair of dividers were separated by the length of the moon's radius, as it would appear on the scale of the map; one point of the dividers was put into the position of the moon's centre on the map, and with the other a circle was drawn. This circle represented the outline of the moon, as it appeared to the observer at the Paris observatory, at the hour and minute in question, on a certain day in the seventeenth century. The star should be found very near the circumference of the circle, and in nearly all cases a star was there.

Of course all this could not be done on the spot. What had to be done was to find the observations, study their relations and the method of making them, and copy everything that seemed necessary for working them up. This took some six weeks, but the material I carried away proved the greatest find I ever made. Three or four years were spent in making all the calculations I have described. Then it was found that seventy-five years were added, at a single step, to the period during which the history of the moon's motion could be written. Previously, this history was supposed to commence with the observations of Bradley, at Greenwich, about 1750; now it was extended back to 1675, and with a

less degree of accuracy thirty years farther still. Hansen's tables were found to deviate from the truth, in 1675 and subsequent years, to a surprising extent; but the cause of the deviation is not entirely unraveled even now.

During the time I was doing this work, Paris was under the reign of the Commune and besieged by the national forces. The studies had to be made within hearing of the besieging guns; and I could sometimes go to a window and see flashes of artillery from one of the fortifications to the south. Nearly every day I took a walk through the town, occasionally as far as the Arc de Triomphe. The story of the Commune has been so often written that I cannot hope to add anything to it, so far as the main course of events is concerned. Looking back on a sojourn at so interesting a period, one cannot but feel that a golden opportunity to make observations of historic value was lost. The fact is, however, that I was prevented from making such observations not only by my complete absorption in my work, but by the consideration that, being in what might be described as a semi-official capacity, I did not want to get into any difficulty that would have compromised the position of an official visitor. I should not deem what we saw worthy of special mention, were it not that it materially modifies the impressions commonly given by writers on the history of the Commune. What an historian says may be quite true, so far as it goes, and yet may be so far from the whole truth as to give the reader an incorrect impression of the actual course of events. The violence and disease which prevail in the most civilized country in the world may be described in such terms as to give the impression of a barbarous community. The murder of the Archbishop of Paris and of the hostages show how desperate were the men who had seized power, yet the acts of these men constitute but a small part of the history of Paris during that critical period.

What one writes at the time is free from the suspicion that may attach to statements not recorded till many years after the events to which they relate. The following extract from a letter which I wrote to a friend, the day after my arrival, may therefore not be devoid of interest:—

DEAR CHARLIE,— Here we are, on this slumbering volcano. Perhaps you will hear of the burst-up long before you get this. We have seen historic objects which fall not to the lot of every generation, the barricades of the Paris streets. As we were walking out this morning, the pavement along one side of the street was torn up for some distance, and used to build a temporary fort. Said fort would be quite strong against musketry or the bayonet; but with heavy shot against it, I should think it would be far worse than nothing, for the flying stones would kill more than the balls.

The streets are placarded at every turn with all sorts of inflammatory appeals, and general orders of the Comité Central or of the Commune. One of the first things I saw last night was a large placard beginning "*Citoyens!*" Among the orders is one forbidding any one from placarding any orders of the Versailles government, under the severest penalties; and another threatening with instant dismissal any official who shall recognize any order issuing from the said government.

I must do all hands the justice to say that they are all very well behaved. There is nothing like a mob anywhere, so far as I can find. I consulted my map this morning, right alongside the barricade and in full view of the builders, without being molested, and wife and I walked through the insurrectionary districts without being troubled or seeing the slightest symptoms of disturbance. The stores are all open, and every one seems to be buying and selling as usual. In all the cafés I have seen, the habitués

seem to be drinking their wine just as coolly as if they had nothing unusual on their minds.

From this date to that of our departure I saw nothing suggestive of violence within the limited range of my daily walks, which were mostly within the region including the Arc de Triomphe, the Hôtel de Ville, and the observatory; the latter being about half a mile south of the Luxembourg. The nearest approach to a mob that I ever noticed was a drill of young recruits of the National Guard, or a crowd in the court of the Louvre being harangued by an orator. With due allowance for the excitability of the French nature, the crowd was comparatively as peaceable as that which we may see surrounding a gospel wagon in one of our own cities. A drill-ground for the recruits happened to be selected opposite our first lodgings, beside the gates of the Luxembourg. This was so disagreeable that we were glad to accept an invitation from Delaunay to be his guests at the observatory, during the remainder of our stay. We had not been there long before the spacious yard of the observatory was also used as a drill-ground; and yet later, two or three men were given *billets de logement* upon the observatory; but I should not have known of the latter occurrence, had not Delaunay told me. I believe he bought the men off, much as one pays an organ-grinder to move on. In one of our walks we entered the barricade around the Hôtel de Ville, and were beginning to make a close examination of a mitrailleuse, when a soldier (beg his pardon, *un citoyen membre de la Garde Nationale*) warned us away from the weapon. The densest crowd of Communists was along the Rue de Rivoli and in the region of the Colonne Vendôme, where some of the principal barricades were being erected. But even here, not only were the stores open as usual, but the military were doing their work in the midst of piles of trinkets ex-

posed for sale on the pavement by the shopwomen. The order to destroy the Column was issued before we left, but not executed until later. I have no reason to suppose that the shopwomen were any more concerned while the Column was being undermined than they were before. To complete the picture, not a policeman did we see in Paris; in fact, I was told that one of the first acts of the Commune had been to drive the police away, so that not one dared to show himself.

An interesting feature of the sad spectacle was the stream of proclamations poured forth by the Communist authorities. They comprised not only decrees, but sensational stories of victories over the Versailles troops, denunciations of the Versailles government, and even elaborate legal arguments, including a not intemperate discussion of the ethical question whether citizens who were not adherents of the Commune should be entitled to the right of suffrage. The conclusion was that they should not. The lack of humor on the part of the authorities was shown by their commencing one of a rapid succession of battle stories with the words, "Citoyens! Vous avez soif de la vérité!"

The most amusing decree I noticed ran thus:—

"Article I. All conscription is abolished.

"Article II. No troops shall hereafter be allowed in Paris, except the National Guard.

"Article III. Every citizen is a member of the National Guard."

We were in daily expectation and hope of the capture of the city, little knowing by what scenes it would be accompanied. It did not seem to my un-military eye that two or three batteries of artillery could have any trouble in demolishing all the defenses, since a wall of paving-stones, four or five feet high, could hardly resist solid shot, or prove anything but a source of destruction to

those behind it if attacked by artillery. But the capture was not so easy a matter as I had supposed.

We took leave of our friend and host on May 5, three weeks before the final catastrophe, of which he wrote me a graphic description. As the barricades were stormed by MacMahon, the Communist line of retreat was through the region of the observatory. The walls of the building and of the yard were so massive that the place was occupied as a fort by the retreating forces, so that the situation of the few non-combatants who remained was extremely critical. They were exposed to the fire of their friends, the national troops, from without, while enraged men were threatening their lives within. So hot was the fusillade that, going into the great dome after the battle, the astronomer could imagine all the constellations of the sky depicted by the bullet-holes. When retreat became inevitable, the Communists tried to set the building on fire, but did not succeed. Then, in their desperation, arrangements were made for blowing it up; but the most violent man among them was killed by a providential bullet, as he was on the point of doing his work. The remainder fled, the place was speedily occupied by the national troops, and the observatory with its precious contents was saved.

The Academy of Sciences had met regularly through the entire Prussian siege. The legal quorum being three, this did not imply a large attendance. At the time of my visit a score of members were in the city. Among them were Elie de Beaumont, the geologist; Milne-Edwards, the zoölogist; and Chevreul, the chemist. I was surprised to learn that the latter was in his eighty-fifth year; he seemed a man of seventy or less, mentally and physically. Yet we little thought that he would be the longest-lived man of equal eminence that our age has known. When he died, in 1889, he was nearly one hundred and three

years old. Born in 1786, he had lived through the whole French Revolution, and was seven years old at the time of the Terror. His scientific activity, from beginning to end, extended over some eighty years. When I saw him, he was still very indignant at a bombardment of the Jardin des Plantes by the German besiegers. He had made a formal statement of this outrage to the Academy of Sciences, in order that posterity might know what kind of men were besieging Paris. I suggested that the shells might have fallen in the place by accident; but he maintained that it was not the case, and that the bombardment was intentional.

"But," said I, "the Germans are a scientific nation; what object could they have had in injuring an establishment so purely scientific as yours?"

He replied that some explosives had been stored in one corner of the place, and he supposed that the Germans had found it out. I did not pursue the question further.

The most execrated man in the scientific circle at this time was Leverrier. He had left Paris before the Prussian siege began, and had not returned. Delaunay assured me that this was a wise precaution on his part; for had he ventured into the city he would have been mobbed, or the Communists would have killed him as soon as he was caught. Just why the mob should have been so incensed against one whose life was spent in the serenest fields of astronomical science was not fully explained. The fact that he had been a senator, and was politically obnoxious, was looked on as an all sufficient indictment. Even members of the Academy could not suppress their detestation of him. He was charged with the most despicable meanness, not to say turpitude; and altogether, one taking the statements with no grains of salt would have thought him a character that no self-respecting man could associate with.

Four years later I was again in Paris, and attended a meeting of the Academy of Sciences. In the course of the session a rustle of attention spread over the room, as all eyes were turned upon a member who was entering rather late. Looking toward the door, I saw a man of sixty, a decided blond, with light chestnut hair turning gray, a slender form, a shaven face, rather pale and thin, but very attractive, and extremely intelligent features. As he passed to his seat hands were stretched out on all sides to greet him, and not until he sat down did the bustle caused by his entrance subside. He was evidently a notable.

"Who is that?" I said to my neighbor.

"Leverrier."

Delaunay was one of the most kindly and attractive men I ever met. We spent our evenings walking in the grounds of the observatory, discussing French science in all its aspects. His investigation of the moon's motion is one of the most extraordinary pieces of mathematical work ever turned out by a single person. It fills two quarto volumes, and the reader who attempts to go through any part of the calculations will wonder how one man could do the work in a lifetime. His habit was to commence early in the morning, and work with but little interruption until noon. He never worked in the evening, and generally retired at nine. I felt some qualms of conscience at the frequency with which I kept him up till nearly ten. I found it hopeless to expect that he would ever visit America, because he assured me that he did not dare to venture on the ocean. The only voyage he had ever made was across the Channel, to receive the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society for his work. Two of his relatives, his father, and, I believe, his brother, had been drowned, and this fact gave him a horror of the water. He seemed to feel somewhat like the clients of the astrologists, who, having been told how they were to die, took every precau-

tion to prevent it. I remember, as a boy, reading a history of astrology, in which a great many cases of this sort were described; the peculiarity being that the very measures which the victim took to avoid the decree of fate became the engines that executed it. The death of Delaunay was not exactly a case of this kind, yet it could not but bring it to mind. He was at Cherbourg in the autumn of 1872. As he was walking on the beach with a relative, a couple of boatmen invited them to take a sail. Through what inducement Delaunay was led to forget his fears will never be known. All we know is that he and his friend entered the boat, that it was struck by a sudden squall when at some distance from the land, and that the whole party were drowned.

There was no opposition to the reappointment of Leverrier to his old place. In fact, at the time of my visit, Delaunay said that President Thiers was on terms of intimate friendship with the former director, and he thought it not at all unlikely that the latter would succeed in being restored. He kept the position with general approval till his death in 1877.

The only occasion on which I met Leverrier was after the incident I have mentioned, in the Academy of Sciences. I had been told that he was incensed against me on account of an unfortunate remark I had made in speaking of his work which led to the discovery of Neptune. I had heard this in Germany as well as in France, yet the matter was so insignificant that I could hardly conceive of a man of philosophic mind taking any notice of it. I determined to meet him, as I had met Hansen, with entire unconsciousness of offense. So I called on him at the observatory, and was received with courtesy, but no particular warmth. I suggested to him that now, as he had nearly completed his work on the tables of the planets, the question of the moon's motion would be the next ob-

ject worthy of his attention. He replied that it was too large a subject for him to take up.

To Leverrier belongs the credit of having been the real organizer of the Paris observatory. His work there was not dissimilar to that of Airy at Greenwich; but he had a much more difficult task before him, and was less fitted to grapple with it. When founded by Louis XIV. the establishment was simply a place where astronomers of the Academy of Sciences could go to make their observations. There was no titular director, every man working on his own account and in his own way. Cassini, an Italian by birth, was the best known of the astronomers, and, in consequence, posterity has very generally supposed he was the director. That he failed to secure that honor was not from any want of astuteness. It is related that the monarch once visited the observatory to see a newly discovered comet through the telescope. He inquired in what direction the comet was going to move. This was a question it was impossible to answer at the moment, because both observations and computations would be necessary before the orbit could be worked out. But Cassini reflected that the king would not look at the comet again, and would very soon forget what was told him; so he described its future path in the heavens quite at random, with entire confidence that any deviation of the actual motion from his prediction would never be noted by his royal patron.

One of the results of this lack of organization has been that the Paris observatory does not hold an historic rank correspondent to the magnificence of the establishment. The go-as-you-please system works no better in a national observatory than it would in a business institution. Up to the end of the last century, the observations made there were too irregular to be of any special impor-

tance. To remedy this state of things, Arago was appointed director early in the present century; but he was more eminent in experimental physics than in astronomy, and had no great astronomical problem to solve. The result was that while he did much to promote the reputation of the observatory in the direction of physical investigation, he did not organize any well-planned system of regular astronomical work.

When Leverrier succeeded Arago, in 1853, he had an extremely difficult problem before him. By a custom extending through two centuries, each astronomer was to a large extent the master of his own work. Leverrier undertook to change all this in a twinkling, and, if reports are true, without much regard to the feelings of the astronomers. Those who refused to fall into line either resigned or were driven away, and their places were filled with men willing to work under the direction of their chief. Unfortunately, the new director was not an adept either in practical astronomy or in the use of instruments. His methods were far from being up to the times, and the work of the Paris observatory, under his direction, so far as observations of precision go, falls markedly behind that of Greenwich and Pulkova.

But in recent times the institution has been marked by an energy and a progressiveness that go far to atone for its former deficiencies. The successors of Leverrier have known where to draw the line between routine, on the one side, and initiative on the part of the assistants, on the other. Probably no other observatory in the world has so many able and well-trained young men, who work partly on their own account, and partly in a regular routine. In the direction of physical astronomy the observatory is especially active, and it may be expected in the future to justify its historic reputation.

Simon Newcomb.

A WIT AND A SEER.

WE are often very glib and confident in our generalizations about the characteristics of the English race, — not noting, perhaps not caring to note when the mood for generalization is upon us, how many individuals of that race escape our classification and show what qualities they please. Under which characteristic of that sturdy and for the most part matter-of-fact people do we place its extraordinary fecundity in every kind of individual genius? Is Shakespeare a typical product, or is he not, — or has the race changed since the sunny and open times of great Elizabeth? Is Milton more natural and native in his kind? It is not a gay nation, nor yet is it saturnine, nor always sober. If it sometimes laugh, it is always in earnest. But it has produced some — nay, a great many — most excellent wits.

No doubt this might be made a mystery, if we chose. The great majority of Englishmen, it is safe to say, look upon a jest with uneasiness, and feel toward an habitual jester a deep distrust. They do not wish the things they think about whipped into a syllabub, and they prefer to take counsel with grave and serious men, — as if life were all counsel, and all counsel matter of logic and calculation, with never a laugh in it anywhere. One recalls Sydney Smith's jest to his brother. "We have reversed the law of nature," he said: "you have risen by your gravity, and I have sunk by my levity." It deeply shocked Englishmen to find a clergyman given to jesting. And then there was Charles Lamb. How uncomfortable he made most sober men! How many good men thought him light-headed, besotted, a sort of whimsical, irreverent, unbalanced child, — and what pleasure he took in making them think so! He is delivered of their company now. He is

read and loved in this day which is not his own only by the juster, clearer spirits, bred by nature to be like those who welcomed and relished his comradeship while he lived. This is a large and goodly company, and is likely always to be, God be praised; but it is not a representative company of Englishmen, any more than Lamb's immediate comrades were in his own generation. You must not demand of the ordinary man, even of the ordinary reading man, that he know his Lamb; and nobody is in the least likely to think of Lamb as of a typical English mind. You do not feel about him as you would feel about a French wit: ah, what a race for the fine turn of the phrase and for the poignant thrusts of a nice wit! And so Congreve and Sheridan seem to belong, of right, across the Channel, and you look to see English comedy, in all ordinary seasons, produce its laugh by comic incident rather than by subtle jest or apt rejoinder.

The subject is a most alluring one, and yet very dangerous. Every prudent writer must avoid it. It defies analysis. No one can explain why the English race has brought forth so much genius of the lighter as well as of the graver sort, and enough readers to keep a wit in countenance. One must simply say that the fact is so, and discreetly pass on. The only excuse I can give for having ventured upon so elusive a topic is that Walter Bagehot was a wit as well as a seer, — one of the most original and audacious wits that the English race has produced, — and I wish to make a proper introduction to speaking of him. Moreover, being a wit, he seems himself to have perceived the incongruity of his being an Englishman. "I need not say," he wrote in his youth, "I need not say that in real sound stu-

pidity the English people are unrivaled : you 'll hear more wit and better wit in an Irish street row than would keep Westminster Hall in humor for five weeks."

Bagehot had no literary lineage behind him, nor anything very unusual in his bringing forth that would lead the historian of letters to expect him to be what he so delightfully turned out to be. Upon a plain street in the quiet little town of Langport, in the midst of Somersetshire, there stands a plain but broad and homelike house, with its threshold upon the very footway of the street ; and here, in an upper room, Walter Bagehot was born, on the 3d of February, 1826. The house is the residence of the manager of the Somersetshire bank whose offices are but a few rods away upon the same street, where it turns about toward Glastonbury and Wells. This was the business to which Bagehot was born. His father, Thomas Watson Bagehot, was vice-president of the private banking company which Mr. Samuel Stuckey had established there in Langport in the last century, and which had so prospered that its branches were after a while to be found in every considerable place in the county, — which was, indeed, destined to become in our own day the largest private bank of issue in England. The Stuckeys are still the magnates of the little town, the owners of ample green acres that stretch away northward and broaden from the hill which the parish church crowns and adorns.

Thomas Bagehot married a niece of Samuel Stuckey ; but not before she had seen a good deal of the large world outside the sequestered town in which her great son was to be born. She had first married a Mr. Estlin, of Bristol ; and her life and companionships in Bristol, that old city which had so teemed through more than one great age with commerce of the mind as well as with trade in the stuffs of the Indies and the ends of the earth, had enriched her live-

ly mind not a little in the days when she was most susceptible. She was older than Mr. Bagehot by a goodly number of years, — perhaps it would be ungallant to say how many, — but she was not of the kind to grow old or stagnate, even if she had lived all her life in that quiet house in Langport ; and her son, Walter Bagehot, took a good measure of genius by inheritance from her.

Somersetshire is a sunny county, and lies in the midst of that brightest part of England which is thrust with its rising coasts southward toward the heart of the Atlantic ; but many dull wits are born thereabouts. For all there is so much poetry in the soft air, with its sunlit mists and its fine mysterious distances, looking toward the sea, it has not bred many poets. Its levels of intelligence have in all ordinary seasons been nearly as flat and featureless as its own fat interior meadows, which used now and again to hold a flood of waters like the sea, with only here and there an island-hill, like that of Avalon, where monks built their abbey of Glastonbury. It is pleasant, to see Langport also perched upon one of these infrequent hills, a landmark for the traveler, and to think that it was from this haven Walter Bagehot set out to make his bold voyage into the world of thought, — that "high-spirited, buoyant, subtle, speculative nature, in which the imaginative qualities were even more remarkable than the judgment," as one of his comrades and fellow voyagers has said, — a man of a "gay and dashing humor which was the life of every conversation in which he joined," and of a "visionary nature to which the commonest things often seemed the most marvelous, and the marvelous things the most intrinsically probable." This was the man who was to set the facts of English politics in their true light, — and not the facts of English politics only, but also many of the facts of the world's political development as well ; for it is in the vision

of such men that facts appear for what they are, — are seen to consist not simply of what is *in* them, but also, and even more, of what is *behind* them and about them, their setting and atmosphere, and are seen not to be intelligible without these. No doubt it was a signal advantage to have had a very brilliant woman for his mother, as Bagehot had, — a woman who had come to the maturity of her charming gifts; and to have had so sterling a man as Thomas Bagehot for his father, — a man of cultivated power, and of great good sense and balance of judgment. But brilliant women are not always generous in giving wit to their sons, and the best of men have begot fools. Neither Somersetshire air nor any certain custom of mental inheritance can explain Walter Bagehot. We must simply accept him as part of the largess of Providence to a race singularly enriched with genius.

Nor is the breeding of the boy much to our purpose. He was not made by his breeding. His mind chose its own training, as such a mind always does, and made its own world of thought in the days of his formal schooling in Bristol and at University College, London, whither he went because his father would not have him stomach the religious tests then imposed at Oxford and Cambridge. Schools and colleges are admirable for drill and discipline of the mind, and give many an ordinary man his indispensable equipment for success; but that is not their use for the exceptional mind of genius. Such a mind does not accept their drill. It takes only their atmosphere, needs only the companionships they afford, uses them with a sort of sovereign selection of what it desires. Bagehot has given us his own statement of the habit of such minds, in an article on Oxford Reform which he published in the *Prospective Review* for August, 1852. "In youth," he says, "the real plastic energy is not in tutors or lectures or in books 'got up,'

but in Wordsworth and Shelley; in the books that all read because all like; in what all talk of because all are interested; in the argumentative walk or disputatious lounge; in the impact of young thought upon young thought, of fresh thought on fresh thought, of hot thought on hot thought; in mirth and refutation, in ridicule and laughter: for these are the free play of the natural mind, and these cannot be got without a college." "*These* cannot be got without a college"! Here is food for reflection for those who look to become men of thought by diligence in attending lectures and thoroughness in "getting up" examinations! No doubt Bagehot was writing thus out of his own experience, as Mr. R. H. Hutton says. Such minds make their own laws and ways of life, and the rest of us, being duller, must take care not to use prescriptions which do not suit our case. Mr. Hutton, who was Bagehot's college mate and lifelong friend, tells us that "youth, buoyancy, vivacity, velocity of thought, were of the essence of the impression he made. Such arrogance as he seemed to have in early life was the arrogance as much of enjoyment as of detachment of mind; the *insouciance* of the old Cavalier as much, at least, as the calm of a mind not accessible to the contagion of social feelings. He always talked, in youth, of his spirits as inconveniently high; and once wrote to me that he did not think they were quite as 'boisterous' as they had been, and that his fellow creatures were not sorry for the abatement; nevertheless, he added, 'I am quite fat, gross, and ruddy.' He was indeed excessively fond of hunting, vaulting, and almost all muscular effort; so that his life would be wholly misconceived by any one who . . . should picture his mind as a vigilantly observant, far-away intelligence, — such as Hawthorne's, for example. He liked to be in the thick of the *mêlée* when talk grew warm, though he was never so absorbed in it as not to keep

his mind cool." He liked to talk, indeed, even when there was no one to talk to but himself; for there are elderly men still to be found at the bank in Langport who remember the overflowing vivacity of the bank's one-time director, and recall how he could oftentimes be overheard talking to himself in his characteristic eager fashion, as he paced all alone up and down the directors' room, in the intervals of business. He was a sore puzzle to the sober citizens of his native town, who did not know any means of calculating what this tall, athletic, stirring gentleman would be at next, or what he would say in his whimsical humor. He was asked once (and only once) to read a lecture to the literary society of Langport. His subject was Reading, and he advised his amazed hearers, amongst other things, to read *all* of the Times newspaper every day, the advertisements included. They did not see the jest, and deemed the advice quite as incomprehensible as the man himself! He was as careless and as whimsical, it would seem, as Lamb himself with regard to the impression he made on most sorts and conditions of men.

London, it turned out, and not Somersetshire, was to be Bagehot's chief place of residence. Somersetshire was always his home, but London was his place of work. As usual, the provinces were to enrich the capital. Though he first studied law for a little, Bagehot eventually turned to the practical business affairs which have for so many generations seemed the chief and most absorbing interest of all Englishmen. It was, of course, the intellectual side of business that really engaged him, however. He was something more than a Somersetshire banker. He became editor of the London Economist, and brought questions of finance to the light in editorials which clarified knowledge and steadied prediction in such fashion as made him the admiration of the

Street. The City had never before seen its business set forth with such lucidity and mastery. London had taught Bagehot a great deal in the days when he was an undergraduate in University College, and he had roamed its streets, haunted by all the memories of deeds and of letters of which the place was so full. Now he learned by a new sort of companionship, — a companionship with the men who were the living forces of the time in business and in politics. It is not easy to overestimate the influence of a great capital upon affairs, or the influence of affairs upon a great capital. London, like Paris, is so much more than a political capital. No public man can remain long at the heart of that vast, abounding life, or mix even for a little in that various society, where men of every sort of thought and power and experience and habit of reason throng and speak their minds, without in some way receiving a subtle and profound instruction in affairs. And the men of the city are themselves, in turn, instructed by their acquaintance at short range with the processes and the forces which control in the policy and business of the state. Such a capital as London is a huge intellectual clearing-house, and men get out of it, as it were, the net balances of the nation's needs and thoughts.

Bagehot both took and gave a great deal in such a place. His mind was singularly fitted to understand London, and every complex group of men and interests. He had the social imagination that Burke had, and Carlyle, — that every successful student of affairs must have, if he would scratch but a little beneath the surface or lift the mystery from any transaction whatever. For minds with this gift of sight there is a quick way opened to the heart of things. Their acquaintance with any individual man is but a detail in their acquaintance with men; and it is noteworthy that, though they gain in mastery, they do not gain

in insight by their contact with men and with the actual business of the world. Burke saw as clearly and with as certain a penetration when he was in his twenties as when he had lived his life out. The years enriched his knowledge with details, and every added experience brought him some concrete matter to ground his thought upon; but the mastery of these things was in him from the first.

Bagehot showed the same precocious power, and saw as clearly at twenty-five as at fifty, though he did not see as much or hold his judgment at so nice a balance. There is full evidence of this in the seven remarkable letters on the third Napoleon's Coup d'Etat, which he wrote from Paris while he was yet a law student. They are evidently the letters of a young man. Their style goes at a spanking, reckless gait that no older mind would have dared attempt or could have kept its breath at. Their satirical humor has a quick sting in it; their judgments are offhand and unconsciously confident; their crying heresies in matters of politics are calculated to shock English nerves very painfully. They are aggressive and a bit arrogant. But their extravagance is superficial. At heart they are sound, and even wise. The man's vision for affairs has come to him already. He sees that Frenchmen are not Englishmen, and are not to be judged, or very much aided either, by English standards in affairs. You shall not elsewhere learn so well what it was that happened in France in the early fifties, or why it happened, and could hardly have been staved off or avoided. "You have asked me to tell you what I think of French affairs," he writes. "I shall be pleased to do so; but I ought perhaps to begin by cautioning you against believing, or too much heeding, what I say." It is so he begins, with a shrewd suspicion, no doubt, that the warning is quite unnecessary. For he was writing to the editor of *The Inquirer*, a journal but just established for

the enlightenment of Unitarian dissenters, — a people Bagehot had reason to know, and could not hope to win either to the matter or to the manner of his thought. They were sure to think the one radically misleading and erroneous, and the other unpardonably flippant. But it was the better sport on that account to write for their amazement. He undertook nothing less bold than a justification of what Louis Napoleon had done in flat derogation and defiance of the constitutional liberties of France. He set himself to show an English audience, who he knew would decline to believe it, how desperate a crisis had been averted, how effectual the strong remedy had been, and how expedient at least a temporary dictatorship had become. "Whatever other deficiencies Louis Napoleon may have," he said, "he has one excellent advantage over other French statesmen: he has never been a professor, nor a journalist, nor a promising barrister, nor by taste a *littérateur*. He has not confused himself with history; he does not think in leading articles, in long speeches, or in agreeable essays." "He has very good heels to his boots, and the French just want treading down, and nothing else, — calm, cruel, businesslike oppression, to take the dogmatic conceit out of their heads. The spirit of generalization which, John Mill tells us, honorably distinguishes the French mind has come to this, that every Parisian wants his head *tapped* in order to get the formulæ and nonsense out of it. . . . So I am for any carnivorous government." Conscious of his audacity and of what will be said of such sentiments among the grave readers of *The Inquirer*, he hastens in his second letter to make his real position clear. "For the sake of the women who may be led astray," he laughs, affecting to quote St. Athanasius, "I will this very moment explain my sentiments."

He is sober enough when it comes to serious explanation of the difficult matter. Laughing satire and boyish gibe

are put aside, and a thoughtful philosophy of politics — Burke's as well as his own — comes at once to the surface, in sentences admirably calm and wise. In justifying Napoleon, he says plainly and at the outset, he is speaking only of France and of the critical circumstances of the year 1852. "The first duty of society," he declares, "is the preservation of society. By the sound work of old-fashioned generations, by the singular painstaking of the slumberers in churchyards, by dull care, by stupid industry, a certain social fabric somehow exists; people contrive to go out to their work, and to find work to employ them actually until the evening; body and soul are kept together, — and this is what mankind have to show for their six thousand years of toil and trouble." You cannot better the living by political change, he maintains, unless you can contrive to hold change to a slow and sober pace, quiet, almost insensible, like that of the evolutions of husbanding growth. If you cannot do that, perhaps it is better to hold steadily to the old present ways of life, under a strong, unshaken, unquestioned government, capable of guidance and command. "Burke first taught the world at large," he reminds us, "that politics are made of time and place; that institutions are shifting things, to be tried by and adjusted to the shifting conditions of a mutable world; that in fact politics are but a piece of business, to be determined in every case by the exact exigencies of that case, — in plain English, by sense and circumstances. This was a great step in political philosophy, though it *now* seems the events of 1848 have taught thinking persons (I fancy) further: they have enabled us to see that of all these circumstances so affecting political problems, by far and out of all question the most important is *national character*." "I need not prove to you that the French have a national character," he goes on, "nor need I try your patience with a likeness of it: I

have only to examine whether it be a fit basis for national freedom. I fear you will laugh when I tell you what I conceive to be about the most essential mental quality for a free people whose liberty is to be progressive, permanent, and on a large scale: it is much *stupidity*. I see you are surprised; you are going to say to me, as Socrates did to Polus, 'My young friend, of course you are right; but will you explain what you mean? As yet you are not intelligible.' "The explanation is easily made, and with convincing force. He means that only a race of steady, patient, unimaginative habits of thought can abide steadfast in the conservative and businesslike conduct of government, and he sees the French to be what Tocqueville had called them, — a nation apt to conceive a great design, but unable to persist in its pursuit, impatient after a single effort, "swayed by sensations, and not by principles," her "instincts better than her morality." "As people of 'large round-about common sense' will as a rule somehow get on in life," says Bagehot, "no matter what their circumstances or their fortune, so a nation which applies good judgment, forbearance, a rational and compromising habit, to the management of free institutions will certainly succeed; while the more eminently gifted national character will be but a source and germ of endless and disastrous failure, if, with whatever other eminent qualities, it be deficient in these plain, solid, and essential requisites." It is no doubt whimsical to call "large round-about common sense," good judgment, and rational forbearance "stupidity;" but he means, of course, that those who possess these solid practical gifts usually lack that quick, inventive originality and versatility in resource which we are apt to think characteristic of the creative mind. "The essence of the French character," he explains, "is a certain mobility; that is, a certain 'excessive sensibility to present impressions,' which is

sometimes 'levity,' for it issues in a postponement of seemingly fixed principles to a momentary temptation or a transient whim; sometimes 'impatience,' as leading to an exaggerated sense of existing evils; often 'excitement,' a total absorption in existing emotion; oftener 'inconsistency,' the sacrifice of old habits to present emergencies," — and these are qualities which, however engaging upon occasion, he is certainly right in regarding as a very serious, if not fatal, impediment to success in self-government. "A real Frenchman," he exclaims, "can't be stupid: *esprit* is his essence; wit is to him as water, *bons-mots* as *bonsbons*." And yet "stupidity," as he prefers to call it, is, he rightly thinks, "nature's favorite resource for preserving steadiness of conduct and consistency of opinion: it enforces concentration; people who learn slowly learn only what they must."

This, which reads like the moral of an old man, is what Bagehot saw at twenty-six; and he was able, though a youth and in the midst of misleading Paris, to write quick sentences of political analysis which were fit to serve both as history and as prophecy. "If you have to deal with a mobile, a clever, a versatile, an intellectual, a dogmatic nation," he says, "inevitably and by necessary consequence you will have conflicting systems; every man speaking his own words, and giving his own suffrage to what seems good in his own eyes; many holding to-day what they will regret to-morrow; a crowd of crotchety notions and a heavy percentage of philosophical nonsense; a great opportunity for subtle stratagem and intriguing selfishness; a miserable division among the friends of tranquillity, and a great power thrown into the hands of those who, though often with the very best intentions, are practically and in matter of fact opposed both to society and civilization. And moreover, beside minor inconveniences and lesser hardships, you will indisput-

ably have periodically — say three or four times in fifty years — a great crisis: the public mind much excited; the people in the streets swaying to and fro with the breath of every breeze; the discontented *ouvriers* meeting in a hundred knots, discussing their real sufferings and their imagined grievances with lean features and angry gesticulations; the parliament all the while in permanence very ably and eloquently expounding the whole subject, one man proposing this scheme, and another that; the Opposition expecting to oust the ministers and ride in on the popular commotion, the ministers fearing to take the odium of severe or adequate repressive measures, lest they should lose their salary, their places, and their majority; finally a great crash, a disgusted people overwhelmed by revolutionary violence, or seeking a precarious, a pernicious, but after all a precious protection from the bayonets of military despotism." Could you wish a better analysis of the affairs of that clever, volatile people, and can you ascribe it wholly to his youth that Bagehot should in 1852 have deliberately concluded that "the first condition of good government" in France was "a really strong, a reputedly strong, a continually strong executive power"?

Henry Crabb Robinson, that amiable man of letters and staunch partisan of constitutional liberty, could never recall a name, especially in his old age, we are told; and in conversation with Mr. R. H. Hutton he used to refer to Bagehot by description as "that friend of yours, — you know whom I mean, you rascal! — who wrote those abominable, those disgraceful letters on the Coup d'Etat — I did not forgive him for years after!" We must of course admit, with Mr. Hutton, that the letters were "airy, and even flippant, on a very grave subject;" but their airiness and flippancy were not of the substance: they were but a trick of youth, the playful exuberance of a lusty strength, — the colt was "feeling his

oats." What the critic must note is that there is here already the vivid and effectual style that runs like a light through everything that Bagehot ever wrote. Mr. Hutton tells us that Bagehot "used to declare that his early style affected him 'like the joggling of a cart without springs over a very rough road ;'" and no doubt the writing of his maturer years does often go at a more even and placid pace. But you shall not find in him anywhere the measured phrases of the formal, periodic writer, or any studied grace or cadence. The style has always, like the thought, a quick stroke, an intermittent sparkle, a jetlike play, as if it were a bit of sustained talk, and recorded, not so much a course of reasoning, as the successive, spontaneous impressions of a mind alert and quick of sight.

It is singular to find him preferring the dull English way of writing editorials to the sprightly, pointed paragraphs of the French journals, as he does in the extraordinary sixth letter on the Coup d'Etat, in which he hits off the characteristics of the French press with a point and truth I do not know where to match elsewhere. We are apt, upon a superficial impression, to think of Bagehot as himself touched with a certain French quality, and to think of his own writing as we hear him exclaim of the French journalists, "How well these fellows write ! . . . How clear, how acute, how clever, how perspicuous !" But he tells us with what relief and satisfaction, after running for a little with these voluble and witty fellows, he opened the quiet columns of an English paper. "As long walking in picture galleries makes you appreciate a mere wall," he says, "so I felt that I understood for the first time that really dullness had its interest." "There was no toil, no sharp theory, no pointed expression, no fatiguing brilliancy." He quotes an English judge as having said, "I like to hear a Frenchman talk : he strikes a light, but what

light he will strike it is impossible to predict ; I think he does n't know himself ;" and he frankly confesses his own distaste for such irresponsible brightness. "Suppose, if you only can," he cries, "a House of Commons all Disraelis ! It would be what M. Proudhon said of some French Assemblies, 'a box of matches.'" You cannot be with the man long without seeing that, for all he is so witty, and as quick as a Frenchman at making a point, there is really no Gallic blood in the matter. His processes of thought are as careful as his style is rapid and his wit reckless.

In 1852, the very year in which the letters on the Coup d'Etat were written, the period of Bagehot's preparation in the law was completed, and he was in due course called to the bar. But he decided not to enter upon the practice. He had read law with a zest for its systematic ways and its sharp and definite analytical processes, and with an unusual appreciation, no doubt, of the light of businesslike interpretation which it applies to the various undertakings and relationships of society ; but he dreaded the hot wigs, the unventilated courts, and the night drudgery which the active practitioner would have to endure, and betook himself instead to the less confining occupations of business. His father was interested in large commercial undertakings, and was a ship-owner as well as a banker, and his son found, in association with him, an active enough life, full of travel and of important errands here and there, upon which he could spend his energies with not a little satisfaction. We are not apt to think of commerce and banking as furnishing matter to satisfy such a mind as Bagehot's ; but business is just as dull, and just as interesting, as you make it. Bagehot always maintained that "business is much more amusing than pleasure ;" and of course it is, if you have mind enough to appreciate it upon all its sides and in all its bearings upon the

life of society. Give a mind like Bagehot's such necessary stuff of life to work upon as is to be found in the commerce of a great nation, and it will at once invest it with the dignity and the charm of a great theme of speculation and study. Bagehot's contact with business made him a great economist, — an economist sure of his premises, and big-minded and scrupulously careful and guarded in respect of his conclusions. Mr. Hutton tells us that Bagehot "was always absent-minded about minutiae, and himself admitted that he never could 'add up.'" He was obliged to leave details to his assistants and subordinates. But such has often been the singular failing of men who could nevertheless reason upon details in the mass with an unexampled certainty and power. Bagehot turned always, it would seem as if by instinct, to the larger aspects of every matter he was called upon to handle; and had, no doubt, that sort of imagination for enterprise which has been characteristic of great business men (as of great soldiers and statesmen) in all generations. Such men can put together colossal fortunes; but Bagehot's career did not lead him that way. The literary instinct was more deep-seated and radical in him than the money-making, and he found his right place as a man of business when he became editor of the *London Economist*. He did not long keep to Langport. His marriage, in 1858, brought him to the characteristic part of his career. His mother had urged him some time before to marry, but he had put her off with his customary banter. "A man's mother is his misfortune," he had said, "but his wife is his fault." Whether delay brought wisdom or not (when a man of genius gets a wife to his mind and need it is apt to be mere largess of Providence), certain it is that his marriage endowed him with happiness for the rest of his life, and introduced him to a new and more fruitful use of his

gifts. He married the eldest daughter of the Right Honorable James Wilson, who had founded the *Economist*, and whose death, two years later, in India, in the service of the government, left Bagehot, at thirty-four, to conduct alone the great weekly which his genius was to lift to a yet higher place of influence.

Mr. Hutton believes that it was Bagehot's connection with the inner world of politics in London to which his marriage gave him entrance that enabled him to write his great works of political interpretation; for he was undoubtedly the first man to strip the English constitution of its "literary theory," and show it to the world as men of affairs knew it and used it. Mr. Hutton was Mr. Bagehot's lifelong intimate, and one hesitates to question his judgment in such a matter; but it may at least be said that it can in this case be established only by doubtful inference, even though uttered by a companion and friend. It is not necessary for such a mind as Bagehot's to have direct experience of affairs, or personal intercourse with the men who conduct them, in order to comprehend either the make-up of politics or the intimate forces of action. A hint is enough. Insight and inspiration do the rest. The gift of imaginative insight in respect of affairs carries always with it a subtle, unconscious power of construction which suffers not so much as the temptation to invent, and which is equally free from taint of abstract or fanciful inference. Somehow, — no man can say by what curious secret process or exquisite delicacy and certainty of intimation, — it reconstructs life after the irregular patterns affected by nature herself, and will build you the reality out of mere inference. Bagehot may have been quickened and assured by an intimate and first-hand knowledge of men and methods, but it seems like mistaking the character of his genius to say that he could not have done without this actual sight of concrete cases and

these personal instances of motive and action. The rest of his work justifies the belief that he could have seen without handling.

The power and the character of his imagination are proved by the extraordinary range it took. Most of the literary studies in which he has given us so memorable a taste of his quality as a critic and all-round man of letters were written before his marriage, between his twenty-sixth and his thirty-second years, — the most extraordinary of them all, perhaps, the essay on Shakespeare the Man, in 1853, when he was but twenty-seven; and there is everywhere to be found in those studies a man whose insight into life was easy, universal, and almost unerring; and yet the centre of life for him was quiet Langport in far Somersetshire. His fame as a political thinker was made later, when he was more mature, and his imagination had been trained to its functions by his wide travels in the high company of the men of genius of whom he had written. "Variety was his taste, and versatility his power," as he said of Brougham; and the variety of his taste and the versatility of his power showed in what he wrote of economy and of institutions no less than in what he wrote of individual men and books. In his *English Constitution*, which he published in 1867, he gave an account of the actual workings of parliamentary government, so lucid, so witty, so complete, and for all so concise and without delay about details (which seemed in its clear air to reveal themselves without comment), that it made itself instantly and once for all a part of every man's thinking in that matter. Everybody saw what he intended them to see: that the English government is a government shaped and conducted by a committee of the House of Commons, called "her Majesty's ministers;" that the throne serves only to steady the administration of the government, to hold the veneration and imagination of the

people; and that the House of Lords is only, at most, a revising and delaying chamber. The book is now a classic.

Two years later (1869) he turned to a broader field of thought in his *Physics and Politics*, in which he sought to apply the principles of heredity and natural selection to the development of society, showing how political organization was first hardened by custom; then altered and even revolutionized by changes of environment, and by the struggle for existence between banded groups of men; and finally given its nice adaptations to a growing civilization by the subtle, transmuting processes of an age of discussion. There are passages in this little volume which stimulate the thought more than whole treatises written by those who have no imagination whereby to revive the image of older ages of the world. Here, for example, is his striking comment upon the nations which, like the Chinese and the Persian, have stood still the long centuries through, caught and held fast, as he puts it, beneath a cake of antique custom: "No one will ever comprehend the arrested civilizations unless he sees the strict dilemma of early society. Either men had no law at all, and lived in confused tribes hardly hanging together, or they had to obtain a fixed law by processes of incredible difficulty; those who surmounted that difficulty soon destroyed all those that lay in their way who did not, — and then they themselves were caught in their own yoke. The customary discipline, which could only be imposed on any early men by terrible sanctions, continued with those sanctions, and killed out of the whole society propensities to variation which are the principle of progress. Experience shows how incredibly difficult it is to get men really to encourage the principle of originality." There is here the same thesis his letters on the Coup d'Etat had advanced, with a sort of boyish audacity, several years before. This is the philosophy of

dullness. No nation, while it is forming, hardening its sinews, acquiring its habits of order, can afford to encourage originality. It must insist upon a rigid discipline and subordination. And even after it has formed its habits of order, it cannot afford to have too much originality, or to relax its fibre by too rapid change, — cannot afford to be as volatile as the French. Progress is devoutly to be wished, and discussion is its instrument, — the opening of the mind; those nations are the great nations of the modern world which have dominated the European stage, where there is movement, and the plot advances from ordered change to change. But conservatism and order must even yet be preferred to change, and the nations which do not think too fast are the nations which advance most rapidly. Bagehot speaks somewhere of “the settled calm by which the world is best administered.”

Bagehot's thought is not often constructive. Its business is generally analysis, interpretation. But in Physics and Politics it is distinctly creative and architectonic. It is always his habit to go at once to the concrete reality of a subject, lingering scarcely a moment upon its conventionalities: he sees always with his own eyes, — never with another's; and even analysis takes from him a certain creative touch. The object of his thought is so vividly displayed that you seem to see all of it, instead of only some of it. But here, in speaking of ages past and gone, his object is reconstruction, and that direct touch of his imagination makes what he says seem like the report of an eye-witness. You know, after reading this book, what an investigator the trained understanding is, — a sort of original authority in itself. Nor is his humor gone or exiled from these solemn regions of thought. There is an intermittent touch of it even in what he says of the political force of religion. “Those kinds of morals and that kind of religion which tend to make the firmest and most

effectual character,” he explains, “are sure to prevail” in every struggle for existence between organized groups or nations of men, “all else being the same; the creeds or systems that conduce to a soft, limp mind tend to perish, except some hard extrinsic force keep them alive. Thus Epicureanism never prospered at Rome, but Stoicism did; the stiff, serious character of the great prevailing nation was attracted by what seemed a confirming creed, and deterred by what looked like a relaxing creed. The inspiring doctrines fell upon the ardent character, and so confirmed its energy. Strong beliefs win strong men, and then make them stronger. Such is no doubt one cause why Monotheism tends to prevail over Polytheism; it produces a higher, steadier character, calmed and concentrated by a great single object; it is not confused by competing rites, or distracted by miscellaneous deities.” “Mr. Carlyle has taught the present generation many lessons, and one of these is that ‘God-fearing’ armies are the best armies. Before his time people laughed at Cromwell's saying, ‘Trust God, and keep your powder dry.’ But we now know that the trust was of as much use as the powder, if not of more. That high concentration of steady feeling makes men dare everything and do anything.” Is it a misuse of the word to say that a quiet, serious sort of humor lurks amidst these sentences, and once and again peeps out at you with solemn eyes? And there are bold, unconventional sallies of wit in the man as there were in the boy. Take, for example, what he said of one of the qualities which seemed to him very noticeable in that extraordinary and very uncomfortable man, Lord Brougham. “There is a last quality which is difficult to describe in the language of books, but which Lord Brougham excels in, and which has perhaps been of more value to him than all his other qualities put together. In the speech of ordinary men

it is called 'devil;' persons instructed in the German language call it 'the Dæmonic element.' . . . It is most easily explained by physiognomy. There is a glare in some men's eyes which seems to say, 'Beware! I am dangerous; *noli me tangere*.' Lord Brougham's face had this. A mischievous excitability is the most obvious expression of it. If he were a horse, nobody would buy him; with that eye no one could answer for his temper."

With what apparent irreverence, too, he opens his chapter on the Monarchy, in his English Constitution! "The use of the Queen in a dignified capacity," he begins, "is incalculable. . . . Most people, when they read that the Queen walked on the slopes at Windsor, that the Prince of Wales went to the Derby, have imagined that too much thought and prominence were given to little things. But they have been in error; and it is nice to trace how the actions of a retired widow and an unemployed youth become of such importance." And yet he is not laughing. "The best reason why monarchy is a strong government," he goes on, very seriously, "is that it is an intelligible government. The mass of mankind understand it, and they hardly anywhere in the world understand any other." His thought turns back to the Coup d'Etat which he had seen in France. "The issue was put to the French people," he says; "they were asked, 'Will you be governed by Louis Napoleon, or will you be governed by an assembly?' The French people said, 'We will be governed by the one man we can imagine, and not by the many people we cannot imagine.'" The man is a conservative; it is only his wit that is a radical.

His Lombard Street is the most outwardly serious of his greater writings. It is his picture of the money market, whose public operations and hidden influences he exhibits with his accustomed, apparently inevitable lucidity. He ex-

plains, as perhaps only he could explain, the parts played in the market by the Chancellors of the Exchequer, whose counselor he often was, by the Bank of England, and by the joint-stock banks, such as his own in Somersetshire; the influences, open and covert, that make for crisis or for stability,—the whole machinery and the whole psychology of the subtle game and business of finance. There is everywhere the same close intimacy between the fact and the thought. What he writes seems always a light playing through affairs, illuminating their substance, revealing their fibre. "As an instrument for arriving at truth," one of Bagehot's intimate friends once said, "I never knew anything like a talk with Bagehot." It got at once to the heart of a subject. He instantly appreciated the whole force and significance "of everything you yourself said; making talk with him, as Roscoe once remarked, 'like riding a horse with a perfect mouth.' But most unique of all was his power of keeping up animation without combat. I never knew a power of discussion, of coöperative investigation of truth, to approach to it. It was all stimulus, and yet no contest." The spontaneity with which he wrote put the same quality into his writings. They have all the freshness, the vivacity, the penetration of eager talk, and abound in those flashes of insight and discovery which make the speech of some gifted men seem like a series of inspirations. He does not always complete his subjects, either, in writing, and their partial incompleteness makes them read the more as if they were a body of pointed remarks, and not a set treatise or essay.

No doubt the best samples of his style are to be found in his literary and biographical essays, where his adept words serve him so discerningly in the disclosure of some very subtle things: the elements of individual genius, the motives and constituents of intellectual power, the diverse forces of differing men.

But you shall find the same qualities and felicities in his way of dealing with the grosser and more obvious matters of politics. Here, as everywhere, to quote his own language about Laurence Sterne, his style "bears the indefinable traces which an exact study of words will always leave upon the use of words." Here, too, there is the same illuminative play of sure insight and broad sagacity. You may illustrate his method by taking passages almost at random. "The brief description of the characteristic merit of the English constitution is," he says, "that its dignified parts are very complicated and somewhat imposing, very old and rather venerable; while its efficient part, at least when in great and critical action, is decidedly simple and rather modern. We have made, or rather stumbled on, a constitution which — though full of every species of incidental defect, though of the worst *workmanship* in all out-of-the-way matters of any constitution in the world — yet has two capital merits: it has a simple efficient part which, on occasion, and when wanted, *can* work more simply and easily and better than any instrument of government that has yet been tried; and it contains likewise historical, complex, august, theatrical parts, which it has inherited from a long past — which *take* the multitude — which guide by an insensible but an omnipotent influence the associations of its subjects. Its essence is strong with the strength of modern simplicity; its exterior is august with the Gothic grandeur of a more imposing age." He is interested to bring out the contrast between English political arrangements and our own. "When the American nation has chosen its President," he explains, "its virtue goes out of it, and out of the Transmissive College through which it chooses. But because the House of Commons has the power of dismissal in addition to the power of election, its relation to the Premier is incessant. They guide him,

and he leads them. He is to them what they are to the nation. He only goes where he believes they will go after him. But he has to take the lead; he must choose his direction, and begin the journey. Nor must he flinch. A good horse likes to feel the rider's bit; and a great deliberative assembly likes to feel that it is under worthy guidance. . . . The great leaders of Parliament have varied much, but they have all had a certain firmness. A great assembly is as soon spoiled by over-indulgence as a little child. The whole life of English politics is the action and reaction between the Ministry and the Parliament. The appointees strive to guide, and the appointors surge under the guidance." "The English constitution, in a word, is framed on the principle of choosing a single sovereign authority, and making it good; the American, upon the principle of having many sovereign authorities, and hoping that their multitude may atone for their inferiority. The Americans now extol their institutions, and so defraud themselves of their due praise. But if they had not a genius for politics; if they had not a moderation in action singularly curious where superficial speech is so violent; if they had not a regard for law, such as no great people have yet evinced, and infinitely surpassing ours, the multiplicity of authorities in the American constitution would long ago have brought it to a bad end. Sensible shareholders, I have heard a shrewd attorney say, can work *any* deed of settlement; and so the men of Massachusetts could, I believe, work *any* constitution. But political philosophy must analyze political history; it must distinguish what is due to the excellence of the people, and what to the excellence of the laws; it must carefully calculate the exact effect of each part of the constitution, though thus it may destroy many an idol of the multitude, and detect the secret of utility where but few imagined it to lie."

These are eminently businesslike sentences. They are not consciously concerned with style ; they do not seem to stop for the turning of a phrase ; their only purpose seems to be plain elucidation, such as will bring the matter within the comprehension of everybody. And yet there is a stirring quality in them which operates upon the mind like wit. They are tonic and full of stimulus. No man could have spoken them without a lively eye. I suppose their "secret of utility" to be a very interesting one indeed, — and nothing less than the secret of all Bagehot's power. Young writers should seek it out and ponder it studiously. It is this : he is never writing "in the air." He is always looking point-blank and with steady eyes upon a definite object ; he takes pains to see it, alive and natural, as it really is ; he uses a phrase, as the masters of painting use a color, not because it is beautiful, — he is not thinking of that, — but because it

matches life, and is the veritable image of the thing of which he speaks. Moreover, he is not writing merely to succeed at that : he is writing, not to describe, but to make alive. And so the secret comes to light. Style is an instrument, and is made imperishable only by embodiment in some great use. It is not of itself stuff to last ; neither can it have real beauty except when working the substantial effects of thought or vision. Its highest triumph is to hit the meaning ; and the pleasure you get from it is not unlike that which you get from the perfect action of skill. The *object* is so well and so easily attained ! A man's vocabulary and outfit of phrase should be his thought's perfect habit and manner of pose. Bagehot *saw* the world of his day, saw the world of days antique, and showed us what he saw in phrases which interpret like the tones of a perfect voice, in words which serve us like eyes.

Woodrow Wilson.

GLAMOUR.

O WONDER days when heart and I were young,
 And all the world was radiant and new ;
 When every little common flower that grew
 Interpreted to me an unknown tongue,
 Or seemed a fairy bell that late had rung
 Its silver peal across the morning dew ;
 When skies were tapestries of living blue,
 And stars a mesh of jewels overhung !
 Now is my happy youth fulfilled, and I
 Am come to mine inheritance of pain ;
 Yet does the brightness of the days gone by
 Still cast a glory over hill and plain ;
 Still can I go beneath the open sky
 And feel the old world young and strange again !

Elizabeth Wilder.

AT THE TWELFTH HOUR: A TALE OF A BATTLE.

THERE was no pause in the clamor outside, which rose sometimes to a higher key, and then sank back to its level, like the rush of a storm. Every log and plank in the little house would tremble as if it were so much human flesh and blood, when a crash louder than the rest betokened the sudden discharge of all the guns in some battery. The loose windows rattled in their wooden frames alike before the roar of the artillery and the shriller note of the rifles, which clattered and buzzed without ceasing, and seemed to boast a sting sharper and more deadly than that of their comrades the big guns. Whiffs of smoke, like the scud blown about by the winds at sea, would pass before the windows and float off into the forest. Sometimes a yellow light, that wavered like heat-lightning, would shine through the glass and quiver for a moment or two across the wooden floor. In the east there was a haze, a mottled blur of red and yellow and blue, and whether the crash of the artillery rose or sank, whether the clatter of the rifles was louder or weaker, there came always the unbroken din of two hundred thousand men foot to foot in battle, — a shuffling, moaning noise, a shriek, then a roar.

The widow moved the table and its dim candle nearer the window, not that she might see better outside, but there she would have a stronger light on her sewing, which was important and must be finished. The blaze of the battle flared in at the window more than once, and flickered across her face, revealing the strong, harsh features, and the hundreds of fine wrinkles that crossed one another in countless mazes, and clustered under her eyes and around the corners of her mouth. She was not a handsome woman, nor had ever been, even on her bridal morning, but she was still tall and muscular, her figure clothed in a poor

print dress, — one who had endured much, and could endure more. As she bent over her humble sewing, the dim light of the candle was reflected in hopeless eyes.

The battle rolled a little nearer from the east, and the flashes of its light grew more frequent. The trembling of the house never ceased. On the hearthstone some tiny half-dead embers danced about under the incessant rocking, like popping grains of corn, and the windows in their frames droned out their steady rattle.

But the widow paid no heed, going on with her sewing. The battle was nothing to her. She did not care who won; she would not go out of her house to see. If men were such barbarians and brutes as to murder one another for they knew not what, then let them. The more human flesh and blood the war devoured, the greater its appetite grew; for upon such food it fattened and prospered. Her three sons had gone to the man-eater, gulped down, one, two, three, in the order of their age: first the eldest, then the second, and then her youngest, her best beloved. She had thought that he, at least, who would not be a man for years, might be left to her; but the news had come from Shiloh, in a meagre letter written by a comrade, that he had fallen there, mortally wounded, and the enemy who kept the field had buried him, perhaps.

She had the letter yet, but she never looked at it. There was no need, when she knew every line, every word, every letter, and just how they looked and stood on the page. The two older sons, like so many of the men of those wild hill regions, had been worthless, — drinkers of whiskey, tellers of lies, squalid loafers blinking at the sun; but the third, the boy, had been different, and she had

expected him to become a man such as a woman could admire, a man upon whom a woman could depend, — that is, one stronger than herself, and as good. He had been both son and daughter to her, for in that way a mother looks upon the youngest or only son when he has no sister; but fair hair and blue eyes and a girl face had not prevented him from following the others, and now she knew not even where his bones lay, save that the mould of a wide and desolate battle-field inclosed them, and, in some place, hid them.

This woman did not cry; no tears came from her eyes when the news of the boy's death was brought to her, and none came now, when she still saw him, fair-haired and white-faced, lying out there under the sky. She had merely become harsher and harder, and, never much given to speech, she spoke less than before.

The battle rolled yet a little nearer from the east, and the complaining windows rattled more loudly. Above the thud of the cannon and the unbroken crash of the rifles she could hear now the shouting of many men, a guttural tumult which brought to mind the roar and shriek of wild animals in combat. The coming of the twilight did not seem to diminish their ferocity, and, repeating her old formula, she said, "Let them fight on through the night, if it please them."

The earth rumbled and rocked beneath a mighty discharge of artillery, the old house shook, and the heap of coals rolled down and scattered over the hearth. She walked from the window and put them carefully in place with an iron shovel. Thrown back together they sent up little spears of flame, which cast a flickering light over the desolate room, — the bare wooden floor, the rough log walls spotted with a few old newspaper prints, the two pine tables, the cane-bottomed chairs, the home-made wooden stool, the iron kettle in one corner and the tin pans

beside it, the low bed covered with a brown counterpane in another corner, — a room that suited the mind and temper of the woman who owned it and lived in it.

The battle crept still closer; the departed sun, the twilight deepening into night, had no effect on the fury of the combatants. Gun answered gun, and the rifles hurled opposing showers of lead. The difference in the two notes of the battle, the sullen, bass thunder of the cannon with its curious trembling cadence, and the sharper, shriller crash of the small arms, like the wrath of little people, became clearer, more distinct. Over both, in irregular waves, swelled the shouting; the wild and piercing "rebel yell" and the hoarse Yankee cheer contending and mingling and rolling back and forth in a manner that would tell nothing to a listener save that men were in mortal combat.

She heard a shrieking noise, like the scream of a man, but far louder; a long trail of light appeared in the sky, curving and arching like a rainbow until it touched the earth, when it disappeared in one grand explosion, throwing red, blue, green, and yellow lights into the air, as if a little volcano had burst. She almost fancied she could hear pieces of the shell whizzing through the air, though it was only fancy; but she knew that the earth where it struck had been torn up, and the dead were scattered about like its own pieces. Up went another, and another, and the air was filled with them, shining and shrieking as if in delight because they gave the finish and crowning touch to the battle. She watched them with a certain pleasure as they curved so beautifully, and gave herself praise when she timed to the second the moment of striking the earth. Soon the air was filled with a shower of the curving lights, and then they ceased for a while.

Still the dim battle raged in the darkness. But presently a light flared up again and did not disappear. It burned

with a steady red and blue flame that indicated something more than the flashing of cannon and rifles, and, looking through a window-pane, the widow saw the cause. The forest was on fire, the exploding gunpowder having served as a torch; the blaze ran high above the trees, adding a new rush and roar to the thunder and sweep of the battle. But she was calm; for the forest did not come near enough to place her house in danger of the fire, and there was no reason why she need disturb herself. She blew out the candle, carefully put away in the cupboard the piece remaining, — economy being both a virtue and a necessity with her, — and returned to her seat by the window, now lighted only by the blaze of the battle and the burning trees. The light from the flaming forest grew stronger, and flared through the window all the way across the room. When the flash of the guns joined it, the glare was so vivid that the widow was compelled to shield her eyes with her hand; she would have closed the shutter of the window and relighted the candle, had there been a shutter to close. Clouds of smoke — some light, white, and innocent-looking, others heavy and black — floated past the window. Such clouds were needed, she thought, to veil the horrors of the slaughter-yard outside. She looked at the little tin clock on the mantel, ticking placidly away, and saw that it was a quarter to ten. She would have gone to bed, but one could not sleep with all that noise outside and so near. She thought it wise to take her old seat by the window and watch the flames from the forest, because sparks driven by the wind might fall on her house and set it on fire. There were two buckets filled with water in the little lean-to that served as a kitchen, and she set them in a place that would be handy in case the dangerous sparks came.

But she did not think the water would be needed, since the wind, though light, was blowing the fire from her. This

was indicated clearly by the streams of flame, red in the centre, blue and white at the edges, which leaned eastward. The fire had gathered full volume now, and gave her a gorgeous spectacle, the flames leaping far above the trees, where they united into cones and pyramids, flashing with many colors and sending forth millions of sparks, which curved up, and then fell like showers of fireflies. Under this flaming cloud, the cannon spouted and the rifles flashed with as much steadiness and vigor as ever. It seemed to be a vast panoramic effect in fire planned for her alone, after the fashion of the Roman emperors, of whom she had never heard.

By the light of the fire and the battle she saw, for the first time, some figures struggling in the chaos of flame and smoke. Human beings she knew them to be, though they looked but little like it, being mere writhing black lines in a whirl of red fire and blue smoke. It was a living picture, to her, of the infernal regions, in which she was a firm believer; those ghastly shapes straining and fighting among the eternal flames. She felt a little sympathy for the many — mostly boys like her own boy who had fallen at Shiloh — who were about to pass through the flames of this world into the flames of the next; for she had been taught that only one out of a hundred could be saved, and she never doubted it. If she felt doubt at all, it was about the deserts of the hundredth man.

The thunder of the cannon sank presently to a mutter and a growl, the rifles ceased entirely, and the sudden drop in the noise of the battle caused the fire's roar to be heard above it like a tempest. She could still see the black figures, so many jumping-jacks, through the veil of flame and smoke; but they were not now a confused and struggling heap, without plan or order; they had drawn apart in two lines, and for two or three minutes remained motionless, save for a few figures which strutted up and down and

waved what looked through the fiery mist like little sticks, but which she knew to be long swords. She knew enough more to guess that one line was about to charge the other, or more likely, both would charge at the same time, and the sinking of the battle was but a pause to gather strength for a supreme effort.

She was interested, and her interest increased when she saw the opposing lines swing forward a little, as if making ready for the shock. The sudden ebb of the firing had made all other noises curiously distinct. The ticking of the little clock on the mantel became a steady drumbeat. She even fancied that she could hear the commands given to the two lines of puny black figures, but she knew it was only fancy.

This silence, so heavy that it oppressed her, after all she had heard, was broken by the discharge of hidden batteries, so many great guns at once that the widow sprang up from her chair; she thought at first that the house was falling about her, and she clapped her hands to her ears to shut out the penetrating crash, which was succeeded by the fierce, unbroken shrieking of the small arms. The cloud of smoke at once thickened and darkened, but she could see through it the two lines, now dim gray images of men, rushing upon each other. She watched with eager, intent eyes. The whirling smoke would hide parts of one line for a moment, leaving it a series of disconnected fragments; then would drift away, revealing the unbroken ranks again. She could hear the ticking of the clock no longer, for the pounding of the guns was so terrific now that continuous thunder roared in her ears, inside her head, and seemed not to come from anything without. A window-pane broke under the impact of so much sound, and the fragments of glass rattled on the floor, but she did not take her eyes from the battle.

Over the heads of the rushing lines the smoke formed in a cloud so thick,

so black, so threatening, and so low that it inclosed them, like a roof. The old likeness came back to the widow. It is the roof of hell, she said to herself; these walls and pillars of flame are its sides, and the men who fight in there, hemmed in by fire, are the damned, condemned to fight so forever.

On they rushed, some of the dim gray figures seeming to dance above the earth in the flames, like the imps they were, and the two lines met midway. She thought she could hear the smash of wave on wave above the red roar of the guns, and figures shot into the air as if hurled up by the meeting of tremendous and equal forces. A long cry, a yell, a shriek, and a wail, which could come only from human throats, thousands of them together, swelled again above everything else, — above the roar of the fire, above the crash of the rifles, above the thunder of the cannon.

In spite of her stoicism the watcher quivered a little and turned her eyes away from the window, but she turned them back again. The cry sank to a quaver, then rose again to a scream; and thus it sank and rose, as the battle surged from side to side in the flaming pit. She thought she could hear the clash of arms, bayonet on bayonet, sword on sword, and all the sounds of war became confused and mingled, like the two lines of men which had rushed so fiercely together. There were no longer two lines, — not even one line, — but a medley; struggling heaps, red whirlpools which threw out their dead and whirled on, grinding up the living like grain in a hopper. The soldiers fought in the very centre of the pit, and the shifting red curtain of flame between gave them strange shapes, enlarging some, belittling others, and then blending all into a blurred mass, a huddle of men without form or number.

Fantastic and horrible, the scene appealed strongly to the widow's hard religious sense. She could no longer doubt

that the red chaos upon which she was looking was a picture of life from the regions of eternal torture, reserved for the damned, reproduced on earth for the benefit of men. It was, then, with a feeling of increased interest that she watched the battle as it blazed and shrieked to and fro. The thunder of the cannon and the crash of the rifles were still as steady as the rush of a tempest, and the wild shouting of the men now rose above the din, then was crushed out by it, only to be heard again, fiercer and shriller than before.

The great clouds which lowered over the pit grew blacker and bigger, and rolled away in sombre waves on every side. Their vanguard reached even to her house and passed over it. The loathsome smell of burnt gunpowder and raw and roasted human flesh came in at the broken window. She stuffed a quilt into the open space, until neither smoke nor smell could enter; but some of the droppings of the black cloud, little balls and curls of smoke, came down the chimney and floated about the room, to remind the woman that the whirlwind of the battle whirled widely enough to draw her in, too. Her throat felt hot and scaly, and she took a gourd of water from one of the buckets and drank it. It was cool to the throat, and as smooth as oil. How some of those men lying out there, helpless on the ground, longed for water, cold water! How her own boy, doubtless, had longed for it, as he lay on the field of Shiloh waiting for the death that came! A feeling of pity, a strong feeling, swelled up in her soul. She walked again across the room and looked at the little tin clock on the mantel. Ten forty-five! It was time for the battle to close; it had been time long ago.

Then she went back as usual to the window, and she noticed at once that the roar and blaze of the battle were sinking. The thunder of the guns was not continuous, and the intervals increased in number and became longer.

The fire of the rifles was broken into crackling showers, and spots of gray or white, where the air was breaking through, appeared in the wall of flame. The black roof of smoke lifted a little, and seemed to be losing length and breadth as the wind swept off cloudy patches and carried them away. The fire in the forest was dying, and she ceased to hear the rush of the flames from tree to tree. Once the human shout or shriek — she could not tell which — came to her ear, but she heard it no more just then. The men, more distinct now as the veil of flame thinned away or rose in vapor, still struggled, but with less ferocity. The groups were breaking up, and the two lines shrank apart, each seeming to abandon the ground for which it had fought.

It was nearly eleven o'clock, and the moon, able for the first time to send its beams through the battle-smoke, was beginning to cast a silvery radiance over the field. The flames sank fast. The fire in the forest burnt out. The great cloud of smoke broke up into many little clouds which drifted away westward before the wind. The showers of sparks ceased, and the bits of charred wood no longer fell. A fine cloud of ashes blown through the air began to form a film over the window-panes.

The battle died like the eruption of a volcano, which shoots up with all its strength, and then sinks from exhaustion. The human figures melted away, and the last was gone, though the widow knew that many must be lying in the ravines and on the hillsides beyond her view. There were four cannon-shots at irregular intervals, the fourth a long time after the third, a volley or two from the rifles, a pop-pop or two, and the firing was over. Some feeble flames from grass or bush still spurted up, but they fought in a lost cause, for the silver radiance of the moon grew, and they paled and sank before it.

The ticking of the clock made the

cessation of noise outside more noticeable. She opened the window, and the air that came in was strong with a fleshy smell. But so much smoke had come down the chimney, and the room was so close, that she kept the window open and let the air seek every corner. Outside, the unburnt trees were swaying in the west wind, but there was no other noise. The battlefield, unlighted by the fire of cannon and rifles, had become invisible; but she knew that many men were lying there, and the wind sobbing through the burnt and unburnt forest was their dead march.

Fine ashes, borne by the wind from the burnt forest, still fell; some came in at the open window, and fell in a faint whitish powder on the floor. The widow took her wisp broom and brushed the ashes carefully into the fire; but she did not close the window, for the fresh air which blew in had a tonic strength, though there was still about it some of that strange odor, the breath of slaughter.

She resolved to watch the field a little longer, and then she would go to bed; she had wasted enough time watching the struggles of lost souls. The light of the moon was beginning to wane, and the trees and hills were growing more shadowy; their silver gray was changing to black, the sombre hue borrowed from the skies above them. Flecks of fire like smouldering coals gleamed through the darkness, showing where a tree-trunk or a bush still burned in the wake of the battle or the fire. The wind rose again, and these tiny patches of flame blazed before it more brightly for a time, and then went out. But the wind moaned more loudly as it blew among the burned tree-trunks and the dead branches. Some trees, eaten through by the fire, fell, and the night, so still otherwise, echoed with the sound.

All the lights from the fire went out, but others took their place. She could see them far apart, but twinkling like little stars fallen to earth; probably the

lanterns, she thought, of surgeons and soldiers come to look for those whose wounds were not mortal. Why not let them lie there and pay the price of their own folly? They had gone into the battle knowing its risks, and they should not seek to shun them. She would go to bed, and she put up her hand to pull down the window. She heard a prolonged cry, a wail and a sob; distant, perhaps, and feeble, but telling of pain and fear.

It came direct from the battlefield. She would have dismissed the sound, as she had dismissed all other signs of the battle, but it came again and was more penetrating. She thought that she had no fancy, no imagination, and that the battle had passed leaving her mind untouched, but the cry lingered. It rose for the third time, louder, fuller, more piercing than before, and the air ached with it. She was sure now that it was many voices in one, all groaning in their agony, and their groans uniting in a single lament, which rose above that of the wind and filled all the air with its wailing. She tried again to crush down her thoughts, and to hide the scenes that she saw with her mind, and not with her eyes; but her will refused to obey her, and yielded readily to imagination, which, held back so long, took possession of its kingdom with despotic power. Her face and hands became cold and wet at the sights and scenes that her fancy made her hear and see. It was easy to turn this field into the field of Shiloh, and her ready imagination, laughing at her will, did it for her. In that other battle her boy was lying at the foot of a hillock, his white face growing whiter, turned up to the stars; the dead lay around him, and there was no sound but his groans.

She closed the window with a sudden and violent gesture, as if she would shut out the sight, and would shut out too those cries which had stirred her imagination into such life. She walked angrily to the hearth and banked the coals for the last time, firmly resolved to go to bed and

sleep. The clock ticked away loudly and clearly, as if to show its triumph over the battle, which was now gone, while it ticked on.

But the cry of anguish from the field reached her there; fainter, more muffled, but not to be mistaken. Whether it came through the glass or how else, she knew not, but she heard it,—a cry to her, a cry that would reach her even in bed and would not let her sleep. It was as if her own son had been crying to her for help, for water. She threw up the window again, and looked toward the battlefield. The air was filled with the cries of the wounded like the chorus of the lost, but of the field itself she could see nothing. The night had darkened fast, and the ground on which the men had fought was clothed in a ghostly vapor. The burnt trees were but a faint tracery of black, and the wind had ceased, leaving the night hot, close, and breathless. The fine ashes from the fire no longer fell, and the air was free from them, but it was thick and heavy, and the repellent smell of human flesh lingered. It was a terrible night for the wounded. They would lie on the ground in the close heat and gasp for air, which would be like fire to their lungs.

The little clock struck midnight with a loud, emphatic tang, each stroke echoing and reminding her that it was time to go.

The two buckets filled with water, which she had brought to save her house from fire, still stood by the window. She put the drinking-gourd into one of them, lifted both, and passed out of the house. She was a strong woman, and she did not stagger beneath the weight of the water. This, she knew, was what they would want most; for in all that she had ever heard of battlefields the cry for water was loudest. Yet all her pity in that moment was for one,—not one of those who lay there, but her own boy on that other battlefield. She saw only him, only his face; like a girl's it had always

looked to her, with its youthful flush and the fair hair around it. It was he, not the others, who was taking her out on the field, and she walked on with straight, strong steps, because he led her.

The mists and vapors seemed to drift away as she approached the battlefield, and the trees, holding out their burnt arms, rose distinct and clear from the darkness. The cries of the wounded increased, and were no longer a steady volume like the moaning of the wind; but she could distinguish in the tumult articulate sounds, even words, and they were always the same,—the cry for water rising above all others, just as she had been told. She reached the ground over which the fire had swept. Some clusters of sparks, invisible from the window, lingered yet in the clefts of roots and rocks, and glimmered like marsh lights.

The strange repellent odor that reminded her of the drippings of a slaughter-house attacked her with renewed strength. She turned a little sick, but she conquered her faintness and went on. Wisps of smoke were still drifting about, and she stumbled on something and nearly fell; but she saved the precious water, and saw that her foot had struck against a cannon-ball, which lay there, half buried in the earth, spent, after its mission. To her eyes the earth upon it was the color of blood, and giving it a look of repulsion she passed on. She saw two or three rifles upon the ground, abandoned by their owners; and here was a broken sword, and there a knapsack, still full, which some soldier had thrown away. Under the half-burned trunk of a tree was something dark and shapeless, and charred like the tree; but she knew what it was, and after the first glance kept her head turned away. She passed more like it, but all were motionless, for the fire had spared nothing over which it had gone.

The smell of roasted flesh was strong here, but the silence appalled her. All

the cries came from the further part of the field, and around her no voice was raised. The figures, half hidden in the dark, did not stir. The trees waved their burnt arms, and gave forth a dry, parched sound when a whiff of wind struck them, like the rustle of a field of dead broom sedge.

She crossed the strip over which the fire had swept and burned out everything living, and entered the red battlefield beyond. It was lighter here, for there were fewer trees and the moon had cleared somewhat. She saw many figures of men: some motionless as they had been in the burnt woods; others twisting and distorting themselves like spiders on a pin; and still others half sitting or leaning against a stone or a stump, and trying to bind up their own wounds. The cries were a medley, chiefly groans and shrieks, but sometimes laughter, and twice a song. She had never seen ground so torn, for here the battle had trod to and fro in all its strength and ferocity. Three or four trees, cut down by cannon-balls, had fallen together, their boughs interlaced, and a hole in the earth showed where a huge shell had burst. Some sharp pieces of the exploding iron had been driven into a neighboring tree, and a little further on a patch of bushes had been mowed down like grass in a hayfield.

A man, shot in the legs, who had propped himself against a rock, saw the water that she carried, and cried to her to come to him with it. He damned her from a full vocabulary because she did not make enough haste, and when she came tried to snatch the gourd from her hand. But with her stronger hand she pushed his away, and made him drink while she held the gourd. He was young, but it did not seem strange to her to hear such volleys of profanity from one who had the splendor of youth, for her older sons had been of his kind. She left him cursing her because she did not give him more water, and went on; for

the face of her boy was still leading her, and the one she left was not like his.

The field extended further than she could see, but all around her was the lament of after-the-battle. Lights trembled or glimmered over the field; the surgeons and soldiers holding them were seeking the wounded, and she saw that some wore the blue and others the gray. Such a shambles as this was the only place in which they could meet like brethren, and here they passed each other without comment; nor did they notice her, save one, an old man with the shining tools of a surgeon in his hand, who gave her an approving nod.

She heard a moan which seemed to come from a little clump of bushes spared by the cannon-balls. A man, — a boy, rather, — with the animal instinct, had crawled in there that he might die unseen. He was in delirium with fever, and cried for his mother. The widow's heart was touched more deeply than before, for it was to such as he that her boy's face was leading her. She took him from out the bushes, stanching his wounds, and gave him of the cold water to drink. The fever abated, and his delirious talk sank to a mere mutter, while she stood and watched until one of the wagons gathering up the wounded came by; then she helped put him in, and passed on with the water to the others. She was eager to help; it was true pity, not a mere sense of duty, for she was now among the boys, the slender lads of eighteen and seventeen and sixteen; and very many of them there were, too, and she knew that her own boy had called her to help these. They lay thick upon the ground, — children they seemed to her; yet this war had such in scores of thousands, who went from the country schoolhouses to the battlefield.

Most of them were dead: sometimes they lay in long rows, as if they had been made ready for the grave; sometimes they lay in a heap, their bodies crossing; and here and there lay one who had found

death alone. But amid the dead were a few living, and the widow's hands grew tenderer and more gentle as she raised their heads and let them drink. The water in her buckets was three fourths gone, and she was very careful of it now, for a little might mean a life.

The vapors still hung over the field, and the thick, clammy air was often death to the wounded who could not breathe it. The widow wished more than once for a little of the water, herself, but there were others who needed it far more, and she went on with her work among the boys. She thought often, as she looked at the white young faces around her, of that slaughter of the innocents of which the Bible told, and it seemed to her that this was as wicked and fruitless as that.

The lights were growing fewer, and the carts with the wounded rumbled past her less often; the cries, a volume of sound before, became solitary moans. The darkness, cut here and there by the vapors, hid most of the field, and she was forced to search closely to tell the living from the dead. She was tired, weary in bone and sinew, but the face of her boy led her on, and, while any of the living remained there, she would seek. She stumbled once, in the darkness, on a dead body, and, springing back with a shudder when she felt the yielding flesh under her feet, walked on into a little hollow.

She heard a boy groan, — very feebly, but still she could not mistake the sound for any of the fancied noises of the battlefield; and then the same faint voice calling his mother. She had heard other boys, on that night, calling for their mothers, but there was a new tone in this cry. She trembled and stood quite still, listening for the groan, which came again, feebler than before. It was so faint that she could not tell from what point it came, and all the shadows seemed to have gathered in the hollow. If she had only a light! She saw one of the

lanterns glimmering far off in the field, but even if she obtained it she might not be able to find the place again. She advanced into the hollow, bending down low and searching the thick weeds and tangled bushes with her eyes. One of the buckets she had left behind; the other yet contained a gourdful of water, and she preserved it as if it were so much gold, now more jealously than ever.

She saw nothing. The place was larger than she had thought, and was thick with vines and weeds and heaped-up stones. She stumbled twice and fell upon her knees, but each time she held the water so well that not a drop was spilled. She stood erect again, listening, but hearing nothing. She called aloud, saying that help was there, but no answer came. Her heart was beating violently, but she neither wept nor cried aloud, for she was a woman of strength, and had always been of few words and less show.

Where she stood was the lowest point of the battlefield, and was on its outer edge. It was likewise the darkest spot, and the remainder of it seemed to curve before and above her in a great dusky amphitheatre, broken faintly by a few points of light where the lanterns burned. She saw the formless bulk of a single cart moving slowly. In a little while the field would be abandoned to her and the dead.

She turned and continued the search, feeling her way through the mass of vegetation, and listening for the guiding groan. Again she stopped, and her heart was in the grip of fear lest she should not find him. She bent her ear close to the ground, and then she heard a cry so faint that it was but a sigh. She pushed her way through some bushes, and there he lay, his back against a rock, his white girlish face with its circle of fair hair turned up to the sky. The eyes were closed, and the chest seemed not to move. A great clot of blood hung upon his left shoulder and made a red gleam against the cloth of his coat.

Let it be said again that she was not a woman who showed her emotions, though at that first glance her face perhaps turned as white as his. She set the bucket down, knelt at his side, and, putting her face close to his, found that he was not dead, for she felt his breath upon her lips. She raised the head a little, and a sigh of pain, scarcely to be heard, escaped him. She poured some of the water, every drop more precious now than ever, into the gourd, and moistened his lips, which burned with the fever. Then she raised his head higher and dropped a little into his mouth. He sighed again, and his eyelids quivered and were lifted until a faint trace of the blue beneath appeared; then they closed. But she poured water into his mouth and down his throat a second time, and she could feel that pulse and breathing were stronger.

The blood was clotted and caked over his wound, but with wisdom she let it alone, knowing that there was no better bandage to stop the flow. She wet his hands and his face with water and gave him more to drink, and saw a trace of color appear in his cheeks. His eyes opened partly two or three times, and he talked, but not of anything she knew, speaking in confused words of other battlefields and long marches; and before a sentence or its sense was finished another would be begun. She wanted no help; she looked around in jealousy lest another should come, and saw how small was the chance of it. The last cart had disappeared from the field, so far as she could see; she could count but four lights, and they were far off. In that part of the field, she, the living, was alone with the dead and the boy who hung between life and death.

Never had she felt herself more strong of body and mind, more full of resource; never had she felt herself more ready of head and hand. She gave him the last of the water, and saw the spot of color in his cheek, which was not of

fever, grow. Then she lifted him in her arms, and began to walk with her burden across the battlefield. She looked at the wound, and seeing no fresh blood knew that she had not strained it open in lifting. With that she was satisfied, and she went on with careful step.

She felt her way through the roughness of the hollow, where the bushes and the weeds clung to her dress and her feet and tried to trip her; but she thrust them all aside and went on toward the house. She passed out of the hollow, and into the space which had received the full sweep of the cannon-balls and bullets.

The field was clothed in vapors which floated around her like little clouds. The white faces of the dead looked up at her, and she seemed to be going between rows of them on either side.

She walked on with sure and steady step, not feeling the weight in her arms and against her shoulder, unmoved by the ghastly heaps and the dead faces. She reached the burnt ground, where the little patches of fire that she had seen as she passed the other way had ceased to burn, but the smoke was still rising and the ground was yet warm. She feared that the smoke would get into his throat and choke down the little life that was left. So she ran, and the burnt arms of the trees seemed to wave at her and to jeer her, as if they knew she would be too late. She stumbled a little, but recovered herself. The boy stirred and groaned. She was in dread lest the rough jolt had started his wound, but her hand could not feel the warmth of fresh blood, and, reassured, she hastened through the burnt strip and toward home.

The house was silent and dark; apparently, no one had noticed the log cabin, its secluded position and the clump of woods perhaps hiding it from men whose attention had been devoted solely to the battle. She pushed open the door, and entered with her helpless burden. Some coals still glowed on the hearth, and threw out a warm light which bade

her welcome. She put the boy on the bed, and covered the coals with ashes, for it was hot and close in the house. Then she lighted the piece of candle, and setting it where it could serve her with its light, and yet not shine into his eyes, she proceeded with her work.

Women who live such lives as hers must learn a little of all things, and she knew the duties of a surgeon. Twice she had bound up the wounds of her husband, received in some mountain fray. She undressed the young soldier, and as she did so she noticed the scar of a year-old wound under the shoulder, — a wound that might well have been mortal. The bullet of to-night had gone almost through, and she could feel it against the skin on the other side. She cut it out easily with the blade of a pocket-knife, and put it in the cupboard. Then she bound up the wound the late bullet had made when it entered, leaving the congealed blood upon it as help against a fresh flow, and sat down to wait.

He was still talking, saying words that had no meaning, and threw his arms about a little; but he was stronger, and she hoped, though she knew, too, that he trembled on the edge.

She sat for a long time watching every movement, even the slightest. The little clock ticked so loudly that she thought once of stopping it; but the sound was so steady and regular that it lulled them, the boy as well as herself, and she let it alone.

He became quieter and grew stronger, too, as she could tell by his breathing, and slept. She spread a sheet over him, and opened the window that a little air might enter the close, warm room. She stood there for a while and looked toward the battlefield, but she could see nothing now to tell her of the combat. The vapors that floated over it hid it and all its ruin.

The wind rose, stirring the hot, close air and cooling the night. It whistled softly through the trees and among the hills,

but it did not bring the smell of battle. That had vanished with the combat that had been so unreal itself, as she looked at it from her window. Now she could not see a human figure nor any sign of war. The cabin was just the same lone cabin among the hills that it had always been. She went outside and made the circuit of the house, but there was nothing for eye or ear to note. The night was darkening again, the wind had blown up clouds which hid the face of the moon, and but a few stars twinkled in the sky. The air felt damp, and scattered drops of rain whirled before the wind which was whistling, far off, as it drove away through the hills.

She went back into the house, — for she could not leave the boy more than a minute or two, — and found that he was sleeping well. She prepared some stimulants, and put them where they would be ready to her hand. Then she made over all her arrangements for the morrow, for two instead of one, and placed everything about the house in order, that it might put on its best look in the daylight. She finished her task, and sat down by the bed. Presently the sufferer began to talk of battle and strive to move, thinking he was in action on the field again. When she felt of his wrist and forehead, she saw that the fever was rising, and she thought he was going to die. She did all that her experience told her, and waited. Her bitterness came back, and she called them fools and barbarians once more; she was a fool herself to have had pity upon them.

The boy's wild talk was all of war. She followed him through march and camp, skirmish and battle, charge and retreat, and saw how they had taken their hold upon him, and what courage and energy he had put into his part. In half an hour he became quieter, and the fever sank. A cannon-shot boomed among the hills, — so far away that the sound was softened by the distance. But it echoed long; hill and valley took

it up and passed it on to farther hill and valley; and she heard it again and again, until it died away in the farthest hills like the last throb of a distant drumbeat. It was as if it had been a minute gun for the dead, and she went in terror to the bed; but the boy was not dead. He had passed again from delirium to sleep, and, fearing everything now, she went outside to see if the cannon-shot, by any chance, foretold a renewal of the battle; but it must have been a stray shot, for, as before, nowhere could she see a light, nowhere a living figure, nor could she hear any sound of human beings. The air was cooler, and, shivering, she went back into the house.

Presently the drops changed to steady rain, which beat upon the windows; but it was peaceful and sheltered in the little house, and as she looked out at the rain, dashed past by the wind, there was a softness in her heart. The rain ceased after a while, and the trees and bushes dripped silver drops. The boy stirred; but it was some thought in his sleep that made him stir, not fever. She looked at him closely. His breathing was regular and easy, and she knew that he would live.

Going once more to the window, and with eyes to the skies, she gave her wordless thanks to God.

A broad bar of light appeared in the east. The day was coming.

Joseph A. Altsheler.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

By the results of the war with Spain we are brought face to face with the beginning of a new epoch not only of our national development, but possibly of the world's progress; and, as in former great epochs of the world's progress the chief actors have found themselves borne onward by an irresistible force far beyond their original intent, so does it seem that we are irresistibly borne onward to duties and responsibilities new to us and momentous in character, by the course of events during the past six months. It is unquestionable that our original intention was as honest as were the original intentions of Washington and Lincoln at the beginning of their great life-work; yet the result of their life-work in each case was the reverse of their original purpose, without any intentional breach of their good faith. Of such may truly be repeated the profound remark of Cromwell, "One never goes so far as when he planneth not."

Whatever may be the theories of moralists, the world's life and progress

proceed upon facts. That the colonial empire of Spain is overthrown by this war is a fact as absolute as that the Rome of the Cæsars has fallen. It is also a fact that, whatever may have been our original intent last April, we are the successors of Spain in the West Indies and, to an undefined extent, in the Pacific. We cannot escape the consequences of that fact, nor the duties and responsibilities that follow from it.

If we destroy the military forces of the rulers of a province, we not only break the enemy's prestige and power, but we must assume the responsibility of the expelled government for the preservation of peace and order. As a corollary, it follows that if we should merely content ourselves with taking a coaling station, and should not provide for the orderly government of the conquered district, we should become accountable for the anarchy that would ensue. On the other hand, if, after taking a coaling station as a prize of war, we should sell or otherwise divide the rest of a conquered de-

pendency, should we not be acting the part of a robber nation, dividing the spoils of war with other nations for our own profit, and to silence their demands and obtain their acquiescence?

However bad may have been the Spanish colonial government, it was a government; it did give a certain degree of peace and order both in the Philippines and in the West Indies; it was better than anarchy, probably better than any semi-barbaric government which it is in the power of the Philippine insurgents to establish without our protection and supervision for a period, at least; and in Cuba, perhaps better than the Cuban insurgents can establish at the present time without our friendly assistance. It therefore seems our duty, however undesired, to continue for the present in control of whatever territory may be taken from Spain as the fruit of our victories, and to administer the government for the benefit of the inhabitants until we are satisfied of their willingness and ability to maintain in a reasonable degree peace and order, law and justice. We, as trustees and guardians of several millions of people of different races from our own, have become the political arbiters of their destiny, and are bound to provide against civil war among them.

Our responsibility for the administration of this trust cannot be transferred by accepting the professions of native insurgent leaders and their production of paper constitutions and forms of government. We cannot terminate our trust, even though unsought and onerous, until the conquered dependency is under a government which does give it a reasonable degree of peace, law, and equity, and whose permanence may be assumed from the general confidence and support of the inhabitants. Indeed, war assumes a promise to abide by its consequences, for better and for worse; to accept the responsibilities of victory as well as its glory, with the same manly courage with which we face wounds and death in bat-

tle, sickness and pestilence in hospital, and the public cost and private sorrow at home which may result from it. Let us not hesitate to perform our duty like men, and, like prudent men, let us examine our position so as to measure the difficulties of our task.

The long-established foreign policy of the United States was originally formulated in Washington's Farewell Address, and was more fully defined in the Monroe Doctrine message and in subsequent expositions of its application by successive secretaries of state.

In all these state papers the principles and doctrines were set forth as the "declarations" of a sovereign nation. As in all declarations of intent, the nation necessarily reserved the right to change or modify these principles and doctrines when cases should arise for their practical application in the promotion of great permanent interests of the nation. For, be it distinctly understood, such declarations are "unilateral," and without covenant, direct or implied, to bind our hands to act against what may seem our public interests. To deny this principle of national life would be to hang about the nation's neck, like a constantly increasing weight, the accumulating errors of successive generations, and thus ultimately to destroy the nation, — a doctrine directly opposed to the paramount duty of self-preservation. Indeed, a declaration of intent, announced as an act of courtesy or warning to foreign nations, and not for valuable consideration, establishes no prescriptive rights, however long enjoyed, but may be resumed or reversed at the will of the nation without prejudice to its good faith. Nor can such change of policy be made a ground by other nations for demanding an explanation; a nation's sovereignty and the exercise of its sovereign rights are not open to the adjudication of other nations, its possible rivals or enemies.

Therefore, whatever may be the for-

ign policy which the United States may adopt in the West Indies or in the Pacific, no European power has a right to demand an explanation of our intentions, or even of particular acts, unless they threaten immediate hostilities. Much less can the right be claimed that such policy nullifies our general foreign policy or our local foreign policy in a distant part of the world. Such a claim could be looked upon only as an intolerable insolence on the part of the government making it, and should be sternly rejected.

But assuming that the results of this war require the adoption by the United States of a colonial policy in the West Indies and the Philippines, it has been held — doubtless with perfect sincerity by many — that we should thereby definitely abandon our traditional foreign policy as defined in Washington's Farewell Address, the Monroe Doctrine message, and official expositions of the same by our state department; and fear has been expressed that we should give a provocation for European intervention in American affairs, to say nothing of the ruinous consequences to our republic, inevitable to the control of colonies, as shown by the corruption and failure of Spain herself because of these very colonies. To see whether there be such grave danger, let us briefly review the first applications of the Farewell Address and the Monroe Doctrine, and determine to what extent they truly apply to the conditions that now face us.

The doctrine of the balance of power in Europe furnishes the key to European political history for the past three centuries. It had been intended that the *status quo* established by the Peace of Westphalia (1648), when western Europe was politically redistributed among the several rulers, should be permanent. It was held to be an outrage against the peace of Europe to attempt a material change of the territorial distribution then established; to avert this, standing armies were maintained and endless di-

plomatic negotiations kept up, requiring permanent legations at all important capitals.

Richelieu is credited with devising this scheme for the purpose of assuring the superiority in Europe of France and the house of Bourbon over the Hapsburg dynasties in Austria and Germany and in Spain; his central idea was to keep Germany from unification, and to this end to reorganize the German Empire into groups of independent states according to their religion, preserving a nominal allegiance to elective emperors and state-rights to the princes, not only in local affairs, but in foreign relations. As thus organized there were two hundred and three sovereignties, separated by religious differences and by local jealousies and interests, — an ideal arrangement for foreign intrigues and combinations, controversies and wars, as the normal political condition of Europe for centuries to come. Thus Richelieu won the name "Father of European Diplomacy." So effective was this arrangement that Germany was kept weak and divided until the Sadowa campaign obliterated Austria from German politics in 1866, and the Franco-German war resulted in the complete unification of Germany under the Hohenzollerns.

Now the keystone of the doctrine of the balance of power was perpetuation of the political distribution of power in Europe established by the Peace of Westphalia, — political stagnation fatal to national development. The constant wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were manifestations of the impossibility that the world should stand still; the readjustments, at the close of such wars, were all based on throwing in "makeweights" to restore the balance of power in Europe; for all Europe had come to look upon the rest of the world — her colonial dependencies in America, Asia, and Africa — as created solely for her benefit. This balance of power in Europe, up to the close of the eighteenth

century, was the struggle between France and Austria for supremacy in Europe, — a dynastic question with which America had no direct intrinsic concern. Washington's Farewell Address happily describes it as "broils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice."

Our revolutionary statesmen personally understood how fatal to peace in America would be the continued extension of this European doctrine of balance of power to America, — to the United States as an ally, to the European colonies in America if they were to continue to be used as makeweights. Washington's own military career opened in the Virginia forests because England and Prussia had become involved in war with France and Austria over dynastic questions growing out of this European balance of power; they knew how Louisburg had been besieged and taken by New England troops in 1745, and by the treaty of peace in 1748 had been given back to France in exchange for the French trading factory at Madras.

Indeed, these American dependencies of Europe were sold and exchanged like West India negroes: some of the West India islands had changed owners ten times in less than two centuries; the Dutch province of New York was obtained by the English in exchange for the English colony of Surinam in Guiana. After being held by Holland, England, and Spain in turn, the island of Santa Cruz was sold successively to the Knights of Malta, the French West India Company, the king of France, and the government of Denmark (by which it was recently offered for sale to the United States). In like manner, after similar transfers, the island of St. Bartholomew was given to the king of Sweden by France in exchange for the right of French merchants to trade at the Swedish port of Gottenburg.

All these facts were notorious, and were acutely realized by our revolution-

ary statesmen. Hamilton used them as arguments in favor of the adoption of the Constitution: we should thus "concur in creating a great American system, superior to all transatlantic force and influence, and able to dictate the terms of connection between the Old World and the New World."¹ John Adams noted in his Diary this remark of his to the British plenipotentiary in negotiating our treaty of peace with Great Britain in 1783: "It is obvious that all the powers of Europe will be continually manœuvring to work us into their real or imaginary balances of power; they will all seek to make of us a makeweight candle in weighing out their pounds."

That this makeweight system would be a menace to our peace as a nation was fully understood; for what security should we have if European powers, owning West India islands commanding our coast and commerce, could sell them to our rivals or enemies?

Thus we see that the two desiderata set forth in Washington's Farewell Address were — no political entanglements of the United States in European political broils, and an American system apart and separate from that of Europe. These points were finally embodied in Monroe's famous message of December 2, 1823.

The scheme of the balance of power had its own development, and was followed by other plans to secure similar ends. The Napoleonic wars made a new readjustment of European boundaries necessary, but first of all Europe must overthrow the military domination of Napoleon. Hence the Holy Alliance of the five great Powers, arranged by Lord Castlereagh in the Treaty of Chaumont, March 1, 1814. Lord Castlereagh's circular of June 19, 1821, officially states its purpose: "It was a union for the reconquest and liberation of a great portion of the continent of Europe from the military despotism of France; and, having subdued the conqueror, it

¹ Federalist, xi.

took the state of possession, as established by the peace, under its protection. It never was, however, intended for the government of the world or for the superintendence of the internal affairs of other states." This is a most important exposition for us to bear in mind, because it led to the announcement of our Monroe Doctrine.

The formation of the Holy Alliance was essentially the overthrow of the doctrine of political equality of sovereign states, which had been an important factor in the scheme of balance of power. It set up the primacy of the great Powers as trustees for settling European questions; it made the settlement of questions of European interest depend upon the common consent of the great Powers; hence the later name "concert of Europe."

The Holy Alliance, after reorganizing Europe, undertook to reestablish Spain in her revolted American colonies. At this England protested, and withdrew from the Alliance. Isolated, she decided to invite the United States to join her in formal protest against the proposed interference of the Holy Alliance in Spanish America. Mr. Canning suggested this joint action to United States minister Rush, who submitted the correspondence to President Monroe, and the latter sent the papers to ex-Presidents Jefferson and Madison, asking their views. The reply of Jefferson, dated October 24, 1823, shows how logically he deduced the Monroe Doctrine from the principles of Washington's Farewell Address: "The question presented by the letters you have sent me is the most momentous which has been offered to my contemplation since that of Independence. *That* made us a nation; *this* sets the compass and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening

to us. . . . Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe; our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle in cisatlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe and peculiarly her own; she should have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe. . . . We will oppose with all our means the forcible interposition of any other power" (in American colonial questions) "as auxiliary, stipendiary, or under any other form or pretext; and most especially their transfer to any other power by conquest, cession, or acquisition in any other way." This is a concrete statement of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine, if we add the claim, already then announced, that as all American territory belonged to some Christian power, none of it was subject to European colonization.

Thus we have the Monroe Doctrine for the protection of America, North and South, from the European political schemes of balance of power, primacy of the great Powers, and European concert.

England's refusal to consent to the restoration of the Spanish Bourbons in Spanish America, largely because of her opposition to the Spanish system of colonial monopoly, led to the downfall of the Holy Alliance. But the idea of common consent had become a fixed principle of European politics and was extended to the Eastern Question, which has been the disturbing question of European politics for three quarters of a century.

It was because the concert of Europe could not agree upon intervention in Turkey that the recent Armenian massacres were allowed to go unpunished, although all the great Powers individually abhorred the outrages.¹

¹ The status of the Suez Canal, being an Egyptian and therefore a Turkish question, was recognized as of general European interest, and, after much fruitless negotiation, the canal

was neutralized by the convention of 1888 between the six great Powers, to which Turkey, Spain, and the Netherlands subsequently became parties by accession. But let it be dis-

We see, then, that European political questions are as distinct and apart from American questions to-day as they have been at any time during the past century; and that an American system has grown out of the Monroe Doctrine through its acceptance as their own policy also by many if not all the other American republics. We claim no right of intervention in the domestic or foreign concerns of any American state, except so far as to prevent European intermeddling with its political destiny. We stood as defender of the Mexican people against the establishment of an empire under a European intruder backed by a European army of invaders; we extended our friendly offices in the settlement of the Venezuela-Guiana boundary dispute, which — after chronic controversies — was finally referred to international arbitration; on several occasions we have consented to adjudicate boundary disagreements between American nations at their mutual request; and we engaged in a costly general war to put an end to an intolerable condition of barbarity in a European colony at our door, and assure its people due security of life and property, peace, law, and equity; nor could we allow any European power to redress these wrongs, any more than we could permit a European power to transfer its American dependencies to another European power.

It has been said by a very eminent European writer on international law that “the position of the United States

on the American continent is in some respects like, and in others exceedingly unlike, that which is accorded in Europe to the six great Powers. . . . If it be true that there is a primacy in America comparable to that which exists in Europe, it must be wielded by her, and by her alone.”¹

It may be truly said that the United States does exercise a primacy in America, but it is confined to the protection of American states against the land-hunger of Europe. We have never intervened in the internal dissensions of any American state, nor in controversies or wars between American states; we have never pushed unsought our good offices or mediation upon them in their difficulties, nor have we objected to their choice of European Powers as arbitrators. We have strictly confined ourselves to the part of a good friend to each of them, whose friendly offices are always at their command for the honorable settlement of controversies among themselves or with European Powers.

If this be primacy in America, most assuredly it is a kind of primacy radically different from that which has arrayed armies of millions in Europe, and established a European concert to “superintend the solution of the Eastern Question, — in other words, to regulate the disintegration of Turkey,”² without producing a general war in the scramble for desirable bits of the crumbling Turkish Empire. Whatever may be the theory of the concert of Europe, the fact

distinctly noted that this neutralization was accounted a *European* question, and that every one of the signatory Powers (except Austria) had colonies in Asia or Africa, to which this canal was a necessary waterway, — the shortest line of approach. On the other hand, the European Powers which had no colonies to be reached by the Suez Canal were not parties to the convention. The German canal from Kiel on the Baltic to the North Sea, the Caledonian canal across Scotland, the canal across the Isthmus of Corinth, and the projected French canal from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterra-

nean — all ship canals — are considered local, and not of general European interest.

For a similar reason, the construction of an American Isthmus canal, whether at Nicaragua or at Panama, cannot be claimed to be a European question, or in any way under the control of the concert of Europe. On the contrary, it is purely an American question, for the same reason that the Suez Canal is purely a European question.

¹ Professor T. J. Lawrence, *International Law*, § 136.

² Professor T. E. Holland, *European Concert*.

is that the Crimean war was made to prevent Russia getting a larger share of Turkey than seemed fair to the other Powers; this same spirit of jealous rivalry, perhaps of self-defense, compelled Russia to yield the fruits of victory extorted from Turkey by the Peace of S. Stefano two decades ago.

The foreign policy of this country has been to have no political connection with foreign countries in the local European schemes of European balance of power, primacy in Europe, concert of Europe, Triple Alliance, or whatever other names may represent European politics. But our policy is settled in regard to the intervention of European Powers in America for controlling the political destiny of any American nation or for the control by transfer of any European dependency in America. Hence the escape of the weaker nations of Latin America from the toils of European intervention and land-hunger.

Whatever may be our policy, moreover, in regard to purely American questions, as belonging to a system separate and apart from that of Europe, we are perfectly free to adopt whatever foreign policy we may deem proper in regard to other than American questions; nor can such policy be held in any way to militate against or nullify our American policy.

When we note the recent land scramble in Africa, and the partition of that continent among the great Powers of western Europe, in some way based on the doctrine of "equivalents," we behold a disposition to extend the European system of balance of power beyond Europe. And in the Far East to-day we see, in process of accomplishment, a partition of China remarkably resembling the recently accomplished partition of Africa. Whether in Africa or in the Far East, the fundamental cause is the same, — a scramble for foreign markets, with political dominion thrown in to assure their permanence.

At this juncture the United States wins a notable naval victory at Manila, which presumably puts us in practical control at least of a part of a tropical archipelago about as large as Japan, inhabited by some ten million people. We know that the Philippines, despite Spanish misgovernment and corruption, have an average foreign trade of fifty million dollars a year, — as great as Japan's twenty years ago, and one fifth that of China to-day. Though our knowledge of the natural resources of the Philippines is still vague, the general opinion is that in natural resources they will compare favorably with any part of the Far East. And we may believe that, under honest government, peace and order will reign, and within a score of years, under the protection of the United States, they may become a commercial rival of Japan.

The opening of this group of islands as a foreign market of increasing purchasing power, as a goal for our commerce and navigation on the Pacific, comes when a large and increasing foreign market seems to this country, as it has seemed to European Powers, an absolute necessity not only for industrial prosperity, but for mitigating the conflict between labor and capital.

With China already partly partitioned between Russia, Germany, and France, after their colonial system in the antiquated interest of colonial monopoly; with Great Britain and Japan also sharers of China, but on the principle of the "open door," — that is, all nations to trade on equal terms, — we are brought face to face with two radically different policies for colonial dependencies. To the people not only of the Philippines, but of China, the question involved by these two divergent policies is momentous, involving the destiny of quite a fifth of the world's inhabitants. That question is whether they shall be the slaves of commercial monopoly under Russian, German, and French task-masters, or whether they shall be open to modern life

and thought on the "open door" system of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

We can well understand how the partition of China has been arranged on the doctrine of equivalents, and how an equilibrium has thus been created. But, assuming that Spain permanently loses the Philippines, who is to take control? It is evident that the apparent equilibrium between England, France, Germany, Russia, and Japan would be entirely destroyed by adding the Philippines to the holdings of either of those five Powers, and this would bring grave controversy, if not war, against the recipient, from the other four Powers. There seems but one thing that can avert this terrible result, namely, the advent of a new first-class Power in the Far East, which is on terms of perfect friendship with all five Powers.

Whether we like it or not, of all the nations of the world to-day, the United States is the only Power which can take these islands and develop them without disturbing the politico-commercial equilibrium in the Far East.

When we look back upon the bureaucratic methods adopted by the continental Powers in colonization, and see how little of genuine civilization has accrued to their colonies; when we compare this meagre exhibit with the steady and noble progress of every Anglo-Saxon state, territory, colony and dependency — whether Caucasian or of lower race — in all that makes man happy, prosperous, and progressive, the victory at Manila does seem as an awakening of the Philippines, and such an awakening as may hasten the spread throughout eastern Asia of the blessings of modern civilization.

What is the grand central Anglo-Saxon

idea in the founding of states? It is first of all, and above all, that government is organized, according to the condition of the people to be governed, for a single practical purpose, and that purpose is to establish peace, law, and equity; so that, under it, all men shall be equal before the law and shall have equal justice; that all men shall be at peace with one another under the law, and shall enjoy equal protection in accumulating and using their property; that there shall be no military overlord or military caste to tyrannize over the plain men of the people; that there shall be no religious overlord or religious caste to tyrannize over their souls; that the poor and unfortunate shall not become outcasts, and their children after them; that public education shall be freely dispensed as a means of uplifting men's souls and lives and making them good citizens, — self-respecting and intelligent, and able to take a constantly increasing part in the affairs of government.

The Anglo-Saxon of to-day is the product of a thousand years of continuous effort to make brave and honest men. For centuries we have practiced the art of self-government, until to govern has become an instinct, and to be self-governed a habit. To us power means opportunity to help others; it also means responsibility, not to man only, but to God, for the wise use of the power thus given us. And for this reason we are especially fitted to act as trustees and guardians of inferior races, and peculiarly qualified to fit them eventually to govern themselves. That this is very truth, compare India and Egypt to-day with what they were before the advent of their Anglo-Saxon rulers.

Horace N. Fisher.

BISMARCK AS A NATIONAL TYPE.

It was a spring day in 1883. The crafts and trades of Berlin were celebrating the anniversary of the founding of one of their guilds some four or five centuries ago. In good German fashion, there was an abundance of solemn and sonorous jollification throughout the day, but the climax of the exercises was reached in an historical pageant representing the growth of Berlin commerce and manufactures from the Middle Ages down to the present time.

It had been given out that this pageant was to be reviewed by the old Emperor from his familiar corner window; it was rumored that it would also pass by the imperial Chancellery, and that Prince Bismarck would probably be there to see it pass. In anticipation of this event, a dense multitude had taken possession of the square in front of Bismarck's official residence — the Wilhelmsplatz — hours before the procession had even begun to move. An eager, nervous expectation seemed to hover over the surging masses. Will the procession really come this way? If it does, will he appear, — he who is so indifferent to pompous demonstrations, so averse to appeals to the crowd? As yet there was no sign of life in the Bismarck mansion: the windows were closed; most of the curtains were drawn. Perhaps the prince is not even at home, or is too engrossed in public business to have given any attention to this local holiday. In spite of such misgivings, the populace held out unfalteringly; every minute swelled its numbers. Now, not only the square, but the adjoining streets also were literally packed. Presently there was heard from the direction of Unter den Linden the low thunder of tumultuous cheering, interspersed now and then with some distant strains of martial music; evidently the procession was passing the Emperor's palace. Nearer and

nearer the sounds came, and higher and higher ran our feverish excitement.

Presently in a wing of the Chancellery nearest to the Wilhelmstrasse a window was thrown open: the Princess Bismarck and Count Herbert leaned out, and far back in the darkness of the room there loomed up a shadowy form, from which a mighty head seemed to be shining forth with something like electric energy. To attempt to describe the frenzy which seized the thousands in the street at this sight would be a futile task. It was as though we had had a vision, as though something superhuman had suddenly flashed down upon us and extinguished every other feeling except the impulse to worship. How long we had been cheering before he came forward to the window I cannot tell, but I venture to say that even an American football enthusiast would have been pleased with our efforts.

At last, however, he did come forward, and, putting on a pair of immense spectacles which his wife handed to him, looked down upon us with an expression of grave satisfaction. Meanwhile, the procession of the guilds had swung into the Wilhelmstrasse, and now passed by the Chancellery in seemingly endless array, every band striking up *The Watch on the Rhine* just before it reached the prince's window, every banner being dipped as long as his eye was upon it, and every man straightening himself up and feeling raised above his own narrow self while looking up to that stern and awe-inspiring face.

What was it that moved the multitude so profoundly during those hours, that gave to that impromptu demonstration the significance and dignity of a national event? Was it the consciousness of standing in the presence of the greatest diplomat of modern times, the

maker and unmaker of kings and emperors, the founder of German unity, the arbiter of Europe? Undoubtedly this was a large part of it. But political achievements alone are not sufficient to stir the people's heart. What called forth this extraordinary outburst of enthusiasm, what gave to every one in that crowd the sense of heightened existence, was, after all, the man, not his work; it was the instinctive feeling that in this one man yonder there were contained the lives of many millions of Germans, their dreams and struggles, their eccentricities and yearnings, their mistakes and triumphs, their prejudices, passions, ideals, their love, hate, humor, poetry, religion.

Let us single out a few of these affinities between Bismarck and the German people, in order to understand, however imperfectly, why the news of his death that has burst so suddenly upon us means for the sons of the Fatherland, all over the globe, the severing of their own lives from what they feel to have been the most complete embodiment of German nationality since Luther.

I.

Perhaps the most obviously Teutonic trait in Bismarck's character is its martial quality. It would be preposterous, of course, to claim warlike distinction as a prerogative of the German race. Russians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans, undoubtedly, make as good fighters as Germans. But it is not an exaggeration to say that there is no other country in the world where the army is as enlightened or as popular an institution as it is in Germany. I do not underrate the evils of militarism. I believe the struggle against these evils will be the foremost task of the next twenty-five years in German political life. Yet I fail to see how it can be denied that the introduction of universal military service, which we owe to the inner regeneration of Prussia after the downfall of 1806, has

been the very corner-stone of German greatness in this century.

The German army is not composed of hirelings, of professional fighters whose business it is to pick up quarrels, no matter with whom. It is, in the strictest sense of the word, the people in arms. Among its officers there is a large percentage of the intellectual élite of the country; its rank and file embrace every occupation and every class of society, from the scion of royal blood down to the son of the seamstress. Although it is based upon the unconditional acceptance of the monarchical creed, nothing is farther removed from it than the spirit of servility. On the contrary, one of the very first teachings inculcated upon the German recruit is that in wearing the "king's coat" he is performing a public duty, and that by performing this duty he is honoring himself. Nor can it be said that it is the aim of German military drill to reduce the soldier to a mere machine, at will to be set in motion or be brought to a standstill by his superior. The aim of this drill is rather to give each soldier increased self-control, mentally no less than bodily; to develop his self-respect; to enlarge his sense of responsibility, as well as to teach him the absolute necessity of the subordination of the individual to the needs of the whole. The German army, then, is by no means a lifeless tool that might be used by an unscrupulous and adventurous despot to gratify his own whims or to wreak his private vengeance. The German army is, in principle at least, a national school of manly virtues, of discipline, of comradeship, of self-sacrifice, of promptness of action, of tenacity of purpose. Although the most powerful armament which the world has ever seen, it makes for peace rather than for war. Although called upon to defend the standard of the most imperious dynasty of western Europe, it contains more of the spirit of true democracy than many a city government on this side of the Atlantic.

All this has to be borne in mind, if we wish to judge correctly of Bismarck's military propensities. He has never concealed the fact that he felt himself above all a soldier. One of his earliest public utterances was a defense of the Prussian army against the sympathizers with the Revolution of 1848. His first great political achievement was the carrying through of King William's army reform in the face of the most stubborn and virulent opposition of a parliamentary majority. Never did his speech in the German Diet rise to a higher pathos than when he was asserting the military supremacy of the Emperor, or calling upon the parties to forget their dissensions in maintaining the defensive strength of the nation, or showering contempt upon Liberal deputies who seemed to think that questions of national existence could be solved by effusions of academic oratory. Over and over, during the last decade of his official career, did he declare that the only thing which kept him from throwing aside the worry and vexation of governmental duties, and retiring to the much coveted leisure of home and hearth, was the oath of vassal loyalty constraining him to stand at his post until his imperial master released him of his own accord. At the very height of his political triumphs he wrote to his sovereign: "I have always regretted that my parents did not allow me to testify my attachment to the royal house, and my enthusiasm for the greatness and glory of the Fatherland, in the front rank of a regiment rather than behind a writing-desk. And even now, after having been raised by your Majesty to the highest honors of a statesman, I cannot altogether repress a feeling of regret at not having been similarly able to carve out a career for myself as a soldier. Perhaps I should have made a poor general, but if I had been free to follow the bent of my own inclination I would rather have won battles for your Majesty than diplomatic campaigns."

It seems clear to me that both the defects and the greatness of Bismarck's character are intimately associated with these military leanings of his. He certainly was overbearing; he could tolerate no opposition; he was revengeful and unforgiving; he took pleasure in the appeal to violence; he easily resorted to measures of repression; he requited insults with counter-insults; he had something of that blind *furor Teutonicus* which was the terror of the Italian republics in the Middle Ages. These are defects of temper which will probably prevent his name from ever shining with that serene lustre of international veneration that has surrounded the memory of a Joseph II. or a Washington with a kind of impersonal immaculateness. But his countrymen, at least, have every reason to condone these defects; for they are concomitant results of the military bent of German character, and they are offset by such transcendent military virtues that we would almost welcome them as bringing this colossal figure within the reach of our own frailties and shortcomings.

Three of the military qualities that made Bismarck great seem to me to stand out with particular distinctness: his readiness to take the most tremendous responsibilities, if he could justify his action by the worth of the cause for which he made himself responsible; his moderation after success was assured; his unflinching submission to the dictates of monarchical discipline.

Moritz Busch has recorded an occurrence, belonging to the autumn of 1877, which most impressively brings before us the tragic grandeur and the portentous issues of Bismarck's career. It was twilight at Varzin, and the Chancellor, as was his wont after dinner, was sitting by the stove in the large back drawing-room. After having sat silent for a while, gazing straight before him, and feeding the fire now and anon with fir cones, he suddenly began to complain

that his political activity had brought him but little satisfaction and few friends. Nobody loved him for what he had done. He had never made anybody happy thereby, he said, — not himself, nor his family, nor any one else. Some of those present would not admit this, and suggested that "he had made a great nation happy." "But," he continued, "how many have I made unhappy! But for me three great wars would not have been fought; eighty thousand men would not have perished; parents, brothers, sisters, and wives would not have been bereaved and plunged into mourning. . . . That matter, however, I have settled with God." "Settled with God"! — an amazing statement, a statement which would seem the height of blasphemy, if it were not an expression of noblest manliness; if it did not reveal the soul of a warrior dauntlessly fighting for a great cause, risking for it the existence of a whole country as well as his own happiness, peace, and salvation, and being ready to submit the consequences, whatever they might be, to the tribunal of eternity. To say that a man who is willing to take such responsibilities as these makes himself thereby an offender against morality appears to me tantamount to condemning the Alps as obstructions to bicycling. At any rate, a people that glories in the achievements of Luther has no right to cast a slur upon the motives of Bismarck.

Whatever one may think of the worth of the cause for which Bismarck battled all his life, — the unity and greatness of Germany, — it is impossible not to admire the policy of moderation and self-restraint pursued by him after every one of his most decisive victories. Here again we note in him the peculiarly German military temper. German war-songs do not glorify foreign conquest and brilliant adventure; they glorify dogged resistance, and bitter fight for house and home, for kith and kin. The German army, composed as it is of millions of peaceful

citizens, is essentially a weapon of defense. And it can truly be said that Bismarck, with all his natural aggressiveness and ferocity, was in the main a defender, not a conqueror. He defended Prussia against the intolerable arrogance and un-German policy of Austria; he defended Germany against French interference in the work of national consolidation; he defended the principle of state sovereignty against the encroachments of the papacy; he defended the monarchy against the republicanism of the Liberals and Socialists; and his last public act was a defense of ministerial responsibility against the new-fangled absolutism of his young imperial master.

The third predominant trait of Bismarck's character that stamps him as a soldier — his unquestioning obedience to monarchical discipline — is so closely bound up with the peculiarly German conceptions of the functions and the purpose of the state, that it will be better to approach this part of his nature from the political instead of the military side.

II.

In no other of the leading countries of the world has the *laissez faire* doctrine had as little influence in political matters as in Germany. Luther, the fearless champion of religious individualism, was in questions of government the most pronounced advocate of paternalism. Kant, the cool dissector of the human intellect, was at the same time the most rigid upholder of corporate morality. It was Fichte, the ecstatic proclaimer of the glory of the individual will, who wrote this dithyramb on the necessity of the constant surrender of private interests to the common welfare: "Nothing can live by itself or for itself; everything lives in the whole; and the whole continually sacrifices itself to itself in order to live anew. This is the law of life. Whatever has come to the consciousness of existence must fall a victim to the progress of all existence. Only there is a difference

whether you are dragged to the shambles like a beast with bandaged eyes, or whether, in full and joyous presentiment of the life which will spring forth from your sacrifice, you offer yourself freely on the altar of eternity."

Not even Plato and Aristotle went so far in the deification of the state as Hegel. And if Hegel declared that the real office of the state is not to further individual interests, to protect private property, but to be an embodiment of the organic unity of public life; if he saw the highest task and the real freedom of the individual in making himself a part of this organic unity of public life, he voiced a sentiment which was fully shared by the leading classes of the Prussia of his time, and which has since become a part of the political creed of the Socialist masses all over Germany.

Here we have the moral background of Bismarck's internal policy. His monarchism rested not only on his personal allegiance to the hereditary dynasty, although no mediæval knight could have been more steadfast in his loyalty to his liege lord than Bismarck was in his unswerving devotion to the Hohenzollern house. His monarchism rested above all on the conviction that, under the present conditions of German political life, no other form of government would insure equally well the fulfillment of the moral obligations of the state.

He was by no means blind to the value of parliamentary institutions. More than once has he described the English Constitution as the necessary outcome and the fit expression of the vital forces of English society. More than once has he eulogized the sterling political qualities of English landlordism, its respect for the law, its common sense, its noble devotion to national interests. More than once has he deplored the absence in Germany of "the class which in England is the main support of the state,—the class of wealthy and therefore conservative gentlemen, independent of material

interests, whose whole education is directed with a view to their becoming statesmen, and whose only aim in life is to take part in public affairs;" and the absence of "a Parliament, like the English, containing two sharply defined parties, whereof one forms a sure and unswerving majority which subjects itself with iron discipline to its ministerial leaders." We may regret that Bismarck himself did not do more to develop parliamentary discipline; that indeed he did everything in his power to arrest the healthy growth of German party life. But it is at least perfectly clear that his reasons for refusing to allow the German parties a controlling influence in shaping the policy of the government were not the result of mere despotic caprice, but were founded upon thoroughly German traditions, and upon a thoroughly sober, though one-sided view of the present state of German public affairs.

To him party government appeared as much of an impossibility as it had appeared to Hegel. In his opinion the attempt to establish it would have led to nothing less than chaos. The German parties, as he viewed them, represented, not the state, not the nation, but an infinite variety of private and class interests, the interests of landholders, traders, manufacturers, laborers, politicians, priests, and so on; each particular set of interests desiring the particular consideration of the public treasury, and refusing the same amount of consideration to every other. It seemed highly desirable to him, as it did to Hegel, that all these interests should be heard; that they should be represented in a Parliament based upon as wide and liberal a suffrage as possible. But he thought that to entrust any one of these interests with the functions of government would have been treason to the state; it would have been class tyranny of the worst kind.

The logical outcome of all this was his conviction of the absolute necessity, for

Germany, of a strong non-partisan government: a government which should hold all the conflicting class interests in check, which should force them into continual compromises with one another; a government which should be unrestricted by any class prejudices, pledges, or theories, — which should have no other guiding star than the welfare of the whole nation. The only basis for such a government he found in the Prussian monarchy, with its glorious tradition of military discipline, of benevolent paternalism, and of self-sacrificing devotion to national greatness; with its patriotic gentry, its incorruptible courts, its religious freedom, its enlightened educational system, its efficient and highly trained civil service. To bow before such a monarchy, to serve such a state, was indeed something different from submitting to the chance vote of a parliamentary majority; in this bondage even a Bismarck could find his highest freedom.

For nearly forty years he bore this bondage; for twenty-eight he stood in the place nearest to the monarch himself; and not even his enemies have dared to assert that his political conduct was guided by other motives than the consideration of public welfare. Indeed, if there is any phrase for which he, the apparent cynic, the sworn despiser of phrases, seems to have had a certain weakness, it is *salus publica*. To it he sacrificed his days and his nights; for it he more than once risked his life; for it he incurred more hatred and slander than perhaps any other man of his time; for it he alienated his best friends; for it he turned not once or twice, but one might almost say habitually, against his own cherished prejudices and convictions. The career of few men shows so many apparent inconsistencies and contrasts. One of his earliest speeches in the Prussian Landtag was a fervent protest against the introduction of civil marriage; yet the civil marriage clause in the German constitution is his work. He

was by birth and tradition a believer in the divine right of kings, yet the king of Hanover could tell something of the manner in which Bismarck dealt with the divine right of kings if it stood in the way of German unity. He took pride in belonging to the most feudal aristocracy of eastern Europe, the Prussian Junkerdom; yet he has done more to uproot feudal privileges than any other German statesman since 1848. He gloried in defying public opinion; he was wont to say that he felt doubtful about himself whenever he met with popular applause; yet he is the founder of the German Parliament, and he founded it on direct and universal suffrage. He was the sworn enemy of the Socialist party, — he attempted to destroy it root and branch; yet through the nationalization of railways and the obligatory insurance of workmen he infused more Socialism into German legislation than any other statesman before him. He began as a quixotic champion of royal autocracy; he died the advocate of the German nation against the capricious mysticism of imperial omnipotence.

Truly, a man who could thus sacrifice his own wishes and instincts to the common good; who could so completely sink his own personality in the cause of the nation; who with such matchless courage defended this cause against attacks from whatever quarter, — against court intrigue no less than against demagogues, — such a man had a right to stand above parties; and he spoke the truth when, some years before leaving office, in a moment of gloom and disappointment he wrote under his portrait, "*Patriæ inserviendò consumor.*"

III.

There is a strange, but after all perfectly natural antithesis in German national character. The same people that instinctively believes in political paternalism, that willingly submits to restrictions of personal liberty in matters of

state such as no Englishman would ever tolerate, is more jealous of its independence than perhaps any other nation in matters pertaining to the intellectual, social, and religious life of the individual. It seems as if the very pressure from without had helped to strengthen and enrich the life within.

Not only all the great men of German thought, from Luther down to the Grimms and the Humboldts, have been conspicuous for their freedom from artificial conventions, and for the originality and homeliness of their human intercourse, but even the average German official — wedded as he may be to his rank or his title, anxious as he may be to preserve an outward decorum in exact keeping with the precise shade of his public status — is often the most delightfully unconventional, good-natured, unsophisticated, and even erratic being in the world, as soon as he has left the cares of his office behind him. Germany is the classic land of queer people. It is the land of Quintus Fixlein, Onkel Bräsig, Leberecht Hühnchen, and the host of *Fliegende Blätter* worthies; it is the land of the beer-garden and the *Kaffekränzchen*, of the Christmas-tree and the Whitsuntide merrymaking; it is the land of country inns and of student pranks. What more need be said to bring before one's mind the wealth of hearty joyfulness, jolly good fellowship, boisterous frolic, sturdy humor, simple directness, and genuinely democratic feeling that characterizes social life in Germany?

Still less reason is there for dwelling on the intellectual and religious independence of German character. Absence of constraint in scientific inquiry and religious conduct is indeed the very palladium of German freedom. Nowhere else is higher education so entirely removed from class distinction as in the country where the imperial princes are sent to the same school with the sons of tradesmen and artisans. Nowhere else is there so little religious formalism coupled with

such deep religious feeling as in the country where sermons are preached to empty benches, while Tannhäuser and Lohengrin, Wallenstein and Faust, are listened to with the hush of awe and bated breath by thousands upon thousands.

In all these respects — socially, intellectually, religiously — Bismarck was the very incarnation of German character. Although an aristocrat by birth and bearing, and although, especially during the years of early manhood, passionately given over to the aristocratic habits of dueling, hunting, swaggering, and carousing, he was essentially a man of the people. Nothing was more utterly foreign to him than any form of libertinism; even his eccentricities were of the hardy homespun sort. He was absolutely free from social vanity; he detested court festivities; he set no store by orders or decorations; the only two among the innumerable ones conferred upon him which he is said to have highly valued were the Prussian order of the Iron Cross, bestowed for personal bravery on the battlefield, and the medal for "rescuing from danger" which he received in 1842 for having saved his groom from drowning by plunging into the water after him. What he thought of meaningless titles may be gathered from his remark anent the bestowal upon him by the present Emperor of the ducal dignity: "If ever I wish to travel incognito, I shall call myself Duke of Lauenburg."

All his instincts were bound up with the soil from which he had sprung. He passionately loved the North German plain, with its gloomy moorlands, its purple heather, its endless wheat-fields, its kingly forests, its gentle lakes, and its superb sweep of sky and clouds. Writing to his friends when abroad, — he traveled very little abroad, — he was in the habit of describing foreign scenery by comparing it to familiar views and places on his own estates. During sleepless nights in the Chancellery at Berlin there would often rise before him a

sudden vision of Varzin, his Pomeranian country-seat, "perfectly distinct in the minutest particulars, like a great picture with all its colors fresh, — the green trees, the sunshine on the stems, the blue sky above. I saw every individual tree." Never was he more happy than when alone with nature. "Saturday," he writes to his wife from Frankfort, "I drove to Rüdesheim. There I took a boat, rowed out on the Rhine, and swam in the moonlight, with nothing but nose and eyes out of water, as far as the Mäusethurm near Bingen, where the bad bishop came to his end. It gives one a peculiar dreamy sensation to float thus on a quiet warm night in the water, gently carried down by the current, looking above on the heavens studded with moon and stars, and on each side the banks and wooded hill-tops and the battlements of the old castles bathed in the moonlight, whilst nothing falls on one's ear but the gentle splashing of one's movements. I should like to swim like this every evening." And what poet has more deeply felt than he that vague musical longing which seizes one when far away from human sounds, by the brookside or the hillside? "I feel as if I were looking out on the mellowing foliage of a fine September day," he writes again to his wife, "health and spirits good, but with a soft touch of melancholy, a little homesickness, a longing for deep woods and lakes, for a desert, for yourself and the children, and all this mixed up with a sunset and Beethoven."

His domestic affections were by no means limited to those united to him by ties of blood; he cherished strong, patriarchal feelings for every member of his household, past or present. He possessed in a high degree the German tenderness for little things. He never forgot a service rendered to him, however small. In the midst of the most engrossing public activity he kept himself informed about the minutest details

of the management of his estates, so that his wife could once laughingly say that a turnip from his own fields interested him vastly more than all the problems of international politics.

His humor, also, was entirely of the German stamp. It was boisterous, rollicking, aggressive, unsparing, — of himself as well as of others, — cynic, immoderate, but never without a touch of good nature. His satire was often crushing, never venomous. His wit was racy and exuberant, never equivocal. Whether he describes his vis-à-vis at a hotel table, his Excellency So and So, as "one of those figures which appear to one when he has the nightmare, — a fat frog without legs, who opens his mouth as wide as his shoulders, like a carpet-bag, for each bit, so that I am obliged to hold tight on by the table from giddiness;" whether he characterizes his colleagues at the Frankfort Bundestag as "mere caricatures of periwig diplomats, who at once put on their official visage if I merely beg of them a light to my cigar, and who study their words and looks with Regensburg care when they ask for the key of the lavatory;" whether he sums up his impression of the excited, emotional manner in which Jules Favre pleaded with him for the peace terms in the words, "He evidently took me for a public meeting;" whether he declines to look at the statue erected to him at Cologne, because he "does n't care to see himself fossilized;" whether he speaks of the unprecedented popular ovations given to him at his final departure from Berlin as a "first-class funeral," — there is always the same childlike directness, the same naïve impulsiveness, the same bantering earnestness, the same sublime contempt for sham and hypocrisy.

And what man has been more truthful in intellectual and religious matters? He, the man of iron will, of ferocious temper, was at the same time the coolest reasoner, the most unbiased thinker.

He willingly submitted to the judgment of experts, he cheerfully acknowledged intellectual talent in others, he took a pride in having remained a learner all his life, but he hated arrogant amateurishness. He was not a churchgoer; he declined to be drawn into the circle of religious schemers and reactionary fanatics; he would occasionally speak in contemptuous terms of "the creed of court chaplains," but writing to his wife of that historic meeting with Napoleon in the lonely cottage near the battlefield of Sedan, he said: "A powerful contrast with our last meeting in the Tuileries in '67. Our conversation was a difficult thing, if I wanted to avoid touching on topics which could not but affect painfully the man whom God's mighty hand had cast down." And more than once he gave vent to reflections like these: "For him who does not believe — as I do from the bottom of my heart — that death is a transition from one existence to another, and that we are justified in holding out to the worst of criminals in his dying hour the comforting assurance, *mors janua vite*, — I say that for him who does not share that conviction, the joys of this life must possess so high a value that I could almost envy him the sensations they must procure him." Or these: "Twenty years hence, or at most thirty, we shall be past the troubles of this life, whilst our children will have reached our present standpoint, and will discover with astonishment that their existence (but now so brightly begun) has turned the corner and is going downhill. Were that to be the end of it all, life would not be worth the trouble of dressing and undressing every day."

IV.

We have considered a few traits of Bismarck's mental and moral make-up which seem to be closely allied with German national character and tradi-

tions. But after all, the personality of a man like Bismarck is not exhausted by the qualities which he has in common with his people, however sublimated these qualities may be in him. His innermost life belongs to himself alone, or is shared, at most, by the few men of the world's history who, like him, tower in splendid solitude above the waste of the ages. In the Middle High German Alexanderlied there is an episode which most impressively brings out the impelling motive of such Titanic lives. On one of his expeditions Alexander penetrates into the land of Scythian barbarians. These childlike people are so contented with their simple, primitive existence that they beseech Alexander to give them immortality. He answers that this is not in his power. Surprised, they ask why, then, if he is only a mortal, he is making such a stir in the world. Thereupon he answers: "The Supreme Power has ordained us to carry out what is in us. The sea is given over to the whirlwind to plough it up. As long as life lasts and I am master of my senses, I must bring forth what is in me. What would life be if all men in the world were like you?" These words might have been spoken by Bismarck. Every word, every act of his public career, gives us the impression of a man irresistibly driven on by some overwhelming, mysterious power. He was not an ambitious schemer, like Beaconsfield or Napoleon; he was not a moral enthusiast, like Gladstone or Cavour. If he had consulted his private tastes and inclinations, he would never have wielded the destinies of an empire. Indeed, he often rebelled against his task; again and again he tried to shake it off; and the only thing which again and again brought him back to it was the feeling, I must; I cannot do otherwise. If ever there was a man in whom Fate revealed its moral sovereignty, that man was Bismarck.

Kuno Francke.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GEORGE SAND.

THE long-promised letters of George Sand to Alfred de Musset appeared recently in the *Revue de Paris*, and were followed by a second series addressed to Sainte-Beuve.¹ Even before the publication of these letters there were signs of a revival of interest in George Sand. Her reputation had suffered an eclipse during the triumph of naturalism. But now that naturalism has "grown to a pleurisy and died in its own too much," the younger generation of French writers is making earnest, one is almost tempted to say desperate, efforts to arrive at some form of idealistic art; and this movement promises to result in an increase in the vogue of George Sand, as it has already resulted in a falling off in the vogue of Balzac.

Taine says that there is in the whole history of literature no other writer whose career is as instructive as that of George Sand, — no writer for the study of whose life there is such abundant material, and none to whom it is possible to apply so perfectly the method of Sainte-Beuve. The world at present shows signs of growing weary of the method of Sainte-Beuve as it has grown weary of naturalism; we are coming to be less concerned with the natural origins of a writer's talent, and more concerned with getting at this talent in itself, with measuring its absolute elevation, with finding out how far it is the product of the writer's will as well as of his environment. The life of George Sand lends itself even more to the latter method of treatment — the method of the new criticism — than to that of Sainte-Beuve. Taine himself, with the sympathy he showed toward the last for the points of view most different from his own, has remarked that an admirable

study might be made of the evolution of George Sand's character as revealed in her works. Nothing she has written is richer in material for a study of this kind than her letters, and among the letters themselves the most interesting are those she exchanged with Flaubert. Her talent as an artist reached its maturity no doubt in the country idyls, but it is rather in these letters to Flaubert that we are to seek the clearest and fullest expression of her character and views of life.

For the beginning of George Sand's career we need to turn, not to the correspondence, but to her autobiography, — *L'Histoire de ma Vie*, — especially to the chapters devoted to the years spent in the *Couvent des Anglaises* at Paris. It is well to remember that during her convent life she passed through a period of fervent Catholic mysticism. "I feel," we read in one of her later letters, "a foretaste of infinite ecstasies, and of ravishments like those of my childhood when I thought I saw the Virgin, like a white blur on a sun floating over my head." Her early letters contrast curiously in their simple and unaffected tone with those she wrote after coming under the influence of romanticism, toward the end of her unhappy married life with the Baron Dudevant. George Sand doubtless had real grievances against her husband, but her main grievance seems to have been that he was not a man of genius. She finally decided on a separation, and early in 1831 came to Paris, and "embarked," as she expresses it, "on the stormy sea of literature." The years immediately following have been appropriately termed by Matthew Arnold the period of "agony and revolt." She strove to escape from every form of convention, and took delight in shocking all the ordinary notions of bourgeois propriety. She dressed in men's cloth-

¹ The two series have since been reissued in book form by Calmann Lévy.

ing and frequented Bohemian society. She informs one of her correspondents that her main item of expense is for tobacco. Like all the romantic writers, she professed the religion of passion, an ideal to which she has given expression in *Lélia*. "For poetic souls," she says in this work, "the sentiment of worship enters even into the love of the senses." Of this mixture of idealism and sensuality there is only too much in the whole modern conception of love. We find in Petrarch one of the earliest instances of this epicurean use of the religious sentiment, that would bring the ideal down from heaven and throw its celestial glamour over earthly passions. But the whole tendency has perhaps reached its culmination in the extraordinary product known as romantic love, that "mortal chimera" which, in the words of M. René Doumic, "has raged for a century in French literature, — which has infected people's minds, perverted their ideas, disturbed society, undermined morality, and made thousands of victims, of whom George Sand and Alfred de Musset are only the most illustrious." Her affair with Alfred de Musset, we need hardly add, as well as one or two other like experiments in romantic love, ended for her only in disillusion, — disillusion so complete that for a time she fell into utter despair, and contempt for herself and others. "If I should tell you," she confesses later to a friend, "the point to which I pushed my abhorrence of everything, my horror of existence, I should seem to you to be relating an idle tale." She speaks of her "anti-social spirit," of her "hatred of all men," and says she would not stir to save her neighbor's child from drowning. She was haunted by thoughts of suicide. "Ten years ago," she wrote in 1845 to Mazzini, "I was in Switzerland; I was still in the age of tempests; I made up my mind even then to meet you, if I should resist the temptation to suicide which pursued me upon the glaciers." She finally re-

tired to Nohant, where she was to pass the rest of her life. Her youth, to use her own expression, had come to an end "in the midst of convulsions and groans." We can follow in her letters the process of reflection by which she arrived at a state of comparative calm. "I have had a terrible duel with myself, a gigantic struggle with my ideal; I have been profoundly broken and wounded; now I am vegetating quietly enough." Her return to sanity and self-possession was made easier by her freedom from self-love; for, whatever misuse she had made of the ideal, she had not used it to *idealize* herself. She was not "infected," to borrow her own phrase, "with that immense vanity which characterizes the men of the reign of Louis Philippe." She began to have doubts about the divine nature of romantic love. "At present I am going to have the courage to say it," she writes in one of her recently published letters to Sainte-Beuve: "the loves which make us suffer are not the loves that God intended for us; and we are deceived in thinking so." "Let the reign of truth once come, — and I believe in this reign of truth, though I know it will not be in my day, — and what we suffered will no longer have a name in human language."

In the meanwhile, a new form of faith was beginning to rise in the mind of George Sand on the ruins of the religion of passion. "As for me," she declares, "the teachings of Leroux have resolved my doubts and founded my religious faith." "I am plunged in the doctrines of socialism. I have found in them strength, faith, hope, and the patient and persevering love of humanity, — treasures of my youth, which I had dreamed of in Catholicism." It is worth noting that almost at the same time that George Sand was thus arriving at the gospel of humanity, Renan, escaped from St. Sulpice, was proclaiming the religion of science. It is curious to observe, in the case of both Renan and George Sand,

how much easier it is to throw off the old dogmas than to free the mind from the forms of thought and feeling in which a century-long inheritance of Catholicism has moulded it. Just as Renan in his earlier work arrives at the conception of a scientific infallibility, a scientific pope, a scientific heaven and hell, and even of a God created by scientists, so George Sand transfers to socialism the whole vocabulary of Christian mysticism. She speaks of the "social rebirth" to be brought about by France, that "Christ of nations," of "social saints," of "social martyrs," and so on. At the news of the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848, she hurried to Paris in boundless exultation. And then, on the complete collapse of all the social dreams and social dreamers, she again fell into deep discouragement. She found that Leroux, "such an admirable man in the ideal life," floundered hopelessly when brought into contact with reality. And Leroux, in this respect, was symbolical of the whole movement. She speaks of her "utter depression" after the days of June. She had made the painful discovery that there entered into the composition of that humanity she had so idealized "a large number of knaves, a very large number of lunatics, and an immense number of fools." George Sand remained almost to the very end more or less the dupe of those three great words, Nature, Progress, and Humanity, the indiscriminate use of which has worked such havoc in the thinking of the past two centuries. Yet if she did not give up her dreams of "social rebirth," she at least saw that they would have to be adjourned to an indefinite future: —

"And long the way appears which seemed so short

To the less practiced eye of sanguine youth;
And high the mountain-tops in cloudy air,
The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth."

It cost her "a heavy effort," she owned, "to pass from vast illusions to complete disillusion."

But she again mastered her despair, and in the very midst of the Second Empire, in the midst of the densest materialism the world has seen since the Roman decadence, she founded anew her faith in the ideal, and this time on a larger and surer base. She gradually awoke to the perception that the "salvation of France was not to be through politics," and that the indefinite future progress of humanity was not so important as the immediate definite progress of the individual. She saw that what was most needed was "a new direction given to men's hearts and consciences." "They are the slaves of circumstance," she declares of the politicians of her day, "because they are the born slaves of themselves." And again: "Duty brings with it its own reward. Calm has been restored to my spirit, and faith has returned." "Everything passes away, — youth, passions, illusions, and the desire to live. One thing only remains, — the integrity of the heart. The heart grows not old, but, on the contrary, is fresher and stronger at sixty than at thirty, if only it is allowed to have its own way."

It was toward the beginning of the last period of her life, the period of maturity and insight, that George Sand became acquainted with Flaubert. They were drawn together by a certain native distinction of character, by a certain delicacy and disinterestedness they observed in each other, but especially by the fact that they were impenitent romanticists in the midst of a generation hostile to romanticism. "You will always remain twenty-five," she wrote to him, "in virtue of all kinds of ideas which have become antiquated, if we are to believe the senile young men of to-day."

Apart from these points of contact, it would be hard to imagine two persons in more radical disagreement than George Sand and Flaubert. She herself avows to him that "there surely never were two workmen as different as we are;" and Flaubert, wondering at the large and

easy improvisation of George Sand, replies, "You don't know what it is to spend a whole day with your head in your hands, racking your miserable brain in the search for an epithet." The letters they exchanged owe much of their interest to the way in which the traits of each writer are thus constantly thrown into relief by opposition and contrast. George Sand urges Flaubert to exercise his will, and Flaubert answers that he is as "fatalistic as a Turk." "You believe in life and love it," says Flaubert, "and life fills me with distrust." "It's strange how little faith I naturally have in happiness. I had in my very youth a complete presentiment of life. It was like a sickly kitchen smell escaping from a basement window." "Yes," replies George Sand, "life is a terrible mixture of pleasure and pain;" yet "we must suffer, weep, hope, *be*, — in short, we must exercise our will in every direction." "You at the first leap mount to heaven," he says elsewhere, "while I, poor devil, am glued to the earth as though by leaden soles." "In spite of your great sphinx eyes, you have always seen the world as through a golden mist," whereas "I am constantly dissecting; and when I have finally discovered the corruption in anything that is supposed to be pure, the gangrene in its fairest parts, then I raise my head and laugh." Flaubert talks of his need of "extraordinary and factitious environments." "You might leave me," says George Sand, "whole hours under a tree, or before two burning sticks, with the certainty that I should find something to interest me. — I have learned so well how to live outside of myself. I was not so always. I too have been young and subject to indigestions, but all that is ended."

Finally Flaubert tells George Sand that the artist must not express his own feelings in what he writes. "Not put one's feelings into what one writes!" retorts George Sand. "I don't understand you at all, — oh no, not in the least."

As a matter of fact, Flaubert had observed that the greatest works of art are impersonal; and not being able to conceive of a region of impersonal human emotion, he decided to eliminate emotion altogether, and to arrive at least at the impersonality of the naturalist. "We must treat men," he says, "as though they were mastodons or crocodiles." And so he resolutely cut out from what he wrote the very thoughts and feelings he was most burning to utter. "It is odd," writes George Sand, "but there's a whole side of you which does n't appear in your books." It would be hard, indeed, to imagine a more curious contrast than that between the published work of Flaubert and the medley of interjections, ejaculations, slang, profanity, and obscenity we find in his letters.

Paradoxical as the statement is, Flaubert and other French men of letters of the middle of the century who have been reproached with impassibility are in reality about the most subjective, the most completely self-centred, writers in literature. The whole psychology of the school of art for art's sake is revealed in these letters of one of its chief representatives. The men who profess this doctrine have, for the most part, carried over to art habits of thought, and especially modes of sensibility, which derive from Catholicism. Just as we have found in George Sand the gospel of humanity, and in Renan the religion of science, so we find in Flaubert the fanaticism of art. He preaches abstinence, renunciation, and mortification of the flesh in the name of art. He excommunicates those who depart from artistic orthodoxy, and speaks of heretics and disbelievers in art with a ferocity worthy of a Spanish inquisitor.

Unfortunately, Flaubert was unable to attain to that pure artistic ecstasy, that "literary delirium," to which he aspired. If he was at variance with George Sand, he was hardly less at variance with himself. He tells us that his intellectual origins are all in Don Quixote, which he

had learned by heart before he knew how to read. There was going on within him, in fact, a warfare between mediæval reverie and modern positivism not unlike that which Cervantes has symbolized in his masterpiece. Born in the period of transition from an age of sentiment to an age of scientific analysis, Flaubert hung suspended between two worlds, and was unable to enjoy the full benefit of either. "I have contradictory ideals," he exclaimed, "and the consequence is hesitation, halting, impotence!" If he burst into tears under the stress of lyric emotion, his first impulse was to observe himself in a looking-glass. He became the founder of naturalism, which he abhorred; on the other hand, if he tried to launch out into some vast poetical subject, he found that his lyric sense had been eaten away by analysis. Like many another writer of the present century, he tried to hide his lack of inner vitality under intellectual accumulation. He tells us that he had read and annotated three hundred volumes as a partial preparation for writing *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. What predominated in him, however, was his catholic sensibility, and his consequent hatred of modern life. Indeed, we shall not understand Flaubert and one whole school of nineteenth-century artists, especially the so-called decadents, unless we see in them men whose souls are still steeped in mediæval reverie, and who are unable to acquiesce in our modern rectangular civilization founded on scientific analysis:—

"Tout est bien balayé sur vos chemins de fer,
Tout est grand, tout est beau, mais on meurt
dans votre air."

"I am a Catholic!" exclaims Flaubert. "I have in my heart something of the green ooze of the Norman cathedrals." And speaking of *Salammbô*: "Few persons will guess how melancholy a man must be to try to resuscitate ancient Carthage. That is the Theban desert to which my horror of modern life has driven me." This horror of modern life

grew upon Flaubert, until he came at last to live in a chronic state of indignation, in a white heat of fury at his contemporaries. "I have written it," he says of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, "in the hope of being able to spit into it some of the bile which is choking me."

"I should like to see you," writes George Sand, "less indignant at other people's stupidity." Flaubert, however, was unwilling to part with his indignation. It was pride and the sense of personal distinction, he is careful to tell us, which sustained him in his life of solitary devotion to art; he needed his indignation to assure himself that he really was superior to the people about him. "If it were not for my indignation," he confesses in one place, "I should fall flat." Unfortunately, we come to resemble what we habitually contemplate. "By dint of railing at idiots," writes Flaubert, "one runs the risk of becoming idiotic one's self." And he says of his two bourgeois, *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, "Their stupidity is my stupidity, and it's killing me."

George Sand takes Flaubert to task, with admirable tact, for thus tormenting himself with false theories of art. "Talent," she says, "imposes duties; and art for art's sake is an empty word." Beauty is not in itself a cause, but a result, the outcome of the harmony of all the parts either in the life of an individual or in that of a people. Beauty, we may add, is, in itself, only the element of illusion. The man who pursues it as a thing apart is trying to divorce form from substance, and will spend his life, Ixion-like, embracing phantoms. "O Art, Art," exclaims Flaubert, "bitter deception, nameless phantom, which gleams and lures us to our ruin!" He speaks elsewhere of the "chimera of style which is wearing him out soul and body." George Sand tells us that as she grew older she came more and more to put truth above beauty, and goodness before strength. "I have reflected

a great deal on what is *true*," she writes, "and in this search for truth the sentiment of my ego has gradually disappeared." Flaubert, on the contrary, in becoming a *chercheur d'exquis*, in consecrating his life to the quest for beauty, had succeeded only in intensifying the sentiment of his ego and in irritating his nerves. Attaching an almost religious importance to æsthetic sensation, he had been led to humor all the whims of a morbid sensibility. He had fallen into the state which the French describe by the untranslatable word *nostalgie*, the desire to jump out of one's skin, to be where one is not; he had become the victim of that artistic hyperæsthesia from which so many French writers since Rousseau have suffered. He complains in his old age: "My sensibility is sharper than a razor's edge; the creaking of a door, the face of a bourgeois, an absurd statement, set my heart to throbbing, and completely upset me."

We are possibly justified in inferring from the life of Flaubert, and that of others of his school, the futility of art when not subordinated to some principle higher than itself. "If any one prefer beauty to virtue," says Plato, "what is this but the real and utter dishonor of the soul?" Hardly anywhere else in literature will *one* find such accents of bitterness, such melancholy welling up unbidden from the very depths of the heart, as in the devotees of art for art's sake, — Flaubert, Leconte de Lisle, Théophile Gautier. George Sand expresses a natural surprise at the agitation in which Flaubert lives at Croisset, — "that delightful retreat where everything breathes comfort and tranquillity."

We need not suppose that George Sand was entirely right, and Flaubert entirely wrong, in the theory and practice of art. We can agree with Flaubert in thinking that composition with the great masters was accompanied by fewer throes and paroxysms, by less effort and anguish, than with him. On the other

hand, composition with the great masters was not a pure improvisation, as in the case of George Sand; they did not write, as we are to infer she did, in a half-somnambulistic condition. "I am a mere wind-harp," she tells Flaubert. "It is the *other* who plays upon my heart at will. . . . When I think of it I am filled with fright, and say to myself, I am nothing, nothing at all." "Genius," George Sand never tires of repeating, "comes from the heart," — a feminine theory of genius which offends less in the mouth of George Sand than when professed by men like Lamartine and Alfred de Musset. Yet it was a too unquestioning obedience to the promptings of the heart that kept George Sand from attaining perfection. "Life," she confesses, "carries me off my feet." She is swept away by her feelings and sentiments, her affections and sympathies; so that Flaubert might well write of her: "Madame Sand is too benign and angelical." It may be said, in justification of Flaubert's view, that the New Testament in one passage promises the kingdom of heaven to the violent. It is the lack of power of concentration, of fiery intensity, and at the same time the lack of that infinite painstaking in detail possessed by Flaubert, which removes George Sand from the first rank of artists. "I am not," she admits of herself, "the ideal artist." "I am too fond of sewing and scrubbing children; . . . and then, besides, I am not a lover of perfection. I feel perfection, but I cannot make it manifest."

The main event that came to disturb the tranquillity of George Sand in her old age was the Franco-Prussian war and the Commune. "I am sick with the sickness of my country and my race!" she exclaims, after the Commune. "I wish that I had died without learning that barbarism is still so alive and active in the world." And again: "I judged of others by myself; I had done a great deal toward mending my own character; I had quenched useless and dangerous ebulli-

tions; I had sown grass and flowers upon my volcanoes, and I fancied that everybody was capable of self-enlightenment and self-restraint. And now I have been all at once awakened from my dream to find a generation divided between idiocy and delirium tremens." Flaubert, who, whatever his faults, was not a dupe of humanitarianism, declared, as early as 1848, that Leroux and the other Socialists were not modern men, — that they were still "up to their necks in the Middle Ages;" and he saw in the Commune a manifestation of mediævalism. George Sand, too, taught by experience, was rapidly ridding herself, during the last years of her life, of what was still mediæval in her ways of thinking. This fact appears in her increasing distrust of absolute *a priori* formulæ. She was gradually attaining to the insight to which Emerson has given expression in his essay on Compensation, — the insight that no truth is true unless balanced by its counter-truth. "Don't you see," she says to one of her political friends, "that the Catholic priest is supremely intolerant because he rejects *absolutely* the opposite view?" "Down with the *priests* in power, whatever garb they may happen to wear. The Republic will take care of itself, if it is not imposed as a dogma." "The principles of '93," she says elsewhere, "have been our ruin; the Reign of Terror and St. Bartholomew's Day are an expression of the same spirit."

With the disappearance of her last humanitarian hopes, the evolution of the character of George Sand may be said to be complete. "I *believe*," she writes to Alexandre Dumas fils, "henceforward without illusion, and that is the secret of all my little strength." This survival of faith is indeed the fact most worthy of note in a study of the inner life of George Sand. The great historical error of Christianity has been to confound faith with credulity; and for the vast majority of modern men, faith has perished along with the creeds with which

it had been identified. It is the distinction of George Sand to have rescued repeatedly the precious principle of belief from the wreck of false ideals, and to have had a faith so robust as to outlive shock upon shock of disillusion. In her old age she arrived more and more at a faith free from illusion, — faith founded on the simple feeling, as she expresses it, that "the whole is greater and better than we are," and on the sentiment of the divine, entirely apart from any attempt to confine it in a formula.

"If man has drunk at the cup of eternal truth," she says, "he no longer takes sides too passionately for or against relative and ephemeral truth." Together with faith, there entered into the life of George Sand joy, certainty, tranquillity, the sense of conduct, and the belief in the freedom of the will, — good and desirable things all, which seem to be disappearing from the world with the disappearance of faith.

"I wish to see man as he is," she writes to Flaubert. "He is not good or bad: he is good and bad. But he is something else besides: being good and bad, he has an inner force which leads him to be very bad and a little good, or else very good and a little bad." "I have often wondered," she adds, "why your Education Sentimentale, in spite of its excellence of form, was so ill received by the public, and the reason, as it seems to me, is that its characters are passive, — that they do not act upon themselves." It is this power to act upon himself, precisely what is most human in man, that Flaubert neglected when he proposed to study men as he would mastodons or crocodiles.

The power which George Sand showed to act on herself is what gives her life its peculiar interest. She might justly say of herself, "I cannot forget that my personal victory over despair has been the work of my will, and of a new way of understanding life which is the exact opposite of the one I held formerly."

How different is the weary cry of Flaubert: "I am like a piece of clock-work. What I am doing to-day I shall be doing to-morrow; I did the same thing yesterday; I was exactly the same man ten years ago." Or compare the life of George Sand with that of Victor Hugo, who, as the ripe fruit of his meditations, yields nothing better than the apotheosis of Robespierre and Marat.

Taine remarks of Sainte-Beuve that he was the only French writer of the present century, besides George Sand, who showed this power of continuous development. George Sand, however, is superior to Sainte-Beuve in that her growth is symmetrical, instead of being the expansion of a single faculty. She grew toward her ideal as the plant grows toward the sun, and not like the modern specialist, mechanically in one direction. We find in Sainte-Beuve something of that undue confidence in intellectual machinery, of that abuse of the brain, which has followed in the trail of the scientific spirit. "Poor Sainte-Beuve," writes George Sand, "his intelligence has perhaps developed; but the intelligence does not suffice for the purposes of life, and it does not teach us how to die." "You have a better sense for total truth" (*le vrai total*), she tells another correspondent, "than Sainte-Beuve, Renan, and Littré. They have fallen into the German rut: therein lies their weakness." And Flaubert writes to George Sand: "What amazes and delights me is the strength of your whole personality, not that of the brain alone."

Thus, toward the end of her career, George Sand became increasingly free from that nineteenth-century intellectualism which so marred the work of the closing years of George Eliot. "I feel," she writes, "that I am coming to be less and less a Christian, and I perceive daily another light dawning beyond that horizon of life toward which I am advancing

with ever greater tranquillity." In spite of what George Sand says about not being a Christian, it would be easy enough to show that many of her faults and nearly all her virtues are a direct inheritance from Christianity, — the Christianity of St. Francis rather than that of St. Thomas Aquinas. A study of her character, indeed, derives its main interest from the fact that she was able to make what Taine calls "the painful transition from an hereditary faith to a personal conviction."

We are living in an age when the principle of choice, the sense of direction, is more important than ever before, and at the same time more difficult of attainment. We are under special obligation to those who, like George Sand, have been successful in thus carrying over what was most vital in the old belief, and in combining it with what is most advanced in modern thought. In this respect, George Sand takes rank with Emerson among the pioneers of the idealism of the future; and like Emerson, she remained true to the ideal without falling into morbid self-consciousness. She perceived no less plainly than Carlyle the degeneracy of the humanity of her day from loss of hold on the moral law, but she did not therefore have a vision of her contemporaries as a "lot of apes chattering on the shores of the Dead Sea." For this reason finally George Sand will be remembered not merely as a great literary artist; she will also remain in memory as one of the few who, in an age of great enlightenment and little light, have persevered in the cult of the ideal, in the exercise of *le sens contemplatif, où réside la foi invincible*, — "the contemplative sense wherein resides invincible faith." And the passages that bear most striking witness to her use of this well-nigh obsolete sense are contained in her correspondence.

Irving Babbitt.

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COLONIAL LESSONS OF ALASKA.

"And there's never a law of God or man runs north of Fifty-Three."

KIPLING.

THE United States is about to enter on an experience which the London Speaker cleverly describes as "compulsory imperialism." Wisely or not, willingly or not, we have assumed duties toward alien races which can be honorably discharged only by methods foreign to our past experience. In the interests of humanity, our armies have entered the mismanaged territories of Spain. The interests of humanity demand that they should stay there, and the duties we have hastily assumed cannot be discharged within a single generation.

It is an axiom of democracy that "government must derive its just powers from the consent of the governed." This has been the fundamental tenet of our political system. But government by the people is not necessarily good government. It can never be ideally good until individual intelligence and patriotism rise to a higher level than they have yet reached in any nation whatever. It is possible that government by the people may be intolerably bad. This is the case where individual indifference and greed make effective coöperation impossible. Such a condition exists in several of the so-called republics of the New World, for whose independence our Monroe Doctrine has been solicitous in the past. Such will be the case with the Spanish colonies of to-day, if we leave them to their own devices. For the civic ideas of these peo-

ple and of their self-constituted leaders rise to no higher plane than those of the vulgar despots from whom they have so long suffered.

In such cases as these, a government, for the time at least, may "derive just powers" otherwise than from the consent of the governed. It may justify itself by being good government. This is, indeed, the justification of the excellent paternal despotism by which "Diaz holds Mexico in the hollow of his hand." It is the foundation of the imperialism of Great Britain. Wherever the flag of England floats it teaches respect for law. There is but one political lesson more important, and that lesson is respect for the individual man. To teach the one has been the mission of England; to teach the other has been the glory of the United States.

The essential function of British imperialism is to carry law and order, "the Pax Britannica," to all parts of the globe. This function has been worked out in three ways, corresponding to England's three classes of tributary districts or colonies. The first class consists of regions settled and civilized by Englishmen already imbued with the spirit of law, and capable of taking care of themselves. In our day such colonies are self-governing, and the bond of imperialism is little more than a treaty of perpetual friendship. Over the local affairs of Canada, for example, England exerts no authority, and claims none. The sovereignty of the home government rests on tradition, and

it is maintained through mutual consideration and mutual respect.

A second class of colonies consists of military posts, strategic points of war or of commerce, wrested from some weaker nation at one time or another in the militant past. In the control of these outposts "the consent of the governed" plays no part. The justification of England's rule lies in the use she makes of it. The inhabitants of Gibraltar, for instance, count no more than so many "camp followers." They remain through military sufferance, and the forms of martial law suffice for all the government they need.

The third class of colonies is made up of conquered or bankrupt nations, — people whose own governmental forms were so intolerable that England's paternalism was forced to take them in hand. These countries still govern themselves in one fashion or another, but each act of their rulers is subject to the veto of the British colonial office. "Said England unto Pharaoh, 'I will make a man of you;'" and with Pharaoh, as with other irresponsibles of the tropics, England has in some degree succeeded. But this success has been attained only through the strictest discipline of military methods; not by the method by which we have made a man of Brother Jonathan, not by the means through which republics make free citizens out of the masses of which they are constituted. England has thus become the guardian of the weak nations of the earth, the police force of the unruly, the assignee of the bankrupt. England, as Benjamin Franklin said a century and a half ago, is an island which, "compared to America, is but a stepping-stone in a brook, with scarce enough of it above water to keep one's shoes dry." Yet; by the force of arms, the force of trade, and the force of law, she has become the ruler of the earth. It is English brain and English muscle which hold the world together, and have made it an Anglo-Saxon planet. The final secret of England's

strength lies, as I have said, in her respect for law. Good government is the justification of British imperialism. If victories at sea, happy accident, the needs of humanity, "manifest destiny," or any combination of events force foreign dominion on the United States, American imperialism must have the same justification.

It is a common saying of the day that the American flag, wherever once raised, must never be hauled down. This would have the ring of higher patriotism, were another resolve coupled with it: the stars and stripes shall never bring bad government, — shall never wave over misrule, injustice, waste, or neglect. Whatever lands or people may come under our flag, they are entitled to good government, the best that we can give them. This should be better than we give ourselves, for it is not accompanied by the advantages of self-government.

Imperialism can succeed only along lines such as England has already laid down. In the hands of all other nations — except thrifty Holland — the colony has been a source of corruption and decay. It will be so with us, if we follow the prevalent methods of waste and neglect. It is not for the colonies to make us wealthy through taxation and trade. That is the outworn conception which we have forced Spain to abandon. It is for us to enrich them through enterprise and law. There are duties as well as glories inherent in dominion, and the duties are by far the more insistent.

For an object lesson illustrating methods to be avoided in the rule of our future colonies we have not far to seek. Most forms of governmental pathology are exemplified in the history of Alaska. From this history it is my purpose to draw certain lessons which may be useful in our future colonial experience.

Thirty years ago (1867) the United States purchased from Russia the vast territory of Alaska, rich in native re-

sources, furs, fish, lumber, and gold, thinly populated with half-civilized tribes from whose consent no government could "derive just powers" nor any other. In the nature of things, the region as a whole must be incapable of taking care of itself, in the ordinary sense in which states, counties, and cities in the United States look after their own affairs. The town meeting idea on which our democracy is organized could have no application in Alaska, for Alaska is not a region of homes and householders. The widely separated villages and posts have few interests in common. The settlements are scattered along a wild coast, inaccessible one to another; most of the natives are subject to an alien priesthood, the white men knowing "no law of God or man." With these elements, a civic feeling akin to the civic life in the United States can in no way be built up.

It is a common saying among Americans in the north that "they are not in Alaska for their health." They are there for the money to be made, and for that only; caring no more for the country than a fisherman cares for a discarded oyster-shell. Of the few thousand who were employed there before the mining excitement began, probably more than half returned to San Francisco in the winter. Their relation to the territory was and is commercial only, and not civil.

Alaska has an area nearly one fifth as large as the rest of the United States, and a coast line as long as all the rest. Outside the gold fields the permanent white population is practically confined to the coast, and only in two small villages, Juneau and Sitka, can homes in the American sense be said to exist. Even these towns, relatively large and near together, are two days' journey apart, with communication, as a rule, once a week.

When Alaska came into our hands, we found there a native population of about 32,000. Of these, about 12,000 —

Thlinkits, Tinnehs, Hydas, etc. — are more or less properly called Indians. Of the rest, about 18,000 — Innuits, or Eskimos, and some 2500 Aleuts — are allied rather to the Mongolian races of Asia. There were about 2000 Russian Creoles and half-breeds living with the Aleuts and Innuits, and in general constituting a ruling class among them, besides a few Americans, mostly traders and miners.

Then, as now, the natives in Alaska were gentle and childlike; some of them with a surface civilization, others living in squalid fashion in filthy sod houses. They all supported themselves mainly by hunting and fishing. Dried salt salmon, or *ukl*, was the chief article of diet, and the luxuries, which as time went on became necessities of civilization, — flour, tea, sugar, and tobacco, — were purchased by the sale of valuable furs, especially those of the sea otter and the blue fox. The Greek Church, in return for its ministrations, received, as a rule, one skin in every nine taken by the hunters. The boats of the natives outside the timbered region of southeastern Alaska were made of the skin of the gray sea lion, which had its rookeries at intervals along the coast. With the advent of Americans the sea lion became rare in southern Alaska, great numbers being wantonly shot because they were "big game;" and the natives in the Aleutian region were forced to secure sea lion skins by barter with the tribes living farther to the north. This process was facilitated by the Alaska Commercial Company, which maintained its trading-posts along the coast, exchanging for furs, walrus tusks, and native baskets the articles needed or craved by the natives.

Of all articles held by the latter for exchange, the fur of the sea otters was by far the most important. Since these animals were abundant throughout the Aleutian region thirty years ago, and the furs were valued at from \$300 to \$1000 each, their hunters became relatively wealthy, and the little Aleut villages be-

came abodes of comparative comfort. In the settlement of Belkofski, on the peninsula of Alaska, numbering 165 persons all told, I found in the Greek church a communion service of solid gold, and over the altar was a beautiful painting, — small in size, but exquisitely finished, — which had been bought in St. Petersburg for \$250. When these articles were purchased, Belkofski was a centre for the sea otter chase. With wise government, this condition of prosperity might have continued indefinitely. But we have allowed the whole herd to be wasted. The people of Belkofski can now secure nothing which the world cares to buy. As they have no means of buying, the company has closed its trading-post, after a year or two of losses and charity. The people have become dependent on the dress and food of civilization. Suffering for want of sugar, flour, tobacco, and tea, which are now necessities, and having no way of securing material for boats, they are abjectly helpless. I was told in 1897 that the people of Wosnessenski Island were starving to death, and that Belkofski, the next to starve, had sent them a relief expedition. I have no information as to conditions in 1898, but certainly starvation is imminent in all the various settlements dependent on the company's store and on the sea otter.¹ Some time ago it was reported that at Port Etches the native population was already huddled together in the single cellar of an abandoned warehouse, and that other villages to the eastward were scarcely better housed. However this may be, starvation is inevitable along the whole line of the southwestern coast. From

Prince William's Sound to Attu, a distance of nearly 1800 miles, there is not a village (except Unalaska and Unga²) where the people have any sure means of support. "Reconcentrado" between Arctic cold and San Francisco greed, these people, 1165 in number, have no outlook save extermination. For permitting them to face such a doom we have not even the excuse we have had for destroying the Indians. We want neither the land nor the property of the Aleuts. When their tribes shall have disappeared, their islands are likely to remain desolate forever.

The case of the sea otter merits further examination. The animal itself is of the size of a large dog, with long full gray fur, highly valued especially in Russia, where it was once an indispensable part of the uniform of the army officer. The sea otters wander in pairs, or sometimes in herds of from twenty to thirty, spending most of their time in the sea. They are shy and swift, and when their haunts on land are once disturbed they rarely return to them. Any foreign odor — as the smell of man, or of fire, or of smoke — is very distasteful to them. Of late years the sea otters have seldom come on shore anywhere, as the whole coast of Alaska has been made offensive to them. The single young is born in the kelp, and the mother carries it around in her arms like a babe.

In the old days the Indians killed the otters with spears. When one was discovered in the open sea, the canoes closed upon it, and the hunters made wild noises and incantations. To the Indian who actually killed it the prize was awarded ;

¹ In 1897, the trading-posts of Akutan, San-nok, Morjovi, Wosnessenski, Belkofski, Chernofski, Kashaga, Makushin, and Bjorka were abandoned by the Alaska Commercial Company, while the stores at Atka and Attu were turned over to a former agent.

² In Unga the Aleuts find work in the gold mines, at Unalaska in the lading of vessels. Very lately extensive shipyards have been established at Unalaska, and natives from the

various settlements in the Aleutian Islands, from Akutan to Attu, are temporarily employed there. It has been found necessary to build vessels destined for the Yukon River at some port in Bering Sea, as none of those constructed to the southward have survived the rough seas of the North Pacific. But this ship-building industry must be of very short duration.

the others, who assisted in "rounding up" the animal, getting nothing. In case of several wounds, the hunter whose spear was nearest the snout was regarded as the killer. This was a device of the priests to lead the Indians to strike for the head, so as not to tear the skin of the body.

Originally, the sea otter hunt was permitted to natives only. By their methods there were never enough taken seriously to check the increase of the species. The Aleut who had obtained one skin was generally satisfied for the year. If he found none after a short hunt, the "sick tum-tum" or "squaw-heart" would lead him to give up the chase.

Next appeared the "squaw-man" as a factor in the sea otter chase. The squaw-man is a white man who marries into a tribe to secure the native's privileges. These squaw-men were more persistent hunters than the natives, and they brought about the general use of rifles instead of spears. A larger quantity of skins was taken under these conditions, but the numbers of sea otters were not appreciably reduced.

The success of squaw-men in this and other enterprises aroused the envy of white men less favorably placed. A law was passed by Congress depriving native tribes of all privileges not shared by white men. This opened the sea otter hunt to all men, and thus forced the commercial companies, against their will, to enter on a general campaign of destruction.

Schooners were now equipped for the sea otter hunt, each one carrying about twenty Indian canoes, either skin canoes or wooden dugouts, with the proper crew. Arrived at the Aleutian sea otter grounds, a schooner would scatter the canoes so as to cover about sixty square miles of sea. It would then come to anchor, and its canoes would patrol the water, thus securing every sea otter within the distance covered. Then a station further on would be taken and

the work continued. In this way, in 1895, 1896, and 1897, every foot of probable sea otter ground was examined. At the end of the season of 1897 only a few hundred sea otters were left, most of them about the Sannak Islands, while a small number of wanderers were scattered along remote coasts. Of these, two were taken off Año Nuevo Island, California, and two were seen at Point Sur. One, caught alive on land, was allowed to escape, its captor not knowing its value. One was taken in 1896 on St. Paul Island, in the Pribilof, and one in 1897 on St. George.

The statistics of the sea otter catch have been carefully compiled by Captain Calvin N. Hooper, commander of the Bering Sea Patrol Fleet, a man to whom the people of Alaska owe a lasting debt of gratitude. These show that in the earliest years of American occupation upwards of 2500 skins were taken annually by canoes going out from the shore, and this without apparent diminution of the herd. Later, with the use of schooners, this number was increased, reaching a maximum of 4152 in 1885. Although the number of schooners continued to increase, the total catch fell off in 1896 to 724, these being divided among more than 40 schooners, with nearly 800 canoes. Very many of the hunters thus obtained no skins at all.

At the earnest solicitation of Captain Hooper, this wanton waste was finally checked in 1898. By an order of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Gage, all sea otter hunting, whether by white men or by natives, was limited to the original Indian methods. In this chase, no one is now allowed "the use of any boat or vessel other than the ordinary two hatch skin-covered bidarka or the open Yakutat canoe."

This simple regulation will prevent any further waste. Had it been adopted two years ago, it would have saved \$500,000 a year to the resources of Alaska, besides perhaps the lives of a

thousand people, who must now starve unless fed by the government, — a tardy paternalism which is the first step toward extermination. The loss of self-dependence and of self-respect which government support entails is as surely destructive to the race as starvation itself.

Our courts have decided that the Aleuts are American citizens, their former nominal status under Russian law being retained after annexation by the United States. But citizenship can avail nothing unless their means of support is guarded by the government. They have no power to protect themselves. They can have no representatives in Congress. A delegate from Alaska, even if such an official existed, would represent interests wholly different from theirs. They cannot repel encroachments by force of arms, nor indeed have they any clear idea of the causes of their misery, for they have cheerfully taken part in their own undoing. In such case, the only good government possible is an enlightened paternalism. This will be expensive, for otherwise it will be merely farcical. If we are not prepared to give such government to our dependencies, we should cede them to some power that is ready to meet the demands. Nothing can be more demoralizing than the forms of democracy, when actual self-government is impossible.

In general, the waste and confusion in Alaska arise from four sources, — lack of centralization of power and authority, lack of scientific knowledge, lack of personal and public interest, and the use of offices as political patronage.

In the first place, no single person or bureau is responsible for Alaska. The Treasury Department looks after the charting and the patrol of its coasts, the care of its animal life, the prohibition of intoxicating liquors, and the control of the fishing industries. The investigation of its fisheries and marine animals is the duty of the United States Fish Commission.

The army has certain ill-defined duties, which have been worked out mainly in a futile and needless relief expedition, with an opera bouffe accompaniment of dehorned reindeer. The legal proceedings within the territory are governed by the statutes of Oregon, unless otherwise ordered. The Department of Justice has a few representatives scattered over the vast territory, whose duty it is to enforce these statutes, chiefly through the farce of jury trials. The land in general is under control of the Department of the Interior. The Bureau of Education has an agent in charge of certain schools, while the President of the United States finds his representative in his appointee, the governor of the territory. The office of governor carries large duties and small powers. There are many interests under the governor's supervision, but he can do little more than to serve as a means of communication between some of them and Washington. It is to be remembered that Alaska is a great domain in itself, and, considering means of transportation, Sitka, the capital, is much further from Attu or Point Barrow than it is from Washington.

The virtual ruler of Alaska is the Secretary of the Treasury. But in his hands, however excellent his intentions, good government is in large degree unattainable for lack of power. Important matters must await the decision of Congress. The wisest plans fail for want of force to carry them out. The right man to go on difficult errands is not at hand, or, if he is, there is no means to send him. In the division of labor which is necessary in great departments of government, the affairs of Alaska, with those of the customs service elsewhere, are assigned to one of the assistant secretaries. Of his duties Alaskan affairs form but a very small part, and this part is often assigned to one of the subordinate clerks. One of the assistant secretaries, Mr. Charles Sumner Hamlin, visited Alaska in 1894, in order to

secure a clear idea of his duties. This visit was a matter of great moment to the territory, for the knowledge thus obtained brought wisdom out of confusion, and gave promise of better management in the future.

To this division of responsibility and confusion of authority, with the consequent paralysis of effort, must be added the lack of trustworthy information at Washington. Some most admirable scientific work has been done in Alaska under the auspices of the national government, notably by the United States Coast Survey, the United States Fish Commission, and the United States Revenue Service. But for years a professional lobbyist has posed as the chief authority in Alaskan affairs. Other witnesses have been intent on personal or corporation interests, while still another class has drawn the longbow on general principles. Such testimony has tended to confuse the minds of officials, who have come to regard Alaska chiefly as a departmental bugbear.

Important as the fur seal question has become, its subject matter received no adequate scientific investigation until 1896 and 1897. Vast as are the salmon interests, such investigation on lines broad enough to yield useful results is yet to be made. The sole good work on the sea otter is that of a revenue officer whose time was fully occupied by affairs of a very different kind.

Thus it has come to pass that Alaskan interests have suffered alike from official credulity and official skepticism. Matters of real importance have been shelved, in the fear that in some way or other the great commercial companies would profit by them. At other times the word of these same corporations has been law, when the department might well have asserted its independence. The interest of these corporations is in general that of the government, because they cannot wish to destroy the basis of their own prosperity. To protect them in their

rights is to prevent their encroachments. These facts have been often obscured by the attacks of lobbyists and blackmailers. On the other hand, in minor matters the interests of the government and the companies may be in opposition, and this fact has been often obscured by prejudiced testimony.

Another source of difficulty is the lack of interest in distant affairs which have no relation to personal or partisan politics. The most vital legislation in regard to Alaska may fail of passage, because no Congressman concerns himself in it. Alaska has no vote in any convention or election, no delegate to be placated, and can give no assistance in legislative log-rolling. In a large degree, our legislation at Washington is a scramble for the division of public funds among the different congressional districts. In this Alaska has no part. She is not a district filled with eager constituents who clamor for new post-offices, custom-offices, or improved channels and harbors. She is only a colony, or rather a chain of little colonies; and a colony, to Americans as to Spaniards, has been in this case merely a means of revenue, a region to be exploited.

Finally, the demands of the spoils system have often sent unfit men to Alaska. The duties of these officials are delicate and difficult, requiring special knowledge as well as physical endurance. Considerable experience in the north, also, is necessary for success. When positions of this kind are given as rewards for partisan service, the men receiving them feel themselves underpaid. The political "war-horse," who has borne the brunt of the fray in some great convention, feels himself "shelved" if sent to the north to hunt for salmon-traps, or to look after the interests of half-civilized people, most of whom cannot speak a word of English. A few of these men have been utterly unworthy, intemperate and immoral; and occasionally one, in his stay in Alaska, earns

that "perfect right to be hung" which John Brown assigned to the "border ruffian." On the other hand, a goodly number of these political appointees, in American fashion, have made the best of circumstances, and by dint of native sense and energy have made good their lack of special training. The extension of the classified civil service has raised the grade of these as of other governmental appointments. The principles of civil service reform are in the highest degree vital in the management of colonies.

As an illustration of official ineffectiveness in Alaska, I may take the control of the salmon rivers by means of a body of "inspectors." In a joint letter to the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in 1897, Captain Hooper and I used the following language:—

"At present this work is virtually ineffective for the following reasons: The appointees in general have been men who know little or nothing of the problems involved, which demand expert knowledge of salmon, their kinds and habits, the methods of fishing, and the conditions and peculiarities of Alaska. For effective work, special knowledge is requisite, as well as general intelligence and integrity. These men are largely dependent upon the courtesy of the packing companies for their knowledge of the salmon, for their knowledge of fishing methods, for all transportation and sustenance (except in southeastern Alaska), and for all assistance in enforcing the law. The inspectors cannot go from place to place at need, and so spend much of their time in enforced inaction. They have no authority to remove obstructions or to enforce the law in case of its violation. For this reason, their recommendations largely pass unheeded.

"To remedy these conditions, provision should be made for the appointment only of men of scientific or practical training, thoroughly familiar with fishes

or fishery methods, or both, and capable of finding out the truth in any matter requiring investigation. For such purposes, expert service is as necessary as it would be in bank inspection or in any similar specialized work. The department should provide suitable transportation facilities for its inspectors. It should be possible for them to visit at will any of the canneries or salmon rivers under their charge. They should be provided with means to pay for expenses of travel and sustenance, and should receive no financial courtesies from the packing companies, or be dependent upon them for assistance in carrying on their work. The inspectors should be instructed to remove and destroy all obstructions found in the rivers in violation of law. They should have large powers of action and discretion, and they should have at hand such means as is necessary to carry out their purposes."

Under present conditions, the newly appointed inspector, knowing nothing of Alaska, and still less of the salmon industry, is landed at some cannery by a revenue cutter. He becomes the guest of the superintendent of the cannery, who treats him with politeness, and meets his ignorance with ready information. All his movements are dependent upon the courtesy of the canners. He has no boat of his own, no force of assistants, no power to do anything. He cannot walk from place to place in the tall, wet rye-grass, and he cannot even cross the river without a borrowed boat. All his knowledge of the business comes from the superintendent. If he discovers infraction of law, it is because he is allowed to do so, and he receives a valid excuse for it. It is only by the consent of the law-breaker that the infraction can be punished. The law-breaker is usually courteous enough in this regard; for his own interests would be subserved by the general enforcement of reasonable laws. The most frequent

violation of law is the building of a dam across the salmon river just above the neutral tide water where the fish gather as if to play, before ascending the stream to spawn. Such a dam, if permanent, prevents any fish from running, and thus shuts off all future increase. Meanwhile, by means of nets, all the waiting fish can be captured. This is forbidden by law, which restricts the use of nets to the sea beaches. Yet dams exist to-day in almost every salmon river in Alaska; even in those of that most rigidly law-abiding of communities, New Metlakahtla, on Annette Island. The lawlessness of the few forces lawlessness on all.

All that the inspector can do in the name of the government is to order the destruction of an unlawful dam. He has no power to destroy it; and if he had, he must borrow a boat from the company and do it himself. Then, in the evening, as he sits at the dinner table, the guest of the offending superintendent, he can tell the tale of his exploits.

The general relation of the salmon interests to law deserves a moment's notice. Most of the streams of southern and southwestern Alaska are short and broad, coming down from mountain lakes, swollen in summer by melting snows. The common red salmon, which is the most abundant of the five species of Alaska, runs up the streams in thousands to spawn in the lakes in July and August. One of these rivers, the Karluk, on the island of Kodiak, is perhaps the finest salmon stream in the world, having been formerly almost solidly full of salmon in the breeding season. The conditions on Karluk River may serve as fairly typical. A few salmon are smoked or salted, but most of them are put up in one pound tins or cans, as usually seen in commerce. This work of preservation is carried on in large establishments called canneries. One of these factories was early built at Karluk, on a sand-spit at the mouth of

the river. All Alaska is government land. The cannery companies are therefore squatters, practically without claim, without rights, and without responsibilities. The seining-ground on this sand-spit of Karluk is doubtless the best fishing-ground in Alaska. The law provided that no fish should be taken on Saturday, that no dams or traps should be used, that no nets should be placed in the river, and no net set within one hundred feet of a net already placed. This last clause is the sole hold that any cannery has on the fishing-ground where it is situated. Soon other factories were opened on the beach at Karluk by other persons, and each newcomer claimed the right to use the seine along the spit. This made it necessary for the first company to run seines day and night, in order to hold the ground, keeping up the work constantly, whether the fish could be used or not. At times many fish so taken have been wasted; at other times the surplus has been shipped across to the cannery of Chignik, on the mainland. Should the nets be withdrawn for an hour, some rival would secure the fishing-ground, and the first company would be driven off, because they must not approach within a hundred feet of the outermost net. With over-fishery of this sort the product of Karluk River fell away rapidly. Some understanding was necessary. The stronger companies formed a trust, and bought out or "froze out" the lesser ones, and the canneries at Karluk fell into the hands of a single association. All but two of them were closed, that the others might have full work. Under present conditions, Alaska has more than twice as many canneries as can be operated. Some of these were perhaps built only to be sold to competitors, but others have entailed losses both on their owners and on their rivals.

Meanwhile, salmon became scarce in other rivers, and canners at a distance began to cast greedy eyes on Karluk.

In 1897 a steamer belonging to another great "trust" invaded Karluk, claiming equal legal right in its fisheries. This claim was resisted by the people in possession, — legally by covering the beach with nets, illegally by threats and interference. More than once the heights above Karluk have been fortified; for to the "north of Fifty-Three" injunctions are laid with the rifle. On the other hand, "Scar-Faced Charley" of Prince William's Sound and his reckless associates stood ready to do battle for their company. In one of the disputes, a small steamer sailed over a net, cast anchor within it, then steamed ahead, dragged the anchor, and tore the net to pieces. In another case, a large steamer anchored within the fishing-grounds. The rival company cast a net around her, and would have wrecked her on the beach. The claim for damages to the propeller from the nets brought this case into the United States courts. Fear of scandal, and consequent injury to the company's interests in the East, is doubtless the chief reason why these collisions do not lead to open warfare. The difficulty in general is not due to the lawlessness of the companies, nor to any desire to destroy the industry by which they live. Our government makes it impossible for them to be law-abiding. It grants them no rights and no protection, and exacts of them no duties. In short, it exercises toward them in adequate degree none of the normal functions of government. What should be done is plain enough. The rivers are government property, and should be leased on equitable terms to the canning companies, who should be held to these terms and at the same time protected in their rights. But Congress, which cannot attend to two things at once, is too busy with other affairs to pay attention to this. The utter ruin of the salmon industry in Alaska is therefore a matter of a short time. Fortunately, however, unlike the sea otter, the salmon cannot be exterminated, and a few years

of salmon-hatching, or even of mere neglect, will bring it up again.

Of the marine interests of Alaska, the catch of the fur seal is by far the most important, and its details are best known to the public. Whenever the fur seal question promises to lead to international dispute, the public pricks up its ears; but this interest dies away when the blood ceases to "boil" against England. The history of this industry is more creditable to the United States than that of the sea otter and the salmon, but it is not one to be proud of. When the Pribilof Islands came into our possession, in 1867, we found the fur seal industry already admirably managed. A company had leased the right to kill a certain number of superfluous males every year, under conditions which thoroughly protected the herd. This arrangement was continued by us, and is still in operation. If not the best conceivable disposition of the herd, it was the best possible at the time; and to do the best possible is all that good government demands.

We were, however, criminally slow in taking possession of the islands after their purchase from Russia. In 1868, about 250,000 skins of young males (worth perhaps \$2,000,000), the property of the government, were openly stolen by enterprising poachers from San Francisco. As only superfluous males were taken, this onslaught caused no injury to the herd. It was simply the conversion to private uses of so much public property, or just plain stealing. After 1868 the Pribilof Islands yielded a regular annual quota of 100,000 skins for twenty years, when "pelagic sealing," or the killing of females at sea, was begun, and rapidly cut down the herd. This suicidal "industry" originated in the United States; but adverse public opinion and adverse statutes finally drove it from our ports, and it was centred at Victoria, where, as this is written, it awaits its *coup de grâce* from the Quebec commission of 1898.

During the continuance of this monstrous business,¹ the breeding herd of the Pribilof Islands was reduced from about 650,000 females (in 1868-84) to 130,000 (in 1897). It is not fair to charge the partial extinction of this most important of fur-bearing animals to our bad government of Alaska, inasmuch as it was accomplished by foreign hands against our constant protest. Yet in a large sense this was our own fault, for the lack of exact and unquestioned knowledge has been our most notable weakness in dealing with Great Britain in this matter. The failure to establish as facts the ordinary details of the life of the fur seal caused the loss of our case before the Paris Tribunal of Arbitration. Guesswork, however well intended, was met by the British with impudent assertion. British diplomacy is disdainful of mere opinion, though it has a certain respect for proved fact. Moreover, it was only after a long struggle that our own people were prevented (in 1898) from doing the very things which were the basis of our just complaint against Great Britain.

The other interests of Alaska I need not discuss here in detail. The recent discovery of vast gold fields in this region has brought new problems, which Congress has made little effort to meet. If we may trust the newspapers, our colonial postal system is absurdly inadequate, and the administration of justice remains local or casual. The Klondike adventurers make their own law as they go along, with little responsibility to the central government. Lynch law may be fairly good law in a region whence criminals can escape only to starve or to freeze; but martial law is better, and the best available when the methods of the common law are out of the question.

The real criminals of Alaska have been the "wild-cat" transportation com-

panies which sprang up like mushrooms with the rush for the Klondike. There are three or four well-established companies running steamers to Alaska, well-built, well-manned, and destined to ports which really exist. But besides the legitimate business there has been a great amount of wicked fraud. A very large percentage of the Klondike adventurers know nothing of mining, nothing of Alaska, little of the sea, and little of hardship. These people have been gathered from all parts of the country, and sent through foggy, rock-bound channels and ferocious seas, in vessels unseaworthy and with incompetent pilots, their destination often the foot of some impossible trail leading only to death. I notice in one circular that a graded railroad bed is shown on the map, through the tremendous ice-filled gorges of Copper River, a wild stream of the mountains, in which few have found gold, and from whose awful glaciers few have returned alive. In the height of the Klondike season of 1898, scarcely a day passed without a shipwreck somewhere along the coast, — some vessel foundering on a rock of the Alaskan Archipelago or swamped in the open sea. Doubtless most of the sufferers in these calamities had no business in Alaska. Doubtless they should have known better than to risk life and equipment in ships and with men so grossly unfit. But the public in civilized lands is accustomed to trust something to government inspection. The common man has not learned how ships may be sent out to be wrecked for the insurance. In established communities good government would have checked this whole experience of fraud; but in this case no one seemed to have power or responsibility, and the affair was allowed to run its own course. The "wild-cat" lines have now mostly failed, for the extent of the Klondike traffic is

¹ Monstrous in an economic sense, because grossly and needlessly wasteful; monstrous in a moral sense, because grossly and needlessly

cruel; withal perfectly legal, because not yet condemned by any international agreement in which Great Britain has taken part.

far less than was expected, and the Alaska promoter plies his trade of obtaining money under false pretenses in some other quarter.

The control of the childlike native tribes of Alaska offers many anomalies. As citizens of the United States, living in American territory, they are entitled to the protection of its laws; yet in most parts of Alaska the natives rarely see an officer of the United States, and know nothing of our courts or procedures. In most villages the people choose their own chief, who has vaguely defined but not extensive authority. A Greek priest is furnished to them by the Established Church of Russia. He is possessed of power in spiritual matters, and such temporal authority as his own character and the turn of events may give him. The post trader, representing the Alaska Commercial Company, often a squawman of some superior intelligence, has also large powers of personal influence, which are in general wisely used. The fact that the natives are nearly always in debt to the company¹ tends to accentuate the company's authority. The control of the Greek priest varies with the character of the man. Some of the priests are devoted Christians, whose sole purpose is the good of the flock. To others, the flock exists merely to be shorn for the benefit of the Church or the priest. But there are a few whom to call brutes, if we may believe common report, would be a needless slur on the bear and the sea lion.

On the Pribilof Islands, an anomalous joint paternalism under the direction of the United States government and the lessee companies has existed since 1868.

¹ The credit system has been almost wholly abandoned recently, as the future of the sea otter leaves no hope of payment of debts.

² For example, some ten or twelve years ago N. K. was fined fifty dollars by the government agent in charge of the Pribilof Islands, for "disturbance of the peace." His fault was a too vehement remonstrance against the violation of his young wife by American scoundrels

The lessees furnish houses, coal, physician, and teacher, besides caring for the widows and orphans. The government agent has oversight and control of all operations on the islands, and is the official superior of the natives, having full power in all matters of government. This arrangement is not ideal, and is in part a result of early accident. It has worked fairly in practice, however, and the natives of these islands are relatively prosperous and intelligent. The chief danger has been in the direction of pampering. With insurance against all accidents of life, there is little incentive to thrift. Outside of the seal-killing season (June and July) the people become insufferably lazy. There are records of occasional abuses of power in the past,² — abuses of a kind to be prevented only by the sending of men of honor as agents. In general, self-interest leads the commercial companies to send only sober and decent men to look after their affairs; and the government cannot afford to do less, even for Alaska. Of this the appointing power at Washington seems to have a growing appreciation.

Among the irregular methods of government in Alaska we must mention one of the most remarkable experiments in the civilization of wild tribes yet attempted anywhere in the world. I refer to the work of William Duncan, the pastor and director of a colony of Simsimian Indians at New Metlakatla. I can only mention Duncan's work in passing, but his methods and results deserve careful study, — far more than they have yet received. The single will of this strong man has, in thirty years, converted a band of cannibals into a sober, law-

temporarily employed on the island. The case was a most flagrant one, but the weak-minded agent felt unable to cope with it. With the plea that "boys will be boys" he excused the culprits, visiting the punishment on the injured husband. The ill feeling resulting from this action is still a source of embarrassment on St. Paul Island.

abiding, industrious community, living in good houses, conducting a large salmon cannery, navigating a steamer built by their own hands, and in general proving competent to take care of themselves in civilized life.

One of the least fortunate acts of the United States Congress in regard to Alaska has been the enactment of a most rigid prohibitory law as to alcoholic liquors. This is an iron-clad statute forbidding the importation, sale, or manufacture of intoxicants of any sort in Alaska. The primary reason for this act is the desire to protect the Indians, Aleuts, and Eskimos from a vice to which they are excessively prone, and which soon ruins them. But a virtuous statute may be the worst kind of law, as was noted long ago by Confucius. This statute has not checked the flow of liquor in Alaska, while it has done more than any other influence to subvert the respect for law. Usually, men who "are not in Alaska for their health" are hard drinkers, and liquor they will have. It is shipped to Alaska as "Florida water," "Jamaica ginger," "bay rum." Demijohns are placed in flour barrels, in sugar barrels, in any package which will contain them.¹ With all this there is a vast amount of outright smuggling, which the Treasury Department tries in vain to check. All southeastern Alaska is one vast harbor, with thousands of densely wooded islands, mostly uninhabited. Cargoes of liquors can be safely hidden almost anywhere,

to be removed piece by piece in small boats. Many such cargoes have been seized and destroyed; but the risk of capture merely serves to raise the price of liquor. Once on shore the liquor is safe enough. Upwards of seventy saloons are running openly in Juneau, and perhaps forty in Sitka. There are dives and grogeries wherever a demand exists. Most of the tippling-houses are the lowest of their kind, because, as they are outlaws to begin with, the ordinary restraints of law and order have no effect on them.

In 1878, it is said, a schooner loaded with "Florida water" came to the island of St. Lawrence, in Bering Sea, and the people exchanged all their valuables for drink. The result was that in the winter following the great majority died of drunkenness and starvation, and in certain villages not a person was left. Sometimes the stock in trade of whiskey smugglers is seized by the Treasury officials. But high prices serve as a sort of insurance against capture, and there are ways of securing a tip in advance when raids are likely to occur. This traffic demoralizes all in any way connected with it. But one conviction for illegal sale of liquors has ever been obtained in Alaska, so far as I know; and it was understood that this was a test case for the purpose of determining the constitutionality of the law.² A jury trial in any case means an acquittal, for every jury is made up of law-breakers, or of men in sympathy with the law-breaking.

¹ It is said that when the *Umatilla* foundered off Port Townsend, August, 1896, those who took away her cargo found in each of the sugar barrels consigned to Alaska only a demijohn of whiskey, the sea having dissolved the sugar.

² The appeal of this case (*Endleman et al. vs. the United States*) has proved a matter of the greatest importance in relation to the government of American colonies. It was contended (according to the *New York Evening Post*) "that the law on which the prosecution was based was unconstitutional, because the government of the United States can exercise only those specific powers conferred upon it by the

Constitution; that the Constitution guarantees to the citizen the right to own, hold, and acquire property, and makes no distinction as to the character of the property; that intoxicating liquors are property, and are subject to exchange, barter, and traffic, like any other commodity in which a right of property exists; that inasmuch as the power to regulate commerce was committed to Congress to relieve it from all restrictions, Congress cannot itself impose restrictions upon commerce by prohibiting the sale of a particular commodity; and that if Congress has the power to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors within the territories

This fact vitiates all other criminal procedure in Alaska. It should secure the entire abolition of jury trials and other forms of procedure adapted only to a compact civilization.¹

Whatever laws are made for the control of the liquor traffic in Alaska should be capable of enforcement. They should be supported, if need be, with the full force of the United States. To impose upon a colony laws with which the people have no sympathy, and then to leave these people to punish infraction for themselves, is to invite anarchy and to turn all law into a farce.

Whiskey is the greatest curse of the people of Alaska, — American, Russian, and native. I have not a word to say in favor of its use, yet I am convinced that unrestricted traffic, that any condition of things, would be better than the present law, with its failure in enforcement. The total absence of any law would not make matters much worse than they are. In fact, law would hardly be missed. In any case, Alaska gets along fairly well, — much better than any tropical region would under like conditions.

as a police regulation, it can only enact laws applicable to all the territories alike.”

Judge W. W. Morrow, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for California, declaring the decision of the court upon these claims, said: —

“The answer to these and other like objections urged in the brief of counsel for the defendant is found in the now well-established doctrine that the territories of the United States are entirely subject to the legislative authority of Congress. They are not organized under the Constitution, nor subject to its complex distribution of the powers of government as the organic law, but are the creation exclusively of the legislative department, and subject to its supervision and control. The United States, having rightfully acquired the territories, and being the only government which can impose laws upon them, have the entire domain and sovereignty, national and municipal, federal and state. Under this full and comprehensive authority, Congress has unquestionably the power to exclude intoxicating liquors from any or all of its territories, or limit their sale under such regulations as it may prescribe.

Cold disinfects in more ways than one, and Alaska gets the benefit of it.

We cannot throw blame on the officials at Washington. They do the best they can under the circumstances. The dishonest men at the capital are not many, and most of them the people elect to send there. The minor officials in general are conscientious and painstaking, making the best possible of conditions not of their choosing. The primary difficulty is neglect. We try to throw the burden of self-government on people so situated that self-government is impossible. We impose on them statutes unfitted to their conditions, and then leave to them the enforcement. Above all, what is everybody's business is nobody's, and what happens in Alaska is generally nobody's business. No concentration of power, no adequate legislation, no sufficient appropriation, — on these forms of neglect our failure chiefly rests.

If we have colonies, even one colony, there must be some sort of a colonial bureau, some concentrated power which shall have exact knowledge of its people,

It may legislate in accordance with the special needs of each locality, and vary its regulations to meet the circumstances of the people. Whether the subject elsewhere would be a matter of local police regulations or within the state control under some other power, it is immaterial to consider; in a territory, all the functions of government are within the legislative jurisdiction of Congress, and may be exercised through a local government or directly by such legislation as we have now under consideration.”

In other words, the colonies are under the absolute control of Congress, subject to no restrictions of any sort, and free from the operation of any form of constitutional checks and balances. Only through such freedom is colonial government under the United States possible.

¹ These facts were stated in detail a few years ago by a special agent of the United States Treasury. As a result, this truthful witness was indicted by the grand jury at Sitka for slander, — a futile act, but one which was the source of much annoyance.

its needs, and its resources. The people must be protected, their needs met, and their resources husbanded. This fact is well understood by the authorities of Canada. While practically no government exists in the gold fields of Alaska, Canada has chosen for the Klondike within her borders a competent man, thoroughly familiar with the region and its needs, and has granted him full power of action. The dispatches say that Governor Ogilvie has entire charge through his appointees of the departments of timber, land, justice, royalties, and finances. "The federal government believes that one thoroughly reliable, tried, and trusted representative of British laws and justice, and of Dominion federal power, can better guide the destinies of this new country than a number of petty untried officials with limited powers, and Ogilvie thinks so himself."¹

Under the present conditions, when the sea otters are destroyed, the fur seal herd exterminated, the native tribes starved to death, the salmon rivers depopulated, the timber cut, and the placer gold fields worked out, Alaska is to be thrown away like a sucked orange. There is no other possible end, if we continue as we have begun. We are "not in Alaska for our health," and when we can no longer exploit it we may as well abandon it.

But it may be argued that it will be a very costly thing to foster all Alaska's widely separated resources, and to give good government to every one of her scattered villages and posts. Furthermore, all this outlay is repaid only by the enrichment of private corporations,² which, with the exception of the fur seal

lessees, pay no tribute to the government.

Doubtless this is true. Government is a costly thing, and its benefits are unequally distributed. But the cost would be less if we should treat other resources as we have treated the fur seal. To lease the salmon rivers and to protect the lessees in their rights would be to insure a steady and large income to the government, with greater profit to the salmon canneries than comes with the present confusion and industrial war.

But admitting all this, we should count the cost before accepting "colonies." It is too late to do so when they once have been annexed. If we cannot afford to watch them, to care for them, to give them paternal rule when no other is possible, we do wrong to hoist our flag over them. Government by the people is the ideal to be reached in all our possessions, but there are races of men now living under our flag as yet incapable of receiving the town meeting idea. A race of children must be treated as children, a race of brigands as brigands, and whatever authority controls either must have behind it the force of arms.

Alaska has made individuals rich, though the government has yet to get its money back. But whether colonies pay or not, it is essential to the integrity of the United States itself that our control over them should not be a source of corruption and waste. It may be that the final loss of her colonies, mismanaged for two centuries, will mark the civil and moral awakening of Spain. Let us hope that the same event will not mark a civil and moral lapse in the nation which receives Spain's bankrupt assets.

David Starr Jordan.

the North American Commercial Company, the Alaska Packers' Association, and the Pacific Steamer Whaling Company.

¹ San Francisco Chronicle, August 15, 1898.

² The interests of Alaska, outside of mining, are now largely in the hands of four great companies, — the Alaska Commercial Company,

THE INTELLECTUAL MOVEMENT IN THE WEST.

ONE of the chief services of education is to show us our position in the line of historical development, to make us aware of what has been done, and to give a true point of departure. The educated man avoids waste of time and strength in repetition of work already done; he accepts the race experience as a background for his own life, and continues the story of spiritual unfolding from the point where his predecessors left off. There are new points of departure in the history of the race, but there is no new beginning. History opens fresh chapters from time to time; there has been but one introductory chapter. The race goes on telling the marvelous story of its life, with additions and elaborations, and the introduction of new characters, and the shifting of the narrative to new places; but the modern effect still appears related to the ancient cause, and he who listens attentively is constantly aware of the play of forces as old as man, and of the influence of actors who passed off the stage thousands of years ago. There is never any real break with the past, although there are at times abrupt changes of direction. That past, which survives in vital rather than in formal conditions, constantly reasserts itself; and the race can no more break away from it than a man can cut himself loose from what he has been. This spiritual continuity of race history makes real progression possible, and contains both the promise and the potency of spiritual evolution.

Some of the men who settled this continent probably felt that they were beginning all things new, although we must beware of reading into their consciousness the somewhat rhetorical interpretations of our later enthusiasm for their courage and political sagacity. As a matter of fact, they concerned themselves very little with abstract statements or general

conceptions of their various motives and enterprises; they were absorbed in the work in hand, which was of a peculiarly pressing character. There was, it is hardly necessary to remind ourselves, no general plan for the settlement of the continent; in fact, there was no thought of a continent. The successive groups of colonists established themselves at points along the coast by the accident of sighting land at those points, or for local reasons. There was not only no concert of action; there were suspicion, rivalry, and in many cases animosity between the settlements. Differences of race, religion, politics, and standards of life made the settlers distrustful of one another. These differences were brought from Europe, and the early history of the continent is mainly an expansion of European history. The picturesque struggle which dramatically culminated in the fall of Montcalm and Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham was an incident in the long trial of strength between England and France; and the debate which passed from stage to stage, until the war for independence was seen to be the only final solution, was the extension to the colonies of the radical discussion which was to modify the form of the English government. The colonists found a New World awaiting them, but they brought the Old World with them; and the history of America has been a continuation of the story of that older world. So far below the surface are the deeper currents of racial interaction that it is probably no exaggeration to say that the struggle between the Anglo-Saxon and the Spaniard, begun by Drake, was ended by Sampson.

All attempts to break this historical continuity, to sever the present from the past, are not only futile, but would be spiritually disastrous if they could be

successfully carried out. To discard the teachings of the past is even more dangerous than to imitate them slavishly ; to set up for ourselves in the difficult business of life, as if we were the first-comers in the field and could frame the laws of trade to suit our convenience, would be to invite a failure which would be not only complete, but ridiculous. The race is greater than any community or individual, and it is the part of wisdom to take it into partnership in all our undertakings. We moderns have our own duties, responsibilities, rights, and work ; we have fresh fields to conquer and new tools to work with. But the ancients were our forbears ; we are blood of their blood, and bone of their bone. They survive in us in instinct, temperament, and character ; we have entered into the fruit of their labors ; they did a large part of the work of life for us in the slow and painful making of that invisible home for the race which we call civilization. We may break with the traditions of the past, but we cannot escape from its vital influence ; we may discard the teachings of our fathers, but we can never get away from them until we can get away from ourselves. The hope of the world is in this unbroken continuity of human experience and effort.

Men in great masses act from instinct rather than from intelligence ; and the early colonists on this continent, however radical in religious or political conviction, kept in close touch with the spiritual life of the race, even while they endeavored with passionate earnestness to break with some of its traditions. No section of the new country and no group of settlers was long content with the hewing of wood and the drawing of water. There was work of the most rudimentary kind to be done, and it was done in many cases with consuming energy ; but the Atlantic, which then presented such serious obstacles to intercourse, was not broad enough to sever the men in the New World from the men in the Old.

The hands of the early colonists were set to pressing tasks ; they were clearing wild land, fighting wild men, building homes and churches and blockhouses ; but their minds were dealing with the old questions, and their spiritual fellowship with the world behind them was never broken. The schools, the universities, the literature, philosophy, and science of Europe had left their impress on many of these pioneers, planters and builders ; and the tradition of culture, the unbroken spiritual life of the race, was not suffered to fall into abeyance. The tools of the mind were brought over with the tools of the hand ; there were small collections of books in many well-to-do homes in every colony. The Puritan had his scholarly traditions ; Emmanuel College was one of the formative influences in the making of the new nation. It would be interesting, if it were possible, to trace the rivulets of knowledge which found their way from Cambridge University to this virgin continent, and contributed largely to its fertilization. The continuity of the essential life of men, behind all changes of condition and environment, was never more strikingly shown than in the reappearance in new institutions, on new soil, in a remote quarter of the globe, of the ideals and spirit of schools imbedded in ancient tradition and already venerable with years. There was a wide difference of external aspect between the plain, unadorned buildings in which the earliest American colleges began their work, and those ivy-clad walls and lovely gardens beside the Cam or on the Isis ; but there was no break in the continuity of interest and work which the ripe old university and the crude young college were set to conserve and accomplish. The time-honored course of study, in its transference from the Old to the New World, suffered no serious change. In the homes of the well-to-do colonists, the great textbooks, which many generations had already thumbed

and conned and learned by heart, were read with the zest of men whose minds were often forced to postpone their claims until a more convenient season. The older classics found places and times in those homes. Theological works were read with avidity, but the love of literature for its own sake never died out. The seeds of the first important movement in American literature were planted in those early days of hardship and arduous toil.

Harvard College had its modest beginning in 1636, and Yale followed it sixty-four years later; both institutions not only fostering and aiding the struggling intellectual life of the young communities, but appearing because the time was ripe in the needs and demands of these communities. As soon as the colonies could gain time from the necessities of their physical work, they began building for the spirit as ardently as they had already built for the body.

In New York the Dutch influence was soon blended with the English influence, but, in spite of great commercial opportunities, it was not devoid of intellectual quality. Kings College, which has grown into Columbia University, and become one of the most promising and progressive of the higher schools of the country, was founded in 1754. Nassau Hall, now expanded to the large dimensions of Princeton University, dates back to 1746. The University of Pennsylvania was organized as a university in 1779. Virginia brought from the Old World an intellectual tradition which differed from that which was fostered in New England chiefly in its indifference to theological issues and its leaning toward belles-lettres. In those fine old houses on the James, which registered the high water mark of social development in the New World, were to be found small collections of the best literature in at least four languages. The library of Mr. Byrd, of Westover, contained six hundred and fifty volumes of

classics. The best class of Virginians were bred, later, in the school of Addison, Pope, Steele, and Johnson. They were attracted by the elegance of style, the urbanity of manner, the social quality, of the writers of the Queen Anne period and their immediate successors. The New Englander put the emphasis on the intellectual quality of literature, its content of thought; the Virginian, on its form, atmosphere, polish. The New Englander, for instance, would have cared for Lucretius; the Virginian, for Horace. The New Englander would have been drawn to Aristotle by the closeness of his intellectual processes; the Virginian would have drifted to Plato under the attraction of the rich and varied social life in the atmosphere of which the Dialogues are steeped.

Those who have grown up under the influence of New England education and of the New England writers have failed, as a rule, to understand and appreciate the culture which was shared by the best people of Virginia, and the depth and vital power of which are suggested by the fact that of the five chief makers of the nation four were Virginians. That culture found its expression in statesmanship rather than in literature, and it is owing to the inadequate and somewhat sectional idea of culture which once prevailed that its quality and extent were so long overlooked. In any true history of the spiritual life of the nation Virginia must always have its place beside New England. The two sections were not only the chief factors in the shaping of affairs in the colonies, the direction of the Revolutionary movement, and the organization of the government; they were also original sources of intellectual influences which supplemented each other in a very unusual fashion. If the intellectual quality which Virginia gave to public life in the early days of the government had been sustained at the level which it reached in Madison, Jefferson, and Mar-

shall, we should have furnished an example of the highest intellect dealing with public affairs which society has seen since the days of Pericles.

The University of Virginia was opened for students in 1825. Kings and bishops have often laid the foundations of great schools, but that magnificent service to humanity has rarely come in the way of a statesman. It was Wolsey the ecclesiastic, rather than Wolsey the minister of state, who founded Christ Church. Jefferson was as far as possible removed from the ecclesiastical tradition. He was a man of affairs, with a distinct philosophical bent of mind; a politician by instinct and in method, a statesman in temper and aim. For abstract education he had small sympathy; for culture as a mere refinement of the processes of mind he had no respect. His conception of education had a touch of antique breadth and vitality; it was, in his view, the occupation of the scholar and the privilege of the gentleman, but it was also the duty of the citizen. Its fruits were not to be ripened in studious seclusion; they were to be borne in the tumult of public affairs. Culture was to find expression in politics no less than in literature and the arts. He defined the purposes of the higher education in this fashion:—

“(1.) To form the statesmen, legislators, and judges, on whom public prosperity and individual happiness are so much to depend. (2.) To expound the principles and structures of government, the laws which regulate the intercourse of nations, those formed municipally for our own government, and a sound spirit of legislation, which, banishing all unnecessary restraint on individual action, shall leave us free to do whatever does not violate the equal rights of another. (3.) To harmonize and promote the interests of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and by well-informed views of political economy to give a free scope to the public industry. (4.) To develop

the reasoning faculties of our youth, enlarge their minds, cultivate their morals, and instil into them the principles of virtue and order. (5.) To enlighten them with mathematical and physical sciences, which advance the arts, and administer to the health, the subsistence, and comforts of human life. (6.) And generally, to form them to habits of reflection and correct action, rendering them examples of virtue to others, and of happiness within themselves.”

Here was an ideal of culture essentially different from that which New England shaped with such definiteness, and, later, illustrated with such beauty, and set forth with such persuasiveness,—an ideal which took less account of spiritual relations, and concerned itself more with the harmonizing of existing conditions with high aims and ultimate principles. These two ideals have so far dominated our civilization; neither of them has been realized, but both have been immensely influential. It is impossible to say which has been the more important; the higher interests of the country would have suffered irreparably if either had been lost. When a national ideal finally takes shape on this continent, it will be born of the fusion of these different ideals; which are, in reality, attempts to realize in consciousness the relations of men to two great aspects of experience.

In the endeavor to give reality to Jefferson's ideal of education, rooted in public interests and duties, as contrasted with education for the advancement of knowledge pure and simple, the University of Virginia instinctively took a long step in advance in assuming greater moral maturity in its students; aiming to train men of affairs in their social relations, it took for granted a certain preliminary moral as well as intellectual preparation. It based its discipline on the sense of honor in its students, and prepared men for self-government by permitting them to govern themselves; it went a step beyond,

in harmony with its ideal, and gave its students wide latitude in the choice of lines of study; and it took the further and final step, inevitable alike in the working out of its system and in the impulse received from its founder, and planted itself on the basis of absolute religious liberty. Here, then, was a singularly coherent and consistent expression, along educational lines, of the ideal of life which silently formed itself in the mind of the Virginia community: an ideal essentially social, as the ideal of New England was essentially individual; an ideal secular and practical, as the New England ideal was religious and ethical; an ideal which involved the training of communities, as that of New England involved the training of persons. When the spiritual history of the continent is written, five hundred years hence, the University of Virginia will be given a much larger place in the making of the American community than has yet been set aside for her.

The richness of the colonies in types of character, temper, and training is brought out very strikingly as one follows the coast line from Boston to New Orleans. In those early times, New York was already a town of cosmopolitan interests and habits, speaking eighteen languages before the Revolution. Philadelphia was combining a certain quietism of spirit with charm of manner and sagacity in dealing with practical affairs. In Charleston there was as distinct a background of religious conviction as in Boston, but it was less radical in its individualism, and it was speedily modified by social and economic conditions. The Huguenots brought into the new country not only religious convictions as deep as those of the Puritan colonists, but also a large infusion of the best blood of France. Many of their children were educated in Europe, and society had the interest and charm of an intimate contact with the Old World.

The community at New Orleans ap-

proached life from another side, and produced a type of character with a distinct touch of the Latin passion for intimacy of relationship in meeting the experiences and developing the resources of life. In this semi-tropical city, which has not lost its traditional charm of manner, nor that hospitality which adopts rather than simply includes and entertains, one finds individualism, which is so prominent in New England, entirely absorbed in the social ideal: the ideal which makes the family and the community the units; which continually checks the tendency to self-assertion by insistence upon the superior authority of the family and the community; which brings individual opinion to the bar of general opinion; and which develops the common life of the community by drawing into it all that is best in personal life. Types are thrown into striking relief by their abnormal illustration in individuals. In New England, where the emphasis of nearly three centuries has been on individuality, the abnormal characters are distinctly anti-social; they take refuge in solitude, in isolation from society, in the extravagant assertion of their opinions, convictions, and purposes. They are the victims of a will which has become tyrannical and irrational. Many of Miss Wilkins's studies of the New England degenerate convey an impression of the helplessness of men and women in whom the will acts arbitrarily, and is no longer coördinated with the reason. These extreme illustrations of individualism are the inevitable results, upon certain classes of minds, of centuries of emphasis on the sovereignty of the individual conscience. In the South, on the other hand, the abnormal types show an excessive development of the social instinct. They do not hide themselves in solitary houses or live like hermits; they frequent the taverns, are found at the country stores, and seem to seek rather than shun companionship. The habit of living together is so deep-

seated that it acts automatically when the mind loses its balance.

This habit of acting together in all the affairs of life bears its fruit in New Orleans in a grace, ease, and freedom of human intercourse which owes something, it must be confessed, to French influence. The social ideal, which dominates every kind of organization and every form of art in France, is modified in the fascinating city, with its reminiscence of Spain in the architecture of the older quarters, its atmosphere of human intimacy in the presence of the Latin temperament, and the commercial energy which has its roots in the American character.

The art of human intercourse, like other arts of the deepest charm, is not distinctively intellectual in its origin and its expression; and its significance as an expression or product of culture has been greatly undervalued in this country. The urbanity, tact, delicate subordination of self to the ease and comfort of others; the sensitiveness which discerns and shares other moods and minds without formal approach; that nice harmonizing of divergent tempers, dispositions, and aims which is effected only in a highly civilized society for the purpose of making common stock of individual knowledge, experience, and charm, — these things are understood in New Orleans, and are utilized perhaps with more effect than in any other city in the country. To the ideal of individual development in New England, and to that of community development in Virginia, New Orleans adds an ideal of social development which could not be lost without losing one of those graces of living which are invaluable not only for the pleasure they give, but also for the refinement of spirit which they constantly reveal. This is the distinctive contribution of New Orleans, and the communities it represents, to American civilization.

In so large a country, with such long distances between the centres of industry and intelligence, a certain develop-

ment of provincialism was inevitable; for lack of contact involves lack of knowledge, and lack of knowledge is the prolific mother of that form of unabashed and unconscious ignorance which we call provincialism. Before the Revolution, the colonies were distrustful and jealous of one another, because they were in contact at so few points. After the Revolution, the states, into which the original colonies were divided and subdivided, looked askance at one another; and the misconceptions of spirit, aim, and relative strength which grew out of that soil bore fruit in the tragedy of the civil war. This failure to perceive the deeper drift of affairs, to discern the partial character of sectional ideals, and to recognize the necessity of harmonizing the national types did not end with the tremendous shock of two diverse conceptions of the national idea thirty-five years ago. It has continued to show itself in the blindness or indifference of the older communities to the spiritual development of the newer sections of the country; and this latest provincialism is shown in the assumption, not uncommon in some parts of the East, that while material progress has been phenomenal in the Mississippi Valley and the Far West, spiritual progress has not kept pace with it.

The chief difference between the older and the newer sections of the country in the matter of culture is a difference of time; or, in other words, of opportunity. The history of the country has been so far a history of colonization; the wave of human restlessness and energy which rolled over the seaboard in the seventeenth century has moved across the continent, and the successive communities which sprung up in its track have reproduced, with certain inevitable modifications, the stages through which the older communities passed. Virginia saw her history repeated in Kentucky, and New England read her story again in Ohio, Iowa, and Kansas; and for a generation the old East and that West which

was its first-born have been able, if they have had insight, to discern the working out of their own destiny in the further West. There have been interruptions, but there has been no break in the historical process; new influences have made their appearance and novel conditions have bred strange types, but at bottom the historical movement has been continuous and consistent. The West has passed stage by stage through the experience of the East. It has had to create the physical conditions of life, but it has never been content with them; it has no sooner laid the material foundations of the state than it has proceeded to lay its spiritual foundations. It has not waited to get the rough work done before taking up the higher work.

It has founded colleges with too liberal a hand, and the word "university" has come to mean, in some sections of the West, any school above the primary grade. That the university ideal has been temporarily cheapened by this reckless and misleading use of the word "university" is beyond question. But, apart from what appears to be the natural tendency of new countries to exaggerate the rank and importance of undertakings still in the rudimentary stages, the instinct which prompted the founding of such a large number of colleges is identical with that which early began the work of organizing the higher education on the seaboard. Many of these colleges have not only rendered an immediate service of the highest importance to the growing communities in which they were placed, but have maintained a high level of teaching and scholarship. The University of Michigan has long been recognized as one of the centres of higher education in the country, — a university in spirit and standards as well as in name. Rarely has the practical value of generous dealing with the educational question been more significantly illustrated than in the history of Michigan, a state which has gained in public

regard and in general reputation through the high standing and widespread fame of its university. Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Nebraska have shown a similar breadth of view in building up and supporting state universities, which are repaying the community an hundredfold every dollar appropriated to their use. The group of institutions represented by the Western Reserve University at Cleveland, Miami University, Beloit, Kenyon, Marietta, Knox, and Iowa colleges have borne the fruit of personal sacrifice and unselfish love of knowledge. Often limited in income, and working, during their earlier years at least, with very inadequate educational apparatus, they have never lacked the generous service of men and women of noble character and of genuine culture, and they have contributed to the active scholarship of the country some of the most productive and thoroughly trained men in many departments.

The University of Chicago is too recent a foundation, and has been too widely discussed, to need extended comment. It is easy to point out the mistakes in the rapid development of an institution of such magnitude as the new university on the shore of Lake Michigan, and it is quite certain that some of the fruits of the higher culture cannot be plucked until time has ripened them; but those who attempt to minimize the work of this vigorous institution, because it has not yet completed its first decade, lay themselves open to the charge of a serious lack of true vision. A young university cannot wholly escape the crudity which is the healthful characteristic of youth, because it is the necessary accompaniment of all growth; but it is the very essence of provincialism to be blind to vitality, energy, and power, because the use of these great forces is not ideally mastered at the start. No one who has spent any time in the atmosphere of the University of Chicago; has taken account of the opportunities it offers; has

become aware of its invigorating influence on the colleges of the West, and of the stimulus which it is giving the teachers of the South and West; and has recognized the far-seeing sagacity with which it is steadily organizing educational forces, can question the reality of the intellectual impulse which it expresses on such a great scale, or the important place which it is to occupy in the educational history of the country. It holds a strategical point in the development of the higher civilization, and it is to be one of the leaders in its spiritual unfolding.

That a distinct type of academic life will be developed at the University of Chicago, which will reflect and define the characteristics and aims of the Central West, is highly probable. But it takes time to harmonize temperament and character, and to give them definiteness and firmness of outline; and time is an element for which the most generously endowed institution must wait with such patience as it can command. That type, when it appears, will present unmistakable differences from the types already formed in New England, the Middle States, and the South. It will, sooner or later, care as much for thoroughness; for the appreciation of the fundamental quality of genuine scholarship and of the intellectual life is only a matter of time, in a community so energetic, so sensitive to criticism, and so eager to lay hold of the best in life. It will care for thoroughness, but it is likely to care still more for vitality. The peculiar dryness of mind which once infected universities, as certain fevers infect hospitals, has of late years almost disappeared, in the presence of intellectual and social forces which have stimulated into active coöperation or equally energetic antagonism the great majority of the most cultivated men and women; but the detachment from affairs, which always endangers the freshness of feeling and the sense of partnership with one's people

and one's age among scholars, is not likely, for a long time to come, to affect the Western universities.

The student and scholar in the West is likely to be not only energetic, but aggressively hopeful and ardently patriotic. He may not always disclose perfect balance of intelligence and feeling; he may sometimes err on the side of optimistic confidence in the value of what he is doing and what his community is doing. But fortunate is the country in which scholars share those deep and vital impulses which keep races productive and masterful. In their greatest moments, progressive races are likely to have a touch of audacity in their temper and a touch of arrogance in their manners. This was true of the Greeks of the age of Pericles, of the Romans of the time of the Republic, of the Italians of the Renaissance, and of the English of the "spacious days of great Elizabeth." A superabundance of life invariably finds escape in a fuller and more assured note of self-confidence; in an unquestioning faith that life is not only worth living, but worth the most intense living. In answer to the charge of excesses and violence brought against the American colonists, Burke, with characteristic breadth of view, urged that something must be pardoned to the spirit of liberty. It is a fortunate hour when peoples are obliged to concede something to the spirit of life; when vitality is too deep and too vigorous to find adequate expression through critical forms, to conform wholly to accepted opinions, or to wear easily the conventional garb. Too much vitality is far better than too little vitality, and the crudest life is more promising than the most polished death. The note of boastful self-assertion so often sounded in the West is irritating because it misreports the real force of the section, and dreary because it is inflated out of all proportion to the thought or fact behind it. There is something touching in the patience with which Americans in the

newer sections of the country will listen to wearisome repetitions of the same boastful platitudes decade after decade. The politician whom Mr. Lincoln once described as throwing back his head, inflating his lungs, and leaving the rest to God is still heard in the West, and sometimes in the East, with an attention which deserves a better reward.

But this inflated note is, after all, the escape of a real force through an inferior personality; there is something genuine and true behind it, and that something is the confidence which is born of the sense of vitality. This sense the students and scholars of the West are certain to share; and they are likely to gain and to keep ultimate leadership in public life.

It would not be easy to find a more characteristically American community than that which has grown to such large proportions around Oberlin College. In this academic village, which contains, during the college year, a population of not less than fifteen hundred students of both sexes, one finds himself in contact with a life which is shaped exclusively by American conditions and absorbed in American interests. Not long ago, an intelligent student of education in this country said that, in his judgment, a dollar went further in educational purchasing power at Oberlin than at any other college in the land. It is probable that economy of expenditure and lavishness of opportunity and of work are nowhere more fruitfully united. The sturdy, plain, God-fearing, hard-working people, who have the conscience of the country so largely in their keeping, have put behind Oberlin a background of ethical education which is one of the most important endowments of the college. The moral life of the institution is insistent and strenuous; one cannot breathe its atmosphere without becoming conscious of that moral energy which once found utterance in Dr. Finney's stirring preaching, but which has found more adequate

expression in the closeness of touch between the college and the moral agitations and reforms of the last fifty years. At Oberlin education instinctively shapes itself for immediate ends in the needs of the time and the community, and in the courses of study and in the interests and tastes of the students one finds a keen sense of the utility of studies for practical uses. There is little of that sense of leisure which lingers in the older colleges, and gives the undergraduate the feeling that the four years will never run their course; there is, in its place, an alert perception of the value of the time of preparation, and a great eagerness to get to work.

This does not prevent genuine enjoyment of student life; on the contrary, no academic life could be more simple and hearty. The kindliness and frank sociability which, in certain ways, make the whole continent one great community find the freest possible expression in the village of young men and women, associating with one another on the most easy and unconventional terms. A foreign observer would probably find himself as much perplexed by social conditions at Oberlin as at any other place in America; nowhere else would his traditions and experience be more likely to mislead him. The contrast between the English or Continental university and Oberlin is so marked as to be violent to a scholar from beyond the sea; even to an American it is so broad as to be humorous. But if the scholar brought with him not only traditions, but freshness of feeling and keenness of insight, he would soon discern in the conditions at Oberlin the most convincing evidence of the soundness of American character and the purity of the American home. Such a community would not be possible in the seaboard states, North or South; but it is the natural growth of social conditions in its own wide neighborhood, and it is one of the most distinctive and interesting places in America to all who

wish to understand the spiritual life of the country.

The view from Colorado College is perhaps as striking as that which can be commanded from any college windows. There are those who affirm that the outlook from Robert College, with the ceaseless movement of the commerce of the Bosphorus, is the most enchanting academic prospect in the world; the charm of the surroundings of Heidelberg has been felt by generations of travelers; Cambridge and Oxford have a spell that no sensitive mind escapes; Williams and Amherst hold the imagination of their students loyal to a beauty of hill and shaded street which exerts no small educational influence; Wellesley has a noble setting, and Princeton looks across a charming country. On the campus of Colorado College one recalls these and other college outlooks, of exceptional grandeur or extent or loveliness, and is fain to confess that this young institution holds its own among the most fortunately placed colleges of the world. The absence of depth of foliage and the restfulness of a rich and long cultivated country finds compensation in the brilliancy of a mountain background, notable not only for mass and ruggedness, but also for color. In the stimulating air one shares the general faith that on this lofty plateau, where the continent reaches its highest habitable altitude, there must be bred a race of men and women of keen intelligence and quick imagination, who will render the country higher services than the opening of mines, the reclamation of great stretches of arid territory to the uses of agriculture, and the herding of cattle. The local witticism, that it is impossible to tell the truth about Colorado without lying, is only another way of saying that in any complete account of a country you must include the sky and the air as well as the soil.

Colorado College may be taken as a type of the Far Western college, and as such it gives every lover of sound learn-

ing the assurance that the light which has been handed down from generation to generation with such jealous care will not suffer any loss of purity or intensity on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. It is not a rich college, for the wealth of the country is still largely prospective; but it is well equipped, its endowment is steadily increasing, and the affection and interest of the community are quietly gathering about it. That which gives the college its deepest significance, however, is the spirit of its body of self-denying teachers. Bred in the best traditions of the older communities, they are putting into their work not only trained intelligence, but a devotion which found expression last year, when a large sum of money was urgently needed in order to secure a conditional gift, in a cheerful surrender of a considerable proportion of salaries already taxed to the utmost to meet the most moderate personal expenses. It is this missionary spirit in the hearts of men and women who have obtained thorough special training in their different fields, and who are giving themselves, body and soul, to the work of teaching in the new West, which furnishes ground for the belief that the foundations of the latest commonwealths are as genuinely ethical and spiritual as those which the Puritans laid.

On the Pacific coast, such institutions as the University of California and the younger and more aggressive Leland Stanford University give expression to the spiritual aspiration of communities which are still dealing with material problems in their most pressing forms; while such noble beginnings of educational foundations as Whitman College attest the persistence of that devout spirit in which so many American colleges have had their inception.

There are too many colleges in certain sections of the West, especially of the Central West; and in many cases these institutions have no claim to the

use of the word "college;" but it remains true that the majority of higher institutions of learning in the West belong, by right of honorable descent and of present service, to the academic brotherhood. Their foundations are very much larger than were those of Harvard, Yale, William and Mary, or Princeton at the same age; they are served by men as thoroughly equipped as were the teachers in the oldest colleges. They are placed in a society more alert and energetic, with vigorous impulses and a determination to know and to possess the best life has to offer; and wherever this vital ambition controls, time and experience will inevitably correct false ideas of the relative values of ends, and advance standards which are too low.

The few and scattered centres and sources of intellectual influence which have been enumerated are representative of a great group of organized endeavors to convey and to advance learning in the newer parts of the continent; the work of these institutions is supplemented by a great volume of personal and private effort to the same end. Those who know the Central West well are persuaded that it has entered what may be called the culture stage of its development; the stage, that is, which involves a serious attempt to rationalize its life, to measure its spiritual success, to secure an accurate estimate of the value of its material production, to know the best the older communities have thought and spoken, to command the ultimate uses of life and its materials. Those who can recognize a spiritual development in the germ as well as in the complete unfolding are deeply impressed by the eagerness with which great numbers of sincere people are reaching out after the things of the spirit, and are determined to possess them. If there is an immense amount of crudity in this country, there is also an immense force of aspiration working in it and through it. The head of an Oxford college,

who happened to be at one of those summer assemblies which have become a feature of life in many parts of the country, confessed that all his traditions as a university man were shocked by some of the methods and a good deal of the teaching which he had been observing; but added that he was filled with reverence for the hunger and thirst for knowledge which had become a passion with a multitude of people whose work is severe and whose leisure is limited: men and women of limited educational opportunities, who were striving in middle life to gain the outlook on life which was denied them in youth; hard-worked mothers, who were pathetically endeavoring to keep within spiritual reach of their more fortunate children in college. It is easy to dismiss the movement which finds expression in summer schools and assemblies as shallow in method and superficial in spirit. The methods are, it is true, sometimes inadequate and even cheap, but they are also, in many cases, intelligent and wisely planned; and the spirit behind the movement is quite as deep and genuine and uplifting as that which has from time to time set great educational forces at work in older societies. In the long run, it will be found that these assemblies and schools are the nurseries of the colleges and universities; and that the awkward and sometimes badly directed endeavor of the unprivileged classes intellectually to share the higher resources of civilization with the more fortunate is not only sound and real, but the clear prophecy of the approach of an era of culture in this country, — an extended though often unconscious endeavor to assimilate the culture of the race, and to realize in clear ideals the deepest impulses, instincts, and aspirations of the New World.

One of the significant signs of this movement is the enthusiasm with which Froebel's educational ideas have been received during the last ten years. The

movement to establish kindergartens has become national in its scope ; mothers' classes have been organized in nearly all the large cities, as well as in smaller communities ; the study of children, as well as their care, is engrossing the attention of many of the most intelligent women. It is a long time since any educational movement has swept so great a number of people into its current, and has inspired so many sincere and cultivated women to active coöperation. The two enthusiastic women who, not long ago, drove through a considerable section of one of the Central Western States, and held out-of-door meetings for the purpose of extending the knowledge of the kindergarten, showed no exceptional devotion to a movement which promises to become the most important feature of contemporary educational history. It is a great mistake to interpret this movement as a new expression of a more intelligent conception of motherhood on the one hand, and of the importance, for educational purposes, of the years between three and six on the other hand ; it is deeper and more inclusive. The Froebelian philosophy is something more than a system of education ; it is a spiritual conception and interpretation of life, and it has been eagerly received because it gives rational form and expression to a deep stirring of spiritual instinct in this country. It identifies education with the vital processes of experience ; sets the individual in harmonious order with his kind ; establishes science, art, and history on a basis of revelation ; roots all activity and growth in religion ; and interprets the life of the race in the light of spiritual progression. Such a conception, in the contention of diverse theories of religion, art, and education, has not only commanded the intellectual assent of a host of open-minded men and women, but has touched their imaginations and awakened their enthusiasm. It is as a spiritual even more than as an intellectual movement that

the remarkable spread of the kindergarten idea must be interpreted ; it is a significant phase of the movement for culture.

One of its chief sources, on this continent, must be sought in the remarkable group of men and women who gave the schools of St. Louis a new and vigorous impulse more than a quarter of a century ago. It is a notable fact that *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy* was issued beyond the Mississippi River, and that for years an interest in philosophy was sustained in St. Louis which has been more directly fruitful along educational lines than any other movement of the kind in the history of the country. That interest did not exhaust itself in the study of Kant and Hegel ; it carried the larger vision into the interpretation of art, literature, and teaching. Dr. Harris, who is now, as Commissioner of Education, the official representative of the educational system of the country, has made philosophical study constantly fruitful in the application of philosophical ideas to educational questions. Miss Blow has made original and important contributions to the literature of education. Mr. Denton J. Snider has interpreted literature in its greatest creations as revelations of the inner structure of the soul and of the laws of life, in a series of very suggestive commentaries on Homer, Dante, Goethe, and Shakespeare, and has spent many years of enthusiastic work in the classroom and on the platform, expounding what he has called the four literary Bibles of the world. In his tireless zeal, the range of his knowledge, the vitality of his methods, Mr. Snider is a true descendant of the Humanists ; whose wandering life he has also adopted, moving like a true missionary of scholarship through the Central West, and leaving behind him a new ardor for learning in schools and communities.

There are other names associated with the St. Louis movement which deserve

an attention that is made impossible by the limits of this article. The influence of this group of scholars and thinkers has made itself felt through a large part of the Central West, and can be traced in the deepening of educational ideas and the freshening of educational methods.

The Literary Schools which have been held under the auspices of the Chicago Kindergarten College, and under the direction of the friends of the kindergarten in St. Louis, have been notable for breadth of view and insight. Concerned chiefly with the study and discussion of the most important works of literature, they have revealed an instinctive tendency to interpret art in terms of human experience, and to arrive at the fundamental unity which gives structure and significance to every manifestation of the human spirit. In the predominance of the interpretative over the purely critical or scholastic spirit, which has characterized the sessions of these schools, some observers have found the evidence of genuine culture, and the promise of a vigorous artistic activity in the future; and to such observers these schools have seemed to bring to light a real and widespread interest in the spiritual achievements of the race, and a passionate eagerness to share the spiritual experience of the race.

To these observers there come all manner of confirmations of this conviction from all parts of the West: stories of eager young scholars who are making struggles for educational opportunities as heroic as those which have touched the history of the German universities with a noble idealism, of the Scotch universities with a courage akin to the spirit which inspires the Scotch ballads, and have introduced into the life of our own older institutions a strain of the highest moral energy; the incident of the elaborate carving of the entire interior of a church, in a small com-

munity, by the loving skill of a congregation which gave up its leisure hours for many months in order that the art of wood-carving might be mastered sufficiently to be put to use in the service of religion. The product of this zeal may not remind one of the work of the Flemish carvers, but it was out of the depths of such a feeling for beauty that the skill of the Low Countries was born.

One recalls also the countless organizations for the study of history, political economy, literature, art, and philosophy which cover the West with a network of intellectual influences; the wide interest in serious lectures; the general habit of serious reading, the evidences of which, in remote localities, surprise the uninformed visitor from the East; the large numbers of students from the West who are pursuing advanced courses of study in this country and in Europe.

It would be impossible to present any inclusive survey of the signs and evidences of the intellectual activity of the Central and Far West, and it would be an impertinence to set these few typical facts in order, if a certain provincialism in some of the older sections of the country did not call for enlightenment. That provincialism has its roots in an ignorance which is easily explained by the great distances which separate commercial and social centres from one another, and constitute a serious obstacle to community of feeling and unity of action in this country. This ignorance is, unfortunately, shared by many cultivated people who ought to be quick to recognize and sympathize with a spiritual movement of the very highest importance. That such a movement is the most significant fact in the contemporary history of the West is the conviction of many who have had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with their own country. The material progress of the section is reported with the utmost detail and in the most flamboyant style; but its real progress, revealed in its intellectual lib-

eration and its realization of its own character and work, is very inadequately presented.

It is probable that no country has ever invested so much spiritual, moral, and monetary capital in education, taking into account the brevity of its history, as the West; it has done far more for its intellectual life than the East did in the same number of years. It is, in fact, repeating the history of the East; for it is eagerly assimilating the experience of the race, expressed in its thought, its art, and its history. This is the impulse behind the passion for knowledge, — the instinctive desire to know what the race knows, and then to coöperate in the race life and work. In the face of declamatory assertions of inde-

pendence of the past, this instinct steadily asserts itself and has its way. The struggle of the new community to break with the race, and start out for itself, is inspired by a mistaken idea of independence. Real freedom comes from that mastery, through knowledge, of historic conditions and race character which makes possible a free and intelligent use of experience for the purposes of progress. This is the process through which the West is now passing, and which gives its society a deep and appealing interest. For out of this movement for the clear realization in its own consciousness of its race relationships and inheritance, modified by its own conditions and shaped by its own needs, are to come, at no distant date, its own ideals.

Hamilton Wright Mabie.

THE NAVY IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

THE success of our navy in the war now happily concluded is only what we had reason to expect, considering the difference between the resources of the two countries and the qualities of the men engaged on the two sides. The ships did their work so quickly and with such precision that we are likely to be led into erroneous conclusions, if the conditions which made their victories possible are not very carefully studied. It will not be safe to draw too many lessons from the results. In the first place, we must not forget that our enemy was so weak and unprepared that it seems almost pitiful to glory over him. Military prowess passed away from Spain many years ago, and her organization to manage the modern ship, composed principally of machinery, is wretchedly deficient. In the next place, our ships were never even severely tested, as they would have been against a stronger foe with greater staying power. We have only to imagine

the situation if a Northern port had been attacked by a good-sized fleet, while our whole effective navy was off the coast of Cuba, to obtain some idea of what might have been our condition in a contest with a maritime country. Let us hope that self-confidence over our victories may not lead us to early disaster.

The great triumph of the British navy under Nelson was achieved when the naval administration was utterly corrupt, and the whole system of promotion formed a bitter grievance. Success came only through the entire inadequacy of the other side. Yet the British acquired convictions of their invincibility which made them the easy prey of American seamen in the war of 1812. Not that our navy is at all corrupt or lacking in good judgment, but it may suffer from false notions instilled into the minds of our Congressmen by an easy success. The price of achievement is constant effort.

To a certain extent, the lesson that we

have learned is practically the same as that stated briefly by a French admiral writing of our victories in 1812: "There is success only for those who know how to prepare it." Our chief glory, therefore, is careful preparation and an accurate fitting of means to end. This remark applies mainly to the individual ships in service before the war broke out, and not to the general preparedness of the country for a severe struggle. There are many elements which go toward success in war, and the commonest of these is courage. Most nations, with proper training and good leadership, will produce good soldiers; it is only a question of time. Thorough familiarity with the weapons and instruments placed in their hands is one of the requisites even of courage. The lack of mechanical instinct accounts for the failure of some nations to produce first-rate seamen, especially in these days of machinery upon the sea. This quality is perhaps the vital difference between Americans and Spaniards. The latter seem incapable of grappling with the construction and management of guns and machinery. The war, therefore, sets clearly before our people the value of education and technical training to a specific end, and the lesson is applicable as well to the vocations of peace as to the preparations for war.

But at no time have we been prepared for a prolonged conflict against a well-equipped navy, and our fortunate exodus from the affair should serve as a warning. We had at the outset only a few well-selected types of ships manned by a first-rate personnel, or what has been called the nucleus of a good navy. The smaller craft for picket, patrol, and supply duty had to be obtained and equipped in a great hurry. In not a few cases the money placed at the disposal of the President was squandered, to the minimum benefit of the country. This is doubtless inevitable in stress of emergency, when all the safeguards of

purchase and inspection do not obtain. On the eve of the recent war the supply of powder for the navy was at a very low ebb, through the neglect of Congress, and the Bureau of Ordnance deserves no small credit for making good the deficiency so quickly that not a ship lacked ammunition when the demand for it came. This speaks volumes for the efficiency of the system prevailing in the Navy Department.

While our ships were individually well prepared for the conflict, the fleets as a whole were at first composed of ill-assorted vessels. There had never been a settled policy in Congress looking toward the development of the navy. As a consequence, we find monitors of ten knots speed and torpedo boats of twenty knots associated in the blockade of Cuba. The squadron that went to Porto Rico was made up of battleships, torpedo boats, and monitors, with an average speed pulled down from fifteen to ten knots for the benefit of the last-named. It seems absurd to have expected vessels of little freeboard and of minimum coal capacity, designed especially for harbor defense, to cruise in squadron, and yet the department was forced into the selection of these ships for want of others. Then, again, we had no choice but to send two monitors on the long cruise across the Pacific. The torpedo boats suffered all kinds of ill usage, even taking part in the bombardment of shore fortifications. They served as tenders, dispatch boats, scouts, and in fact as anything except torpedo boats. Some of them carried only a few hours' supply of fresh water for their boilers, which would have been ruined by the free introduction of salt water; nevertheless, they were required to steam hundreds of miles. It seemed a pity, but the officers felt obliged to use what was at hand, rather than to delay the campaign for boats better adapted to the purpose. Later, the converted yachts and tugs, armed in great haste, arrived to take their places.

And it may be added that these little boats rendered effective service; two of them participated in the battle of Santiago.

The history of the naval part of the war falls naturally into four chapters, — the preparation, the blockade, and the total destruction of two fleets; but it is not the purpose of this article to give more than a passing glance at the two principal events. Our small fleet in the Pacific went from Hong Kong to Manila, destroyed a Spanish fleet, and held the bay until an American army arrived to control the situation on land. A fleet in the Atlantic closed up the harbors of Cuba, and destroyed a second Spanish fleet off Santiago. Incidentally, there were many smaller conflicts in Cuban waters.

The problems which confronted the commanders on the two oceans were essentially different, and time will show them to have been solved with equal ability and good sense. The situation at Manila was very simple. Upon the declaration of war, Admiral Dewey was turned out of Hong Kong by Great Britain, and all other Asiatic ports were closed to him. He was seven thousand miles from home, a distance which none of his ships could make without recoaling, and his line of communication was liable to interruption at any time. Furthermore, the safety of our Pacific coast trade was in jeopardy so long as a hostile vessel remained in the Orient. The duty was a plain one, — to obtain a base in the Philippines, and to capture or destroy every Spanish ship that could be found. With rare good judgment, Admiral Dewey made straight for Manila, and caught the whole fleet before they had time to scatter. He had already proven himself to be a man of foresight by loading up with provisions and coal before war was declared. When the English told him to go he was ready. His fleet passed through the fortified entrance of Manila bay by night, and attacked

the ships and shore batteries simultaneously. The victory over what must be conceded to have been a weak and disorganized foe, although gun for gun there was not much difference between the two sides, was a great one, in the splendid management of the American ships, and in the results which must flow from our enforced entrance into Asiatic politics.

There was not an armored ship on either side, and the battle sheds little light upon construction for the future. We know that the Spaniards suffered fearfully from fire, and that our ships escaped with little damage. No victory was ever purchased more cheaply; not a man was killed on the American side.

The task before Admiral Sampson was immensely more complicated. He had to maintain the blockade over a long coast line, to be on the lookout for torpedo boats and ships whose whereabouts he could not fix, and to convoy troop ships. The sustained readiness and vigilance of the fleet, during its long wait before Santiago, were enough in themselves to make the reputation of an ordinary commander-in-chief. Added to these duties he had to contend with certain newspaper reporters and dispatch boats, striving to ascertain his plans for the benefit of their unscrupulous employers. The last was not the least of his difficulties, and the attempt of the Associated Press to besmirch his reputation and to deprive him of the credit of Santiago sprang, no doubt, from disappointment in obtaining authentic news as to his intentions. The first expedition against Porto Rico was practically ruined by the press, and the slightest movement of any ship was promptly cabled home by way of neutral lines over which the government could exercise no control. The Spaniards thus obtained regular information of the location of our squadrons, and profited by it in directing Admiral Cervera's fleet. The astonishing feature of the matter is that the Navy

Department should have prohibited communication of war news by officers, and then have forced newspaper reporters upon them to pick up and to color the bits of information they could glean. It was only natural that our people should want news of their fleet, and some of the newspapers served them well. The end would have been attained far better by placing an officer on the staff of every commander of a squadron, with authority to supply legitimate news which would not affect the conduct of the campaign. The element of the picturesque might have been lacking, but the descriptions would have been accurate. This, however, would not have eliminated the dispatch boat. It was common talk in the fleet, after the return to New York, that an Associated Press boat had led the Oregon a chase of one hundred miles toward Jamaica, and when finally hauled up had displayed her flag, and treated the matter as a huge joke.

The progress of the blockade, the numerous attacks upon Spanish fortifications, and the search for Admiral Cervera's fleet will form an interesting story when all the threads can be gathered together in a connected whole. The work of the navy in the West Indies was virtually completed at Santiago, and our ships were set free for a movement against the coast of Spain. As the Atlantic was at the same time freed from all danger of fleet cruisers, the home coast no longer required protection. The naval battle at Santiago was very different from that at Manila, in the character of the ships engaged. The Spaniards had six of their best vessels: four armored cruisers, and two very fast torpedo destroyers, with an average speed of eighteen and a half knots. We had four battleships, two armored cruisers, and several smaller craft, with a mean speed of fifteen and a half knots. In both cases, the maximum speed of the slowest ship is taken as the average for the fleet. There were only two very fast

ships on the American side, the New York and the Brooklyn, and the former was hull down to eastward of the harbor. Admiral Cervera's plan was, therefore, to go out quickly, turn to the westward along the coast, and disable the Brooklyn before the slower ships could come to her rescue, thus carving out a road to the sea. The plan, though well conceived, could be carried out only in part. He did not succeed in disabling the Brooklyn, which was evidently manœuvred with a view to chasing, and five of his ships were overwhelmed by the American fleet before they had time to gather full headway. The battle had resolved itself into but little more than an exciting target practice for our ships, when each Spanish vessel, in turn, headed toward the beach, and hauled down her flag. The Cristobal Colon, which had passed through the fire without injury, and had escaped to the westward, survived only two hours. The Brooklyn, and, to the surprise of everybody, the Oregon, overtook her about fifty miles from the mouth of the harbor. Her burst of speed had lasted only a short time, and she had not averaged more than fourteen knots, just six knots less than she was capable of making. Her captain struck his flag and ran her ashore without a fight. Our ships did their work with the precision of machines set up on shore, and nothing broke down in stress of action. The rapid and complete destruction of the whole Spanish fleet, within three hours and a half after it had emerged under full head of steam, forms a "victory big enough for all of us," as reported by Admiral Schley; and yet one cannot help sympathizing with the American commander who said, "Don't cheer, boys; they are dying." We lost only one man.

When the Spanish ships came out, the Oregon and the Gloucester appear to have been the only ships ready for them, and nothing but lack of engineering skill prevented two of them from escaping.

Had the *Colon* really attained her speed, she could easily have outrun all the American ships. As it was, the *Brooklyn*, which should have overhauled her rapidly, was distanced at the start. The unexpected had occurred, and she was not ready. Some of her boilers had no steam, and the forward propelling engines were not coupled up. Fifteen or twenty miles would have been lost in bringing her to full speed, if the *Colon* could have done her best. The *Iowa* and the *Indiana* were even worse off than the *Brooklyn*. The *Oregon*, on the other hand, was able to make even better than her maximum recorded speed in less than half an hour after the order was given. From a position of fourth place in the line, she passed the other ships and overtook even the *Brooklyn*, a faster ship by four knots. It is very comforting to know that Admiral Cervera's plan would not have succeeded, even if he had been able to overcome the *Brooklyn*.

The *Oregon's* performance, which officers of other ships pronounce one of the most magnificent sights ever witnessed, will always remain the ideal toward which our navy must strive. She made a long voyage, at fair speed, from California to the coast of Florida, without accident or repairs, and joined Admiral Sampson's fleet in first-rate condition for immediate duty. After a number of weeks off Santiago, she was still ready to do her best, and even to excel anything else on the station. This splendid record was possible only with good workmanship and a very capable engineering staff. This combination is a necessary requisite to the highest success of a well-conducted battleship under steam. The readiness of the *Oregon* to do her best illustrates in a forcible manner the influence of small things upon a ship's career. Her steam joints were all tight. Consequently, there was so little waste of steam or of fresh water that no sea water had to be pumped into her boilers, and none of the boilers had to be laid

off for cleaning and repairs during the entire blockade. The other ships had greater or less difficulty in making up the fresh water supply, and their boilers suffered from the use of salt water. When Cervera appeared, the *Oregon* had good fires in every furnace.

Another marked feature of the battle was the part taken by the *Gloucester*, a converted yacht with a few rapid-fire guns placed on board. Her maximum speed was fully a knot below that of the slowest Spanish ship, and she had no protection to her machinery; yet her commander fearlessly turned her against the two dreaded torpedo boat destroyers, while they were still under the protection of the shore batteries and of the enemy's fleet. As he says in his report: "It was the plain duty of the *Gloucester* to look after the destroyers, and she was held back gaining steam until they appeared at the entrance." In the captains' reports, several of the battleships claim to have struck one of them with a heavy shell. It is probable that they were both finished by the *Gloucester*. If Commander Wainwright's action savors of rashness, let one stop to ask whether it was not better to risk a small yacht against torpedoes than to send in a battleship. It was as deliberate a piece of self-renunciation as we have in our history. There is a curious story connected with this incident. When the *Gloucester* turned to intercept the torpedo destroyers, she had to cross the line of fire from the *Indiana*, and her captain felt quite reassured by a signal on the latter ship which he read, "Gunboats will close in." The commanding officer of the *Indiana* afterward stated that the signal he ordered was, "The torpedo boats are coming out."

The Spaniards appear to have been frightened, and their officers to have taken advantage of the earliest possible excuse for running their ships ashore. As one of the *Oregon's* officers remarked: "The *Colon* was weak. She

surrendered with a good two hours' fight left in her." Beyond the fact that they came out to hazard an escape in the face of great odds, there are few acts of heroism recorded in their favor. Their men were slaughtered and their ships destroyed, with little damage to their foe.

The deficiency of mechanical skill throughout the Spanish navy was counted upon to give our sailors a decided advantage, but no one supposed the Spaniards would display what at this distance looks like cowardice. It may have been the untrained man in the presence of the machine. Courage springs from two sources, — experience in the work which the men have to do, and entire confidence in their leaders. Even a brave man may run from a cow, if he has not been brought up on a farm. Familiarity with guns and machinery is the essential element of success in a modern battleship. It was probably ignorance which "robbed" the Spaniard of his courage. Added to this, he found himself so suddenly under a withering fire that he could do nothing with his own guns. The board ordered to examine the wrecks found many of the guns loaded, thus indicating the haste with which their crews had deserted them. Some of the gunsights had evidently been set for thirty-nine hundred yards at the beginning of the action, and they had never been changed, although the ships had closed up to a thousand or fifteen hundred yards. The most significant aspect of this sad failure is that it sprang from deficiency in that kind of knowledge which probably cannot be supplied in many generations.

For obvious reasons, the war has shed little light upon future developments in naval warfare. Many details of construction will be changed, no doubt; but there have been no startling revelations destined to render our battleships antiquated, or even seriously to impair their efficiency. Hereafter the minimum of combustible materials will enter into the

construction of fighting ships. The battle of the Yalu in the Japanese-Chinese war, and the two great battles of this war, have demonstrated beyond peradventure the danger from fire. In many cases the Spaniards were driven from their guns by burning woodwork, and their fire mains were cut by shell. This experience will relegate all water mains and steam pipes to the hold well below the water line, with branches rising to the necessary connections on the upper decks.

The value of rapid-fire guns was so clearly shown at Santiago that improvement can hereafter follow only along the line of a more rapid fire. The smaller guns are already fitted with special mechanism to facilitate loading and firing, and we shall be obliged to extend the system to the whole battery. Our chief lesson, however, in connection with battleships is that we need more of them. The cost is great, but these ships are well-nigh impregnable; and they must continue to hold their own as our main reliance for offense and defense. Higher speeds will undoubtedly be demanded. The coal problem has apparently solved itself. Our ships found no trouble in taking coal from colliers at sea, and it was habitually done at Santiago before Guantanamo bay was captured. It follows, therefore, that a coaling station is a convenience, and not an absolute necessity, in conducting a campaign far from home ports.

Cruisers like the *Columbia* and the *Minneapolis* had no real test. As scouts they are too large, and as fighting vessels they are of no real value against an armored fleet. The country would profit by putting the money for such ships into a subsidy for merchant vessels of sufficient size to serve as transports or scouts in emergency. The smaller cruisers and gunboats did fine work at Manila and on the blockade, but we must not conclude from their immunity against shore batteries in Cuba that they would be

equally fortunate again. Some of the attacks seem almost foolhardy, and the use of torpedo boats in a fortified harbor, except as a desperate measure, should not be encouraged.

We have learned next to nothing about torpedoes. They played no part in the war, except as a moral barrier at Santiago. It seems doubtful if they will ever prove dangerous to any but a careless foe; on the other hand, they may become a source of real peril to the ship which is trying to use them. Two torpedoes exploded on the *Almirante Oquendo*, and killed a great number of men. One was reported to have been struck by the fragments of a shell, and the other to have been set off by the heat of the flames near it. A loaded torpedo may thus become a more serious menace to friend than to foe. The fast torpedo boat accomplished none of the terrific feats we expected. The duties performed by our own boats have already been described, and the principal business of the Spanish destroyers was evidently to keep out of the way. Their defeat by an ordinary yacht must have been very humiliating. One advantage possessed by our fleet around the entrance to Santiago harbor added materially to their harmlessness: the attack could come only from one quarter, and the skillful manipulation of search lights destroyed all hope of success. The contrast between our early fears of the torpedo boat flotilla and its subsequent achievements is simply ludicrous. It would not be safe to draw sweeping conclusions as to the use of these craft in future wars. If the *Pluton* and the *Furor* had been handled by Englishmen, the *Gloucester* would probably be at the bottom of the sea, and some of the larger ships might possibly have suffered a like fate.

The monitors seem to have been out of their element on the blockade. We had no need of them in the defense of coast or harbors, and, with none of the excitement of the chase, they served prin-

cipally as prisons for a few unhappy officers and men. Our experimental craft, such as the dynamite cruiser, the submarine boat, and the ram, had no opportunity to indicate their possible utility. The *Vesuvius* threw a few hundred pounds of dynamite upon the hills outside of Santiago, and she may have exerted some moral pressure toward the surrender, but there is nothing to prove that she is of value to the country.

Men are, after all, more important than types of ships, and we may well inquire what we have learned about them in stress of action. It has been asserted that the war has demonstrated the perfection of our organization, and that it cannot be improved. This is like selecting a crew for a four mile race by a half mile spurt. The trade of the seaman has been changing during the past generation, and while we know him in peace, we have not had time to study him in a war which would call out all his strength and resources. We could make no greater mistake than to rest satisfied with what we have, in the face of the additions and changes destined to come during the next ten years. Congress authorized almost a new navy during its late session, and we have that to consider in the new organization. So far as physical courage is concerned, we have seen that our sailors possess the same qualities in the presence of the machine that their ancestors possessed in the old sailing frigate. Time has not changed their nature, however much it may have modified their occupation.

The attempt of *Somers*, ninety-four years ago, to destroy the Tripolitan fleet with a fire ship is paralleled by *Hobson* on the *Merrimac*. The two cases have many points in common: both crews carried explosives for the destruction of their ships; both planned to escape in small boats after having applied the match; both entered boldly a well-fortified channel; both left friends waiting outside to pick them up; and both failed

to accomplish what they had set out to do. There the likeness ceases. One went in under steam, with directive power dependent upon himself, and all his men were saved; the other depended upon wind and sails, and all were lost. The deed of Hobson and his crew is only what we have a right to expect of our men and our race. Many officers of the fleet volunteered for duty as soon as they heard that the Merrimac was to go in. Few other opportunities for individual heroism presented themselves, and our list is brief only on that account. The journey of Lieutenant Blue on a scouting expedition around Santiago, the coolness of Cadet Powell waiting close under the batteries in a steam launch to carry back the Merrimac's crew, and the rescue of many prisoners from their burning ships are all of a piece.

The contrast between the two nations stands out very clearly in connection with the Vizcaya. The torpedo boat Ericsson ran close alongside of her, and sent a small boat to take off all that were alive of her crew. A few boats from the Iowa assisted. The Vizcaya was on fire fore and aft; the ammunition on board was exploding, and the guns that had been left loaded were going off one after another in the intense heat, to say nothing of the proximity of the shore. The position of the little craft has been described as perilous in the extreme. Our men risked their lives repeatedly to help their fallen enemy; but no sooner were the Spaniards transferred to the deck of the Ericsson than they urged immediate withdrawal, without regard to their comrades who had been left behind. To the honor of our navy, Lieutenant Ushur remained until every living being had been rescued from the burning ship. A similar scene was enacted around the two torpedo boat destroyers. It was a case of mad panic on the one side, and of perfect coolness on the other. One officer of the Vizcaya afterward stated, on board the Iowa, that

they were obliged to close the gun ports on the disengaged side of the ship, to prevent the men from jumping overboard rather than face the American gun fire.

Even the cadets fresh from the Naval Academy caught the spirit of their countrymen, and entered into the contest with the greatest zeal and fearlessness. During the blockade, a number of picket launches were kept close around the entrance every night, to guard against surprise. These small boats, in charge of cadets, sometimes approached within a hundred feet of the shore, and remained all night. They had orders to go out at the first streak of dawn, and they were almost invariably fired on. One boat got nine shots through her hull. The danger seemed to be an incentive to these boys, and there was considerable rivalry among them for the privilege of taking the night picket.

The behavior of the seamen, firemen, and marines was beyond praise. Happily few lost their lives, while all were prepared to risk them. The story of the men in the fire rooms of the Oregon has the true ring of the old navy. They had no share in the exciting, spectacular part of the fight. Their duty was simply to push the ship ahead with all their might. Shut up below an armored deck in watertight compartments, they were in the presence of dangers which they could not see, and their safety depended upon the good judgment and courage of their comrades. Yet they thought only of getting their ship into action. In the long chase of the Colon the strain began to tell on them, and the chief engineer, walking up to the bridge, requested the captain to "fire a gun just to cheer my men up." The roar of a thirteen-inch rifle acted like magic upon their flagging energies, and gave them a new incentive to shovel coal. Apart from the rapidity of movement introduced by steam, the whole scene resembles the old fleet actions of the English navy in its best days. We may safely

say that the blockade of Santiago, the carefully planned attack, and the total destruction of six good ships were carried out in a manner worthy of the finest traditions of our race.

Few details of the battle of Manila have reached us, but we may be sure that officers and men were inspired by the example of Admiral Dewey. The great central fact of his entering a landlocked bay on the other side of the world, and without hesitation attacking a fleet under the guns of shore batteries, will forever give a character to this battle. As victory has meant so much, defeat would have been fatal to him. Its profound significance cannot now be measured. The admiral's signal to haul off for breakfast is not the least characteristic part of the battle.

There is another question in relation to organization aside from the qualities of individual men. Every seaman must fulfill a special function in addition to being as generally useful as possible in making his ship a fighting machine. The war has confirmed some theories in this direction, and the tendency to educate all combatants, especially officers, in machinery, or what is better, in engineering, will doubtless be accelerated. The fate of battle will always be governed by men, whatever the changes in store for us may be, but their education must be adapted to the times. The man of wood and hemp must give way to his successor of iron and steel.

Fears were expressed from time to time, before the war, that our engineering force would prove insufficient, and that the machinery would therefore suffer from lack of intelligent care. The first of these fears was found to be justified, and a large number of volunteer engineers, many of them young men of no experience in marine work, were added to the list. Notwithstanding, on the whole they have done as well as could be expected.

The anxiety over the performance of

machinery has proved to be groundless, as engines and boilers have done remarkably well. No serious breakdown hampered the movement of any ship, and the fleets were able to go about their business without undue delay. It was to be expected that materials put into machinery and subjected to wear would suffer, and the Navy Department very wisely made provisions for rapid repairs. The Vulcan, a ship specially fitted as a repair shop, and capable of dealing with all ordinary casualties, was sent to Santiago before the battle. This development is a new one, and we have reason to be well satisfied with it.

The whole subject of the education and training of officers had been under serious discussion for a year before war was declared, and the opinion of the navy had gradually crystallized into a bill in Congress for the improvement of the personnel. This bill was drawn up by a board of officers, with Mr. Roosevelt as chairman, and the Secretary of the Navy presented it to Congress with his approval last winter. It was reported favorably to the House of Representatives by the committee, but the pressure of other business forced it into the second session. The measure provides for a combination of the deck officers and engineers into one corps; for such a flow of promotion that officers will reach command rank before they have passed middle life; and for pay substantially equal to that of the army, grade for grade. It remains to be seen how far the results of the war will modify the views of the service on this subject. At present, every clause of the bill seems to have been strengthened. The last two parts will be accepted without dissent by all persons interested in the improvement of the national service. The first part, which really looks toward the education of all officers in engineering, has already been accomplished to a certain extent in the duties of the men without change of title. As the captain of one

of our ships writes me: "I am asked often to account for the little injury to lives or ships. One great reason is that many of us are seamen, and most of us engineers; we should all be both seamen and engineers."

It was a curious phase of the war to find deck officers serving as engineers on torpedo boats, and an engineer serving as deck officer on a converted yacht. The change from one duty to the other is not so violent as it seems, for the men received practically the same education at the Naval Academy. Our striking success is chargeable in a large measure to familiarity with machines. There was little opportunity for the desperate courage which the Spanish might have displayed. It would appear, therefore, that any system which contemplates a more thorough training in engineering all through the navy is in the right direction.

The proper promotion of officers in time of peace has always presented great difficulty, and the navy list is like a long line of men toiling gradually upward without regard to ability or zeal. We dare not adopt a system of selection for advancement, through fear of opening wide the door to political and social intrigue in Washington. The war has developed a method of promotion which might almost be called iniquitous. When the advancement of officers has been accomplished by pushing backward other deserving men, the result is bad enough; but when officers have been advanced simply for being present in an engagement, the whole service may well feel disheartened. All captains, first lieutenants, and chief engineers in the battle of Santiago were promoted in numbers at the expense of their seniors. Most of them contributed to the success of the battle, and are no doubt worthy; but some of them have been carried on the shoulders of their juniors for so many years as to be incapable of responsible service. In justice to the navy, the whole

list should be scrutinized in Congress with the greatest care. It would be better to promote none than to reward men whose careers have been a discredit to the navy.

This war has called attention to prize money as a blot upon the civilization of the dawning century. Congress should abolish it in the same bill which advances the pay of the navy to an equality with that of the army. The better sentiment of the whole service would sustain such action. While so much is appearing in the newspapers about Admiral Sampson and his prize money, a remark of his, bearing indirectly on the subject, may prove illuminating. In a conversation last fall, I suggested a method of increasing the pay of officers as an inducement for continued good service and study, and the admiral said: "No, that won't do. The word 'inducement' is bad. You will get the best work out of officers from a high sense of duty, and not otherwise."

The lessons for peace taught by this war should not pass without profit to the nation. We learn the value and efficiency of training to a specific end. Our consular service and our civil service can be vastly improved by requiring all applicants for office to give some evidence of special fitness for the positions which they seek to fill. On the other hand, the inefficiency and waste of a bad system are plainly exhibited in the unhappy experience of the War Department. The two services present a striking contrast, although the officers of both have been educated at government schools. The army, unfortunately, is not looked upon as a profession, and any one who has sufficient political influence is regarded as competent for a commission. Officers educated at West Point are set aside, and the service is so diluted with inexperienced men that its esprit is well-nigh destroyed, and its efficiency seriously impaired. The same scandal has always attended the forma-

tion of an army in the United States, and our country has in every case been denied the full benefit of its expenditure for the education of army officers. There is no doubt of the quickness with which our enlisted force responds to training. By sheer good sense and native self-reliance, they can sometimes offset the ignorance of their officers, as an intelligent horse often knows the way home better than its master. Their principal difficulty springs from inability of the country to secure the proper men to train them. Through political aspirations or downright stupidity, even a Secretary of War may become an insurmountable obstacle to the effectiveness of his own department.

The army may well take a lesson from the navy in this matter. During the late war many volunteer commissions were issued in the navy, but the recipients were invariably placed in subordinate positions where they came under the directions of regular officers. Besides this precaution, every officer appointed in the line and engineer corps had to pass an examination to establish his competency. The administration of the Navy Department has been wise in this respect, aided doubtless by the nature of the seaman's calling. The chaos that might have been created by a political secretary can be more easily imagined than described. It is to be hoped that years of peace will never lead the country into a volunteer establishment for the navy, like the state organizations for the army. The naval reserves belonging to the different states have filled a gap for the time being, but their permanent usefulness has not been established. However courageous the individual members may be, they carry into the service local influences essentially disorganizing. The habit of reaching the President and the Navy Department through governors and senators cannot fail to undermine discipline. The idea that courage in the face of an en-

emy makes up for other deficiencies is too prevalent. Obedience and attention to a carefully planned routine become at times far more important elements in holding a command to its work for any length of time. The difference in effectiveness between the marines at Guantánamo and the soldiers at Santiago, after they had been three weeks in the enemy's country, is sufficient proof of that. The naval reserve should be wholly under national control, and not in any way connected with a state. The relation of the navy to the general government would seem to warrant more effective organization than the army. It must always take the first blow in any foreign war, and its readiness to act may in some cases become the surest guarantee of peace.

• The spectacular side of the war has attracted the whole attention of the press, and we have read much about the nerve and coolness of individuals under fire. It is unquestionably a great thing for a man to risk his life for his country, but there is something to be said for the men who are behind him. Efficiency in supplying the needs of a fleet or an army, and in maintaining it in a condition for effective work, is not so common that we can afford to pass it by in silence, while the combatant is earning distinction and promotion. The creditable record of guns and machinery throughout the war does not spring from chance or solely from the skill of the ship's officers and crews, and Congress should find some method of rewarding the administrative officers responsible for them.

The head of the navy deserves the gratitude of the whole nation for a wise and sensible administration. There has been no interference with the duties belonging properly to trained officers, and no selection of civilians for duties which they could not perform. The efficiency of a navy depends as much upon the strength and intelligence which control

it as it does upon the ships and personnel. Suppose, for instance, that a weak secretary had directed Admiral Dewey to establish a pacific blockade of Manila! The result would have been disastrous, and the war might have been indefinitely prolonged. The case is not an imaginary one, as worse errors have been committed in other wars; in fact,

even in this war they were committed by the Spanish naval administration. We have much to be thankful for in having found two true and loyal sons of America at the head of the Navy Department during the early days of preparation for action, when Dewey was supplied with coal and ammunition, and the standard of accomplishment was set.

Ira Nelson Hollis.

MESSMATES.

HE gave us all a good-by cheerily
 At the first dawn of day;
 We dropped him down the side full drearily
 When the light died away.
 It's a dead dark watch that he's a-keeping there,
 And a long, long night that lags a-creeping there,
 Where the Trades and the tides roll over him,
 And the great ships go by.

He's there alone, with green seas rocking him
 For a thousand miles round;
 He's there alone, with dumb things mocking him,
 And we're homeward bound.
 It's a long, lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
 And a dead cold night that lags a-creeping there,
 While the months and the years roll over him,
 And the great ships go by.

I wonder if the tramps come near enough,
 As they thrash to and fro,
 And the battleships' bells ring clear enough
 To be heard down below;
 If through all the lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
 And the long, cold night that lags a-creeping there,
 The voices of the sailor-men shall comfort him
 When the great ships go by.

Henry Newbolt.

AMONG THE ANIMALS OF THE YOSEMITE.

THE Sierra bear, brown or gray, the sequoia of the animals, tramps over all the park, though few travelers have the pleasure of seeing him. On he fares through the majestic forests and cañons, facing all sorts of weather, rejoicing in his strength, everywhere at home, harmonizing with the trees and rocks and shaggy chaparral. Happy fellow! his lines have fallen in pleasant places, — lily gardens in silver-fir forests, miles of bushes in endless variety and exuberance of bloom over hill-waves and valleys and along the banks of streams, cañons full of music and waterfalls, parks fair as Eden, — places in which one might expect to meet angels rather than bears.

In this happy land no famine comes nigh him. All the year round his bread is sure, for some of the thousand kinds that he likes are always in season and accessible, ranged on the shelves of the mountains like stores in a pantry. From one to another, from climate to climate, up and down he climbs, feasting on each in turn, — enjoying as great variety as if he traveled to far-off countries north and south. To him almost everything is food except granite. Every tree helps to feed him, every bush and herb, with fruits and flowers, leaves and bark; and all the animals he can catch, — badgers, gophers, ground squirrels, lizards, snakes, etc., and ants, bees, wasps, old and young, together with their eggs and larvæ and nests. Craunched and hashed, down all go to his marvelous stomach, and vanish as if cast into a fire. What digestion! A sheep or a wounded deer or a pig he eats warm, about as quickly as a boy eats a buttered muffin; or should the meat be a month old, it still is welcomed with tremendous relish. After so gross a meal as this, perhaps the next will be strawberries and clover, or raspberries with mushrooms and nuts, or puckery

acorns and chokecherries. And as if fearing that anything eatable in all his dominions should escape being eaten, he breaks into cabins to look after sugar, dried apples, bacon, etc. Occasionally he eats the mountaineer's bed; but when he has had a full meal of more tempting dainties he usually leaves it undisturbed, though he has been known to drag it up through a hole in the roof, carry it to the foot of a tree, and lie down on it to enjoy a siesta. Eating everything, never is he himself eaten except by man, and only man is an enemy to be feared. "B'ar meat," said a hunter from whom I was seeking information, "b'ar meat is the best meat in the mountains; their skins make the best beds, and their grease the best butter. Biscuit shortened with b'ar grease goes as far as beans; a man will walk all day on a couple of them biscuit."

In my first interview with a Sierra bear we were frightened and embarrassed, both of us, but the bear's behavior was better than mine. When I discovered him, he was standing in a narrow strip of meadow, and I was concealed behind a tree on the side of it. After studying his appearance as he stood at rest, I rushed toward him to frighten him, that I might study his gait in running. But, contrary to all I had heard about the shyness of bears, he did not run at all; and when I stopped short within a few steps of him, as he held his ground in a fighting attitude, my mistake was monstrously plain. I was then put on my good behavior, and never afterward forgot the right manners of the wilderness.

This happened on my first Sierra excursion in the forest to the north of Yosemite Valley. I was eager to meet the animals, and many of them came to me as if willing to show themselves and

make my acquaintance; but the bears kept out of my way.

An old mountaineer, in reply to my questions, told me that bears were very shy, all save grim old grizzlies, and that I might travel the mountains for years without seeing one, unless I gave my mind to them and practiced the stealthy ways of hunters. Nevertheless, it was only a few weeks after I had received this information that I met the one mentioned above, and obtained instruction at first-hand.

I was encamped in the woods about a mile back of the rim of Yosemite, beside a stream that falls into the valley by the way of Indian Cañon. Nearly every day for weeks I went to the top of the North Dome to sketch; for it commands a general view of the valley, and I was anxious to draw every tree and rock and waterfall. Carlo, a St. Bernard dog, was my companion, — a fine, intelligent fellow that belonged to a hunter who was compelled to remain all summer on the hot plains, and who loaned him to me for the season for the sake of having him in the mountains, where he would be so much better off. Carlo knew bears through long experience, and he it was who led me to my first interview, though he seemed as much surprised as the bear at my unhunter-like behavior. One morning in June, just as the sunbeams began to stream through the trees, I set out for a day's sketching on the dome; and before we had gone half a mile from camp Carlo snuffed the air and looked cautiously ahead, lowered his bushy tail, drooped his ears, and began to step softly like a cat, turning every few yards and looking me in the face with a telling expression, saying plainly enough, "There is a bear a little way ahead." I walked carefully in the indicated direction, until I approached a small flowery meadow that I was familiar with, then crawled to the foot of a tree on its margin, bearing in mind what I had been told about the shyness of

bears. Looking out cautiously over the instep of the tree, I saw a big, burly cinnamon bear, about thirty yards off, half erect, his paws resting on the trunk of a fir that had fallen into the meadow, his hips almost buried in grass and flowers. He was listening attentively and trying to catch the scent, showing that in some way he was aware of our approach. I watched his gestures, and tried to make the most of my opportunity to learn what I could about him, fearing he would not stay long. He made a fine picture, standing alert in the sunny garden walled in by the most beautiful firs in the world.

After examining him at leisure, noting the sharp muzzle thrust inquiringly forward, the long shaggy hair on his broad chest, the stiff ears nearly buried in hair, and the slow, heavy way in which he moved his head, I foolishly made a rush on him, throwing up my arms and shouting to frighten him, to see him run. He did not mind the demonstration much; only pushed his head farther forward, and looked at me sharply as if asking, "What now? If you want to fight, I'm ready." Then I began to fear that on me would fall the work of running. But I was afraid to run, lest he should be encouraged to pursue me; therefore I held my ground, staring him in the face within a dozen yards or so, putting on as bold a look as I could, and hoping the influence of the human eye would be as great as it is said to be. Under these strained relations the interview seemed to last a long time. Finally, the bear, seeing how still I was, calmly withdrew his huge paws from the log, gave me a piercing look as if warning me not to follow him, turned, and walked slowly up the middle of the meadow into the forest; stopping every few steps and looking back to make sure that I was not trying to take him at a disadvantage in a rear attack. I was glad to part with him, and greatly enjoyed the vanishing view as he waded through the lilies and columbines.

Thenceforth I always tried to give bears respectful notice of my approach, and they usually kept well out of my way. Though they often came around my camp in the night, only once afterward, as far as I know, was I very near one of them in daylight. This time it was a grizzly I met; and as luck would have it, I was even nearer to him than I had been to the big cinnamon. Though not a large specimen, he seemed formidable enough at a distance of less than a dozen yards. His shaggy coat was well grizzled, his head almost white. When I first caught sight of him he was eating acorns under a Kellogg oak, at a distance of perhaps seventy-five yards, and I tried to slip past without disturbing him. But he had either heard my steps on the gravel or caught my scent, for he came straight toward me, stopping every rod or so to look and listen; and as I was afraid to be seen running, I crawled on my hands and knees a little way to one side and hid behind a libocedrus, hoping he would pass me unnoticed. He soon came up opposite me, and stood looking ahead, while I looked at him, peering past the bulging trunk of the tree. At last, turning his head, he caught sight of mine, stared sharply a minute or two, and then, with fine dignity, disappeared in a manzanita-covered earthquake talus.

Considering how heavy and broad-footed bears are, it is wonderful how little harm they do in the wilderness. Even in the well-watered gardens of the middle region, where the flowers grow tallest, and where during warm weather the bears wallow and roll, no evidence of destruction is visible. On the contrary, under nature's direction, the massive beasts act as gardeners. On the forest floor, carpeted with needles and brush, and on the tough sod of glacier meadows, bears make no mark, but around the sandy margin of lakes their magnificent tracks form grand lines of embroidery. Their well-worn trails extend along the

main cañons on either side, and though dusty in some places make no scar on the landscape. They bite and break off the branches of some of the pines and oaks to get the nuts, but this pruning is so light that few mountaineers ever notice it; and though they interfere with the orderly lichen-veiled decay of fallen trees, tearing them to pieces to reach the colonies of ants that inhabit them, the scattered ruins are quickly pressed back into harmony by snow and rain and over-leaning vegetation.

The number of bears that make the park their home may be guessed by the number that have been killed by the two best hunters, Duncan and old David Brown. Duncan began to be known as a bear-killer about the year 1865. He was then roaming the woods, hunting and prospecting on the south fork of the Merced. A friend told me that he killed his first bear near his cabin at Wawona; that after mustering courage to fire he fled, without waiting to learn the effect of his shot. Going back in a few hours he found poor Bruin dead, and gained courage to try again. Duncan confessed to me, when we made an excursion together in 1875, that he was at first mortally afraid of bears, but after killing a half dozen he began to keep count of his victims, and became ambitious to be known as a great bear-hunter. In nine years he had killed forty-nine, keeping count by notches cut on one of the timbers of his cabin on the shore of Crescent Lake, near the south boundary of the park. He said the more he knew about bears, the more he respected them and the less he feared them. But at the same time he grew more and more cautious, and never fired until he had every advantage, no matter how long he had to wait and how far he had to go before he got the bear just right as to the direction of the wind, the distance, and the way of escape in case of accident; making allowance also for the character of the animal, old or young,

cinnamon or grizzly. For old grizzlies, he said, he had no use whatever, and he was mighty careful to avoid their acquaintance. He wanted to kill an even hundred; then he was going to confine himself to safer game. There was not much money in bears, anyhow, and a round hundred was enough for glory.

I have not seen or heard of him lately, and do not know how his bloody count stands. On my excursions, I occasionally passed his cabin. It was full of meat and skins hung in bundles from the rafters, and the ground about it was strewn with bones and hair, — infinitely less tidy than a bear's den. He went as hunter and guide with a geological survey party for a year or two, and was very proud of the scientific knowledge he picked up. His admiring fellow mountaineers, he said, gave him credit for knowing not only the botanical names of all the trees and bushes, but also the "botanical names of the bears."

The most famous hunter of the region was David Brown, an old pioneer, who early in the gold period established his main camp in a little forest glade on the north fork of the Merced, which is still called "Brown's Flat." No finer solitude for a hunter and prospector could be found; the climate is delightful all the year, and the scenery of both earth and sky is a perpetual feast. Though he was not much of a "scenery fellow," his friends say that he knew a pretty place when he saw it as well as any one, and liked mightily to get on the top of a commanding ridge to "look off."

When out of provision, he would take down his old-fashioned long-barreled rifle from its deer-horn rest over the fireplace and set out in search of game. Seldom did he have to go far for venison, because the deer liked the wooded slopes of Pilot Peak ridge, with its open spots where they could rest and look about them, and enjoy the breeze from the sea in warm weather, free from troublesome flies, while they found

hiding-places and fine aromatic food in the deer-brush chaparral. A small, wise dog was his only companion, and well the little mountaineer understood the object of every hunt, whether deer or bears, or only grouse hidden in the fir-tops. In deer-hunting Sandy had little to do, trotting behind his master as he walked noiselessly through the fragrant woods, careful not to step heavily on dry twigs, scanning open spots in the chaparral where the deer feed in the early morning and toward sunset, peering over ridges and swells as new outlooks were reached, and along alder and willow fringed flats and streams, until he found a young buck, killed it, tied its legs together, threw it on his shoulder, and so back to camp. But when bears were hunted, Sandy played an important part as leader, and several times saved his master's life; and it was as a bear-hunter that David Brown became famous. His method, as I had it from a friend who had passed many an evening in his cabin listening to his long stories of adventure, was simply to take a few pounds of flour and his rifle, and go slowly and silently over hill and valley in the loneliest part of the wilderness, until little Sandy came upon the fresh track of a bear, then follow it to the death, paying no heed to time. Whenever the bear went he went, however rough the ground, led by Sandy, who looked back from time to time to see how his master was coming on, and regulated his pace accordingly, never growing weary or allowing any other track to divert him. When high ground was reached a halt was made, to scan the openings in every direction, and perchance Bruin would be discovered sitting upright on his haunches, eating manzanita berries; pulling down the fruit-laden branches with his paws and pressing them together, so as to get substantial mouthfuls, however mixed with leaves and twigs. The time of year enabled the hunter to determine approximately

where the game would be found: in spring and early summer, in lush grass and clover meadows and in berry tangles along the banks of streams, or on pea-vine and lupine clad slopes; in late summer and autumn, beneath the pines, eating the cones cut off by the squirrels, and in oak groves at the bottom of cañons, munching acorns, manzanita berries, and cherries; and after snow had fallen, in alluvial bottoms, feeding on ants and yellow-jacket wasps. These food places were always cautiously approached, so as to avoid the chance of sudden encounters.

"Whenever," said the hunter, "I saw a bear before he saw me, I had no trouble in killing him. I just took lots of time to learn what he was up to and how long he would be likely to stay, and to study the direction of the wind and the lay of the land. Then I worked round to leeward of him, no matter how far I had to go; crawled and dodged to within a hundred yards, near the foot of a tree that I could climb, but which was too small for a bear to climb. There I looked well to the priming of my rifle, took off my boots so as to climb quickly if necessary, and, with my rifle in rest and Sandy behind me, waited until my bear stood right, when I made a sure, or at least a good shot back of the fore leg. In case he showed fight, I got up the tree I had in mind, before he could reach me. But bears are slow and awkward with their eyes, and being to windward they could not scent me, and often I got in a second shot before they saw the smoke. Usually, however, they tried to get away when they were hurt, and I let them go a good safe while before I ventured into the brush after them. Then Sandy was pretty sure to find them dead; if not, he barked bold as a lion to draw attention, or rushed in and nipped them behind, enabling me to get to a safe distance and watch a chance for a finishing shot."

"Oh yes, bear-hunting is a mighty interesting business, and safe enough if fol-

lowed just right, though, like every other business, especially the wild kind, it has its accidents, and Sandy and I have had close calls at times. Bears are nobody's fools, and they know enough to let men alone as a general thing, unless they are wounded, or cornered, or have cubs. In my opinion, a hungry old mother would catch and eat a man, if she could; which is only fair play, anyhow, for we eat them. But nobody, as far as I know, has been eaten up in these rich mountains. Why they never tackle a fellow when he is lying asleep I never could understand. They could gobble us mighty handy, but I suppose it's nature to respect a sleeping man."

Sheep-owners and their shepherds have killed a great many bears, mostly by poison and traps of various sorts. Bears are fond of mutton, and levy heavy toll on every flock driven into the mountains. They usually come to the corral at night, climb in, kill a sheep with a stroke of the paw, carry it off a little distance, eat about half of it, and return the next night for the other half; and so on all summer, or until they are themselves killed. It is not, however, by direct killing, but by suffocation through crowding against the corral wall in fright, that the greatest losses are incurred. From ten to fifteen sheep are found dead, smothered in the corral, after every attack; or the walls are broken, and the flock is scattered far and wide. A flock may escape the attention of these marauders for a week or two in the spring; but after their first taste of the fine mountain-fed meat the visits are persistently kept up, in spite of all precautions. Once I spent a night with two Portuguese shepherds, who were greatly troubled with bears, from two to four or five visiting them almost every night. Their camp was near the middle of the park, and the wicked bears, they said, were getting worse and worse. Not waiting now until dark, they came out of the brush in broad daylight, and boldly carried off as

many sheep as they liked. One evening, before sundown, a bear, followed by two cubs, came for an early supper, as the flock was being slowly driven toward camp. Joe, the elder of the shepherds, warned by many exciting experiences, promptly climbed a tall tamarack pine, and left the freebooters to help themselves; while Antone, calling him a coward, and declaring that he was not going to let bears eat up his sheep before his face, set the dogs on them, and rushed toward them with a great noise and a stick. The frightened cubs ran up a tree, and the mother ran to meet the shepherd and dogs. Antone stood astonished for a moment, eying the oncoming bear; then fled faster than Joe had, closely pursued. He scrambled to the roof of their little cabin, the only refuge quickly available; and fortunately, the bear, anxious about her young, did not climb after him, — only held him in mortal terror a few minutes, glaring and threatening, then hastened back to her cubs, called them down, went to the frightened, huddled flock, killed a sheep, and feasted in peace. Antone piteously entreated cautious Joe to show him a good safe tree, up which he climbed like a sailor climbing a mast, and held on as long as he could with legs crossed, the slim pine recommended by Joe being nearly branchless. "So you too are a bear coward, as well as Joe," I said, after hearing the story. "Oh, I tell you," he replied, with grand solemnity, "bear face close by look awful; she just as soon eat me as not. She do so as eef all my sheeps b'long every one to her own self. I run to bear no more. I take tree every time."

After this the shepherds corralled the flock about an hour before sundown, chopped large quantities of dry wood and made a circle of fires around the corral every night, and one with a gun kept watch on a stage built in a pine by the side of the cabin, while the other slept. But after the first night or two this fire

fence did no good, for the robbers seemed to regard the light as an advantage, after becoming used to it.

On the night I spent at their camp the show made by the wall of fire when it was blazing in its prime was magnificent: the illumined trees round about relieved against solid darkness, and the two thousand sheep lying down in one gray mass, sprinkled with gloriously brilliant gems, the effect of the firelight in their eyes. It was nearly midnight when a pair of the freebooters arrived. They walked boldly through a gap in the fire circle, killed two sheep, carried them out, and vanished in the dark woods, leaving ten dead in a pile, trampled down and smothered against the corral fence; while the scared watcher in the tree did not fire a single shot, saying he was afraid he would hit some of the sheep, as the bears got among them before he could get a good sight.

In the morning I asked the shepherds why they did not move the flock to a new pasture. "Oh, no use!" cried Antone. "Look my dead sheeps. We move three four time before, all the same bear come by the track. No use. To-morrow we go home below. Look my dead sheeps. Soon all dead."

Thus were they driven out of the mountains more than a month before the usual time. After Uncle Sam's soldiers, bears are the most effective forest police, but some of the shepherds are very successful in killing them. Altogether, by hunters, mountaineers, Indians, and sheepmen, probably five or six hundred have been killed within the bounds of the park, during the last thirty years. But they are not in danger of extinction. Now that the park is guarded by soldiers, not only has the vegetation in great part come back to the desolate ground, but all the wild animals are increasing in numbers. No guns are allowed in the park except under certain restrictions, and after a permit has been obtained from the officer in

charge. This has stopped the barbarous slaughter of bears, and especially of deer, by shepherds, hunters, and hunting tourists, who, it would seem, can find no pleasure without blood.

The Sierra deer — the blacktail — spend the winters in the brushy and exceedingly rough region just below the main timber-belt, and are less accessible to hunters there than when they are passing through the comparatively open forests to and from their summer pastures near the summits of the range. They go up the mountains early in the spring as the snow melts, not waiting for it all to disappear; reaching the High Sierra about the first of June, and the coolest recesses at the base of the peaks a month or so later. I have tracked them for miles over compacted snow from three to ten feet deep.

Deer are capital mountaineers, making their way into the heart of the roughest mountains; seeking not only pasturage, but a cool climate, and safe hidden places in which to bring forth their young. They are not supreme as rock-climbing animals; they take second rank, yielding the first to the mountain sheep, which dwell above them on the highest crags and peaks. Still, the two meet frequently; for the deer climbs all the peaks save the lofty summits above the glaciers, crossing piles of angular boulders, roaring swollen streams, and sheer-walled cañons by fords and passes that would try the nerves of the hardest mountaineers, — climbing with graceful ease and reserve of strength that cannot fail to arouse admiration. Everywhere some species of deer seems to be at home, on rough or smooth ground, lowlands or highlands, in swamps and barrens and the densest woods, in varying climates, hot or cold, over all the continent; maintaining glorious health, never making an awkward step. Standing, lying down, walking, feeding, running even for life, it is always invincibly graceful, and adds beauty and animation to every landscape, —

a charming animal, and a great credit to nature.

I never see one of the common black-tail deer, the only species in the park, without fresh admiration; and since I never carry a gun I see them well: lying beneath a juniper or dwarf pine, among the brown needles on the brink of some cliff or the end of a ridge commanding a wide outlook; feeding in sunny openings among chaparral, daintily selecting aromatic leaves and twigs; leading their fawns out of my way, or making them lie down and hide; bounding past through the forest, or curiously advancing and retreating again and again.

One morning when I was eating breakfast in a little garden spot on the Kaweah, hedged around with chaparral, I noticed a deer's head thrust through the bushes, the big beautiful eyes gazing at me. I kept still, and the deer ventured forward a step, then snorted and withdrew. In a few minutes she returned, and came into the open garden, stepping with infinite grace, followed by two others. After showing themselves for a moment, they bounded over the hedge with sharp, timid snorts and vanished. But curiosity brought them back with still another, and all four came into my garden, and, satisfied that I meant them no ill, began to feed, actually eating breakfast with me, like tame, gentle sheep around a shepherd, — rare company, and the most graceful in movements and attitudes. I eagerly watched them while they fed on ceanothus and wild cherry, daintily culling single leaves here and there from the side of the hedge, turning now and then to snip a few leaves of mint from the midst of the garden flowers. Grass they did not eat at all. No wonder the contents of the deer's stomach are eaten by the Indians.

While exploring the upper cañon of the north fork of the San Joaquin, one evening, the sky threatening rain, I searched for a dry bed, and made choice of a big juniper that had been pushed

down by a snow avalanche, but was resting stubbornly on its knees high enough to let me lie under its broad trunk. Just below my shelter there was another juniper on the very brink of a precipice, and, examining it, I found a deer-bed beneath it, completely protected and concealed by drooping branches, — a fine refuge and lookout as well as resting-place. About an hour before dark I heard the clear, sharp snorting of a deer, and looking down on the brushy, rocky cañon bottom discovered an anxious doe that no doubt had her fawns concealed near by. She bounded over the chaparral and up the farther slope of the wall, often stopping to look back and listen, — a fine picture of vivid, eager alertness. I sat perfectly still, and as my shirt was colored like the juniper bark I was not easily seen. After a little she came cautiously toward me, sniffing the air and gazing, and her movements, as she descended the cañon side over boulder piles and brush and fallen timber, were admirably strong and beautiful; she never strained or made apparent efforts, although jumping high here and there. As she drew nigh she sniffed anxiously, trying the air in different directions until she caught my scent; then bounded off, and vanished behind a small grove of firs. Soon she came back with the same caution and insatiable curiosity, — coming and going five or six times. While I sat admiring her, a Douglas squirrel, evidently excited by her noisy alarms, climbed a boulder beneath me, and witnessed her performances as attentively as I did, while a frisky chipmunk, too restless or hungry for such shows, busied himself about his supper in a thicket of shadbushes, the fruit of which was then ripe, glancing about on the slender twigs lightly as a sparrow.

Toward the end of the Indian summer, when the young are strong, the deer begin to gather in little bands of from six to fifteen or twenty, and on the approach of the first snowstorm they set out on

their march down the mountains to their winter quarters; lingering usually on warm hillsides and spurs eight or ten miles below the summits, as if loath to leave. About the end of November, a heavy, far-reaching storm drives them down in haste along the dividing ridges between the rivers, led by old experienced bucks whose knowledge of the topography is wonderful.

It is when the deer are coming down that the Indians set out on their grand fall hunt. Too lazy to go into the recesses of the mountains away from trails, they wait for the deer to come out, and then waylay them. This plan also has the advantage of finding them in bands. Great preparations are made. Old guns are mended, bullets moulded, and the hunters wash themselves and fast to some extent, to insure good luck, as they say. Men and women, old and young, set forth together. Central camps are made on the well-known highways of the deer, which are soon red with blood. Each hunter comes in laden, old crones as well as maidens smiling on the luckiest. All grow fat and merry. Boys, each armed with an antlered head, play at buck-fighting, and plague the industrious women, who are busily preparing the meat for transportation, by stealing up behind them and throwing fresh hides over them. But the Indians are passing away here as everywhere, and their red camps on the mountains are fewer every year.

There are panthers, foxes, badgers, porcupines, and coyotes in the park, but not in large numbers. I have seen coyotes well back in the range at the head of the Tuolumne Meadows as early as June 1st, before the snow was gone, feeding on marmots; but they are far more numerous on the inhabited lowlands around ranches, where they enjoy life on chickens, turkeys, quail eggs, ground squirrels, hares, etc., and all kinds of fruit. Few wild sheep, I fear, are left hereabouts; for, though safe on the high peaks, they are driven down the

eastern slope of the mountains when the deer are driven down the western, to ridges and outlying spurs where the snow does not fall to a great depth, and there they are within reach of the cattlemen's rifles.

The two squirrels of the park, the Douglas and the California gray, keep all the woods lively. The former is far more abundant and more widely distributed, being found all the way up from the foothills to the dwarf pines on the summit peaks. He is the most influential of the Sierra animals, though small, and the brightest of all the squirrels I know, — a squirrel of squirrels, quick mountain vigor and valor condensed, purely wild, and as free from disease as a sunbeam. One cannot think of such an animal ever being weary or sick. He claims all the woods, and is inclined to drive away even men as intruders. How he scolds, and what faces he makes! If not so comically small, he would be a dreadful fellow. The gray, *Sciurus fessor*, is the handsomest, I think, of all the large American squirrels. He is something like the Eastern gray, but is brighter and clearer in color, and more lithe and slender. He dwells in the oak and pine woods up to a height of about five thousand feet above the sea, is rather common in Yosemite Valley, Hetch-Hetchy, Kings River Cañon, and indeed in all the main cañons and Yosemite, but does not like the high fir-covered ridges. Compared with the Douglas, the gray is more than twice as large; nevertheless, he manages to make his way through the trees with less stir than his small, peppery neighbor, and is much less influential in every way. In the spring, before pine-nuts and hazel-nuts are ripe, he examines last year's cones for the few seeds that may be left in them between the half-open scales, and gleans fallen nuts and seeds on the ground among the leaves, after making sure that no enemy is nigh. His fine tail floats, now behind, now above him,

level or gracefully curled, light and radiant as dry thistledown. His body seems hardly more substantial than his tail. The Douglas is a firm, emphatic bolt of life, fiery, pungent, full of brag and show and fight, and his movements have none of the elegant deliberation of the gray. They are so quick and keen they almost sting the onlooker, and the acrobatic harlequin gyrating show he makes of himself turns one giddy to see. The gray is shy and oftentimes stealthy, as if half expecting to find an enemy in every tree and bush and behind every log; he seems to wish to be let alone, and manifests no desire to be seen, or admired, or feared. He is hunted by the Indians, and this of itself is cause enough for caution. The Douglas is less attractive as game, and is probably increasing in numbers in spite of every enemy. He goes his ways bold as a lion, up and down and across, round and round, the happiest, merriest, of all the hairy tribe, and at the same time tremendously earnest and solemn, sunshine incarnate, making every tree tingle with his electric toes. If you prick him, you cannot think he will bleed. He seems above the chance and change that beset common mortals, though in busily gathering burs and nuts he shows that he has to work for a living, like the rest of us. I never found a dead Douglas. He gets into the world and out of it without being noticed; only in prime is he seen, like some little plants that are visible only when in bloom.

The Townsend tamias, a plump, slow, sober, well-dressed chipmunk, nearly as large as the Douglas squirrel, may occasionally be seen about the roots of the firs or fallen trunks, solemnly staring as if he never had anything to do. The little striped species, *T. quadrivittatus*, is more interesting and a hundred times more numerous than the Townsend. A brighter, cheerier chipmunk does not exist. He is smarter, more arboreal and squirrel-like, than the familiar Eastern

species, and is distributed as widely on the Sierra as the Douglas. Every forest however dense or open, every hilltop and cañon however brushy or bare, is cheered and enlivened by this happy little animal. You are likely to notice him first on the lower edge of the coniferous belt, where the sabine and yellow pines meet; and thence upward, go where you may, you will find him every day, even in winter, unless the weather is stormy. He is an exceedingly interesting little fellow, full of odd, quaint ways, confiding, thinking no evil; and without being a squirrel — a true shadow-tail — he lives the life of a squirrel, and has almost all squirrelish accomplishments without aggressive quarrelsomeness.

I never weary of watching him as he frisks about in the bushes, gathering seeds and berries; poising on slender twigs of wild cherry, shad, chinquapin, buckthorn bramble; skimming along prostrate trunks or over the grassy, needle-strewn forest floor; darting from boulder to boulder on glacial pavements and the tops of the great domes. When the seeds of the conifers are ripe, he climbs the trees and cuts off the cones for a winter store, working diligently, though not with the tremendous lightning energy of the Douglas, who frequently drives him out of the best trees. Then he lies in wait, and picks up a share of the burs cut off by his domineering cousin, and stores them beneath logs and in hollows. Few of the Sierra animals are so well liked as this little airy, fluffy half squirrel, half spermophile. So gentle, confiding, and busily cheery and happy, he takes one's heart and keeps his place among the best loved of the mountain darlings. A diligent collector of seeds, nuts, and berries, of course he is well fed, though never in the least dumpy with fat. On the contrary, he looks like a mere fluff of fur, weighing but little more than a field mouse, and of his frisky, birdlike liveliness without haste there is no end.

Douglas can bark with his mouth closed, but little quad always opens his when he talks or sings. He has a considerable variety of notes which correspond with his movements, some of them sweet and liquid, like water dripping into a pool with tinkling sound. His eyes are black and animated, shining like dew. He seems dearly to like teasing a dog, venturing within a few feet of it, then frisking away with a lively chipping and low squirrelish churring; beating time to his music, such as it is, with his tail, which at each chip and churr describes a half circle. Not even Douglas is surer-footed or takes greater risks. I have seen him running about on sheer Yosemite cliffs, holding on with as little effort as a fly and as little thought of danger in places where, if he had made the least slip, he would have fallen thousands of feet. How fine it would be could mountaineers move about on precipices with the same sure grip!

Before the pine-nuts are ripe, grass seeds and those of the many species of ceanothus, with strawberries, raspberries, and the soft red thimbleberries of *Rubus nutkanus*, form the bulk of his food, and a neater eater is not to be found in the mountains. Bees powdered with pollen, poking their blunt noses into the bells of flowers, are comparatively clumsy and boorish. Frisking along some fallen pine or fir, when the grass seeds are ripe, he looks about him, considering which of the tufts he sees is likely to have the best, runs out to it, selects what he thinks is sure to be a good head, cuts it off, carries it to the top of the log, sits upright and nibbles out the grain without getting awns in his mouth, turning the head round, holding it and fingering it as if playing on a flute; then skips for another and another, bringing them to the same dining-log.

The woodchuck — *Arctomys monax* — dwells on high bleak ridges and boulder piles; and a very different sort of mountaineer is he, — bulky, fat, aldermanic.

and fairly bloated at times by hearty indulgence in the lush pastures of his airy home. And yet he is by no means a dull animal. In the midst of what we regard as storm-beaten desolation, high in the frosty air, beside the glaciers, he pipes and whistles right cheerily, and lives to a good old age. If you are as early a riser as he is, you may oftentimes see him come blinking out of his burrow to meet the first beams of the morning and take a sunbath on some favorite flat-topped boulder. Afterward, well warmed, he goes to breakfast in one of his garden hollows, eats heartily like a cow in clover until comfortably swollen, then goes a-visiting, and plays and loves and fights.

In the spring of 1875, when I was exploring the peaks and glaciers about the head of the middle fork of the San Joaquin, I had crossed the range from the head of Owen River, and one morning, passing around a frozen lake where the snow was perhaps ten feet deep, I was surprised to find the fresh track of a woodchuck plainly marked, the sun having softened the surface. What could the animal be thinking of, coming out so early while all the ground was snow-buried? The steady trend of his track showed he had a definite aim, and fortunately it was toward a mountain thirteen thousand feet high that I meant to climb. So I followed to see if I could find out what he was up to. From the base of the mountain the track pointed straight up, and I knew by the melting snow that I was not far behind him. I lost the track on a crumbling ridge, partly projecting through the snow, but soon discovered it again. Well toward the summit of the mountain, in an open spot on the south side, nearly inclosed by disintegrating pinnacles among which the sun heat reverberated, making an isolated patch of warm climate, I found a nice garden, full of rock cress, phlox, silene, draba, etc., and a few grasses; and in this garden I overtook the wan-

derer, enjoying a fine fresh meal, perhaps the first of the season. How did he know the way to this one garden spot, so high and far off, and what told him that it was in bloom while yet the snow was ten feet deep over his den? For this it would seem he would need more botanical, topographical, and climatological knowledge than most mountaineers are possessed of.

The shy, curious mountain beaver — *Haplodon* — lives on the heights, not far from the woodchuck. He digs canals and controls the flow of small streams under the sod, cuts large quantities of grass, lupines, and other plants, lays them out in neat piles with the stems all one way to dry, like hay, and stores them in underground chambers. These hayfields on the mountain tops, showing busy, thoughtful life where one deemed himself alone, are startling. And it is startling, too, when one is camped on the edge of a sloping meadow near the homes of these industrious mountaineers, to be awakened in the still night by the sound of water rushing and gurgling under one's head in a newly formed canal. Pouched gophers also have a way of awakening nervous campers that is quite as exciting as the haplodon's plan; that is, by a series of firm upward pushes when they are driving tunnels and shoving up the dirt. One naturally cries out, "Who's there?" and then discovering the cause, "All right. Go on. Good-night," and goes to sleep again.

The wood rat — *Neotoma* — is one of the most interesting of the Sierra animals. He is scarcely at all like the common rat, is nearly twice as large, has a delicate soft fur of a bluish slate color, white on the belly, large ears thin and translucent, eyes full and liquid and mild in expression, nose blunt and squirrelish, slender claws sharp as needles, and as his limbs are strong he can climb about as well as a squirrel; while no rat or squirrel has so innocent a look, is so easily approached, or in general ex-

presses so much confidence in one's good intentions. He seems too fine for the thorny thickets he inhabits, and his big, rough hut is as unlike himself as possible. No other animal in these mountains makes nests so large and striking in appearance as his. They are built of all kinds of sticks (broken branches, and old rotten moss-grown chunks, and green twigs, smooth or thorny, cut from the nearest bushes), mixed with miscellaneous rubbish and curious odds and ends, — bits of cloddy earth, stones, bones, bits of deer-horn, etc.: the whole simply piled in conical masses on the ground in chaparral thickets. Some of these cabins are five or six feet high, and occasionally a dozen or more are grouped together; less, perhaps, for society's sake than for advantages of food and shelter.

Coming through deep, stiff chaparral in the heart of the wilderness, heated and weary in forcing a way, the solitary explorer, happening into one of these curious neotoma villages, is startled at the strange sight, and may imagine he is in an Indian village, and feel anxious as to the reception he will get in a place so wild. At first, perhaps, not a single inhabitant will be seen, or at most only two or three seated on the tops of their huts as at the doors, observing the stranger with the mildest of mild eyes. The nest in the centre of the cabin is made of grass and films of bark chewed to tow, and lined with feathers and the down of various seeds. The thick, rough walls seem to be built for defense against enemies — fox, coyote, etc. — as well as for shelter, and the delicate creatures, in their big, rude homes, suggest tender flowers, like those of *Salvia carduacea*, defended by thorny involucre.

Sometimes the home is built in the forks of an oak, twenty or thirty feet from the ground, and even in garrets. Among housekeepers who have these bushmen as neighbors or guests they are regarded as thieves, because they carry away and pile together everything trans-

portable (knives, forks, tin cups, spoons, spectacles, combs, nails, kindling-wood, etc., as well as eatables of all sorts), to strengthen their fortifications or to shine among rivals. Once, far back in the High Sierra, they stole my snow-goggles, the lid of my teapot, and my aneroid barometer; and one stormy night, when encamped under a prostrate cedar, I was awakened by a gritting sound on the granite, and by the light of my fire I discovered a handsome neotoma beside me, dragging away my ice-hatchet, pulling with might and main by a buckskin string on the handle. I threw bits of bark at him and made a noise to frighten him, but he stood scolding and chattering back at me, his fine eyes shining with an air of injured innocence.

A great variety of lizards enliven the warm portions of the park. Some of them are more than a foot in length, others but little larger than grasshoppers. A few are snaky and repulsive at first sight, but most of the species are handsome and attractive, and bear acquaintance well; we like them better the farther we see into their charming lives. Small fellow mortals, gentle and guileless, they are easily tamed, and have beautiful eyes, expressing the clearest innocence, so that, in spite of prejudices brought from cool, lizardless countries, one must soon learn to like them. Even the horned toad of the plains and foothills, called horrid, is mild and gentle, with charming eyes, and so are the snake-like species found in the underbrush of the lower forests. These glide in curves with all the ease and grace of snakes, while their small, undeveloped limbs drag for the most part as useless appendages. One specimen that I measured was fourteen inches long, and as far as I saw it made no use whatever of its diminutive limbs.

Most of them glint and dart on the sunny rocks and across open spaces from bush to bush, swift as dragonflies and humming-birds, and about as brilliantly

colored. They never make a long-sustained run, whatever their object, but dart direct as arrows for a distance of ten or twenty feet, then suddenly stop, and as suddenly start again. These stops are necessary as rests, for they are short-winded, and when pursued steadily are soon run out of breath, pant pitifully, and may easily be caught where no retreat in bush or rock is quickly available.

If you stay with them a week or two and behave well, these gentle saurians, descendants of an ancient race of giants, will soon know and trust you, come to your feet, play, and watch your every motion with cunning curiosity. You will surely learn to like them, not only the bright ones, gorgeous as the rainbow, but the little ones, gray as lichened granite, and scarcely bigger than grasshoppers; and they will teach you that scales may cover as fine a nature as hair or feathers or anything tailored.

There are many snakes in the cañons and lower forests, but they are mostly handsome and harmless. Of all the tourists and travelers who have visited Yosemite and the adjacent mountains, not one has been bitten by a snake of any sort, while thousands have been charmed by them. Some of them vie with the lizards in beauty of color and dress patterns. Only the rattlesnake is venomous, and he carefully keeps his venom to himself as far as man is concerned, unless his life is threatened.

Before I learned to respect rattlesnakes I killed two, the first on the San Joaquin plain. He was coiled comfortably around a tuft of bunch-grass, and I discovered him when he was between my feet as I was stepping over him. He held his head down and did not attempt to strike, although in danger of being trampled. At that time, thirty years ago, I imagined that rattlesnakes should be killed wherever found. I had no weapon of any sort, and on the smooth plain there was not a stick or a stone within miles; so I crushed him by jump-

ing on him, as the deer are said to do. Looking me in the face he saw I meant mischief, and quickly cast himself into a coil, ready to strike in defense. I knew he could not strike when traveling, therefore I threw handfuls of dirt and grass sods at him, to tease him out of coil. He held his ground a few minutes, threatening and striking, and then started off to get rid of me. I ran forward and jumped on him; but he drew back his head so quickly my heel missed, and he also missed his stroke at me. Persecuted, tormented, again and again he tried to get away, bravely striking out to protect himself; but at last my heel came squarely down, sorely wounding him, and a few more brutal stampings crushed him. I felt degraded by the killing business, farther from heaven, and I made up my mind to try to be at least as fair and charitable as the snakes themselves, and to kill no more save in self-defense.

The second killing might also, I think, have been avoided, and I have always felt somewhat sore and guilty about it. I had built a little cabin in Yosemite, and for convenience in getting water, and for the sake of music and society, I led a small stream from Yosemite Creek into it. Running along the side of the wall it was not in the way, and it had just fall enough to ripple and sing in low, sweet tones, making delightful company, especially at night when I was lying awake. Then a few frogs came in and made merry with the stream, — and one snake, I suppose to catch the frogs.

Returning from my long walks, I usually brought home a large handful of plants, partly for study, partly for ornament, and set them in a corner of the cabin, with their stems in the stream to keep them fresh. One day, when I picked up a handful that had begun to fade, I uncovered a large coiled rattler that had been hiding behind the flowers. Thus suddenly brought to light face to

face with the rightful owner of the place, the poor reptile was desperately embarrassed, evidently realizing that he had no right in the cabin. It was not only fear that he showed, but a good deal of downright bashfulness and embarrassment, like that of a more than half honest person caught under suspicious circumstances behind a door. Instead of striking or threatening to strike, though coiled and ready, he slowly drew his head down as far as he could, with awkward, confused kinks in his neck and a shamefaced expression, as if wishing the ground would open and hide him. I have looked into the eyes of so many wild animals that I feel sure I did not mistake the feelings of this unfortunate snake. I did not want to kill him, but I had many visitors, some of them children, and I oftentimes came in late at night; so I judged he must die.

Since then I have seen perhaps a hundred or more in these mountains, but I have never intentionally disturbed them, nor have they disturbed me to any great extent, even by accident, though in danger of being stepped on. Once, while I was on my knees kindling a fire, one glided under the arch made by my arm. He was only going away from the ground I had selected for a camp, and there was not the slightest danger, because I kept still and allowed him to go in peace. The only time I felt myself in serious danger was when I was coming out of the Tuolumne Cañon by a steep side cañon toward the head of Yosemite Creek. On an earthquake talus, a boulder in my way presented a front so high that I could just reach the upper edge of it while standing on the next below it. Drawing myself up, as soon as my head was above the flat top of it I caught sight of a coiled rattler. My hands had alarmed him, and he was ready for me; but even with this provocation, and when my head came in sight within a foot of him, he did not strike. The last time I sauntered through the big cañon I saw about two a day. One

was not coiled, but neatly folded in a narrow space between two cobblestones on the side of the river, his head below the level of them, ready to shoot up like a Jack-in-the-box for frogs or birds. My foot spanned the space above within an inch or two of his head, but he only held it lower. In making my way through a particularly tedious tangle of buckthorn, I parted the branches on the side of an open spot and threw my bundle of bread into it; and when, with my arms free, I was pushing through after it, I saw a small rattlesnake dragging his tail from beneath my bundle. When he caught sight of me he eyed me angrily, and with an air of righteous indignation seemed to be asking why I had thrown that stuff on him. He was so small that I was inclined to slight him, but he struck out so angrily that I drew back, and approached the opening from the other side. But he had been listening, and when I looked through the brush I found him confronting me, still with a come-in-if-you-dare expression. In vain I tried to explain that I only wanted my bread; he stoutly held the ground in front of it; so I went back a dozen rods and kept still for half an hour, and when I returned he had gone.

One evening, near sundown, in a very rough, boulder-choked portion of the cañon, I searched long for a level spot for a bed, and at last was glad to find a patch of flood-sand on the river-bank, and a lot of driftwood close by for a camp-fire. But when I threw down my bundle, I found two snakes in possession of the ground. I might have passed the night even in this snake den without danger, for I never knew a single instance of their coming into camp in the night; but fearing that, in so small a space, some late comers, not aware of my presence, might get stepped on, when I was replenishing the fire, to avoid possible crowding I encamped on one of the earthquake boulders.

There are two species of *Crotalus* in

the park, and when I was exploring the basin of Yosemite Creek I thought I had discovered a new one. I saw a snake with curious divided appendages on its head. Going nearer, I found that the strange headgear was only the feet of a frog. Cutting a switch I struck the snake lightly until he disgorged the poor frog, or rather allowed it to back out. On its return to the light from one of the very darkest of death valleys, it blinked a moment with a sort of dazed look, then plunged into a stream, apparently happy and well.

Frogs abound in all the bogs, marshes, pools, and lakes, however cold and high and isolated. How did they manage to get up these high mountains? Surely not by jumping. Long and dry excursions through weary miles of boulders and brush would be trying to frogs. Most likely their stringy spawn is carried on the feet of ducks, cranes, and other waterbirds. Anyhow, they are most thoroughly distributed, and flourish famously. What a cheery, hearty set they are, and how bravely their krink and tronk concerts enliven the rocky wilderness!

None of the high-lying mountain lakes or branches of the rivers above sheer falls had fish of any sort until stocked by the agency of man. In the High Sierra, the only river in which trout exist naturally is the middle fork of Kings River. There are no sheer falls on this stream; some of the rapids, however, are so swift and rough, even at the lowest stage of water, that it is surprising any fish can climb them. I found trout in abundance in this fork

up to seventy-five hundred feet. They also run quite high on the Kern. On the Merced they get no higher than Yosemite Valley, four thousand feet, all the forks of the river being barred there by sheer falls, and on the main Tuolumne they are stopped by a fall below Hetch-Hetchy, still lower than Yosemite. Though these upper waters are inaccessible to the fish, one would suppose their eggs might have been planted there by some means. Nature has so many ways of doing such things. In this case she waited for the agency of man, and now many of these hitherto fishless lakes and streams are full of fine trout, stocked by individual enterprise, Walton clubs, etc., in great part under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission. A few trout carried into Hetch-Hetchy in a common water-bucket have multiplied wonderfully fast. Lake Tenaya, at an elevation of over eight thousand feet, was stocked eight years ago by Mr. Murphy, who carried a few trout from Yosemite. Many of the small streams of the eastern slope have also been stocked with trout transported over the passes in tin cans on the backs of mules. Soon, it would seem, all the streams of the range will be enriched by these lively fish, and will become the means of drawing thousands of visitors into the mountains. Catching trout with a bit of bent wire is a rather trivial business, but fortunately people fish better than they know. In most cases it is the man who is caught. Trout-fishing regarded as bait for catching men, for the saving of both body and soul, is important, and deserves all the expense and care bestowed on it.

John Muir.

PSYCHOLOGY AND ART.

COMMON sense, which is to-day, as it has been since eternity, merely the trivialized edition of the scientific results of the day before yesterday, is just now on the psychological track. The scientists felt some years ago that the psychological aspect of the products of civilization was too much neglected, and that the theoretical problem how to bring the creations of social life under the categories of psychology might find some new and interesting answers in these days of biological, physiological, experimental, and pathological psychology. Thus the scientific study of the psychology of society and its functions has made admirable progress. Science, of course, took this only as a special phase of the matter; it did not claim to express the reality of language and history, law and religion, economics and technics, in describing and explaining them as psychological facts. Therefore science did not forget the more essential truth that civilization belongs to a world of purposes and duties and ideals; at present, indeed, science emphasizes decidedly this latter view, and has changed the direction of its advance. Common sense, as usual, has not perceived so far this change of the course. Ten years may pass before it finds it out. Above all, one-sided as ever, common sense has misunderstood the word of command, as if the psychological aspect must be taken as the only possible aspect, and as if psychology could reach the reality. Therefore common sense marches on, still waving the flag of psychology, and with it its regular drum corps, the philistines.

This pseudo-philosophical movement, which takes the standpoint of the psychologist wrongly as a philosophical view-point of the whole inner world, has found perhaps nowhere else so little or-

ganized resistance as in the realm of art; for the real artist does not care much about the right or the wrong theory. For the same reason, indeed, it may seem that just here the influence of a warped theory must be very indifferent and harmless. A one-sided theory of crime may mislead the judge, who necessarily works with abstract theoretical conceptions; but a one-sided psychological theory of art cannot do such harm, as the artist relies in any case on the wings of his imagination, and mistrusts the crutches of theories. This would certainly be the case if there did not exist three other channels through which the wise and the unwise wisdom can influence, strengthen, and inhibit the creative power of art.

The market influence is one way; that is a sad story, but it is not the most important one, as the tragedy of the market depends much more upon practical vulgarity than upon theoretical mistakes. *Æsthetical* criticism is another way; but even that is not the most dangerous, as it speaks to men who ought to be able to judge for themselves, although nobody doubts that they do not do so. The most important of the three, however, is art education in the schoolroom. Millions of children receive there the influence that is strongest in determining their *æsthetical* attitude; millions of children have there the most immediate contact with the world of the visible arts, and mould there the sense of refinement, of beauty, of harmony. Surely the drawing-teacher can have an incomparable influence on the *æsthetic* spirit of the country, — far greater than critics and millionaire purchasers, greater even than the professional art schools. The future battles against this country's greatest enemy, vulgarity, will be fought largely with the weapons which the draw-

ing-teachers supply to the masses. Whoever has attended their meetings or examined the exhibitions of schoolroom work knows that they do not lack enthusiasm and industry, and that their importance in the educational system grows rapidly. But they are primary teachers, and primary teachers are men who adore nothing more than recently patented theories which appeal to common sense; to-day they really feast on psychology. The greater the influence, the more dangerous every wrong step on the theoretical line, the more necessary a sober inquiry as to how far all this talk about psychology and art really covers the ground.

We raise thus the question, what psychology and art have to do with each other, in its most general form, at first without any relation to the practical problems. If we acknowledge the question in such an unlimited form, we cannot avoid asking, as a preamble to the discussion, whether the work of art cannot be itself a manual of psychology; whether, especially, the poet ought not to teach us psychology. We all have heard often that Shakespeare and Byron, Meredith and Kipling, are better psychologists than any scholar on the academic platform, or that Henry James has written even more volumes on psychology than his brother William. That is a misunderstanding. The poet, so far as he works with poetic tools, is never a psychologist; if modern novelists of a special type sometimes introduce psychological analysis, they make use of means which do not belong to pure art; it is a mixed style which characterizes decadence.

It is true that discussion would be meaningless if we were ready to call every utterance which has to do with mental life psychology. Psychology does not demand abstract scientific forms; it may be offered in literary forms, yet it means always a special kind of treatment of mental life. It tries to describe and to explain mental

life as a combination of elements. The dissolution of the unity of consciousness into elementary processes characterizes psychology, just as natural science demands the dissection of physical objects; the appreciation of a physical object as a whole is never natural science, and the interpretation and suggestion of a mental state as a whole is never psychology. The poet, as well as the historian and the man of practical life, has this interpretation of the whole as his aim; the psychologist goes exactly the opposite way. They ask about the meaning, the psychologist about the constitution; and the psychological elements concern the poet as little as the microscopical cells of the tree interest the landscape painter. The tree in the painting ought, indeed, to be botanically correct; it ought not to appear contradictory of the results of the botanist's observations, but these results themselves need not appear in the painting. In the same way, we demand that the poet create men who are psychologically correct, — at least in those cases in which higher æsthetical laws do not demand the psychological impossibilities of fairyland, which are allowed like the botanical impossibilities of conventionalized flowers or the anatomical impossibilities of human figures with wings. We detest the psychologically absurd creations of the stage villain and the stage hero in the third-class melodrama, the psychological marionettes of newspaper novels, and the frequent cases of insanity in poor fiction, for which the schooled psychologist would make at once the diagnosis that there must be simulation in them, as the insane never act so. We demand this psychological correctness, and the great poet satisfies it instinctively so fully that the psychologist may acknowledge the creations of poetry as substitutional material for the psychical study of the living man. The psychologist believes the poet, and studies jealousy from Othello, and love from Romeo, and neurasthenia from

Hamlet, and political emotions from Cæsar; but the creation of such lifelike men is in itself in no way psychology.

The poet creates mental life in suggesting it to the soul of the reader; only the man who decomposes it afterward is a psychologist. The poet works as life works; the child who smiles and weeps causes us to think of pleasure and pain too, but it offers us no psychological understanding of pleasure and pain. Just so the poet smiles and weeps, and if he is a great artist, with strong suggestive power, he forces our minds to feel with him, while we have only an intellectual interest if he merely analyzes the emotions and gives us a handful of elements determined by abstract psychological conceptions. Popular language calls a poet a good psychologist if he creates men who offer a manifold material for the analysis of the psychologist; when the poet begins to make that analysis himself, and to explain with the categories of physiological psychology why the hero became a dreamer, and the dreamer a hero, and the saint a sinner, he will hinder his scientific effort by the desire to be a poet, and will weaken his poetry by his instructive side show. Meredith and Bourget do it, Ibsen never. Poetry and psychology are different, not because they speak a different language, but because they take an absolutely different attitude toward the mental life; the wisdom of the poet about the human soul does not belong in a handbook of psychology. For music and the visible arts the whole question does not exist, or at least ought not to exist. A side branch of it, nevertheless, continues to grow in the old discussion whether music ought to "describe" the human feelings. The confusion about the logical meaning of description lies here more on the surface; by principle the case is the same as in poetry. The composer describes the emotions as little as the poet does; tones and verses suggest the feelings, while it is an unmusical, un-

poetical business to psychologize about them; but just that is our aim, if we consider the preamble as closed, and ask once more what art has to do with psychology. We have seen so far that art is not by itself psychology; the remaining question, in which all centres, is, then, how far art can become an object of psychology.

The situation is simple. Psychology is the science which describes and explains the mental processes. A physical thing or process, even a brain action, is never, therefore, an immediate object of psychology. Every work of art — the pencil drawing and the written poem, the played melody and the sculptured statue — exists as a physical thing; hence the work of art itself is never an object of psychology, and the description of it lies outside of the psychologist's province. The physicist describes the tone waves of a melody; the geometrician describes the lines and curves and angles of a drawing. The physical object is in contact with the human mind at two points: at its start and its goal. Every work of art springs from the mind of the artist, and reaches the mind of the public; its origin and its effect are both psychological processes, and both are material for the description and explanation of the psychologist. Two groups of psychological problems are thus offered, — two points of view for the psychological study of art; a third one cannot exist. The one asks, By what psychological processes does the mind create art? The other asks, By what psychological processes does the mind enjoy art?

Modern psychology has attained to its rapid progress of late years through the wonderful development of its methods; it does not believe any more that one way alone brings us to the goal; we have to adapt the methods to the problem. It is quite clear that these two æsthetical psychological problems demand different methods. The question how the artist creates art lies beyond the self-observa-

tion of the psychologist; he must go back to the past. The question how the work of art influences the enjoying spectator can be studied by an analysis of his own æsthetical emotions. In the interest of this self-observing analysis he may introduce experimental methods, but he cannot make experiments with the artistic production. On the other hand, the artistic creative functions may easily be followed up toward the art of the child, of the primitive races, even of the animals. And so the first group of investigations makes use chiefly of the sociological, biological, and historical methods of psychology; the second group favors the experimental methods. The larger material is at the disposal of the first group; the more exact treatment characterizes the second. We cannot sketch the results here even in the most superficial outlines; we can recall only the most general directions which these studies have taken.

First, the psychology of the art-creating process. The æsthetical psychologist, in our days of Darwinism, goes back to the play of animals. Biologically this is easily understood; the frequent playful contests are a most valuable training for action, — as necessary, therefore, for the organism in the struggle for existence as is any other function of the nervous system, and yet they contain the most important elements of æsthetic creation: they are actions which are useless for the present state of the organism, carried out for enjoyment only. Social psychology finds the more complicated forms of the same impulses in the life of savages. We see how the primitive races accompany their work by rhythmic songs, how their dances stir up lyrical poetry, how their tools and vessels and weapons and huts become decorated, how art springs from the religious and social and technical life. The psychologist links these first traces of art with the productions of civilized peoples. His interest is not that of the

philological historian; he does not care for the single work of art as the unique occurrence; no, he looks for the psychological laws which under the varying circumstances produce just the given works of poetry and sculpture, of music and architecture and painting. We learn to understand how climate and political conditions, technical, material, and social institutions, models and surrounding nature, brought it about that Egypt and China and India, or Greece and Italy and Germany, had just their own development of artistic production. Art becomes thus an element of the social consciousness, together with law and religion, science and politics; but art is psychologically still more interesting than any other function of the national soul, because it is less necessary for the biological existence than any other production of man. Art is therefore freer, follows more easily every pressure and tension, every inner tendency and outer opportunity; it can fully disappear even in the strongest social organism, and can break out in fullest glory even in the weakest sociological body. It is in its incomparable manifoldness and easiness of adaptation that art shows best how the mental products of man are dependent upon the totality of variable conditions.

While such a sociological view contrasts different periods and nations, psychology does not overlook the differences among individuals. The general artistic level of the whole social mind is only one side of the problem; the variation of individuals above and below this level, from the anti-æsthetic philistine to the greatest genius, is the other side, and here also the dependence upon the most diverse conditions attracts interest. The psychologist consults biography, especially the autobiographies of poets and painters, and follows up most carefully the subtle influences which fertilized the imagination and gave the abnormal direction to the personality.

Studying thus the artistic production

in individuals at all times and at all places, psychology finally abstracts a general understanding of the creative process and its conditions. There appears nothing mysterious in it: by manifold threads it seems connected with the mental functions of simple attention, with inhibition and suggestion; in other directions with dreams and illusions, and also with the abnormal functions of hypnosis and insanity. It is a most complex process, truly, in which the whole personality is engaged, but it is connected by short steps with so much simpler events in mental life, and it can so easily be traced back to the artistic elements in the child, that the psychologist has no reason to despair; the artistic function of the brain is not beyond the causal understanding. The machinery of modern psychological conceptions, the atomistic sensations and their laws of association and inhibition, can by principle explain it in its entirety, from the schoolboy's drawing of profiles on his blotting-paper up to Michael Angelo's decoration of the dome of St. Peter's with immortal religious frescoes.

Very different indeed are the methods by which we investigate our second group of æsthetical problems, the psychological effect of the beautiful object. Experimental psychology enters here into its rights. When the students of mental life, twenty years ago, took up the exact method of natural science and worked out experimental schemes for the most refined analysis of psychical processes, it seemed at first a matter of course that only the intellectual processes, especially the functions of perception, and perhaps the elementary activities, would offer themselves to such inquiries. But slowly the new method has reached and conquered one field after another, — memory and imagination, association and apperception, feeling and emotion, undeveloped and abnormal mental states; and now, in different places, experimental work is dealing with the

most delicate psychical fact, the æsthetical feeling and its conditions.

Fechner gave a strong impulse to such an experimental study of æsthetic elements a long time ago. He asked systematically a large number of persons which one of a set of rectangles, for instance, each of them preferred; the ten forms varied from a square to a rectangle with a length of five and a breadth of two inches. He found a marked æsthetical preference for those forms which are determined by the golden section; that is, in which the short side stands to the long side as the latter stands to the sum of both. To-day the work transcends in every direction such elementary beginnings. In the first place, it is not confined to a special art. Music and poetry share equally with the visible arts. The æsthetical harmony and discord of tones, their relation to beats and overtones, to the fusion and the discrimination of tones, to timbre and duration; in the same way, the musical properties of rhythm, its relations to the attention and time sense, to the physiological processes of breathing and muscle tension, and to many other psycho-physical functions, — all these have become the problems of the experimental psychologist. These studies of musical rhythm naturally turn the attention toward the elements of poetry; the experimental study of rhythm in the verse, and its relation to the position of the rhyme, to the length of the stanza, to the fluctuations of apperception, to the physiological functions, and so forth, is exceedingly promising, although still in its beginning.

Much more developed is the attempt to reach experimentally the characteristics of the visible arts. Material and form, above all color and shape, offer themselves in an unlimited series of problems. The color spectrum has been always at home in the laboratory, but the psychologist has studied color as an element of perception or as a function of

the eye, not as the object of æsthetical feeling. Now his studies take this direction. Which of two colors is preferred: how does this preference depend upon saturation, brightness, extension? What combination of colors is agreeable: how does this effect depend upon the relative extension of the colored surface; how upon the colored materials and the relation between their intensity or their whiteness? Which shapes and angles and sections are preferred: how does this preference depend upon associations, or upon our bodily position, or upon eye movements? How is the plastic effect, perhaps in stereoscopic vision, influencing the intensity of æsthetic feeling; how does movement influence it, or the combination of shape with color? In a series of rectangles or ellipses or bisected lines, is only one of them agreeable, or has the curve of our æsthetical pleasure several maximal points?

The experimental investigation may come still much nearer to the problem of fine arts. I take as illustration a series of experiments which make up part of a recent thesis from the Harvard laboratory. The problem is the pleasing balance of two sides of an æsthetic object. That is, of course, realized in the simplest way by geometrical symmetry as many works of architecture show it; we have this pleasing feeling of equilibrium, also, when we see a well-composed building of which the two halves are far from identical, and every painting shows this ideal symmetry of composition without the monotony of geometrical uniformity; so it is even in the most irregular Japanese arrangement. The question arises under what conditions this demand for balance is fulfilled, if the objects in both halves are different. Translated into the methods of experimental psychology, the question would be, how far, for instance, a long vertical line must be from the centre of a framed field, if a line of half its length is at a given distance from the centre

on the other side; how far if a point or a curve of special form or two lines are there. The variations are endless. In an absolutely dark room is a framed field of black cloth, which is so illuminated that no other object in the room is visible; by a little device, bright lines, points, curves, also letters, pictures, objects, can be made to move over this field without showing the moving apparatus, while the exact position of each is indicated on a scale. One line may be given on the left side, and the experimenter has to find the most pleasing position of a double line on the other, imitating thus the case when two figures are to be on one side of a painting, while one only is to balance them on the other side; where must it stand? Starting from such simple lines, the investigation turns to more complicated questions: What is the influence of the impression of depth? — for instance, a flat picture on one side, a picture representing depth on the other. What is the influence of interest? — a meaningless paper on one side, a paper of equal size with interesting figures on the other side. What is the influence of apparent movement? — a picture of a resting object on one side, an equally large object which suggests movement in a special direction on the other. So the problem can easily be carried to a complication of conditions which does justice to the manifoldness of principles involved in the composition of paintings, sculptures, decorations, interiors, buildings, and landscapes. If, finally, all these experiments are carried out under different subjective conditions, in different states of bodily position, of eye movement, of distance, of attention, of fatigue, under different degrees of illumination, with different colors, with different associations, all with different subjects and in steady relation to the real objects of historical art, we learn slowly to understand our æsthetic pleasure in the balance of a composition, and its relation to the functions of our body.

Some one may say: All these experiments are too simple; they may be quite interesting, but they never reach the complicateness of real art. What are those simple figures beside a Madonna, those primitive harmonies beside a symphony? Yet is it a reproach to the physicist that he studies the nature of the gigantic thunderstorm, not from an equally large electrical discharge, but from the small sparks of his little laboratory machine? And if the physicist is interested in the waves of the ocean, he studies the movements in a small tank of water in his working-room, and introduces simple artificial movements. It is just the elementary character of experimental methods which guarantees their power for explanation; and æsthetical effects can be psychologically understood only if we study their elements in the most schematic way possible. The necessary presupposition is, of course, that the æsthetical attitude itself can be maintained also in the laboratory rooms, and there is no reason for being skeptical about that. With regard to practical emotions such skepticism may be correct: we cannot love and hate, nor admire and detest, in the laboratory, and it may even be said that the joy in the laboratory is not agreeable, and the pain is not painful. But the æsthetical emotion remains intact precisely on account of the absence of every practical relation in it. The beautiful or the ugly thing lasts as such in every corner of our workshop.

The experimental study of the psychological effect of art seems thus even more safely housed than the biological and historical study of the psychological production of art, and both together form already a psychological system of æsthetics which certainly still has blanks, but which is surprisingly near completeness. Psychology will go on in this way till the most delicate cause and the most subtle effect of each artistic work are understood by the action of causal laws.

like any other cause and effect in nature.

Before us lies the question which is important for the teacher: how far the results of such studies can become productive, or at least suggestive, for instruction in artistic drawing. Here again we must separate the two sides,—the causes and the effects of the beautiful objects. The causes which produce the drawing are the activities of the pupil; the effects are the impressions on the spectator. The study of the causes will help us to understand how to train the æsthetical activities of the pupil; the study of the effects will help us to advise how the drawing or painting should be made up in order to please others. The study of the causes suggests to us methods of teaching; the study of the effects suggests rules and facts which are to be taught. The study of the causes interests only the teacher who handles the pupil; the study of the effects offers insight which the teacher may share with the pupil.

Think first of the effects. Psychology has analyzed the impressions on our sense of beauty, and each fact must express a rule which can be learned. Blue and red are agreeable, blue and green are disagreeable: therefore combine red and blue, but not green and blue. The golden section of a line is the most agreeable of all divisions: therefore try to divide all lines, if possible, according to this rule. Such psychological prescriptions hold, of course, for all arts: do not make verses with lines of ten feet; do not compose music in a scale of fifths. Step by step we come to the prescription for a tragedy, for a symphony, for a Renaissance palace; how much more for the details of a simple drawing! Fill the space thus and thus; take care of good balance; if there is a long line on one side, make the short line on the other side nearer to the centre: these are æsthetical prescriptions which can be learned and exercised like

the laws of perspective for architectural drawing. Whenever the pupil follows the rules, his drawing will avoid disagreeable shocks to the spectator. I am free, I trust, from the suspicion that I overestimate the value of experimental psychology for teachers; I have often attacked its misuses. Here the case is quite different. Such prescriptions do not prescribe the ways of teaching, but are material of instruction. There is no other school subject for which psychology supplies such material. Mathematics and natural sciences, languages and history, are not learned in school with reference to their psychological effects. Art, however, has an absolutely exceptional position. My belief, therefore, that methods of teaching cannot be learned to-day from the psychological laboratory is no contradiction of my acknowledgment that artistic prescriptions, worthy to be taught, can be deduced from psychology. I see with great pleasure that the development in this direction goes steadily on, and that children learn easily and joyfully the ways of avoiding ugly lines and arrangements.

My objections of principle against teaching on the basis of psychological knowledge interfere much more with the pedagogical results which may perhaps be indicated by the study of the psychological causes of art. If we apply here our theoretical insight at all, the result cannot have the form, Teach your pupils to make the drawing thus and so; but the form, Teach thus and so your pupils to make a drawing. If we understand the causes which produce a beautiful drawing, and if by our teaching we can influence the central system of the child so that the causes for such production are established, then it seems that the goal is reached. But we are not only far from a full understanding; we are endlessly further from such desired influences. To know the chemical constitution of an egg does not mean the power to produce an egg which can be

hatched. We cannot make a genius, we cannot make a talent; and the psychological analysis alone indicates only slightly even how to evolve from a bad draughtsman a good one. We may make the general abstraction that constant training is a good thing; to reach such a triviality, however, we need psychology as little as we need scientific physiology to find out that eating is useful for our nourishment. Wherever psychological speculation goes further, it is finally dependent upon secondary factors which are determined by presuppositions of non-psychological character, and thus the results may be quite contradictory: the one recommends the study of nature, the other only imagination; the one proposes flowers for models, the other geometrical figures; the one lines, the other colors. Psychology listens carefully to all, but is responsible for none of these propositions. An examination of the papers which drawing-superintendents and drawing-teachers usually read at their meetings shows, indeed, that they belong for the most part to a species well known in all our educational gatherings. The first half of each paper is made up of familiar sentences taken from good textbooks of physiological psychology, — the ganglion cells of the optical centres play the chief rôle in the drawing associations, — and the second half of the paper contains a list of excellent educational suggestions; only the chief thing, the proof that the suggestions are really consequences of the textbook abstracts, is forgotten. The two parts have often not the slightest connection. The second half alone would appear commonplace, and the first alone would appear out of place; together they make a scholarly impression, even if they have nothing to do with each other.

Perhaps one other danger in these practical movements of to-day deserves mention. The fact that drawings, paintings, pictures, please us encourages the working out of technical prescriptions

from them for instruction in art ; but the pleasure must be a pure and natural one, as little as possible dependent upon fugitive fashions and capricious tastes ; and if our pleasure is a refined eccentricity, or even perversity, it is certain that we have no right to infect with it the taste of the younger generation. Seldom has this danger been so near as in our time, with its preraphaelitic and Japanese preferences, with its poster style and its stylistic restlessness. The healthy atmosphere for the taste of the child is harmonious classical beauty. The man who has passed his training in pure beauty may reach a point where a reaction against classicism is a sound and mature æsthetical desire, but to begin with eccentric realism or with mysterious symbolism in an immature age is a blunder. The educational mistake becomes worse if that style is allowed in the schoolroom which is over-indulged in our time, and which is most antagonistic to the child's mind : I mean the primitivistic style of our posters and bindings. The simple forms of primitivistic art are not a real returning to the beginnings of art, which would be quite adapted to children. No ; this style means an ironical playing with the primitive forms on the basis of a most artful art. It is masquerading with the costumes of simplicity, not real desire for simple nature ; and the spirit of irony alone makes it possible, and so dangerously attractive for our taste. If a school exhibition of drawings in the style of the Yellow Book appears to our eye pleasant and almost refreshing, after the tiresome elaborations of our own school-time, it is our moral duty to ask, not what we like, but what children ought to learn to like. Irony toward the most mature products of civilization ought not to flourish in a child's mind ; and if the ironical curves of the Beardsley style become the trained methods of children, who finally believe that they really see nature in conventionalized

poster style and use those lines thoughtlessly as patterns, the result is decidedly a perverse one. Nevertheless, the future may be wiser ; psychology will perhaps help pedagogics to find the way to develop the facility of pupils in producing fair drawings ; and if we are willing to take the hope for the fact, we may say that psychology gives to the teacher prescriptions for training the child to draw better and better, and, above all, prescriptions which the child itself can learn, prescriptions for the composition and arrangement of a drawing which shall please others. Art can thus be fully described psychologically and explained with regard both to its conditions and to its effects, and both groups of facts can become suggestive for the construction of rules for the teaching of drawing. The relations of psychology and art are then important and suggestive ones ; and yet, is that our final word ? Has philosophy nothing else to say ?

I know quite well that there are plenty of men who would say, Yes, that is the whole story. I think, however, the number is increasing of those who see that while half a truth is true as far as its half goes, half a truth is a lie if it pretends to be the whole. It seems to me, indeed, that this psychological scheme is one-sided, and that our time confronts dangers for its ideal life if triumphant psychology crushes under its feet every idealistic opposition. It is with art here exactly as with science and with morality. Psychology proclaims : We can describe and explain every thought of science and every decision of morality from an atomistic naturalistic point of view ; we can understand it as the necessary result of the foregoing psycho-physical conditions. There is then no absolute truth in science, no absolute virtue in morality ; duties are trained associations, and the value of our actions, as of our thinking, lies in their agreeable effects. Art easily joins the others ; if there is no truth and no vir-

tue which is more than the product of the circumstances, then there is no beauty which has absolute value; then beauty has no other meaning than that which psychology describes; it is the effect of some psychological processes, and the cause of some agreeable psychological results; and if we are careful to prepare those conditions and to insure that outcome, then we have done all that the æsthetical luxury of society can wish for its entertainment.

I do not deny the right of psychology to consider the world of beautiful creations from such a point of view, and as a psychologist I do my best to help in such investigations; but I cannot forget that this view-point is an artificial one for living, real art; that it is artificial both for the subject who creates art and for the subject who enjoys art; that it is artificial wherever art is felt in its full meaning.

I say that psychology has its full right of way within its own limits; it has limits, however, and they are much narrower than the superficial impression may make us believe. Psychology has to describe and to explain mental life; but description and explanation are possible only for objects. Explanation always presupposes description, and the very idea of description presupposes the existence of objects. Psychology considers mental life, therefore, only in so far as it can be thought as a series of existing objects, — objects which exist in consciousness as physical objects exist in space.

We have not to ask here why it is important for the purposes of life and thought to consider the mental world as if it were a world of objects. We are sure that in the primary reality our inner life does not mean to us such a world of objects only. Our perceptions and conceptions may reach us as objects, while our feelings, our emotions, our judgments, our volitions, do not come in question with us first as objects which

we passively perceive, but as activities which we live out, as activities the reality of which cannot be described and causally explained; it must be felt and understood and interpreted. In short, we are not merely passive subjects with a world of conscious objects; we are willing subjects, whose acts of will have not less reality in spite of the fact that they are no objects at all. To consider the mental world, including the feeling and will, psychologically means an artificial transformation and substitution which may have its value for special purposes, but which leads us away from reality. The reality of the will and feeling and judgment does not belong to the describable world, but to a world which has to be appreciated; it has to be linked, therefore, not by the categories of cause and effect, but by those of meaning and value. And in this world of will relations grows and blossoms and flowers Art.

Let us examine the characteristics of this great network of will attitudes, in which the personality feels itself a willing subject, and acknowledges all other subjects as volitional also. One distinction is of paramount importance: our will may be thought of as an individual attitude, or it may arise with the meaning of an over-individual decision that demands acknowledgment by every subject, and that is willed, therefore, independently of our merely personal desires. It is an act of will which is meant as necessary for every subject, which ought to be acted by everybody: we call it duty. From a purely psychological standpoint, the will thought as object is determined in any case, — the virtuous act as well as the crime, the nonsensical judgment as well as the wise one. From the critical standpoint of reality, the special will decision is necessary if it belongs to the very nature of will, binds every will, not by natural law, but by obligation; and it can be and is unnecessary if it is merely personal arbitrariness.

This doubleness of duty and arbitrariness in our will repeats itself in every division of possible will activities, and there exist four such departments of relations of will to the world, four possibilities of reacting on the world. First, the subject may change the objects of the world by his actions; secondly, may decide for additional supplements to the given objects; thirdly, may transform the objects in his thought so that they form a connection; and fourthly, may transform the objects so that they stand each for itself. If these four possible subjective acts are performed by the individual personal arbitrary will, they represent individual values. The actions toward the world are then such changes of the objects as are useful and practical for our comfort; the supplementations are then the play of our fancy and imagination; the connections are then expressions of our hope or fear; the isolations, finally, are means to our personal enjoyment. These four functions may be carried out also as functions of the deeper, over-individual, necessary will; that is, as functions of duty. Those actions which alter and change the objective world are then moral actions; the ideas which supplement the world make up religion; those transformations which bring out a connection between the objects of the world compose scientific truth; and finally, those transformations which isolate the objects, so that they stand each for itself, form the domain of beauty.

Truth and beauty thus represent duties, logical and æsthetical duties, just as morality represents ethical duties. We choose and form the physical axiom in science so, and not otherwise, because our will is bound by duty to do so; that is, only that particular decision of our affirming will can demand acknowledgment by every subject; and thus art chooses the forms and lines, the colors and curves, of the Sistine Madonna just so, and not otherwise, because only this

decision of the creating will is as it ought to be, as duty prescribes, as it can demand that every willing subject ought to acknowledge it. Everything in this world is beautiful, and is a joy forever if it is so transformed that it does not suggest anything else than itself, that it contains all elements for the fulfillment of the whole in itself. We do not ask for the arms and legs of the person whose marble bust the artist gives us, and we do not ask for his complexion either. We do not ask how the field and forest look outside of the frame of the landscape painting, and we do not ask what the persons in the drama have done before and will do after the story. Our works of art are not in our space and not in our time; their frame is their own world, which they never transcend. Real art makes us forget that the painting is only a piece of canvas, and that Hamlet is only an actor, and not the prince. We forget the connections, we abstract from all relations, we think of the object in itself; and whenever we do so, we proceed æsthetically. And if we enjoy the great works of art, the essential function is not the individual enjoyment of our senses and feelings, like the enjoyment in eating and drinking; no, it is the volitional acknowledgment of the will of the artist. We will with him; and if we appreciate his work as beautiful, we acknowledge that it is as we feel that it ought to be; that our will of thinking that particle of the world is lifted to its duties; that we have transcended the sphere of merely personal arbitrariness and its desires and agreeable fulfillments; that we have reached the sphere of the over-individual values. Whoever understands art as will function believes in art and appreciates it as a world of duties; psychology has not to try to understand it as such, but to transform it into something else, into a set of objects which have causes and effects. Psychology must destroy the deepest meaning of art, just as it dis-

regards the deepest meaning of truth and morality, if it tries to present its view as the last word about our inner activities.

And if art is thus a realization of duties which have their real meaning in this acknowledgment of the will, in what light should we see all these technical rules and prescriptions for facilitating in the child the production of artistic works, and for preventing him from making disagreeable drawings? Those rules and prescriptions remain quite good and valid. They do for real beauty and art just what the police and the prisons on the one side, the training of habits and manners on the other side, do for real morality. Nobody will underestimate the value of the fact that our children learn through training a thousand habits which keep them as a matter of course out of conflict with the laws, and that police and jails remind them again and again, Do not leave the safe tracks. Whoever lives a noble life, however, means by morality and duty something else and something higher. Habits and jails do not insure that in an important conflict of life, where personal interests stand against duty, the bad action may not triumph. Only a conscience which is penetrated by morality stands safe in all storms, and such a conscience is not brought out by technical prescriptions, nor by punishments and jails; no, only by the obligatory power of will upon will, by the inspiring life of subjects we acknowledge, by the example of the heroes of duty, that speaks directly from will to will, and for which we cannot substitute psychological training and police officers. And thus the duty of art. Do not believe that the easier production of a not disagreeable drawing means a positive gain for real art and beauty: it raises the standard, it uplifts the level

of æsthetic production, just as the standard of moral behavior is lifted by the existence of a watchful police, and it is extremely important. Do not forget, however, that æsthetical life also needs not only the policeman's function, but above all the minister's and helper's function; in other words, not technical rules, but duties; not easy production, but convictions; not knowledge of psychological effects, but belief in absolute values.

This attitude becomes the more important as this whole view shows that the world of art is in no way subordinate to or less true than the world of science. The reality is neither that which the scientist describes nor that which the artist sketches; both are transformations for a special purpose. The scientist, we have seen, transforms for the purpose of connection, and in that service he constructs atoms which exist nowhere but in his thought. The artist transforms in the interest of isolation, and in that service he constructs his drawings. The mechanical process of drawing as such is, of course, not art in itself; it is the mental means of expression which can communicate science as well as art. Just as words can serve Shakespeare as well as Darwin, so lines and curves can serve the mathematician and the physicist as well as the artist; the purpose alone separates the poet from the biologist, the scientist from the artist. And if art thus means a world which is exactly as true and valuable as the world of science, let us not forget that the school lesson in drawing means contact with this world of art, — that is, with the special spirit of æsthetic duties; and that every drawing-teacher ought to be, not an æsthetical policeman only, but an inspiring believer in these sacred æsthetic duties.

Hugo Münsterberg.

CONFESSIONS OF THREE SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS.

I.

I AM superintendent of schools in a New England city, and have been in my present position a number of years. I held a similar position in another city for a considerable time. These experiences, with my previous experiences as a principal, have made me acquainted with school boards and school management. No man can be superintendent of schools for a number of years without seeing mistakes that he himself and other superintendents make, nor without desiring various changes in the public school system. Some confessions concerning school committees, teachers, courses of study, and superintendents I wish to make, in the hope that thoughtful men may ponder these things, and use their influence to effect some much-needed changes.

The majority of every school board consists of honorable, high-minded men, anxious for the good of the schools. Among more than two hundred men under whom I have served I have formed a large number of warm friendships, and to most of them I have been indebted for strong support; yet I have never had a school committee a majority of whose members could be relied upon to vote always for what they believed to be the interests of the schools, regardless of "pulls."

"Pulls" affect chiefly two matters, — the selection of textbooks and the appointment of teachers.

As to textbooks a great many members of my school committees have always voted conscientiously. Of books whose sale is not large, — high school books, reference books, supplementary reading, — the selections have usually been made on the recommendation of myself and the teachers who are to use

the books. The case is entirely different with books whose sale is large and profitable, such as readers, arithmetics, geographies, grammars, copy-books, and spelling-books. The rival publishers' agents divide the committee into two or three hostile camps, and arouse an anxiety on the part of many of the school committee for the success of their side only less intense than the agents themselves feel.

I have learned to keep out of book fights. I hasten to profess neutrality and to maintain a dignified reserve on the question, even to the extent of displeasing my friends who really desire my advice as to which is the best book. Doubtless this confession will read to some like the words of a coward. But why should a superintendent ruin his chances of success in things more vital to the schools than the use of this or that arithmetic?

I am on good terms with book agents. I find them always genial and well informed. It is a pleasure to chat with them, but it will not do to make them any promises.

The larger book houses employ two kinds of agents: the skirmishers and the beaters-up of the bush, and the men who do the heavy work when the crisis comes. The latter usually keep away from me. If they meet me, they hasten to say that "they respect my position, and will be careful not to involve me in the struggle."

My school committee at the present time is of considerable size, and is managed by a very few men who have made an alliance offensive and defensive for all school purposes. Probably the citizens generally do not understand this, but it is known to all the school committee, and acquiesced in by all. A few chafe under it, — some because they do

not belong to the ring, and others because they see the thorough selfishness of the management; but no one rebels. The managers mean to have good schools; they are far-seeing men, to whom a definite policy can be presented with the certainty that it will be comprehended, and the probability that it will be approved unless it will affect unfavorably some of their friends.

"Working for one's friends," in itself a praiseworthy thing and accounted by politicians the highest virtue, is the bane of the schools. The average committee man looks at all questions from this point of view, "How will it affect me and my friends?" not, "How will it affect the schools?" The man who can get upon a school committee is the man who is most in earnest to help his friends. This man is usually a politician or one who aspires to political influence. The man next to him in evil influence is likely to be the pastor of a church, for whose members and their sons and daughters he must do what he can to find places or to maintain them in their places. The politician is looking for him, and quickly offers his aid. The good clergyman, in return for the aid of the politician in securing a place for A, "who is a worthy case," agrees to vote for B, of whom he knows little, and as to whom he shuts his eyes if the revelations are likely to trouble his conscience. Then there is the doctor who feels under obligations to his patients, or to those for whom his patients request his favor.

The best members of a school committee are lawyers and business men who handle large enterprises. These men are more independent than others, and have broader views. A scheme of instruction or a plan of management will be considered by them on its merits, and not solely with reference to its effect on certain individuals.

What use in talking to a man about some plan for improving the teaching

force of a city, when the main query in his mind is, "How will this affect my chances of getting teachers appointed, or how will it serve my other interests?" This personal question and the combinations made to effect its satisfactory answer are what is meant by "school politics."

In twenty years of school teaching and superintending I have not known any school question to be decided by Democrats or Republicans as such. I have read and heard that such influences have affected other superintendents, but they have never affected me.

So far as the appointment and retention of teachers are concerned, the whole foundation of evil is broadly covered by this unblushing declaration of a San Francisco school director:—

"I was brought up in this town, and of course have a certain number of friends who want and expect positions. Each director appoints his own friends and relatives, and their names are never questioned by the elementary committee, nor by the full board when it meets to elect candidates. That is a courtesy which is extended by every director to each of his fellow directors,—the minority, of course, excepted."

My own experience is that school committee men act upon the same principle in New England as in California, though they are less outspoken about it.

The appointment of teachers is as well managed as are other city appointments. The poor get relief, the streets are laid out, the police are selected, not on the sole basis of the best service to the public, but, in many cases, on the plan of every man getting as much for his neighborhood or his friends as possible. An alderman who cannot get work on the streets or in the parks for his constituents, who has small influence in securing places on the police force or in the fire department, will have small chance of reelection, in many wards.

A remedy for the evils connected with

appointments must be found in a change of public sentiment. "Public office is a public trust," and not a "private snap." A generation of schoolchildren must be trained to right views on such questions. The schools must share in the general moral uplift; yea, more, they must stand apart from ordinary municipal departments as something to be managed on a higher moral plane.

The evil influence of the appointment of teachers by means of "pulls" does not appear so much in the character of the persons appointed as it does in the demoralization of the body of teachers. It removes a strong incentive to personal improvement. If appointments depend on "pulls," so may promotions and transfers. Each teacher feels secure in her position as long as she has a friend who has influence, or who is on friendly terms with some one who has it. It has several times happened to me that teachers who have been admonished of some neglect, mistake, or inefficiency have gone to their friends for protection, instead of avoiding danger by trying to do better.

I would not, however, leave the false impression that dealing with teachers who fail in their work and depend upon influence to keep their positions is one of the chief troubles of a superintendent. His greatest difficulty with teachers is with those — and their name is legion — who are conscientious and painstaking, anxious to do well, always doing their best, and yet from lack of vigor and adaptation failing to become efficient. A superintendent, even if he have the heart to dismiss such teachers, will rarely find either his committee or the public supporting his action; for no one but himself realizes how schools suffer from such teachers.

While making "confessions," I must not neglect to confess that when myself a teacher, I always tried to get the poorest third of each class to do all the work laid down in the course of study. This

was a constant struggle, and always a partial failure. The very poorest were dropped to the grade below, or left behind at the class promotion; while many, with much sighing on their part and urging on my part, often by grace and not by right, obtained promotion. When I became a superintendent the same plan was continued for a time, as I then knew no better way.

Such struggle and partial accomplishment are not the right processes for intellectual development, and through them the moral nature receives much harm. Perhaps the results to the most capable pupils are quite as damaging as to the poorest ones. Tied down to those inferior in speed, they have fretted at the slow progress, if they were ambitious; or they have grown indifferent, disposed to dillydallying, if they quietly accepted the conditions. Their loss includes not merely the failure to gain what might have been gained, but also the habit of half-hearted effort. More and more I sympathize with bright pupils, for our public schools often fail to meet their needs and give them inspiration.

The remedy for these evils is not far to seek. Make the course of study for the slower, weaker pupils, and let the brighter ones go faster or take additional work. In the primary and lower grammar grades, the first of these alternatives is the correct one; in the higher grammar grades and in the high school, additional work in a heavier course is the proper remedy. The bright pupils ought to work as hard as the dull ones. The teacher of the bright division ought to work as hard as the teacher of the slower division, — in the one case in laying out more work, in the other in seeking simpler explanations.

The superintendent is less secure in his position than the humblest teacher. In all the large towns in New England, whatever their nominal term, teachers have practically life tenure of office. They need but to do their duty, and only

their duty, to hold their positions past the days of their most efficient service. Whatever may have happened outside my range of observation, within it I have never known a teacher to lose a position that he deserved to retain.

The superintendent must stand the shocks. He is the victim of the political overturns. He must defend all the teachers unjustly assailed, making their cause his own. Protecting a teacher in her control of her school may bring him into collision with an irate and influential citizen. All general failures and most special ones are laid at his door.

If the superintendent amounts to much, he will be found in the way of the plans of unscrupulous persons and their selfish interests. If he amounts to little, he will be accused of inefficiency and lack of backbone. The superintendent who loses his place is often superior to him who retains his place. The fact of holding or losing one's place is no proof of real merit.

The superintendencies in the small towns are more difficult to fill than those in the large towns. The duties are more multifarious, tempests arise on smaller provocations, there is more gossip, and one or two citizens are more likely to control the fate of the superintendent. A man who remains several years at his post in a small town, and is respected by all citizens as a sincere and capable official who is making excellent schools, may with safety and profit be transferred to take the place of a superintendent in a large town who is never heard from as accomplishing anything either by action or by inhibition.

The superintendent in a large town is less under watch and ward. He can differentiate his system and try experiments without incurring expense or distracting the teachers. He has a better opportunity for intellectual and professional growth. He can concentrate his efforts on the professional rather than on the business side of his work, and

become an expert whose judgment carries weight in all educational matters.

But in any place, small or large, that superintendent will in the long run be most secure who stands honestly, decidedly, and yet courteously, for right methods, good teachers, and fair dealing.

II.

As in most communities in the South and West, the prevailing sentiment regarding schools and school-teaching here where I serve is that the schoolroom is a very proper place to pension indigent gentlewomen. Teaching is regarded as a dignified calling for anybody in indigent circumstances who is unable to do any other work. This is generally the kind of application one hears: "I have a young friend who has been through the high school, whose father is dead, and who is obliged to support her mother. She is a nice girl and a good girl, and I want you to help me get her a school."

"Has she any preparation for teaching? Has she ever attended a normal school, or studied with reference to teaching?"

"Oh no, but I think she will make you a good teacher, and I want you to give her a trial."

Such an argument does not convince the superintendent, but it is very persuasive with kind-hearted members of the board of education. So they supplement the request that the young lady may have a fair trial at the examination. "Be easy on her for her father's sake."

Upon one occasion I made a report to the board of education, in which I took strong ground in favor of allowing only those to teach in our public schools who had a normal training or who were experienced teachers. The president of the board met me afterward and remarked that the report was excellent in theory, but in these degenerate times it was impracticable.

Since then some of my theories in regard to teachers have changed. I have found very fine teaching power in some young women who never saw the inside of a normal school, and whose record for scholarship in our local high schools was not the best. They had that unexamined, indefinable power of controlling, interesting, and instructing children that seems to be an endowment. No normal school can give this ability, and no lack of normal school training can take it away. The best that a normal school can do is to develop the teaching talent and direct the teaching power, so that the born teacher will not waste time in learning her own strength by practicing on her pupils.

We must come to this proposition in our town and in other towns, namely, that a teacher can be discovered only by her teaching, and the best examination possible is a trial in the schoolroom. Given a young woman who appears to have all the requisites, — a good education, good health, and a fair knowledge of what the demands of the schoolroom are, — and the only true way to proceed is to give her three months, or longer if advisable, as a trial. She will then show what she can do, and I do not believe that a satisfactory test can be made in any other way.

I have two cases in point. Several years ago a young woman came to me for a school, and as I talked with her I made up my mind that she would not be a good teacher. She became a candidate before the board for a position, however, and her friends were active. I could do nothing but consent "to give her a trial," though I looked upon the trial as likely to be a failure, and I so expressed myself. To my utmost surprise, the young woman walked into the schoolroom, took up the reins of management, showed pluck and ingenuity, read all the books she could get hold of, and at the end of three years was the leading teacher of her grade in the city.

To-day her grade work is the model for younger teachers, who love to see "how easily she manages."

On the other hand, I observed in a rural school a young woman who I thought was the very person I needed for a certain kind of work in the city schools. I made it my business to see the board of education, and guaranteed the excellence of her work. I staked my reputation as a superintendent on her ability to teach. The board consented, and I sent for the young woman and told her of my recommendations. To my chagrin, she seemed lost from the day she began. She never saw the difference between an ungraded rural school of thirty pupils and a graded school of fifty pupils. Her previous training had ruined her for other work, and she did not get control of the situation. She struggled on for three years, and then she left the profession for the better field of matrimony.

One of the most perplexing problems that ever confronted a superintendent is what to do with an old, poor, and thoroughly inefficient teacher. I have such a problem before me now. On one side there are the pupils, who are poorly taught and badly disciplined. Their time is practically wasted, and the people say it is a shame to keep such a person upon the teaching corps. The taxpayers also complain that the board ought to have the courage to discharge the aged and incompetent teacher; but this complaint is made in a very quiet and confidential way. On the other side is the fact that the old lady has served the board thirty years, has been a faithful teacher, is now old and poor, and to discharge her means the poorhouse for her and several dependents. There is absolutely nobody to take care of her. Should we discharge her, the very persons who say that she ought to be dismissed would rise up and declare it was an outrage to put an old servant out. The very parents who say their

children are learning nothing would sign a paper declaring they were perfectly satisfied, and the superintendent would be regarded as a heartless wretch, and the board of education as a soulless corporation. The law says we cannot pension her, and so we are now quietly awaiting the time when, having served her day and several generations of children, she will be called to her deserved rest. Perhaps, after all, this is best. We are but human, and one case out of nearly two hundred will not seriously affect us.

Sometimes, indeed many times, the people themselves are the source of our troubles. Theoretically, public opinion controls all public institutions. But this acts directly in some instances, and indirectly in other instances. In all the cases above mentioned the action was indirect, in that it had to exert itself first upon the members of the board. But now I come to speak of the direct contact of the public and the schools. Let me cite an illustration. The board decided to introduce physical culture in the schools, and for that purpose employed a young lady from a distance who knew her business thoroughly. She prepared some blank forms of inquiry about the physical tendencies of the pupils, and gave each one a copy to be filled out at home. The director wanted a diagnosis of each child, in order to inform herself and the grade teacher of any physical defect, such as heart disease, tendency to headache, dizziness, and the like. This was a reasonable request, but it raised a storm in town. Not more than one parent in ten would send in a report, and from those who responded we had an amusing lot of answers. One man wrote across the blank, "None of this for me. Give my boy more reading and arithmetic." Another one said his boy's indigestion was "very good." In response to the query, "Are the shoulders even?" one man said, "The right shoulder is, but the left shoulder is a lit-

tle off." The ancillary expansion of the children varied from nothing to one hundred inches. In short, the replies were worthless, and a good scheme was abandoned because the public would not stand such "nonsense."

Some time ago tardiness had proved to be a great nuisance, and we resolved to stop it, if we could, by closing the doors to all tardy pupils. We resolved to send them back to their homes to get a written excuse stating the reason for their being late. We hoped in this way to reduce the tardiness from five per cent to one per cent of the attendance. We thought that an allowance of one per cent was reasonable. The order was published, announcements were duly made to the pupils, and the fun began. The very first day that notes were required a dozen pupils were sent home, and did not return that day. The next day they came with insulting notes from their parents to the effect that our rules were tyrannical and illegal. One parent wrote, "My son was tardy because he was late; the reason therefor is none of your business." Others were of like import. One man went to the president of the board and gave the school system a sound rating for its rigidity; the same man had said, a few months before, that the laxity of discipline was a disgrace. The board, however, stood by its rules, and tardiness has almost disappeared.

I have found, in my experience of fifteen years, that some people will abuse any school official who stands up for what is best, but that the public will always respect him for it. Everybody likes a strong government, and has a contempt for a weak one. If one wants to have an easy time and a poor school system, he need only let things go in any fashion, and he and his schools will sleepily drift into general contempt. If he wants to have a hard time and a good school system, let him bare his front to the storm of criticism and abuse, and he

and his schools will surely win their way to general respect.

III.

My experience as superintendent of schools has been chiefly in two cities, each having a population of more than fifty thousand. In character and general municipal life these cities may be said to be polar opposites. In one there is a high degree of general intelligence, a good public spirit, a pure city government, and the schools are absolutely free from those various adverse influences which are the bane of public schools in so many cities. The school board is composed of a high class of citizens, and the people are loyal to the schools. In the other city there was, a dozen years ago, when I knew it, an exceedingly low grade of intelligence, a low moral tone, an indifference to schools and to education in general, and the board was composed of men the majority of whom were ignorant, and some of them, it was well known, were corrupt. I believe that, during the two years and a half of my work there, I met with nearly all the most embarrassing conditions under which a school superintendent is ever called to work.

In this city the board consisted of fifty-two members, — four from each of thirteen wards. Since I left it, enough wards have been created to make the membership of the board sixty-four. The members were nominated and elected by wards, each ward voting only for its own representatives. The meetings of the board suggested meetings of the state legislature, and there were the caucusing, the "log-rolling," and the partisanship of a political convention whenever questions of importance came up. There was a sprinkling of intelligent men, enough to constitute an efficient board; the rest of the members were men who could not speak grammatically, and some of them were known in the community as men of low morals, who were

not fit to come in contact either with women teachers or with children in the schools. I remember that one night at eleven o'clock I saw the president of the board leaning against a tree at the curbstone, so intoxicated that a fellow member of the board, who happened to be with him, had to lead him home. This was not an unusual occurrence; he was known as a very dissipated man at the time he was elected president. He had the support of a majority of the members until his conduct in the meetings of the board became a public scandal. The low moral tone of the board was felt throughout the schools. Teachers depended on favoritism and political "pulls," instead of on merit, for promotion, and some were kept in their positions who were not only incompetent, but also of objectionable character. The principal of one of the high schools was known to be untruthful, absolutely untrustworthy in money matters, and an unprincipled man generally; yet he had the support of a majority of the board for a number of years.

By a provision of the city charter the board consisted of an equal number of Republicans and Democrats; but instead of becoming non-partisan under this arrangement, it became bi-partisan. No teachers not residents of the city could be elected to positions in the schools below the high schools, and nearly all the teachers in the high schools were residents. The appointments were almost entirely made through favoritism. Political affiliations, church associations, and business relations between the friends of applicants and members of the board determined appointments to schools. The term "politics" as applied to school affairs is not always clearly understood. No question is raised as to the political party to which a teacher belongs or with which he sympathizes; the only question is whether his appointment will procure the political influence of his friends at the next

election. It ought to be said that church influence is often more embarrassing to a superintendent than politics, and I have myself been hampered by deacons and pastors in my efforts to do the best thing for the schools. In the city above referred to there was a woman at the head of one of the high schools who was personally a very estimable woman, but who was entirely incompetent. The reason why she could not be removed was not political. The pastor of one of the leading churches and one of the judges of the superior court objected so strongly to her removal that the board were afraid to take the step. Ministers, through a mistaken sympathy, often allow themselves to indorse incompetent teachers, and so help to block the way for better things in the schools. In fact, a recommendation of a teacher by her pastor seldom has any weight whatever. I usually throw such documents into the waste-paper basket when applicants send them to me, unless I am personally acquainted with the minister and know that he is competent to form a critical judgment of a teacher's work. I have made confession of a professional secret which it may do no serious harm to divulge.

In the same city, where houses were erected by the school board and all contracts pertaining to the schools were awarded by the board, there was a temptation for a certain class of men to seek election to the board who could not be tempted into the public "service" by any desire to advance the public interest. Some of them secured appointments upon the building committee. It was well known that bids for contracts were opened before all bids were handed in, and "pointers" were given to late bidders. Some of these men were constantly found on the textbook committee, and agents of publishing houses had to meet them on ground sufficiently low to reach their official good will. In a certain book contest, one

young, inexperienced agent told me he gave one member of the committee money to take a trip to the seashore. To gain the good will of another, he said he accompanied him not only to saloons, but to worse places. He lost the contest, and was afterward discharged by the publisher whom he represented. In this contest, another publisher employed a special agent who was a politician, and was willing to resort to means which the regular agent could not be asked to employ. Much has been said about corruption in the relations between publishing houses and school boards. My observation has been that it all depends on the moral character of the board. Publishers will not resort to means lower than is absolutely necessary to obtain trade, and I have known some to refuse to have anything to do with book contests because of the dishonesty of the textbook committee. The agents of most of our publishing houses are college-bred men, high-minded, and are willing to put their business on as high a plane as school boards will permit them. In short, where school boards are pure, the textbook business is honorably conducted.

The first thing to do, therefore, to elevate and improve the public schools is to secure a higher grade of people to serve on school boards. The public schools of Chicago are a more important trust to administer than Chicago University; likewise, the public schools of Philadelphia and of New York are more important trusts to administer than either the University of Pennsylvania or Columbia University; and yet who would be willing to say that even a majority of the members of any school board which these cities have ever had would be suitable persons to elect as members of the boards of trustees of these institutions? Fortunately, there are always a few men of eminent worth and good ability on these boards, but they seldom constitute a majority.

A reform cannot be brought about by moral force alone. Legislation is necessary. The school systems of most of our cities require a thorough reconstruction.

In the first place, the size of school boards must be reduced. The number should rarely exceed one member for every ten thousand of population, except in very small cities. In the large cities the number should be made considerably less than this. Such reduction in numbers will be made possible, however, only by reducing the work now done gratuitously by members, and giving it into the hands of paid expert agents who are to work under the general supervision of the board. At present, members of school boards are obliged to spend a very considerable portion of their time in attending to details which can be managed much more efficiently by paid experts. Business men of unusual ability, and of large business interests of their own to look after, cannot afford to accept positions on a school board under existing conditions. The only way to secure the services of such men is to relieve the boards of official details, and to require of them only the direction of the general policy and work of the schools.

In the second place, all ward representations in school boards should be abolished. Every member should be a "member at large" and should represent the whole city. When members are elected by wards, the local ward politician dictates the election. A "clean" ward will send a good man; a ward in which the lower element is concentrated almost invariably elects a man who is not suitable for such a position. The ward politicians, controlling the ward elections, control later the official acts of members thus elected. Hence this system of election is a source of political corruption of the school board, and through it of the schools. Nomination from wards and election at large

produce better results, for the whole city has a voice at the polls in determining who shall represent each ward. But this method of election is also objectionable, because in the business wards of cities of even moderate size it is often impossible to find a single resident who is a suitable person to serve on a school board.

There is no one method of selecting a school board that is best for all cities. In some cities the local conditions are such that appointment by the mayor is the best method; in others, like Philadelphia, appointment by the judges of the courts seems to be fairly satisfactory. In the majority of cities, however, election by popular ballot is undoubtedly the best method.

In the third place, there should be an entire separation between the educational part and the business part of the administration of the public school system in our large cities. There should be an agent for the business department and a superintendent of instruction for the educational department, each of whom should be directly responsible to the board.

In the fourth place, the educational department should be intrusted more largely than it has been to the superintendent of instruction. I fail to see a good reason why there should be a committee of the board called "Committee on Course of Study." The making of a course of study is the work of an educational expert. The more intelligent a school committee, the more the members shrink from such a responsibility. Yet in some of our larger cities the superintendent is barely consulted when the course of study is to be revised. I see little occasion, also, for a committee on textbooks. Textbooks should be selected by the superintendent after free consultation with the teachers who are to use them.

There must be more concentration of responsibility, and consequently of au-

thority, in the administration of school affairs. There is probably no other public official, of equal ability, intelligence, and character, who has so little real legal authority as a superintendent of schools. The mayor of a city, as a rule, has no more ability, and usually has less education, than the superintendent of schools, and yet he has very much more authority. Likewise the judges of our courts, with a life tenure, have immensely more power than men who are their equals and are engaged in superintending public schools. "One man power" becomes dangerous only when it is not linked with "one man responsibility."

In the fifth place, where the school board is elected directly by the people, and is therefore directly responsible to the people, it ought to be financially independent of the rest of the city government. It ought to have charge not only of the schools and the teachers, but also of the schoolhouses and the janitors. The city council ought to have no authority to determine how much money is to be spent on schools and school buildings. This is the only solution of the embarrassing problem of securing sufficient school room for the school population of our large cities. Cities like New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Chicago fail to build schoolhouses fast enough to keep pace with the growth of population, not because they cannot afford it or because the taxpayers are unwilling to be taxed more heavily for such a purpose, but because the politicians in the city government want the money for other purposes.

In the sixth place, I wish there might be an ordinance in every city providing that any person who has been a member of the school board shall be ineligible to any other city office for two or three years after his term of office on the school board expires. In this way, political favors done while on the school board could not at once be returned in some other form, and a position on the school board could not be made so directly as at present a stepping-stone into some "higher" municipal office. There are no doubt legal, and in some states possibly constitutional difficulties in the way of enacting such an ordinance, but it would go far toward eliminating ambitious politicians from school boards.

Finally, I desire to say that I have the good fortune to live in a city in which the schools are absolutely free from political influence and from every other adverse influence; a city in which there has been no such thing as a contest over textbooks for at least ten years, in which it takes from five to ten minutes to vote out an inferior book and vote in a better one, when a change seems desirable; a city in which there is no demand for "home talent" that leads to a system of inbreeding which is the curse of many school systems, but in which teachers are employed who come from any part of the country, the only questions asked being such as relate to their qualifications and efficiency. The superintendent has all the freedom and power which any one can desire, and is held, as he should be, strictly responsible for results.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

XXXVIII.

THE bell on the top of the Cohue Royale clattered like the tongue of a scolding fishwife. For it was the opening day of the Assise d'Héritage, and the governor with his suite; the lieutenant-bailly with his dozen jurats, like so many parochial apostles; the avocats with their knowledge of l'ancien coûtume de Normandie and the devious inroads made upon it by the customs of Jersey; the seigneurs and the dames des fiefs, — all were invited to assemble at the opening of this court, from which there was no appeal save to themselves, or by their own consent to the King's Privy Council.

This particular session of the Cour d'Héritage was to proceed with unusual spirit and importance; for after the King's proclamation was read, the Royal Court and the states were to present the formal welcome of the island to Admiral Prince Philip d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy; likewise to offer a bounty to every Jerseyman enlisting under him.

The island was en fête. There had not been such a year of sensations since the battle of Jersey. The breaking out of the present war with France had been exciting, but the subsequent duties of guarding the coast, imposed upon every able-bodied citizen, proved so monotonous that the trial and interrupted hanging of Mattingley, the discovery of Olivier Delagarde's crime and his escape, and the return of Philip d'Avranche had thrilled the impressionable islanders into chattering demonstration.

This 4th of October was to be still more notable, for a figure quite as remarkable in the history of Jersey as Philip d'Avranche, and as distinguished elsewhere, was returning to the island upon business of importance.

He was not a native; he was not English. A dissipated stripling of the French court, he had come to Jersey with the filibuster Rullecour. He was returning now upon no business of invasion, but in pursuit of that justice for some one else which every Jerseyman is intent to secure for himself. He had come before in the night, to spoil and to conquer; he came now in the open morning, to maintain that the things which were God's be not given to Cæsar. It was Comte Détrican de Tournay.

A short time before, Détrican had chanced to find in the prison of a captured town in Brittany a clergyman of England bearing the name of Lorenzo Dow, who, after four years of confinement, was dying as apathetically as he had always lived. He had been taken captive at the breaking out of the war, had been thrown into prison, and lost sight of by the British government, as also by the ravenous French administration. When Détrican discovered him on his bed of straw in a miserable dungeon, he was lying calmly asleep, with his fingers between the leaves of a book of meditations. He was forthwith taken to Détrican's own quarters, and there he died peacefully within a few days; remarking almost with his last breath that it was taking advantage of time to read the New Testament in translation.

Détrican had known Lorenzo Dow in Jersey, and in their brief conversations before the sick man died he discussed many things which troubled and confounded him. He learned of the marriage of Guida and Philip, and there passed into his hands the little black leather-covered journal which was a record of the life of Lorenzo Dow in Jersey and elsewhere. In this book were the details of the fateful marriage.

Détricand had buried Lorenzo Dow, and then in a lull of warfare had set out in search of Philip d'Avranche. Before he did so, however, he had had a secret meeting, under truce, with General Grandjon-Larisse, of the Republican army, to whom he told the story of Guida and Philip. From that moment Grandjon-Larisse and Détricand had an office of honor to perform, but the former must first proceed to Paris on business pertaining to the army; and thus it happened that Détricand alone, after four years of famous service in a hopeless war, returned to Jersey to find Philip d'Avranche.

During every hour that passed between his secretly leaving Grandjon-Larisse at Angers and his reaching Roque Platte, where he had landed, an invader, so many years before, his indignant strength of purpose grew. Immediately he set foot on Jersey, with an officer attached to his person and two soldiers of his legion he proceeded to the Church of St. Michael's, where the marriage of Philip and Guida had been performed. There, to his consternation, he learned that the register of births, marriages, and deaths had long since disappeared.

So far as he knew, the only record left was the little black journal got from the Reverend Lorenzo Dow. This was now in his own pocket.

Returning to the town, and skirting it to avoid observation, Détricand came up the Rue des Sablons, intending to seek Elie Mattingley and the Chevalier du Champsavoy at the house in the Rue d'Egypte; but as he passed, seeing the house of Jean Touzel, he dismounted, knocked, and, not waiting to be admitted, entered.

Maitresse Aimable did not keep her seat, as she had done on Philip's entrance, a few days before. She rose slowly, a smile lighting her face that but now was clouded, and made essay to curtsy. Maitresse Aimable knew well

whom she should honor herself in honoring, and the red cross and red heart of the Vendée on the chieftain's coat wiped out in her mind any doubtful memory of the idle, hard-drinking Savary *dit* Détricand, and established this new Détricand in her favor.

From Aimable's mouthpiece, Jean, he learned all: what had chanced to Mattingley and Carterette, to Ranulph and his father, everything concerning Guida and her child, and of to-day's proceedings at the Cour d'Héritage. The tale had scarce been told when the bell of the court-house began to ring.

Long before *chicane-chicane* clanged out over the Vier Marchi the body of the court was filled. The lieutenant-governor, the lieutenant-bailly, the jurats, the military, arrived and took their places; the officers of the navy arrived, — all save one, and he was to be the chief figure of this function. With each arrival the people cheered and the trumpets blared. The crowds in the Vier Marchi turned to the booths for refreshment, or to the printing-machine set up by La Pyramide, and bought half-penny chap-sheets telling of recent defeats of the French, — though mostly they told in ebullient words of the sea fight which had made Philip d'Avranche an admiral, and of his elevation to a sovereign dukedom.

Since the battle of Jersey the Vier Marchi had not been so full or so tumultuous, yet the scene lacked some old elements of picturesqueness. Long familiar things were absent. Men had been accustomed to find a lounging-place near Carterette's booth, women near her father's great oak chest; and the distorted figure of Dormy Jamais, winding in and out of the crowd with a fool's wisdom on his lips, was missed in the general movement. It was as though La Pyramide itself had been suddenly spirited away during the night by some pitying genius of sculpture, and Norman feet

were as yet restless on the spot where it had stood.

Inside the court there was more restlessness still. The Comtesse Chantavoine was in her place of honor beside the attorney-general, but Admiral the Duc de Bercy had not yet arrived. It was now many minutes beyond the hour fixed. The lieutenant-bailly whispered to the governor, the governor to his aide, and the aide sought naval officers present; but these could give no explanation of the delay. Prince Philip and his flag-lieutenant came not.

The greffier was indignant, the greffier was imperious, the greffier was disgusted; the greffier wrote down what would appear to be sentences of imprisonment and fines, direful penalties against the princely delinquent. The greffier looked round him fiercely. In one of these fierce scoutings he encountered the still, impassive face of the Comtesse Chantavoine, her eyes fixed calmly upon him; and, reduced to his natural stature again, he dropped back suddenly in his huge chair, — a small swallow in a vast summer.

The Comtesse Chantavoine was the one person outwardly unmoved. What she thought who could tell? Hundreds of eyes scanned her face, and she seemed unconscious of them, indifferent to them. What would not the lieutenant-bailly have given for her calmness! What would not the greffier have given for her importance! She drew every eye by virtue of something which was more than the name of Duchesse de Bercy. The face of the Comtesse Chantavoine had an unconscious and indefinable dignity, a living command and composure, — the heritage, perhaps, of a race who had ever been more fighters than courtiers, used to danger, more desiring good sleep after good warfare done than luxurious peace. She did not move her head, but her look seemed to be everywhere and yet nowhere; hers was the educated eye. She saw, as it were, the bailly at one

end of the room, and the door by which Prince Philip should enter at the other. She saw the greffier, which disconcerted him; yet she did not see him, and she was not disconcerted.

The silence, the tension, grew painful. A whole half hour had the court waited beyond the appointed time. At last, however, cheers arose outside, and all knew that the prince had come. Presently the doors were thrown open, two halberdiers stepped inside, and an officer of the court announced Admiral his Serene Highness Prince Philip d'Avranché, Duc de Bercy.

"Oui-gia, think of that!" said a voice from somewhere in the hall.

Prince Philip heard it, and he frowned, for he recognized the voice as that of Dormy Jamais. Where it came from he knew not, nor could any one else see; for Dormy Jamais was snugly bestowed above a middle doorway in what was half balcony, half cornice.

All present rose to their feet as Philip advanced, save the governor, the lieutenant-bailly, and the jurats. When he had taken his seat beside the Comtesse Chantavoine, there came the formal opening of the Cour d'Héritage.

The comtesse's eyes fixed themselves upon Philip. There was that in his manner which puzzled and evaded her clear, searching intuition. Some strange circumstance must have delayed him; for she saw that his flag-lieutenant was disturbed, and this, she felt sure, was not due to unpunctuality alone. She was hardly conscious that the lieutenant-bailly had been addressing Philip, until he had stopped and Philip had risen.

He had scarcely begun speaking when the doors were thrown open again, and a woman came quickly forward. It was Guida. The instant she entered Philip saw her and stopped speaking. Every one turned. In the silence, Guida, looking neither to right nor to left, advanced almost to where the greffier sat, and dropping on her knee

and looking up to the lieutenant-bailly and the jurats, stretched out her hands and cried that cry which is more to a Jerseyman than Allah to a Moham-medan :—

“*Haro, haro! à l’aide, mon prince, on me fait tort!*”

If one rose from the dead suddenly to command them to an awed obedience, Jerseymen could not be more at the mercy of the apparition than at the call of one who cried in their midst, “*Haro, haro!*” — that ancient relic of the custom of Normandy and Rollo the Dane. Whoso needed justice, whoso was trespassed upon in mind, body, or estate, sought Rollo wherever he might be, — in the highway, or at his prayers, or on the field of battle, or among the great of the land, — and falling upon a knee cried to him, “*Haro, haro! à l’aide, mon prince, on me fait tort!*”

To this hour, whoso in Jersey is trespassed on in estate maketh his cry unto Rollo, and the Royal Court — whose right to respond to this cry was confirmed by King John, and afterward by King Charles — must listen, and every one must heed. That cry of Haro will make the workman drop his tools, the woman her knitting, the militiaman his musket, the fisherman his net, the school-master his birch, and the écrivain his babble, to await the judgment of the Royal Court.

Every jurat fixed his eyes upon Guida as though she had come to claim his life. The lieutenant-bailly’s lips opened twice as though to speak, but at first no words came. The governor sat with hands clenched upon his chair-arm. The breath of the crowd came in gasps of excitement. The Comtesse Chantavoine looked at Philip, looked at Guida, and knew that here was the opening of the scroll she had not been able to unfold. Now she should understand that something which had made the old Duc de Bercy with his last breath say, “*Don’t be afraid!*”

Philip stood moveless, his eyes steady, his face bitter, determined. Yet there was in his look, fixed upon Guida, some strange mingling of pity and tenderness. It was as though two spirits were fighting in his face for mastery. The Comtesse Chantavoine touched him upon the arm, but he took no notice. Drawing back in her seat, she thenceforth looked at him and at Guida as one might watch the balances of justice in weighing life and death. She could not read this story, but one look at the faces of the crowd round her made her aware that here was a tale of the past which they all knew in little or in much.

“*Haro, haro! à l’aide, mon prince, on me fait tort!*” What did she mean, this woman with the exquisite face, alive with power and feeling, and indignation and appeal? To what prince did she cry, — for what aid? Who trespassed upon her?

The lieutenant-bailly now stood up, a frown upon his face. He knew what scandal had said concerning Guida and Philip. He had never liked Guida, for in the first days of his importance as lieutenant-bailly, because of a rudeness upon his part, meant as a compliment, she had thrown his hat — the lieutenant-bailly’s hat! — into the Fauxbie by the Vier Prison. He thought her intrusive thus to stay the proceedings of the Royal Court, with distinguished visitors present, by an appeal for he knew not what. But the law of Haro takes precedence of all else.

“What is the trespass, and who is the trespasser?” asked the bailly sternly, and forthwith took his seat.

Guida rose to her feet now.

“Philip d’Avranche has trespassed,” she said.

“What Philip d’Avranche, mademoiselle?” asked the bailly, in a rough, ungenerous tone.

She flashed upon him a look of contempt, and answered, “Admiral Philip d’Avranche, known as his Serene High-

ness the Duc de Bercy, has trespassed on me."

She did not look at Philip; her eyes were fixed upon the bailly and the jurats.

The bailly whispered to one or two jurats.

"Wherein is the trespass?" he asked sharply. "Tell your story."

After an instant's painful pause Guida told her tale.

"Last night, at Plemont," she said, in a voice trembling a little at first, but growing stronger as she went on, "I left my child, my Guilbert, in his bed, with Dormy Jamais to watch beside him, while I went to my boat which lies a half mile from my hut. I left Dormy Jamais with the child because I was afraid — because I have been afraid these three days past — that Philip d'Avranche would steal him from me. I was gone but half an hour; it was dark when I returned. I found the door open. I found Dormy Jamais lying upon the floor unconscious, and my child's bed empty. He was gone, my child, my Guilbert! He was stolen from me by Philip d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy."

"What proof have you that it was the Duc de Bercy?"

"I have told your honor that Dormy Jamais was there. He struck Dormy Jamais to the ground, and rode off with my child."

The bailly sniffed. "Dormy Jamais is a simpleton, an idiot."

"Let Prince Philip d'Avranche speak," she answered quickly. "Half an hour ago I met him as I was on my way to his Castle of Mont Orgueil. He did not deny it then; he dare not deny it now."

She turned and looked Philip in the eyes. He did not answer a word. He had not moved since she entered the court-room. He had kept his eyes fixed on her save for one or two swift glances toward the jurats. The crisis of his life had come. He was ready to meet it

now: anything would be better than all he had gone through during the past ten days. In a moment's mad impulse he had stolen the child, in the wild belief that through it he could reach Guida, could bring her to him. For now this woman who despised him, hated him, he desired more than all else in the world. Ambition has its own means of punishing. For its own gifts of place or fortune it puts some impossible hunger in the soul of its victim which leads him at last to his own destruction. With all the world conquered there is still some mystic island of which it whispers, and to gain this its devotee risks all — and loses all.

The bailly saw by Philip's look that Guida had spoken the truth. But he whispered to the jurats eagerly, and presently said with brusque decision, "Our law of Haro may only apply to trespass upon property. Its intent is merely civil."

Having said this, he opened and shut his mouth with gusto, and sat back as though expecting Guida to retire.

"Your law of Haro, Monsieur le Bailly!" Guida answered, with a flash of her eyes and her voice ringing out fearlessly. "Your law of Haro! The law of Haro comes from the custom of Normandy, which is the law of Jersey. You make its intent this, you make it that, but nothing can alter it and what has been done in its name for generations. Is it so, then, that if Philip d'Avranche trespasses upon my land or my hearth, I may cry Haro, haro! and you will take heed; but when it is blood of my blood, bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, that he has wickedly seized, when it is the head which I have pilloved on my breast for three years, — a child who has known no father, a child who has been his mother's only companion in her shame, the shame of an outcast, — then is it so that your law of Haro may not apply? No, no, messieurs; it is the justice of Haro that I

ask, not your lax usage of it. From this Prince Philip I appeal to the spirit of that prince of Normandy who made this law, — I appeal to the law of Jersey which comes from the law of Rollo. There are precedents enough, as you know well, *messieurs*. I demand of you my child, — I demand!”

The bailly and the jurats were in a hopeless quandary. They glanced furtively at Philip. They were half afraid that she was right, and yet were timorous of deciding against the prince-admiral.

She saw their hesitation. “I ask you to fulfill the law. I have cried *Haro, haro!* and what I have cried men will hear outside this court, outside this Isle of Jersey; for I cry it against a sovereign duke of Europe.”

The bailly and the jurats were overwhelmed by the situation. Guida’s brain was a thousand times clearer than theirs. Danger, peril to her child, had aroused in her every force of intelligence; she had the daring, the desperation, of the lioness fighting for her own.

Philip himself solved the problem. Turning to the bench of jurats, he said quietly, “She is quite right: the law of *Haro* is with her; it must apply.”

The court was in a greater maze than ever. Was he then about to restore to Guida her child?

After an instant’s pause Philip continued: “But in this case there was no trespass — for the child — is my own.”

Every eye in the *Cohue Royale* fixed itself upon him, then upon Guida, then upon her who was known as the *Duchesse de Bercy*. The face of the *Comtesse Chantavoine* was like marble, white and cold. As the words fell from Philip’s lips a sigh broke from her own, and there came to Philip’s mind that distant day in the council-chamber at Bercy, when for one moment he was upon his trial; but he did not turn and look at her now. It was all pitiable, horrible, but this open avowal, insult as it was to

the *Comtesse Chantavoine*, could be no worse than the rumors which would surely have reached her one day. So let the game fare on. He had thrown down the glove now, and he could not see the end; he was playing for one thing only, — for the woman he had lost, for his own child. If everything went by the board, why, it must go by the board. It all flashed through his brain: To-morrow he must send in his resignation to the Admiralty, — so much at once. Then France — the dukedom of Bercy — whatever happened, there was work for him to do at Bercy. He was a sovereign duke of Europe, as Guida had said. He would fight for the duchy for his son’s sake. Standing there, he could feel again the warm cheek of the child upon his own as last night he felt it, riding across the island from Plemont to Mont Orgueil. That very morning he had hurried down to a cottage at the foot of the cliff at Grouville Bay, and seen the boy lying still asleep in a little bed, well cared for by a woman of the village. He knew that to-morrow the scandal of the thing would belong to the world. He had tossed his fame as an admiral into the gutter, but Bercy was left. All the native force, the stubborn vigor, the obdurate spirit of the soil of Jersey of which he was, its arrogant self-will, drove him straight into this last issue.

But he stopped short in his thoughts, for there now at the court-room door stood *Détricand*, *Comte de Tournay*!

Philip drew his hand quickly across his eyes, — it seemed so wild, so fantastic, that of all men *Détricand* should be there. His gaze was so fixed that every one turned to see, — every one save Guida.

She was not aware of this new figure in the scene. In her heart there was tumult. Her hour had come at last, — the hour in which she must declare that she was the wife of this man. She had no proofs, and no doubt he would deny

it now, for he knew how she loathed him. But she would tell her tale.

She was about to address the bailly, but, as though a pang of pity shot through her heart, she turned instead and looked at the Comtesse Chantavoine. She could find it in her soul to pause in compassion for this poor lady, more wronged than herself. Their eyes met. One instant's flash of intelligence between the souls of two women, and Guida knew that the look of the Comtesse Chantavoine had said, "Speak for your child."

Thereupon she spoke.

"Messieurs, Prince Philip d'Avranche is my husband," she said to the jurats.

Every one in the court-room stirred with excitement. A weak-nerved woman in the crowd, with a child at her breast, began to cry, and the little one joined its feeble wail to hers.

"Four years ago," Guida continued, "I was married to Philip d'Avranche by the Reverend Lorenzo Dow in the Church of St. Michael's" —

The bailly interrupted with a grunt. "H'm! Lorenzo Dow is well out of the way. Have done."

"May I not then be heard in my own defense?" Guida went on, with indignation. "Four years I have suffered silently slander and shame. Now I speak for myself at last — and you will not hear me. I come to this court of justice, and my word is doubted ere I can prove the truth! Is it for judges to assail one so? Four years ago I was married secretly in the chapel of St. Michael's, — secretly, because Philip d'Avranche urged it, pleaded for it. An open marriage, he said, would injure his promotion. We were wedded, and he left me. War broke out. I remained silent, according to my promise to him. Then came the time when, in the states of Bercy, he denied that he had a wife. From the hour I knew he had done so I denied him. My child was born in shame and sorrow. I my-

self was an outcast from among you all. But my conscience was clear before Heaven. I took myself and my child out from among you to Plemont. I waited, believing that God's justice is surer than man's. At last Philip d'Avranche — my husband — returned here. He invaded my home, and begged me to come to him as his wife with my child, — he who had so evilly wronged me, and wronged another more than me. I refused. Then he stole my child from me. You ask for proofs of my marriage. Messieurs, I have no proofs. I know not where Lorenzo Dow may be found. The register of St. Michael's Church, as you all know, was stolen. Mr. Shoreham, who witnessed the marriage, was drowned. But you must believe me. There is one witness left, if he will but tell the truth, — even the man who married me, the man who for one day called me his wife. I ask him now to tell the truth!"

Her clear eyes pierced Philip through and through.

What was going on in Philip's mind neither she nor any in that court might ever know; for in the pause the Comtesse Chantavoine rose up, and passing steadily by Philip came to Guida. Looking her in the eyes with an incredible sorrow, she took her hand, and turned toward Philip with infinite scorn.

A strange, thrilling silence fell upon all the court. The jurats shifted in their seats with excitement. The bailly, in a hoarse, dry voice, said, "We must have proof. There must be record as well as witness."

From the body of the hall there came a voice, "The witness and record are here!" and Détréand stepped forward, in his uniform of the army of the Vendée.

A hushed murmur ran round the room. The jurats whispered to one another.

"Who are you, monsieur?" said the bailly.

"I am Detricand, Prince of Vaufontaine," he replied, — "for whom the Comtesse Chantavoine will vouch," he added in a pained voice, and bowed low to her and to Guida.

He did not wait for the bailly to answer, but told of the death of Lorenzo Dow, and, taking from his pocket the little black journal, opened it and read aloud the record written there by the dead clergyman. Having read it, he passed the book to the greffier, who handed it up to the bailly. A moment's pause ensued. To the most ignorant and casual of the onlookers the strain of it was great; to those chiefly concerned it was supreme. The lieutenant-bailly and the jurats whispered together, and now at last a spirit of justice was roused in them. But the law's technicalities were still to rule.

The bailly closed the book, and handed it back to the greffier with the words, "This is not proof, though it is evidence."

Guida felt her heart sink within her. The Comtesse Chantavoine, who still held her hand, pressed it, though she herself was cold as ice with sickness of spirit.

At that instant, and from Heaven knows where, — as a bird comes from a bush, — a little gray man came quickly among them all, carrying spread open before him a book almost as big as himself. Handing it up to the bailly, he said, "Here is the proof, Monsieur le Bailly, — here is the whole proof."

The bailly leaned over and drew up the book. The jurats crowded near, and a dozen heads gathered about the open volume.

At last the bailly looked up, and addressed the court solemnly.

"It is the lost register of St. Michael's. It contains a record of the marriage of Guida Landresse de Landresse and Lieutenant Philip d'Avranche, both of the Isle of Jersey."

"Exactly so, exactly so," said the lit-

tle gray figure, the Chevalier Orvillier du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir. Tears ran down his cheeks as he turned toward Guida, but he was smiling too.

Guida's eyes were upon the bailly. "And the child?" she cried, with a broken voice, — "the child?"

"The child goes with his mother," answered the bailly firmly.

XXXIX.

The day that saw Guida's restitution in the Cohue Royale brought but further trouble to Ranulph Delagarde. Intending to join Detricand at the headquarters of the army of the Vendée, he landed at St. Malo, and was about to go on to Quiberon, where Sombreuil was making his last stand against the soldiers of Hoche, when he was seized by a press-gang and carried aboard a French frigate commissioned to ravage the coasts of British North America. He had stubbornly resisted the press, but had been knocked on the head, and there was an end of it. In vain he protested that he was an Englishman. They laughed at him. His French was perfect, his accent was Norman, his was a Norman face, — that was evidence enough. If he was not a citizen of France, he should be, and he must be. Ranulph decided that it was needless to throw away his life, and ignominious to be hung from the yard-arm. It was better to make a show of submission, and so long as he had not to fight British ships he could afford to wait. Time enough then for him to take action. So he was carried away on the *Victoire*, which sailed the seas looking for ships to fight.

His heart was heavy enough, in truth, — an exile from his own land, banished from all early hopes, ambitions, and affections. As the son of a traitor he had no longer heart to call himself a Jerseyman. His childhood had been embittered, his manhood poisoned. He had borne four

years of an incredible torture, face to face with his father's presence and his father's hidden crime. He had hoped to lose himself in the great struggle between the Royalists and the Red Government, and to find a decent exit on the battlefield, or to deaden the agonies of his life by reviving his old energies. But even that had been denied him, and here he was, forced into serving a country he had been brought up to loathe.

Yet there was one comfort in it all: his father had been saved the shame of an ignominious death at the hands of the law, and he himself now was free and alone. Just over thirty, he was not too old to begin the world again. In the land whither Mattingley and Carterette had gone perhaps there was a field for work, and one might forget there as easily as in fighting with the peasants of the Vendée. In any case, it was his duty to bear up against evil fortune, to endure his present state, and, when the chance came, to escape from this bondage. So when he was pressed he thought of his four years' service with the artillery at Elizabeth Castle, and asked to be made a gunner. The impulsive and choleric Richambeau, captain of the *Victoire*, who loved strong men, — and strong jokes, — believing Ranulph's story, though professing to disbelieve it, thought it a noble jest to set an Englishman fighting English ships. Thereupon he made a gunner of Ranulph, and kept an eye upon him.

The *Victoire* sailed the seas, battle-hungry, and presently appeased her appetite among Dutch and Danish privateers. Such excellent work did Ranulph against the Dutchmen, whom he vaguely knew to be enemies of England, that Richambeau, delighted, gave him a gun for himself, and after they had fought the Danes made him a master gunner.

Of the largest gun on the *Victoire* Ranulph grew inordinately fond. He had a genius for mechanism, and he

begged from an English-speaking Dutch prisoner a seaman's vade-mecum and a book of defensive war at sea, and diligently studied the art of naval warfare. Meanwhile, the great gun, a 32-pounder, won its way deeper into his affections, till at last he called it "ma couzaine."

The days and weeks passed, and then, after some actions against non-British privateers, wherein the *Victoire* was all-victorious and ma couzaine did her duty well, they neared the coast of America. One morning came the cry of "Land! Land!" and once again Ranulph saw British soil, — the tall cliffs of the peninsula of Gaspé. Gaspé, — that name had been familiar to him since his childhood. How many hundreds of Jersey-men had gone to and from Gaspé! It was like the other end of the world, to which all Jerseymen, if they would be called travelers, must go; it was the ultima thule to which Mattingley and Carterette had gone!

The *Victoire* and her flotilla came nearer and nearer to the coast. There was no British ship in sight, no sign of fleet or defense; only the tall cliffs and infinite acreage of land beyond the mouth of the great St. Lawrence Gulf. Presently he could see a bay and a great rock in the distance; and as they bore in now directly for the bay, the great rock seemed to stretch out like a vast wall into the gulf. As he stood watching and leaning on ma couzaine, a sailor near him said that the bay was Percé, and the rock was Percé Rock.

Percé Rock! Since he was a child Ranulph had heard of Percé Rock. And Percé Bay, — that was the exact point for which Elie Mattingley and Carterette had sailed with Sebastian Alixandre. How strange it was! Not long ago he had bidden Carterette good-by forever, had put her aside with his old life, yet fate had now brought him to the very spot whither she had gone. After all, was it then so that man's fate is never in his own hands; that as it shall please

Heaven he must be tossed like a ball into the garden made with his own hands, or across the seas into the vast far country?

The Rock of Percé was a wall, and the wall was an island that had once been a long promontory like a battlement, jutting out hundreds of yards into the gulf. At one point it was pierced by an archway. Its sides were almost sheer; its top was flat and level. Upon the sides there was no verdure; upon the top centuries had made a green field. The wild geese as they flew northward, myriad flocks of gulls, gannets, cormorants, and all manner of fowl of the sea, had builded upon the summit, until it was now rich with grass and shrubs. The nations of the air sent their legions here to bivouac. The discord of a hundred languages might be heard far out to sea, far in upon the land. Millions of the feathered races swarmed there; at times the air above was darkened by clouds of them. No fog-bell on a rock-bound coast might warn mariners more ominously than these battalions of adventurers on the Percé Rock.

No human being had ever mounted to this eyrie or scaled the bulwarks of this feathered Eden. Three hundred feet below ship-builders might toil and fishermen hover, but the lofty home of the marauders of the air had not yet suffered the invasion of man. As the legend ran, this mighty palisade had once been a bridge of rock stretched across the gulf, builded by the gods of the land, who smote with granite arms and drove back ruined the appalling gods of the sea.

Generations of fishermen had looked upon the yellowish-red limestone of the Percé Rock with valorous eyes, but it would seem that not even the tiny clinging hoof of a chamois or wild goat might find a foothold upon the straight sides of it. Three hundred feet was a long way to climb, hand over hand; so for centuries the Percé Rock in the wide

St. Lawrence Gulf remained solitary and unconquered.

On most men who had seen it Percé Rock made its own impression of mystery; upon Ranulph that impression was deeper than on most. He was roused out of the spell it cast upon him only by seeing suddenly the British flag upon a building by the shore of the bay they were now entering. His heart gave a great bound. He involuntarily looked up at the French tricolor flying overhead. It was curious that there should be such a difference in two pieces of bunting. (Or was it silk? No, it was bunting.) Just a little different arrangement in color, and yet the flag on the building by the shore roused his pulses to a heat. Yes, there was the English flag defiantly flying; and what was more, there were two old 12-pounders being trained on the French squadron. For the first time in years a laugh of rolling good humor burst from his lips.

"Oh my good! Oh mai grand doux!" he said in the Jersey patois. "Only one man in the world would do that, — only Elie Mattingley!"

It was undoubtedly ridiculous, these two 12-pounders training on a whole fleet. Presently came more defiance, for there was run up beneath the British flag an oblong piece of white linen with two diagonal red stripes. That was the flag of Jersey. Now beyond any doubt Elie Mattingley was in Percé Bay.

As though to prove Ranulph right, Mattingley issued from a wooden fishing-shed with Sebastian Alixandre and three others armed with muskets, and passed to the little fort on which flew the British and Jersey flags. As Ranulph looked on, at once amazed and amused, he heard a guffaw behind him. Turning round, he suddenly straightened himself and stood at attention. Richambeau, the captain, had confronted him.

"That's a big splutter in a little pot, gunner," said he. He put his telescope

to his eye. "The Lord protect us," he cried, "they're going to fight my squadron!" He laughed again till the tears came. "Son of Peter, but it is droll, that, — a farce au diable! They have humor, these fisherfolk, eh, gunner?"

"Mattingley will fight, just the same," answered Ranulph coolly.

"Oh, oh, you know these people, my gunner?" asked Richambeau.

"All my life," replied Ranulph, "and, by your leave, I will tell you how."

Not waiting for permission, after the manner of his country, he told Richambeau again of his Jersey birth and bringing-up and of his being pressed.

"Very good," remarked Richambeau. "You Jersey folk were once Frenchmen, and now that you're French again you shall do something for the flag. You see that 12-pounder yonder behind the wall? Very well, dismount it. Then we'll send in a flag of truce, and parley with this Mattingley; for his jests are worth our attention and politeness. There's a fellow at the gun — no, he has gone. Take good aim, and dismount the right-hand gun at one shot. Ready now, — you have a good range."

The whole matter went through Ranulph's mind as the captain spoke. If he refused to fire, he would be strung up to the yard-arm. If he fired and missed, perhaps other gunners would fire; and once started they might raze the fishing-post. If he dismounted the gun, the matter would probably remain only a jest, for as such Richambeau regarded it as yet.

There was no time to weigh the matter further; Richambeau was frowning. So Ranulph smiled, as though the business was pleasing to him, and prepared to fire. He ordered the tackle and breechings cast away, had off the apron, pricked a cartridge, primed, bruised the priming, and covered the vent. Then he took his range, steadily, quietly. There was a brisk wind blowing from the south, — he must allow for that; but

the wind was stopped somewhat in its course by the Percé Rock, — he must allow for that. He got what he thought was the right elevation; the distance was considerable, but he believed that he could do the business. He had a cool head, and his eye was quick and accurate.

All was ready. Suddenly a girl appeared running round the corner of the building.

It was Carterette! She was making for the right-hand gun, Sebastian Alixandre was going toward the other. Ranulph started; the hand that held the match trembled.

"Fire, you fool, or you'll kill the girl!" cried Richambeau.

Ranulph laid a hand on himself, as it were. Every nerve in his body tingled, his legs trembled, but his eye was steady. He took the sight once more coolly, then blew on the match. Now the girl was within thirty feet of the gun.

He quickly blew on the match again, and fired.

When the smoke cleared away he saw that the gun was dismounted, and not ten feet from it stood Carterette looking dazedly at it.

He heard a laugh behind him: there was Richambeau walking away, telescope under arm. Presently Ranulph saw a boat lowered from the Victoire, even as the 12-pounder on shore replied impudently to the shot he had fired. The officers were laughing with Richambeau, and jerking their heads and fingers toward Ranulph.

"A good shot!" he heard Richambeau say.

"Was it, then," said Ranulph to himself, — "was it, indeed? *Bà sù*, it was the last shot I will ever fire against aught English, here or elsewhere."

Looking over the side, he saw a boat drawing away with the flag of truce in the hands of a sous-lieutenant. His mind was made up: he would escape to-night. His place was there beside his

fellow countrymen. He turned to ma couzaine. It would be something of a wrench for him to leave her; for she had been a good friend to him at a bad time in his life. He motioned away the men of the gun. He would load ma couzaine for the last time.

As he sponged the gun he made his plans. *Swish-swash* the sponge-staff ran in and out, — he would try to steal away at dog-watch. He struck the sponge smartly on ma couzaine's muzzle, cleansing it, — he would have to slide into the water like a rat, and swim very softly to the shore. He took a fresh cartridge, and thrust it into the throat of ma couzaine as far as he could reach; and as he laid the seam downwards he said to himself that he could swim under water, if discovered as he left the Victoire. He lovingly placed the wad to the cartridge, and with three strokes of the hammer drove wad and cartridge home with the precision of a drill. It was a long swim to shore, but he thought if he got a fair start he could do it. As he unstopped the touch-hole and tried with the priming-wire whether the cartridge was home, he pictured to himself being challenged, perhaps by Carterette, and his reply. Then he imagined how she would say, "Oh my good!" in true Jersey fashion, and then — well, he had not yet thought beyond that point.

By the time he had rammed home wad and shot, however, he had come upon a fresh thought, and it stunned him. Richambeau would send a squad of men to search for him, and if he was not found they would probably raze the post. As he put the apron carefully on ma couzaine, he determined that he could not take refuge with the Mattingleys. Neither would it do to make for the woods of the interior, for still Richambeau might revenge himself on the fishing-post. This was not entirely to be wondered at, for ma couzaine would never behave so well with any one else. She had been used to playing ugly pranks

when it was blowing fresh. She had once torn her tackle out of the ring-bolt in the deck, and had killed more than one sailor in her mad debauch of freedom. Under his hand she had always behaved well, and it seemed to him that whenever he blew on the match her muzzle gaped in a grin of delight. Decidedly, he must not go to the Mattingleys. No harm should come to them that he could prevent. What was to be done?

Leaning his arms on the gun, he turned his head and looked helplessly away from the land. All at once his look seemed to lose itself in a long aisle of ever widening, ever brightening arches, till a vast wilderness of splendor swallowed it. It was a hole in the wall, — the archway piercing the great rock.

He raised his eyes to the rock. Its myriad inhabitants shrieked and clattered and circled overhead. The shot from ma couzaine had roused them, and they had risen like a cloud, and were scolding like a million fishwives over this insult to their peace.

As Ranulph looked, a new idea came to him. If only he could get to the top of that massive wall, not a hundred fleets could dislodge him. One musket could defeat the forlorn hope of any army. He would be the first man who ever gave battle to a fleet. Besides, if he took refuge on the rock, there could be no grudge against Percé village or the Mattingleys, and Richambeau would not attack them.

He had worked it out. It was now a question between himself and Richambeau. There on the shore was the young sous-lieutenant with his flag of truce, talking to Mattingley; they were all shaking hands. He must carry on the campaign independent of the Mattingleys. The one thing to do was to try to climb the rock. He eyed it closely. The blazing sunshine showed it up in a hard light, and he studied every square yard of it with a telescope. At one

point the wall was not quite perpendicular, and there were narrow ledges, lumps of stone, natural steps, and little pinnacles, which the fingers could grip and where a man might rest. The weather had been scorching hot, too, the rocks were as dry as a bone, and there would be no danger of slipping.

He would try it to-night. If he got to the top, he would need twine for hauling up rope, — the Mattingleys should provide that in good time. He would also need stone and flint, a knife, a hammer, and a quilt, all to be hauled up after he reached the top. For food he would take what was left of to-day's rations, of which he had eaten very little. About a half pound of biscuit, near half a pint of peas, a half pint of oatmeal, and two ounces of cheese were left. He could live on that for at least three days. He also had a horn of good arrack. When that was gone — well, he was taking chances; if he died of thirst, it was no worse than the yard-arm. The most important thing was a few hundred feet of strong twine. Of that there was plenty in the storeroom, amongst the cordage, and he would get as much as he needed at once.

But if he got up, how would the Mattingleys know who it was perched there on Percé Rock? He knew of no signal which they would understand. Well, if he got away safely from the Victoire, he would visit the Mattingleys first, and then go straight on to Percé Rock. Though it would be moonlight, his steep way of ascent was on the south side, out of view of the fleet.

The rest of the day he did his duty as faithfully as though he were to be at his post the next morning. He gave the usual instructions to the gunsmith and armorer; he inspected the small arms; he chose a man, as was the custom, for gun-room watch; and he ate his supper phlegmatically in due course.

It was the last quarter of the moon, and the neap tide was running low when

he let himself softly down into the water. He had the blanket tied on his head; the food, stone and flint, and other things were inside the blanket, and the twine was in his pocket. He was not seen, and he dropped away quietly astern. He got clear of the Victoire while the moon was partially obscured. Another ship lay in his path, and he must be careful in passing her. He was so near her that he could see the watch, could smell the hot tar and pitch from the lately caulked seams; he could even hear the laughter of the young foremastmen as they turned in.

At last he was clear of the fleet. Now it was a question when his desertion would be discovered. All he asked was two hours. By that time the deed would be done, if he could climb Percé Rock at all.

He touched bottom. He was on Percé sands. The blanket on his head was scarcely wetted. He wrung the water out of his clothes, and ran softly up the shore. Suddenly he was met by a cry of "*Qui va là?*" and he stoppèd short at the point of Elie Mattingley's bayonet.

"Hush!" was Ranulph's reply, and he gave his name. Mattingley nearly dropped his musket in surprise. He soon knew the tale of Ranulph's misfortunes, but he had not yet been told of his present plans when there came a quick footstep on the sands, and Cartrette was at her father's side. Unlike Mattingley, she did drop her musket at sight of Ranulph, and impulsively throwing her arms round his neck, she kissed him on the cheek, — so had this meeting in a new land disarmed her old timidity.

"V'là!" she exclaimed, "that's for the Jersey sailor who's come in here through a fleet of Frenchmen!"

She thought he had stolen into the harbor under the very nose of Richambeau and his squadron. But presently she was trembling with excitement at the

story of how Ranulph had been pressed at St. Malo, and all that came after until this very day when he had dismounted the gun not ten feet from where she stood.

"Go along with Carterette," said Mattingley. "Alixandre is at the house; he'll help you away into the woods."

That was not Ranulph's plan, but he did not mean it for Mattingley's ears; so he hurried away with Carterette, telling her his design as they went.

"Ranulph Delagarde," she said vehemently, "you can't climb Percé Rock. No one has ever done it, and you must not try. Oh, I know you are a great man, but you must not try this. You will be safe where we shall hide you. You shall not climb the rock, — ah no, *bà sù!*"

He pointed toward the post. "They would n't leave a stick standing there, if you hid me. No, I'm going to the top of Percé Rock."

"*Mon doux terrible!*" she cried, in sheer bewilderment; and then his intention inspired her with a purpose. At last her time had come; she felt it.

"Pardingue," she went on, clutching his arm, "if you go to the top of Percé Rock, so will I!"

In spite of his anxiety he almost laughed.

"But see, — but see," he said, and his voice dropped; "you could n't stay up there with me all alone, *garçon* Carterette; and besides, *Richambeau* would be firing on you too!"

She was very angry now, but she made no reply, and he continued quickly: "I'll go straight to the rock. When they miss me there'll be a pot boiling, you may believe, *garçon* Carterette. If I get up," he added, "I'll let a string down on a rope you must get for me. Once on top they can't hurt me. Eh ben, à bi'tôt, *garçon* Carterette!"

"Oh my good! Oh my good!" said the girl, with a quick change of mood. "To think you have come like this, and

perhaps" — But she dashed the tears from her eyes, and bade him go on.

The tide was well out, the moon shining brightly. Ranulph reached the point where, if the rock was to be scaled at all, the ascent must be made. For a distance there was shelving where foothold might be had by a fearless man with a steady head and sure balance. After that came about a hundred feet where he would have to draw himself up by juttings and crevices hand over hand, where was no natural pathway. Woe be to him if head grew dizzy, foot slipped, or strength gave out; his body would be broken to pieces on the hard sand below. That second stage once passed, the ascent thence to the top would be easier; for though nearly as steep, it had more ledges, and offered fair vantage to a man with a foot like a mountain goat. Ranulph had been aloft all weathers in his time, and his toes were as strong as another man's foot, and surer.

He started. These toes of his caught in crevices, held on to ledges, glued themselves on to smooth surfaces; the knees clung like a rough-rider's to a saddle; the big hands, when once they got a purchase, fastened like air-cups.

Slowly, slowly up, foot by foot, yard by yard, until one third of the distance was climbed.

The suspense and strain were immeasurable. To Ranulph it was like bringing a brig alone through a gale with a windward tide, while she yaws and quivers over twice the length of her bilge; like watching a lower-deck gun straining under a heavy sea, with the lanyards and port tackle flying, and no knowing when the great machine would fly from her carriage and make fearful havoc. But he struggled on and on, and at last reached a sort of flying pinnacle of rock, like a hook for the shields of the gods.

Here he ventured to look below, expecting to see Carterette; but there was

only the white sand, and no sound save the long wash of the gulf. He drew the horn of arrack from his pocket and drank. He had two hundred feet more to climb; and the next hundred, — that would test him, that would be the ordeal.

There was no time to lose. While he hung here a musket-shot could pick him off from below, and there was no telling how soon his desertion might be discovered, though he hoped it would not be till morning. He started again. This was travail indeed. His rough fingers, his toes, hard as horn almost, began to bleed. Once or twice he swung quite clear of the wall, hanging by his fingers to catch a surer foothold to right or left, and just getting it sometimes by an inch or less. The strain and tension were terrible. His head appeared to swell and fill with blood: on the top it hurt him so that it seemed ready to burst. His neck was aching horribly with constant looking up; the skin of his knees was gone; his ankles were bruised. But he must keep on till he got to the top, or until he fell.

He was fighting on now in a kind of dream, quite apart from all usual feelings of this world. The earth itself appeared far away, and he was toiling among vastnesses, himself a giant with colossal frame and huge sprawling limbs. It was like the gruesome visions of the night, when the body is an elusive, stupendous mass that falls into space after a confused struggle with immensities. It was all mechanical, vague, almost numb, this effort to overcome a mountain. Yet it was precise and hugely expert, too; for though there was a strange mist on the brain, the body felt its way with a singular certainty, as might some molluscan dweller of the sea, sensitive like a plant, with intuition like an animal. Yet at times it seemed that this vast body overcoming the mountain must let go its hold and slide away into the darkness of the depths.

Now there was a strange convulsive shiver in every nerve — God have mercy, the time was come! . . . No, not yet. At the very instant when it seemed the panting flesh and blood would be shaken off by the granite force repelling it, the fingers, like long antennæ, touched horns of rock jutting out from ledges on the third escarpment of the wall. Here was the last point of the worst stage of the journey. Slowly, heavily, the body drew up to the shelf of limestone and crouched in an inert bundle. There it lay for a time.

While the long minutes went by a voice kept calling up from below, — calling, calling, at first eagerly, then anxiously, then with terror. By and by the bundle of life stirred, took shape, raised itself, and was changed into a man again, a thinking, conscious being, who now understood the meaning of this sound coming up from the earth below, — or was it the sea? A human voice had at last pierced the awful exhaustion of the deadly labor, the peril and strife, which had numbed the brain, while the body, in its instinct for existence, still clung to the rocky ledges. It had called the man back to earth: he was no longer a great animal, and the rock a monster with skin and scales of stone.

“Ranulph! Maître Ranulph! Ah, Ranulph!”

Now he knew, and he answered down, “All right! All right, garçon Cartrette!”

“Are you at the top?”

“No, but the rest is easy.”

“Hurry, hurry, Ranulph! If they should come before you reach the top!”

“I’ll soon be there.”

“Are you hurt, Ranulph?”

“No, but my fingers are in rags. I am going now, — à bi’tôt, garçon Cartrette!”

“Ranulph!”

“‘Sh, ‘sh! do not speak. I am starting.”

There was silence for what seemed

hours to the girl below. Foot by foot the man climbed on, no less cautious because the ascent was easier, for he was weaker. But he was on the monster's neck now, and soon he should set his heel on it; he was not to be shaken off.

At last the victorious moment came. Over a jutting ledge he drew himself up by sheer strength and the rubber-like grip of his lacerated fingers, body, legs, knees, and now he lay flat and breathless upon the ground.

How soft and cool it was! This was long sweet grass touching his face, making a couch like down for the battered, wearied body. Surely this travail had been more than mortal. And what was this vast fluttering over his head, this million-voiced discord round him, like the buffetings and cries of spirits who welcome another to their torment? He raised his head and laughed in triumph. These were the cormorants, gulls, and gannets on the Percé Rock.

Ranulph Delagarde had done what man had never done before him: he had done it in the night, with only the moon to lighten the monstrous labor of his incredible adventure; he had accomplished it without help of any mortal sort.

Legions of birds circled over him with wild cries, so shrill and scolding that at first he did not hear Carterette's voice calling up to him. At last, however, remembering, he leaned over the cliff and saw her standing in the moonlight far below.

Her voice came up to him indistinctly because of the clatter of the birds, — "Maitre Ranulph! Ranulph!" She could not see him, for this part of the rock was in shadow.

"Ah bah, all right!" he said, and taking hold of one end of the twine he had brought, he let the roll fall. It dropped almost at Carterette's feet. She tied to the end of it the rope she had brought from the post. He drew it up quickly. She had found no rope long

enough, so she had tied three together; Ranulph must splice them perfectly. Once more he let down the twine, and she fastened it to his blanket. It was a heavy strain on the twine, but the blanket and the food inclosed were got up safely. He lowered again, and this time he hauled up tobacco, tea, matches, needles, cotton, a knife, and a horn of rum. Now she called for him to splice the ropes. There was no time to do that, but he tied them firmly together, and let the great coil down. This time he drew up a musket and some ammunition and another blanket. Again it was let down, and there were drawn up a crowbar, a handspike, and some tin dishes, which rattled derisively against the side of the great rock. Again the rope went down, and two bundles of sticks and fagots were attached, also a small roll of coarse cotton and a bearskin.

"Ranulph! Ranulph!" came Carterette's clear voice again from far below.

"Garçon Carterette," he replied.

"You must help Sebastian Alixandre up," she said.

"Sebastian Alixandre!" Ranulph replied, dumfounded. "Is he there? Why does he want to come?"

"That is no matter," she said. "He is coming. He has the rope round his waist. Pull away!"

It was better, Ranulph thought to himself, that he should be on Percé Rock alone, but the terrible strain had bewildered him, and he could make no protest now.

"Don't start yet!" he called down. "I'll pull when all's ready!"

He fell back from the edge to a place in the grass where, tying the rope round his body, he could seat himself and brace his feet against a ledge of rock. Then he pulled on the rope — and it was round Carterette's waist!

Carterette had told her falsehood without shame, for she was of those to whom the end is more than the means. She

began climbing, and Ranulph pulled steadily. Twice he felt the rope suddenly jerk when she lost her footing, but it came in evenly still, and he used a nose of rock as a sort of winch. He knew when the climber was more than one third of the way up by the greater weight upon the rope, by the more frequent slippings. Yet this was no such monstrous struggle as had been Ranulph's climbing; this was the scaling of a conquered wall by the following of the victorious.

The climber was nearly two thirds of the way up when a cannon-shot boomed out over the water, frightening again the vast covey of birds, which shrieked and honked till the air was a maelstrom of cries. Then came another cannon-shot.

Ranulph's desertion was discovered.

Upon the other side of the rock boats were putting out toward the shore. Ranulph knew each movement as well as if he were watching them. The fight was begun between a single Jersey shipwright and a fleet of French warships.

His strength, however, could not last much longer. Every muscle of his body had been strained and tortured, and even this easier task tried him beyond endurance. His legs stiffened against the ledge of rock, the tension on his arms made them numb; he wondered how near Alixandre was to the top. Suddenly there was a pause, then a heavy jerk. Love of God! the rope was shooting through his fingers, his legs were giving way! He gathered himself together, and then, with teeth, hands, and body rigid with enormous effort, he pulled and pulled. Now he could not see. A mist swam before his eyes. Everything grew black, but he pulled on and on.

He never knew just when the climber reached the top. But when the mist cleared away from his eyes Carterette was bending over him, putting rum to his lips, as he sat where he had stiffened with his last great effort.

"Carterette! Garçon Carterette!" he murmured, amazed. And then, as the truth burst upon him, he shook his head in a troubled sort of way.

"What a cat I was!" said Carterette. "What a wild-cat I was to make you haul me up! It was bad for me with the rope round me; it must have been awful for you, my poor *èsmanus*, my poor scarecrow Ranulph."

Scarecrow indeed he looked. His clothes were nearly gone, his hair was tossed and matted, his eyes were blood-shot, his big hands were like pieces of raw meat, his feet were covered with blood.

"My poor scarecrow!" she repeated, and she tenderly wiped the blood from his face where his hands had touched it. Now bugle-calls and cries of command came up to them, and in the first light of morning they could see French officers and sailors, Mattingley, Alixandre, and others hurrying to and fro.

When day came clear and bright, it was known that Carterette as well as Ranulph had vanished. Mattingley shook his head stoically, but Richambeau on the *Victoire* was as keen to hunt down one Jersey Englishman as he had ever been to attack an English fleet, — more so, perhaps.

Meanwhile the birds kept up a wild turmoil and shrieking. Never before had any one heard them so clamorous. More than once Mattingley had looked at Percé Rock curiously; but whenever the thought of it as a refuge came to him, he put it away. No, it was impossible.

Yet what was that? Mattingley's heart thumped under his coat. There were two persons on the lofty island wall, — a man and a woman. He caught the arm of a French officer near him. "Look, look!" he exclaimed.

The officer raised his glass. "It's the gunner!" he cried, and handed the glass to the old man.

"It's Carterette!" said Mattingley

in a hoarse voice. "But it's not possible, — it's not possible," he added helplessly. "Nobody was ever there. My God, look at it, — look at it!"

It was a picture indeed. A man and a woman were outlined against the clear air, putting up a tent as calmly as though on a lawn, thousands of birds wheeling over their heads, with querulous cries.

A few moments later Elie Mattingley was being rowed swiftly to the Victoire, where Richambeau himself was swearing viciously as he looked through his telescope. He also had recognized the gunner.

He was prepared to wipe out the fishing-post if Mattingley did not produce Ranulph. Well, here was Ranulph duly produced, and insultingly setting up a tent on this sheer rock, "with some snippet of the devil," said Richambeau, and defying a whole French fleet. He would set his gunners to work. If he only had as good a marksman as Ranulph himself, the deserter should drop at the first shot, — "Death and the devil take his impudent face!"

He was just about to give the order when Mattingley was brought to him. The old man's story amazed him beyond measure.

"It is no man, then!" said Richambeau, when Mattingley had done. "He must be a damned fly to do it! And the girl, — sacré moi! he drew her up after him. I'll have him down out of that, though, or throw up my flag," he added, and turning fiercely gave his orders.

For hours the French ships bombarded the lonely rock from the north. The white tent was carried away, but the cannon-balls flew over or merely battered the solid rock, the shells were thrown beyond, and no harm was done. But now and again the figure of Ranulph appeared, and a half dozen times he took aim with his musket at the French soldiers on the shore. Twice his shots took effect: one man was wounded,

and one killed. Then whole companies of marines returned a musketry fire at him, to no purpose. At his ease he hid himself in the long grass at the edge of the cliff, and picked off two more men.

Here was a ridiculous thing: one man and a slip of a girl fighting and defying a whole squadron. The smoke of battle covered miles of the great gulf. Even the sea birds shrieked in ridicule.

This went on for three days at intervals. With a fine chagrin, Richambeau and his fleet saw a bright camp-fire lighted on the rock, and knew that Ranulph and the girl were cooking their meals in peace. A flagstaff, too, was set up, and a red cloth waved defiantly in the breeze. At last, Richambeau, who had watched the whole business from the deck of the Victoire, burst out laughing at the absurd humor of the situation, and sent for Elie Mattingley.

"I've had enough," said he. "How long can he last up there?"

"He'll have birds' eggs in plenty, and there's wild berries too, besides ground rats and all of them. And if I know my girl, there's rations gone aloft," replied Mattingley, with a grim smile. "Ch'est très ship-shape up there!"

"Come, I've had enough," said Richambeau, and he gave orders to stop firing.

When the roar of cannon had ceased he said to Mattingley again, "There never was a wilder jest, and I'll not spoil the joke. He has us on his toast-ing-fork. I shall give him the honor of a flag of truce, and he must come down." His lower lip shook with laughter.

And so it was that a French fleet sent a flag of truce to the foot of Percé Rock, and a French officer, calling up, gave the word of honor of his captain that Ranulph should suffer nothing at the hands of a court-martial, and that he should be treated as a prisoner of war.

As a prisoner of war! thought Ranulph. Then he was to be treated like an English belligerent, and not like a French deserter. He accepted Richambeau's offer, and, with Carterette, made ready to descend. It was easier going down than coming up.

There was no court-martial. After Ranulph, at Richambeau's command, had told the tale of the ascent, the Frenchman said, "No one but an Englishman could be fool enough to try such a thing, and none but a fool could have had the luck to succeed. You have proved, gunner, that you are no Frenchman."

"Then I am no deserter, monsieur?" asked Ranulph.

"You are a fool, gunner; but even a fool can get a woman to follow him, and so this flyaway followed you — and" —

Carterette flew at Richambeau as though to scratch his eyes out, but Ranulph held her back.

"And you are condemned, gunner," continued Richambeau dryly, "to marry the said maid before sundown, or be carried out to sea a prisoner of war."

So saying, he laughed and bade them begone to the wedding.

Ranulph left Richambeau's ship bewildered and perturbed. For hours he paced the shore, and at last his thoughts began to clear. The new life he had led during the last few months had brought many revelations. He had come to realize that there are several kinds of happiness, but that all may be divided into two classes, — the happiness of doing good to ourselves, and that of doing good to others. It all opened out clearly to him, as he thought of Carterette in the light of Richambeau's coarse jest.

For years he had known in a sort of way that Carterette preferred him to any other man. He knew now that she had remained single because of him. For him her impatience had been patience; her fiery heart had spilt itself in tenderness for his misfortunes. She

who had lightly tossed lovers aside, her coquetry appeased, had to himself shown sincerity without coquetry, loyalty without selfishness. He knew well that she had been his champion in dark days; that he had received far more from her than he had ever given, even of friendship. In his own absorbing love for Guida Landresse, during long years, he had been unconsciously blind to a devotion which had lived on without hope, without repining, with untiring cheerfulness.

In those three days spent on the top of the Percé Rock how blithe garçon Carterette had been! Danger had seemed nothing to her. She had the temper of a man in her real enjoyment of the desperate chances of life. He had never seen her so buoyant; her animal spirits had never leaped so high. And yet withal, despite the boldness which had sent her to the top of Percé Rock with him, there had been in all her demeanor a modesty at once frank and free from self-consciousness. She could think for herself, she was sure of herself, and she would go to the ends of the earth for him. Surely he had not earned such friendship, such affection.

He recalled how, the night before, as they sat by their little camp-fire, perched there between heaven and earth, the fleet beneath on one hand and the fishing-post on the other, the tall masts flickering in the moonlight, the flagstaff lifted above the fort like a white finger, — he recalled how, after a long silence, she had risen to her feet, had come over and touched him on the shoulder, and looking down at him had said, "I feel as if I was beginning my life all over again; don't you, Maître Ranulph?"

Her black eyes had been fixed on his, and the fire in them was as bright and full of health and truth as the fire at his feet. He had answered her, "I think I feel that, too, garçon Carterette."

Then she replied, "It is n't hard to forget here, — not so very hard, is it?"

She did not mean Guida, nor what he had felt for Guida, but rather the misery of the past. He had nodded his head in reply, but had not spoken; and she, with a quick "A bi'tôt," had taken her blanket and gone to that part of Percé Rock which was set apart for her own. Then he had sat by the fire thinking through the long hours of the night; and by the time the sun rose and the sailors were stirring in the sloops below he realized that a new life had been born in him. That day Richambeau had sent his flag of truce, and the end of their stay on Percé Rock had come.

Now he would marry Carterette. Yet he was not disloyal, even in memory. What had belonged to Guida belonged to her forever, — belonged to a past life with which henceforth he should have naught to do. What had sprung up in his heart for Carterette belonged to this new life. It had the dignity of affection, and it had the power of unselfishness. In this new land there was work to do, — what might he

not accomplish here? He realized that within one life a man may still live several lives, each after its kind, and yet not be dishonest or disloyal. A fate stronger than himself had brought him here, and here he would stay with fate. It had brought him to Carterette, and who could tell what good and contentment might not yet come to him, and how much to her!

That evening he went to Carterette and asked her to be his wife. She turned pale, and, looking up into his eyes with a kind of fear, she said brokenly, "It's not because you feel you *must*? It's not because you know I love you, Ranulph, is it? It is not for that alone?"

"It is because I want you, garçon Carterette," he answered tenderly, — "because life will be nothing without you."

"I am so happy, par madé, — I am so happy!" she said, and she hid her face on his breast.

Gilbert Parker.

(To be continued.)

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CARLYLE.

III.

THE old mother was not ungrateful for her son's mindfulness. Nothing in their relations is more touching than the brevity and stiffness of her letters, with every now and then some burst of natural affection which even the artificial medium cannot check. Margaret Carlyle had learned to write in adult life for the sake of replying to her son's letters, but the pen never became an obedient instrument in her hand. She could always have sympathized with Joe Gargery.

XXII. TO CARLYLE FROM HIS MOTHER.

SCOTSBRIG, Sept. 13, 1842.

MY DEAR SON, — It is a long time since you had a word from me, though I have had many kind letters from you, for which if I am not thankful enough, I am glad. I am full as well as I was when you saw me last. I am reading the poem on "Luther" and I am much pleased with it. I wish the author God-speed. It is a good subject and well handled, is my opinion of it. I had a letter from John yesterday, he thinks he will see us in the Course of a month or so. We will be glad to see him again

if it please God. We have excellent weather here. I do not remember such a summer and harvest. Jamie had a good crop and very near all in and well got up. Isabel is still poorly. She is rather better than she was at one time. How are you after your wanderings? Write as soon as you can and tell us all your news.

Ever your affectionate Mother,

M. A. C.

XXIII. TO MRS. HANNING, AT THE GILL, FROM HER MOTHER.

SCOTSBRIG, Monday [1840-1851].

MY DEAR JENNY, — I have been longing for you to come here for a long time. I want to send two hams on to London. Could you get a box which would hold the shirts and both could be sent at the same time. If you have not sent them any, bring them over as soon as you can, and come soon. At any rate bring the winter things that Jean sent. We are all in our frail way of health. Give my kindest love to young and old.

Ever your old mother,

M. A. C.

Much as Carlyle had been thinking about Cromwell, another book was to come first, — a book for which his very trip to Cromwell's country was fruitful in suggestion. At St. Ives he had seen not only Cromwell's farm, but also St. Ives poorhouse with its inhabitants, — "in the sun," to be sure, but neither spinsters nor knitters, nor workers after any fashion, for the simple reason that they had no work to do. The Chartist riots of 1842 remained in Carlyle's mind with this symbolic picture, and by October of the same year he was deeply pondering the condition of "the English nation all sitting enchanted, the poor enchanted so that they cannot work, the rich enchanted so that they cannot enjoy." Over against this contemporary view Carlyle set the life of the monks of Bury St. Edmunds, as told by their

chronicler, Jocelyn de Brakelonde; and the result was Past and Present, written, apparently with less struggle than any of the author's other books, in the first seven weeks of 1843. Although Carlyle went too far in this work, — as indeed he so seldom failed to do, — Past and Present proved the germ of more than one sadly needed reform; and the splendid, sonorous passage beginning, "All true work is sacred," will remain, one must believe, an inalienable possession of English literature and English morals.

Publication followed in April, and soon afterward Carlyle wrote in his Journal: "That book always stood between me and Cromwell, and now that has fledged itself and flown off." Face to face with Oliver again, Carlyle went in the summer of 1843 to see famous battlefields of the civil war. He so planned his itinerary as to reach Dunbar on the 3d of September, — the day of the fight there, the day of Worcester fight, and the day of Cromwell's death.

This professional journey was preceded by a peaceful month at Scotsbrig, and followed by a visit to Erskine which fixes the date of the next letter.

XXIV. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.

[LINLATHEN, *early September*, 1843.]

Yesterday by appointment, the good Thomas Erskine took me up at Kirkcaldy, carried me off hither on the top of the coach, bag and baggage. The day was damp and dim, not exactly wet, yet in danger of becoming very. There had been rain in the night time (Sabbath night or early on Monday morning) but there fell no more. This day again is oppressively hot, dry yet without sun or wind — a baddish "day for a stook." But they prophesy fair weather now — which I shall be glad of, and the whole country will be glad, for all is white here, in sheaves and stooks, and little got into ricks. We got here about 5 in the evening, a great

party of people in the house (a big *Laird's* house with *flunkeys* &c., &c.). I was heartily tired before I got to bed. I do not think I shall be rightly at rest till I get on ship board, then I *will* lie down and let all men have a care of stirring me, — they had better let the sleeping dog lie! The Dundee steamers are allowed to be the best on these waters, large swift ships and very few passengers in them at present. I spoke for my place yesterday and am to have the best. The kind people here will relieve me down (it is four miles off) and then about 4 o'clock in the afternoon — I shall — light a pipe in peace and *think* of you all, speaking not a word. I expect to sleep well there too, and then on Friday, perhaps about 3 o'clock, I may be at London Bridge and home by the most convenient conveyance to Chelsea for dinner. This, if all go well, this ends for the present my pilgrimings up and down the world.

Dear Mother, I wish I had gone direct home when I left you, for it is not pleasant somehow to be still in Scotland and far from you. I speak not the thoughts I send towards you, for speech will not express them. If I arrive *home* on Friday you may perhaps find a newspaper at Ecclefechan on Sabbath morning, Monday much likelier. God bless you all.

T. CARLYLE.

"Carlyle returned from his travels very bilious," so his wife wrote to Mrs. Aitken in October, 1843, "and continues very bilious up to this hour." He could not refuse a "certain admiration" at the state of the house, which had been painted and papered in his absence. Mrs. Carlyle, with her own hands, had put down carpets, newly covered chairs and sofas, and arranged a library according to his (expressed) mind. His satisfaction lasted only three days, for on the morning of the fourth day "the young lady next door took a fit of prac-

tising on her accursed piano-forte." There had then to be another upheaval: "down went a partition in one room, up went a new chimney in another;" and still another library, farther from the piano, was thus contrived. Finally, the young lady, charmed by "a seductive letter" from Carlyle, agreed never to play until two in the afternoon. The dinner hour was changed to the middle of the day, because Carlyle thought it would be better for his digestion.

Although these changes, which in Mrs. Carlyle's account seem planet-shaking, were in the interest of Cromwell, Cromwell remained persistently unwritable. On the 4th of December the historian wrote to Sterling: "Confound it! I have lost four years of good labour in the business; and still the more I expend on it, it is like throwing good labor after bad." Two days later he put a better face on it to his mother.

XXV. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.

CHELSEA, Monday, 6th Dec. 1843.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — We have a letter from Jean this week, who reports a visit to you and gives us a description of what you were about. We were very glad to look in upon you in that way. Jean describes you as very well when they came, but since then (though she tells us of your prohibition to mention it at all) there has been some ill turn of health which we long greatly to hear of the removal of! I study, dear Mother, not to afflict myself with useless anxieties, but on the whole it is much better that one knows exactly how matters do stand, the very fact, no better and no worse than it is. To-day there was a little Note from James Aitken apprising us that the Books are come, that Jenny is with him. He has evidently heard nothing farther from Scotsbrig, so we will hope things may have got into their usual course again there. But Jamie or somebody may write us a scrap of intelligence, surely? . . .

This is said to be a very unhealthy season here; for the past two months about two hundred more deaths in the week have occurred than is usual at this season, but I rather conjecture it is the result of the long continued hardship the Poor have been suffering, which now, after wearing out the constitution by hunger and distress of mind, begins to tell more visibly! Our weather is very mild, soft without any great quantity of rain and not at all disagreeable. Jane's cold is gone again and we are in our common way. My Book goes on badly, yet I do think it goes on, in fact it must go: Bore away at it with continuous boring day and night and it will be obliged to go! I study however not to "split my gall" with it, but to "hasten slowly" as the old Romans said. When writing will not brother with me at all, I fling it entirely by and go and walk many a mile in the country. I have big thick shoes, my jacket is waterproof against slight rain, I take a stick in my hand and walk with long strides. The farther I walk, the abler I grow; in fact I am rather in better health, I think, than usual, if all things are considered. Jack and I had a long walk after Tailors for some three hours in the moonlight streets last night. To-day it is damp, but I am for a sally again. Alas, it is but a very poor morning task I have done, but we cannot help it. Adieu, dear good Mother, for our sakes take care of yourself. My love to all.

Yours affectionly

T. CARLYLE.

Carlyle never liked any portrait of himself. The one mentioned in the following letter had made him look like "a flayed horse's head."

XXVI. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSERIG.

CHELSEA, 10th March, 1844.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — It is a shame for me if I do not write a bit of a letter

to you. There is nothing else I can do for you at present. I will scribble you a few words of news on this paper, let other employments fare as they can for the present.

I sent your good little note to the Doctor. Jamie's letter for Alick came duly to hand and was duly forwarded; I also wrote a letter to Alick myself. Poor fellow, I suppose he has had a very solitary, meditative winter of it over in America, and has no doubt had a great many reflections in his head, looking back and looking forward, with perhaps sadness enough, but it will do him good, I really believe. Perhaps this winter, seemingly one of the idlest he has had, may turn out to be one of the most profitably occupied. My own hope and persuasion is that he will now do well, that he is probably about to begin a new course of activity on better terms than before, better terms both inward and outward, and that in fine, poor fellow, he may begin to see the fruit of his labor round him and go on with much more peace and prosperity than heretofore. . . . I also like the tone of his letters, which is much quieter than it used to be. He does not know, I suppose, in what direction he is to go when April arrives. I urged, as Jamie did, that a *healthy* quality of situation should outweigh all other considerations whatever, that for the rest all places seemed to me much alike; if the land were cheap, it would be unfavourably situated &c. I also hinted my notion that a small piece of *good* handy soil might be preferable to a large lot of untowardly, outlying ground. We can only hope and pray he may *be* guided *well*. We cannot assist him with any real guidance. Difficulties beset a man everywhere under this sun. There if he have patience, insight, energy and justness of mind he will daily conquer farther, — not otherwise, either in America or here. But, as I said, I have never lost hope with Alick, and I have now better hope than ever. We will commit him to the

all-wise Governor with many a prayer from the bottom of all our hearts that it may be well with him. To hear and know that he does see good under the sun, fighting his way like a true man in that new country! — what a comfort to you and to every one of us. My dear Mother, I know your heart is many a time sad about Alick. He is far away and there are others of us gone still farther, beyond the shores of this earth, whither our poor thoughts vainly strive to follow them, — our hearts' love following them still: — but we know this one thing, that God is *there* also, in America, in the dark Grave itself and the unseen Eternity — even *He* is there too, and will not He do all things well? We have no other Anchor of the soul in any of the tempests, great or little, of this world. By this let us hold fast and piously hope in all scenes and seasons whatsoever. Amen.

You bid me “call on Patience” in this Book of mine. Dear Mother, it is the best and only good advice that can be given. I do endeavour to call on patience and sometimes she comes, and if I keep my shoulder stiffly at the wheel withal, we shall certainly get under way by and bye. The thing goes indeed, or now promises to go, a little better with me. I stand to it as I can. But it will be a terribly difficult job and take a long time, I think. However, that it is a useful one, worthy to be done by me I am resolved, and so I will do it if permitted — the return and earthy reward of it may be either great or small, or even nothing and abuse into the bargain, just as it likes. Thank Heaven I can do either or any way as to that, for this time, and indeed, often when I look at it, the prizes people get in this world and the kind of people that get them seem but a *ridiculous* business. If there were not something more serious behind all that, I think it would hardly be worth while to live in such a place as this world at all. In short I

hold on the best I can — and my good Mother's picture looking down on me here, seems to bid me “call on Patience” and persevere like a man.

Jane has not been very well in these cold stormy weeks, but I think is now getting better again. It is the spring weather, which this year has been the real winter; all manner of people are unwell here at present. You in the North have it still worse, far worse than we. Many a time have I asked myself what is becoming of my good old Mother in these wild blasts. Surely you keep good fires at Scotsbrig? Surely you wear the new Hawick sloughs? Jane finds hers very warm and nice; but the thing you might improve greatly and never do is your *diet*. I think you should live chiefly on fowl. A hen is always fair food, divide her into four pieces — she makes you an excellent dinner of soup and meat for four days. This you know very well for others, but never learn it for yourself. I am very serious. You *should* actually set about this reform. Do now — you will find it more important on your health than any medicine or other appliance you can think of. Jenny, I suppose, is still at the Gill. When you feel tired of solitude again she will come back to you. The bairns as they grow will be quieter and give less trouble. Poor Jenny, no doubt of it, she has many cares of her own: we should all be gentle with her, pity her and help her what we can.

But now I suppose you are very impatient to know what is in that paste board roll tied with string. Open the string with your scissors and you will see — one of the ugliest pictures ever drawn of man. A certain person here has been publishing some book called “Spirit of the Age,” pretending to give people account of all the remarkable men of the age; he has put me into it — better luck to him. He wrote several months ago requesting that I should furnish him with some life of myself —

forsooth ! This I altogether begged leave respectfully to decline, but he got hold of a picture that a certain painter has of me, and of this he has made an engraving, — like *me* in nothing, or in very little, I should flatter myself. Let Isabella roll the paper of it the *contrary way* and then it will lie flat, if indeed the post office bags do not squeeze it all to pieces, which I think is fully as likely and will be no great matter. I sent it to you as to the one that had a right to it. Much good may it do you !

Jamie said he would write. Let him do so — or else you yourself ought to write, or *both* will be best. Jack and I were at Dinner together among a set of notables the night before last, came home together smoking two cigars, all right. Adieu, dear Mother, my big sheet is done. My regards to Isabella, to Jamie and them all. My blessings with you, dear Mother.

Yours affect.

T. CARLYLE.

In 1844 there was “no Scotland” for Carlyle, but early in September he went to Mr. and Lady Harriet Baring at the Grange. The Baring friendship had begun to rise into his life, — not yet in the form of a cloud.

All the rest of the year Carlyle stayed closely at home, working on Cromwell, and seeing fewer people than usual. The following quaint fragment belongs to this period, from which Froude has preserved none of Carlyle’s letters or journal record.

XXVII. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING.

CHELSEA, 16th Dec. 1844.

DEAR JENNY, — I dare say you can knit *Wristikins*. It has struck me in these cold days I might as well apply to you to have a pair. The best pair I yet have is a very old pair now, which either you, or I think Jean, knit for me at Hoddam Hill when you were little bairns many years ago. They have beau-

tiful stripes of *red* yet, as fresh as ever. In fact I sometimes wear them in preference to the pair Jane has bought for me out of the shops here. Being already provided as you see I will not in the least hurry you as to the matter — wait till you have leisure, till you can get right your colors &c. &c. — only I will tell you what kind of thing will suit me and how you can do it when convenient. The great defect of all my present wristikins is that they are too slight, too *thin*, and do not fill up the cuff of the coat, which is rather wide with me. They should be at least *double* the common thickness of those in the shops. If you had fine, *boozy* yarn and took it *two ply* it will make a pretty article. Then as to color, it should be deep for our reeky atmosphere here; red is beautiful, a stripe of good red, and holds out well, but perhaps the basis had better be some sort of brown. Please your own eye. There never was a good horse had an *ill* color. As to breadth I think they should be at least three inches. . . .

The horse which Carlyle describes to his mother as “a very darling article” was a new one, called “Black Duncan.”

Of Addiscombe Froude writes: “The Barings had a villa at Addiscombe, and during the London season frequently escaped into the Surrey sunshine.”

XXVIII. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.

CHELSEA, 12th July, 1845.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — My hurry is indeed great, but it ought to be greater than it is before I neglect writing you a little word *this* week as I did last. I am whipt about from post to pillar at a strange rate in these weeks.

Jack’s visit to you was a welcome piece of news here. The good account he gave of you was much wanted. We are very sorry indeed to hear of poor Isabella. It seems as if nothing could be done for her, and her own weakness and

suffering must be very great. Jamie is kind and patient, you may assure him of our sympathies. A sudden turn for the better may take place, I understand, as of its own accord all at once. Let us keep hoping the best.

The back of this sorrowful Book is now broken. I think another month of stiff labour will see it well through. They are printing away at the second volume—about half done. I have to go along amid endless confusions, the way one has to do in all work whatsoever. The Book will, on the whole, be better than I hoped, and I have had some honest thoughts in the writing of it which make me the more careless what kind of reception the world gives it. The world had *better* try to understand it, I think, and to like it as well as it can! Here is another leaf of a proof sheet to be a token to you of our progress. So soon as ever it is over I am off for Annandale. The heat has never been very oppressive to me, never violent beyond a day or two at a time, then rain comes and cools it again. I get considerable benefit of my horse, which is a very darling article, black, high, very good natured, very swift—and takes me out into the green country for a taste of that almost every day. I sometimes think of *riding* it up into Annandale, but that will be too lengthy an operation.

Jane is going to Liverpool to her Uncle's in a fortnight. She will stay with them a week, then another week with some country friends in that quarter. I wished her to go to Scotland and see old friends there at Haddington and elsewhere, but she is rather reluctant to that. She is not very strong and has many sorrows of her own, poor little thing, being very solitary in the world now. In summer however she is always better.

I have heard nothing from Jack of late days. I suppose him to be still at Mr. Raine's. Perhaps uncertain whither

ward he will go next. At any rate country is better than town at present,—free quarter than board-wages. I expect he will come back to you again before the season end.

We were out at a place called Addiscombe last week among great people, very kind to us, but poor Jane could sleep only about an hour each night—three hours in all. I stayed but one night, came home on my black horse again. Some peace and rest among green things would be very welcome to me—and it is coming soon, I hope. Adieu, dear Mother—my kind love to you and to all of them. I am in great haste and can speak but a few words to mean much by them. My blessings with you.

Dr. Carlyle's Dante, which he was very "eager upon," was the prose translation of the Inferno, so well done that many readers have regretted that the translator did not proceed.

XXIX. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.

CHELSEA, 31 Oct'r, 1845.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—You will take a short word from me rather than none at all, to tell you that we are all struggling along here without disaster; which indeed is all that is to be told. I write also to see if I can induce you to make use of one of those Letter-covers which I left, and to send me a small line about yourself and how you are. Except one short line from Jamie to the Doctor, I have heard nothing at all since I left you.

There has been no rain, or almost none whatever since I left Scotsbrig; so that, I hope, tho' your weather can hardly have been so favourable, Jamie is now over with his harvest, and fast getting all secured under *thatch-and-rope*. The Potatoe business, as I learn from the Newspapers, proves very serious everywhere, in Ireland as much as anywhere; and over all Europe there is

a rather deficient crop; besides which, the present distracted railway speculation and general fever of trade is nearly certain to break down soon into deep confusion, so that one may fear a bad winter for the poor, a sad thing to look forward to. They are best off, I think, who have least to do with that brutal Chase for money which afflicts me wherever I go in this country. "Give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food convenient for me."

Our freedom from rain has not hindered the November fogs from coming in somewhat before their time. The weather is not wholesome, many people have got cold in these late days. I advise you, dear Mother, to put on your winter clothing and be cautious of going out except when the sun is shining. In the morning and evening do not venture at all. This is the most critical time of all, I believe, these weeks while the change to winter is just in progress. I thought myself extremely well here for a week after my return, and indeed was so and hope again to be so — much improved by my journey, — but last Sabbath, paying no heed to these frost fogs, I caught a little tickling in my nose which rapidly grew into a *sniffling*, and by the time next day came I had a regular ugly face-ache and fair foundation for cold in all its forms, which required to be energetically dealt with and resisted on the threshold. Next day, accordingly, I kept the house strictly and appealed to medicine and their diet, and so on Wednesday morning I had got the victory again and have been getting round and growing nearer the old point ever since — in fact reckon myself quite well again, except that I take a little care of going out at night &c. Jane has had a little whiff of cold too, but it is abating again. We are taught by these visitations to be upon our guard. The Doctor is quite well, tho' I think he sits too much in the house, being very eager upon his Dante at present.

They are not to publish the Cromwell till "the middle of next month" — about a fortnight.

"They are not to publish the Cromwell till 'the middle of next month,'" wrote Carlyle in the preceding letter. As a matter of fact the book did not get out until December.

Carlyle and his wife did go to the Barings in the middle of November, and the date of the following undated fragment thus swings between the 1st and the 15th of November. Carlyle says here that they were invited to the Grange; Froude, that Mr. Baring and Lady Harriet were at Bay House, in Hampshire. "Grange" is probably a slip of the pen.

XXX. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.

CHELSEA [1/15 November, 1845].

. . . It lies perfectly ready, but the Town is still very empty; besides they are getting ready a Portrait, the *rudiments* of which John and I went to see the other day, but did not very much like. I fear it will not turn out much of an ornament to the Book or a *true* likeness of Oliver; but we cannot help that. Nor does it very much matter. — For the rest, I am and have been nearly as *idle* as possible; merely reading Books, and doing other small etceteras.

There is an invitation to go down to the Grange (where I was the other year), for Jane and me both, "for a few days" (perhaps three); but I think it is not certain whether we can accept in such a state of the weather, etc. It will be within the next ten days if at all. We are very quiet here at home; hardly anybody yet coming about us: and indeed in general it is, the fewer the better, with us.

I cannot yet learn with the least distinctness whether John is for Scotsbrig or not; but I continue to think he will after all come down and plant himself there with his *Dante* for a while. I

have fully expressed your wishes to him in regard to that; and certainly if he do not come it will not be for want of wish to be there.

Jenny, I suppose, is home again: all is grown quiet in the upstairs rooms! My dear good Mother, let us not be sad, let us rather be thankful, — and still hope in the Bounty which has long been so benignant to us. I will long remember your goodness to me at Scotsbrig on this occasion, and the sadness that is in it I will take as inevitable, — every joy has its sorrow here. . . .

If I think of any Carlisle Tobacco I will send word about it in good time; if I send no word, do not in the least delay about it.

"In February, 1846, a new edition was needed of the Cromwell. Fresh letters of Oliver had been sent which required to be inserted according to date; a process, Carlyle said, 'requiring one's most excellent talent, as of shoe-cobbling, really that kind of talent carried to a high pitch.'

"He had 'to unhoop his tub, which already held water,' as he sorrowfully put his case to Mr. Erskine, 'and insert new staves.'"

Other editors of letters, before and since, have had such cobbling and coo-pering to do.

XXXI. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, DUMFRIES.

CHELSEA, Monday, 29th June, 1846.

DEAR JENNY, — I heard of your arrival in your new place at Dumfries a day or two ago, and on Saturday I sent you a newspaper which I suppose you will receive this morning. You will understand it as a hasty token that we are in our usual way and still mindful of you, although there has been little express writing of late.

No doubt you will feel a little lonely, unaccustomed, and now and then dispirited and anxious in your new situation. Yet I do consider it a very fit change

for you to have made, and believe confidently you will find yourself much more comfortable than you have been in your old place, if once you are fairly *hafted* to the new one. Do not be discouraged, my little Jenny, I know you will behave always in a *douce*, prudent, industrious and wise way, and there is no fear of you, if so. You will be mistress of your own little heart at any rate, free to follow your own wisest purposes. I think you will gradually find work, too, which may be useful to you. In short this is a fact always, in Maxwell-town and in all towns and situations, — a person that does act wisely will find wise and good results following him in this world and in all worlds; which really is the comfort of poor struggling creatures here below. And I hope you understand firmly always that you have friends who will never forsake you, whom all considerations bind to help you what they can, in the honest fight you are making. So do not fear, my poor little sister; be wise and true and diligent and do the *best* you can, and it shall all be well yet, and better than we hope.

Getting into a new house, it strikes me, you must find various things defective and not yet in order, so you must take this bit of paper from me which James Aitken, on Wednesday first, will change into three sovereigns for you — and you must lay them out in furnitures and bits of equipments such as you see needfullest. I know nobody that could lay them out better and make more advantage of them than you will do, only you want to consider that this is a supernumerary thing, a clear *gift*, and that your regular income (which John said was to be enlarged — whatever he may have settled it) will arrive at the usual time independently of this. And so, my blessing with you, dear little Jenny, and right good days to you in this new dwelling, — right *wise* days, which are the only good ones.

I have owed Jean a letter this long time. Tell her a box of supplements to Cromwell (one for each of you and two new copies of the whole book — one for my mother, the other for Jack) will reach her in a day or two, which she will know how to dispose of. For the rest, I am fast getting through my book, — it is mere *tatters* of work now, — and expect to be off northward before long. *Northward* we do mean; Jane sometimes talks of being off this week and I to follow in a week or two. To Seaforth, Liverpool, is Jane's first place. I, of course, will soon be across if once there. Good be with you, dear sister.

Yours always, T. C.

Do you address the next newspaper to us if this come all right. That will be a sufficient sign to us.

XXXII. CARLYLE TO MRS. AITKEN, DUMFRIES.

CHelsea, Saturday, 17th October, 1846.

DEAR SISTER, — That letter for the Doctor reached me last night with instructions, as you see, to forward it to you. There is another little one from poor little Jane, which I like still better, but I am ordered to return it to my mother. Alick is going on very tolerably and seems to do as well as one could expect in his new settlement, — somewhat bitter of temper yet, but diligent and favoured to see the fruits of his diligence.

We are extremely quiet here, not writing, or expressly meditating to write, *resting* in fact, for I find Chelsea greatly the quietest place I could meet with. This long while I read a great many books of very little value, see almost nobody except with the *eye* merely, find silence better than speech — sleep better than waking! My thoughts are very *serious*, I will not call them sorrowful or miserable; I am getting fairly *old* and do not want to be younger — I know not whether Jeffrey would call that “happy” or not.

Our maid Helen is leaving us, invited

to be some Housekeeper to a brother she has in Dublin, at present a rich trader there, “all upon float” as I sometimes fear. Jane is busy negotiating about a successor, hopes to get a suitable one from Edinburgh or almost to *have* got such. You have not written to me. Tell Jenny I will send her some word soon. My kind regards to James. Good be with you and your house, dear Jean. Jane is *out*, and therefore silent.

Ever yours, T. C.

Between 1846 and the spring of 1849 Carlyle had made the acquaintance of Louis Blanc, John and Jacob Bright, and Sir Robert Peel.

On the 30th of June, 1849, Carlyle started on a journey through Ireland, — the notes of which were printed after his death, — and returned on the 7th of August. He went directly to Scotsbrig, where, “owing to cocks and other blessed fellow-inhabitants of this planet,” he was a good deal disquieted. In Scotsbrig he remained, however, till the end of August.

XXXIII. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, DUMFRIES.

SCOTSBRIG, 18 August, 1849.

DEAR SISTER JENNY, — Here is a Draft for your money, which you will get by presenting that Paper at the Bank, when the Martinmas Term comes; I wish you much health and good industrious days till the 22nd comes round *again*; and have done nothing more gladly, I may say, in the payment line than write this little paper for you, ever since the last was written, I think. It gave me very great pleasure to see your neat little Lodging and thrifty, modest, and wise way of life, when we were in Dumfries the other day. The reports of all friends agree in testifying to the same effect. Continue so, my good little sister, and fear nothing that can befall. Our outward fortune, lucky or what is called unlucky, we cannot command; but we *can* com-

mand our own behaviour under it, and we do either wisely or else not wisely; and *that*, in real truth, makes *all* the difference, — and does in reality stamp us as either “lucky,” or else “unlucky.” For there is nobody but he that acts foolishly and *wrong* that can, in the end, be called “unlucky;” he that acts wisely and *right* is, before all mortals, to be accounted “lucky;” he and no other than he. So toil honestly along, my dear little Jenny, even as heretofore; and keep up your heart. An elder brother’s duty to you, I trust I may promise, you shall never stand in want of while I live in this world.

Take the next *Courier* (which Jean will give you for the purpose) and address it in your own hand to me: “Care of John Fergus, M. P. etc., Kirkcaldy,” — or in fact if James Aitken write that, it will be all the same, — and I shall need no other sign that you have received this Note and Inclosure safe. You can tell James to send only one *Courier* that way; but to direct the other to Scotsbrig till further notice.

Our Mother and I got well home on Thursday; the thunder-showers hung and fell heavy on all hands of us; but we escaped with little damage from them, — got no rain at all till we were on the top of Dodbeck (or rather Daneby) Banks; which rain was never violent upon *us*, and had as good as ended altogether by the time we reached the old Gildha Road. Our Mother’s new bonnet, or any of her clothes, suffered nothing whatever. There had *been* great rains here and all the way; the fields all running brooks, and the road-conduits hardly able to contain the loads they had. It was a good deal clearer yesterday; yet, in the evening, we had again a touch of rain, which I saw was very heavy over in Cumberland. To-day is a degree brisker still, tho’ with remnants of thunder-clouds still hanging, so we fancy the “Flood” is about terminating, and the broken weather go-

ing to heal itself again. Jamie has some cattle rather suffering by the “epidemic,” which, in the last year, has destroyed several; his bog-hay, too, is of course much wetted; but he is otherwise getting briskly enough along. You are to tell James Aitken that there is “an excellent spigot” here already for the water-barrel, so that he need take no farther heed of that, at least, till he hear again.

I could not quite handily get packed (owing to Garthwaites tailoring) for this day; so I put it off till Monday; and am fixed for that morning (10 A. M.) to be in Edinburgh about *one* o’clock and over in Kirkcaldy in good time, where Jane, as I conclude, is arrived since yesterday and expects me against the given time. Give my kindest remembrances in Assembly Street; what our further movements from Kirkcaldy are to be, Jean or some of you will hear in due time. No more at present, dear Sister, with many blessings to you all.

Ever your Affectionate Brother,
T. CARLYLE.

In 1850 the Latter-Day Pamphlets were published. In spite of the outcry against them, Carlyle’s regular “public” was not disturbed. Froude estimates that about three thousand persons were then buying whatever he wrote.

Carlyle said in his Journal for October of the same year: “Four weeks (September) at Scotsbrig: my dear old Mother, much broken since I had last seen her, was a perpetual source of sad and, as it were, sacred emotion to me. Sorrowful mostly and disgusting, and even degrading, were my other emotions. God help me!”

The next letter concerns the departure of Mrs. Hanning to join her husband in Canada. It is the only one in this collection from Mrs. Thomas Carlyle. “Jane” is Carlyle’s sister, Jean Aitken, — Jane only by courtesy, he somewhere says.

XXXIV. MRS. THOMAS CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, DUMFRIES.

5 CHEYNE ROW, Tuesday [spring of 1851].

MY DEAR JENNY, — I sent off yesterday by railway to Jane's care a bundle of things which I hope may be of some use to you in your preparation for departure. They are not much worth as they are, but you have a great talent—at least you had when I knew you—for making silk purses out of sows' ears, a very valuable talent in this world. For the rest what can I say to you but that I wish you good speed in your great adventure, and that it may turn out even better for you than you hope. Decidedly it is an adventure in which you ought to be let please yourself, to be let follow the guidance of your own heart without remonstrance or criticism of others. It is my fixed opinion that between man and wife no third person *can* judge, and that all any of us could reasonably require of *you* is that you should consider well what you are about to do and that you should do nothing from *secondary motives*. If it be affection for your husband and the idea of doing your duty by him that takes you from your family and friends so far away, then go in God's name, and may your husband prove himself worthy of so much constancy. In any case you will have no cause for self reproach. But if it be impatience of your position here which is driving you away from your kind old Mother and all the rest who love you so well, then God help you, my poor Jenny, for you are flinging away all the real blessings of your lot for an imagination of independence. I hope, however, you are quite justified by your feelings towards your husband in leaving all to follow him. You have always seemed to me to cherish a most loyal affection for your husband, and I will never believe, however appearances may be against him, that a man can inspire such an affection in the wife he has lived years beside and yet be wholly

unworthy of it. So farewell, dear Jenny, and God go with you.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

By 1851 Carlyle had begun to think seriously of Frederick the Great as his next subject, and it soon became evident that he must walk in whatever footsteps of his hero were still visible. Carlyle reached Rotterdam September 1, 1852, at noon, and was there met by Mr. Neuberg, — “a German admirer,” says Froude, “a gentleman of good private fortune, resident in London, who had volunteered his services to conduct Carlyle over the Fatherland, and afterwards to be his faithful assistant in the ‘Frederick’ biography.” Carlyle returned to England in October, but many distractions — among them repairs in Cheyne Row and the funeral of the Duke of Wellington — kept him from starting with Frederick. During the winter he wrote something, and threw it aside. On the 13th of April, 1853, he wrote in his Journal, “Still struggling and haggling about Frederick.”

There is neither struggling nor haggling, however, in the letter which follows. The “Talbotypes” mentioned here were, like “Daguerreotypes,” glimmering prophecies of the merciless photograph.

XXXV. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, CANADA.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,
22 *Apl.* 1853.

MY DEAR JENNY, — Though it is a long time since I have written to you, no mistake can be greater than that I have forgotten you. No, no, there is no danger of that. My memory at least is active enough! But I live in such a confused whirlpool of hurries here as you can have no conception of, and *always* in poor weak health, too, and in corresponding spirits, and for most part when my poor stroke of work for the day is done (if alas, I be lucky

enough to get any work done one day in ten, as days now go!) — I have in general nothing for it but to shut up my ugly cellar of confusions and address myself to the task of being *silent* — writing no letter whatever but those I absolutely cannot help. That is the real truth and you must not measure my regard for you by the quantity I write, but by quite other standard.

We regularly see your letters here and are very glad indeed to observe that you get on so well. The fits of ague-fever you had at first were a severe introduction and began to be alarming to us, but I can hope now it was only the *hanselling* of you in your new climate, and that henceforth you will go on with at least your old degree of health. One thing I have understood to be of great moment (indeed I am sure of it), in the Canada climate; it is to take good care that your house be in an airy situation, quite free from the neighbourhood of damp ground, especially of stagnant water, and with a free exposure to the wind. That undoubtedly is of great importance. You are accustomed from sound old Annandale to take no thought at all about such things, but you may depend upon it they are necessary and indispensable considerations in your new country. I beg you very much to keep them earnestly in view with reference to the house you live in. Plenty of dry wind, all marshes &c. at a distance, and there is no more danger of ague in Canada than in Scotland; that you shove up your windows in season and keep your house *clean* as a new pin — these are advices I need not give, for you follow these, of course, of nature or inveterate habit, being from of old one of the neatest little bodies to be found in five Parishes! In all remaining respects I find you have chosen clearly for the better, and I doubt not are far happier in your re-united household than you ever were or could have been in Dum-

fries. It was a wise and courageous adventure of you to take the Ocean by the face in search of these objects, and all your friends rejoice to learn that it has succeeded. Long and richly may you reap the rewards of your quiet, stout and wise behaviour — then and all along, under circumstances that were far from easy to manage; and God's blessing be on you always, my poor little Jenny! I hope, too, poor Robert has learned many a thing and forgotten many a thing in the course of his hard fortune and wide wanderings. Give him my best wishes, temporal and spiritual. *Help* him faithfully what you can, and he (for he has a kind enough heart) will do the like by you — and so we hope all will be better with you both than it is with many, and continue to grow better and better to the end. I recommend myself to the nice *gleg* little lasses whom I shall not forget, but always think of as *little*, however *big* they grow. My blessing on you all.

No doubt you know by eyesight whom these two *Talbottypes* represent; mine is very like — Jane's (done by a different process) is not quite so like, but it will serve for remembrance. I begged two pairs of them awhile ago and had one sent to Alick (*Jane* slightly different in his set), the other pair I now send to you and wish only it were some *usefuller* gift. However, they will eat no bread and so you may give them dry lodging, that is all they want.

I heard from the Dr. at Moffat the day before yesterday. He reports our good old Mother being in her usual way and now with the better prospect of summer ahead. Poor Mother, she is now very feeble, but her mind is still all there and we should be thankful. The rest are well. John is to quit Moffat in July. Jane sends her kind regards.

The White mat on Jane's lap is her wretched little *messin-dog* "Nero;" a very unsuccessful part of the drawing, that!

XXXVI. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, CANADA.

SCOTSERIG, ECCLEFECHAN, 28 Dec. 1853.

MY DEAR SISTER, — This letter brings very sorrowful news to you, probably the sorrowfullest I may ever have to send from Scotsbrig. Our dear and good old Mother is no more: she went from us, gently and calmly at last, on the Sunday just gone (Christmas Day the 25th) at four or ten minutes past four in the afternoon: The Dr., Jean, Isabella, Jamie, and I standing in sorrowful reverence at her bed-side; our poor suffering Mother had lain in a heavy kind of sleep for about 16 hours before; and died at last, rather unexpectedly to the watchers, so sudden was it, without struggle or seeming pain of any kind. We had to think "Her sufferings are over; and she has fought her fight well and nobly; and as for us, — we are left here alone; and the soul that never ceased to love us since we came into the world, is gone to God, her Maker and ours." This is the heavy news I have to send you, dear Sister; and nobody can spare you the sorrow and tears it will occasion. For above a year-and-a-half past, our dear Mother had been visibly falling fast away; when I saw her in August gone a year, her weakness and sufferings were quite painful to me; and it seemed uncertain whether we should ever meet again in this scene of things. She had no disease at that time nor afterwards, but the springs of life were worn out, there was no strength left. Within the last six months the decay proceeded faster and was constant: she could not much rise from bed; she needed Mary and Jean alternately to watch always over her, — latterly it was Jean alone (Mary not being strong enough); and surely Jean has earned the gratitude of us all, and done a work that was blessed and beautiful, in so standing by her sacred task, and so performing it as she did. There has been no regular sleep to her for months

past, often of late weeks and days not much sleep of any kind: but her affectionate patience, I think, never failed. I hope, though she is much worn out, she will not permanently suffer: and surely she will not want her reward. Our noble Mother too behaved like herself in all stages of her illness; never quailed into terror, lamentation or any weak temper of mind; had a wonderful clearness of intellect, clearness of heart, affection, piety and simple courage and beauty about her to the very end. She passed much of her time in the last weeks in a kind of sleep; used to awaken "with a smile" (as John described it to me), and has left a sacred remembrance with all of us consolatory in our natural grief.

I have written to Alick this day, a good many other details, and have bidden him send you the letter (which is larger and fuller than this), — as you probably in asking for it will send this to him. I am in great haste, to-morrow (Thursday 29th Dec.) being the funeral day, and many things occupying us still. I will therefore say no more here; your little pieces of worldly *business* will, I hope, be satisfactorily and easily adjusted before I return to Chelsea, and then it will be somebody's task (John's or mine) to write to you again. For the present I will only bid, God bless you, dear sister, you and yours; — and teach you to bear this great sorrow and bereavement (which is one chiefly to your heart, but to *her* a blessed relief) in the way that is fit, and worthy of the brave and noble Mother we have had, but have not any longer.

Your affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

With a few days excepted, the Carlyles spent the whole of the year 1854 in London. There was little but the Crimean war to distract Carlyle's attention from his long struggle with Frederick.

Charles Townsend Copeland.

CARLYLE AS A LETTER-WRITER.

MOST persons — perhaps because, consciously or unconsciously, they hold the opinion of George Eliot, that serious subjects should not be discussed in letters — try to entertain their correspondents, when they sit down to write a friendly letter. Famous writers are no exception to this rule. Horace Walpole adapts his materials with the nicest art; Gray is seldom elegiac in prose; and Chesterfield, not content with urging his son to “sacrifice to the Graces,” makes his own epistles an oblation on the altar of those ladies. It is evident that the younger Pliny chooses his best stylus, whether a Tuscan villa, or the eruption of Vesuvius, or a Corinthian statuette form his theme; and the fact that all is composed in fear of Cicero and to the glory of the Latin language cannot have made the composition less acceptable to his contemporaries. The letters of Charles Lamb, the “argument” of whose life was suited to a Greek tragedy, must often have carried sunshine — quaintly filtered through Lamb’s personality — to people who, had they but known it, were far better off than their correspondent. Cowper, the best of English letter-writers, was also one of the most cheerful, and in some of the last communications with his friends, before the darkness had quite settled over him, showed himself touchingly conscious of the social bond. It was nearly always dark with Cowper when he was addressing the Reverend John Newton, the evil genius who tried to be his good genius; but let it be remembered that Cowper wrote to Newton the escape of the hares, — a miniature Gilpin in prose. Most of what came from Olney and Weston, indeed, gave and repeated an impression of sprightly serenity that — except in the letters to Newton — seldom allowed itself to be clouded with

the fear which so often kept Cowper trembling. When Madame de Sévigné smiles through her tears, her face turned always toward her daughter, we love her most. We do not feel that she is not making the best of things, but merely that the gayety of her century, thus dashed, is brought nearer the key of our own.

Looked at from this point of view of good spirits, whether real or benevolently feigned, Carlyle is in blackest contrast to the genial tradition of letter-writing. As early as when he was with the Bullers at Kinnaird, he had frightened his family with an eloquent diagnosis of the torments of dyspepsia, and afterward often practiced a becoming caution in complaining too loudly of anything to them. Toward the world in general, however, and toward his brother John — who alone of the family lived in the world — he seldom observed such care. What he felt, he thought; and what he thought, he wrote. The denunciatory mood was frequent with Carlyle, and it would be easy to collect enough of his secular anathemas for a droll sort of commination service. Men, women, and children, if they disturbed him, came in for his curse. All annoyances spoke to Carlyle and his wife through a megaphone, and were proclaimed by them through a still larger variety of the same instrument. Every cock that crowed near their house was a clarion out of tune, and the “demon-fowls” were equaled by dogs, of which each had to their ears the barking power of Cerberus. When Carlyle traveled, fierce imprecations upon everything viatic were wafted back from every stage to the poor “Goody” in Cheyne Row, often while she was facing alone the problem of fresh paint and paper. On the only occasion I can now recall of Car-

lyle himself being at home during repairs, they were to him what a convulsion of nature would be to most of us, and his outcries were of cosmic vehemence and shrillness. In these wild splutterings of genius, a maid servant was a "puddle," a "scandalous randy," or even a "sluttish harlot;" a man servant was a "flunkey," and if he waked Carlyle too early in the morning he was a "flunkey of the devil." Rank, wealth, and worldly respectability were, it need not at this day be said, no defense against these grotesque indictments. The clergy and lovers of the clergy — unless, indeed, they happened to be anæmic and "Socinian" — were always accused of "shovel-hattedness." Persons who, from Plato to Scott, waged no visible warfare with their own souls, and lived their lives without stated conversion from "the everlasting No," were rarely acceptable to Carlyle. Any man of his acquaintance who, besides being thus at ease in Zion, had also gathered worldly gear, was apt, according to Carlyle, to have lost his humanity in "gigmanity." London, in the word he gladly borrowed from Cobbett, was a "monstrous wen;" Europe, "a huge suppurating;" mankind, "mostly fools;" and the world at large, "a dusty, fuliginous chaos."

If, in moods which give forth such words, Carlyle seems to write with a quill plucked from the fretful porpentine, a new book of Lamentations might be gathered from his other frequent and familiar condition. This was the state of body and soul which moved him to sorrow and repining over himself, England, and the world. If he had never made his great success in literature, these wailing cries might plausibly be assigned to the disappointed ambitions of a man whose lot was even more embittered by dyspepsia. But in this respect the tone of the apprentice, throughout a wearisomely long apprenticeship, was strangely like that of the past master in literature, who for the last twenty years of his life

was the most eminent of English writers. There is doubtless a habit of mourning as of rejoicing, and habit counted for much with Carlyle. Yet what I am disposed to contend is that though Aladdin's lamp had lighted him to a success even earlier than Sheridan's or Kipling's, his books and letters would still from time to time have sounded the whole gamut of Jeremiah. It was in his Scotch blood that thus they should, — in his Puritan spirit and his Puritanical digestion. In short, Carlyle's melancholy was from temperament far more than from circumstance, — a spiritual habitude to which he was destined and born.

See the sparks fly upward in March, 1822: "Art is long and life is short; and of the three score and ten years allotted to the liver, how small a portion is spent in anything but vanity and vice, if not in wretchedness, and worse than unprofitable struggling with the adamantine laws of fate! I am wae when I think of all this, but it cannot be helped." More than forty years after, the sad-eyed victor in his chosen field reminds us that he, more than most men, is born to trouble. In 1865 he writes to Emerson from Annandale: "I live in total solitude, sauntering moodily in thin checkered woods, galloping about, once daily, by old lanes and roads, oftenest latterly on the wide expanses of Solway shore (when the tide is *out*!) where I see bright busy Cottages far off, houses over even in Cumberland, and the beautifullest amphitheatre of eternal Hills, — but meet no living creature; and have endless thoughts as loving and as sad and sombre as I like." This is none the less (perhaps, rather, the more) sad, for all the wide and shining landscape. A few lines later Carlyle says: "You perceive me sufficiently at this point of my Pilgrimage, as withdrawn to *Hades* for the time being; intending a month's walk there, till the muddy semi-solutions set-

tle into sediment according to what laws they have, and there be perhaps a partial restoration of clearness." The voice of 1865, though early in the interim it gained its individual accent, is still the voice of 1822.

Malice was operant in this choice of a passage from one of Carlyle's letters to Emerson, to show the frequent hue of his spirit. For not only is the mere thought of Emerson a cause of cheer to most men, — to Carlyle himself it usually brought comfort, — but Carlyle had adopted Emerson, or more nearly adopted him than any one else except Sterling, into the close communion of his own family, toward whom he generally showed compunction in the matter of invective and lament. Yet in writing to Emerson and to them he would sometimes forget his restraint, and, while eating his heart, would invite them to the same repast. It has been said that Froude made an exceptionally gloomy selection from Carlyle's correspondence, and that Mr. Norton's volumes give a fairer view of the habitual tone of his spirits. So far as they are concerned with Emerson and with Carlyle's kindred, an explanation of the higher average of cheerfulness has already been offered. But even in these letters, and still more in the rest of Mr. Norton's selections, one is tempted to inquire whether he did not intend (and very properly) to redress the balance which Froude had unduly weighted on the other side. For the essence and gist of Carlyle's published writings — books, letters, and journals — is that "it is not a merry place, this world; it is a stern and awful place." Much that is meat to other men was poison, or tinctured with poison, to him. "My letter, you will see" (he wrote to his brother John in 1828), "ends in sable, like the life of man. My own thoughts grow graver every day I live." He could, and did, suck melancholy from his own successful lectures, from his own books and the

books of others, from the state of the nation and the state of his own health, from society, from solitude. Craigenputtock, high on the moors between Dumfriesshire and Galloway, and sixteen miles from the town of Dumfries, has always seemed to me the right scenic background for Carlyle. The stone farmhouse, surrounded by a few acres of land reclaimed from peat bog, stands in the midst of bleak hills, seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. This is the right scenery for Carlyle, and many of his most characteristic letters, from whatever places written, carry with them a feeling of the north, November, and the moors. Had Froude left any gaps in his biography, they might be bridged with sighs.

Persons who talked with Carlyle, or who heard him talk, often received a different impression. This was, no doubt, partly because his pentecostal gift excited him to a variety and fire of speech for which he afterward paid the penalty of a natural enough reaction; partly, also, because the sense of humor never deserted him at those moments, and rich gusts of laughter swept away boding prophecy, fierce invective, and the whole symbolic apparatus of Carlylean denunciation. Humor, indeed, is always to be reckoned with in Carlyle; and his letters, like his books, abound in a range of it — seldom genial — that extends from the grim to the farcical. But you cannot hear a man laugh in print; and where in a Carlyle conversation the stage direction would be, "Exit laughing," in a Carlyle letter it appears, "Exit groaning" or "Exit swearing." The writer "laughs off," as Macbeth and Macduff "fight off;" and the reader hears but the ghost of a laugh, — a faint, imagined reverberation.

Hence, loathèd Melancholy, and a truce to sable. I have, perhaps, made too much of a striking characteristic, however indubitable, of a great writer. The famous rat was not always gnawing at the pit of his stomach; and when

neither the mood of vituperation nor the mood of lament was upon him, he was of too vigorous and too honest a mind not to discuss with comparative calmness many subjects that interested him. What did interest him and what did not, what appears in his letters and what is never seen there, would make a catalogue fairly descriptive of Carlyle's intellectual and moral constitution. Food and raiment he seldom writes of, save as necessities of life. No Christmas gastronomy in his letters, no rule for "cooking a chub," no incipient essay on roast pig. As Carlyle's pen is never occupied with cards, one concludes that "old women to play whist with of an evening," so much desired by a certain delightful letter-writer, were not a desideratum with him. Women, in fact, play no dominantly feminine part in his life. Love, as a passion, he apparently does not understand. He gave no more sensitive response to the fine arts than Emerson, in whose books there are many "blind places," — so says Mr. Chapman in his original and important essay on Emerson, — "like the notes which will not strike on a sick piano." To name the theatre is, with Carlyle, to scorn it. Goethe himself could not make him care for plays or play-acting. Goethe's Wilhelm Meister he learned to admire, although, had any other written it, the book would have had from him the treatment it got from Wordsworth. If we may believe Froude, Carlyle called some of the most noteworthy French novels "a new Phallus worship, with Sue, Balzac, and Co. for prophets, and Madame Sand for a virgin." Poetry, art allied to his own, interests Carlyle only through its thought or its lesson. In the actual affairs of life, he desires neither money, rank, nor political power. He gives no adherence to any religious creed, political faith, or party leader. He often feels himself in a "minority of one," but on a certain occasion doubles the number, to include Emerson.

Here may end, without special reason for ending, the catalogue of negatives by which people learn to know Carlyle in his letters. Shorter, not less impressive or informing, is the list of positives. Words Carlyle must have had at least a sneaking fondness for. He does not admit it, but he uses words and phrases in a way that tells its own story to those upon whose ears his noblest strains fall like music. Very often, as he intended, the words stand for facts, which he loved, and for which he was proud to tell his love. Purity, honor, and truth are dear to Carlyle, and he celebrates them in his letters. *Pauvre et triste humanité*, although it often moves him to scorn, never quite loses its hold upon him: his letters are a crowded thoroughfare of human beings, who live again at his touch. Good sayings — pious, shrewd, sage, or humorous, as the case may be — this eloquent talker rolls under his tongue, especially when they are in the speech of the Scottish people. His taste for humor is catholic enough to relish jokes; and he himself, unclannish chiefly in that, jokes without difficulty. Strength of any kind bulks so large in Carlyle's esteem that the historian of Cromwell and Friedrich has often been accused of making might his right. After years of what he felt to be misrepresentation, he endeavored to set things straight by declaring that right, in the long run, was pretty sure to be mighty. However this may be, the strength of contemporary leaders was likely, by his thinking, to be founded on unrighteousness; and it was easier for him to worship his heroes through the long nave of the past. There was an altar for Cromwell, but — alas that it should have been so — there was none for Lincoln.

Although these positives are lengthening themselves out, there must be mention here of the mother, wife, family, and friends, who figure so engrossingly in Carlyle's correspondence. I think we gather from the grand total of docu-

ments in the case that he loved his mother more deeply and singly than he loved any other person. Yet for his wife he had a strong, often disquieted affection. The expression of this in his letters to her, which are as remarkable for emotion as for a very high order of writing, is of course less checkered than it could have been in the faring together of two such yoke-fellows. In the action of temperament upon temperament, *similia similibus non curantur*. During the long episode of Gloriana, it is often possible to read between the lines of Carlyle's letters to his wife. After the death of the first Lady Ashburton, however, occurs the most striking passage of self-accusation to be found in any letter before the death of Mrs. Carlyle. Carlyle writes to her on the 11th of July, 1858 :

"All yesterday I remarked, in speaking to —, if any tragic topic came in sight, I had a difficulty to keep from breaking down in my speech, and becoming inarticulate with emotion over it. It is as if the scales were falling from my eyes, and I were beginning to see in this, my solitude, things that touch me to the very quick. Oh, my little woman! what a suffering thou hast had, and how nobly borne! with a simplicity, a silence, courage, and patient heroism which are only now too evident to me. Three waer days I can hardly remember in my life; but they were not without worth either; very blessed some of the feelings, though many so sore and miserable. It is very good to be left alone with the truth sometimes, to hear with all its sternness what it will say to one."

It is often to be noted that no great moment finds Carlyle without a great word. Moving as is the utterance just quoted, it is dumb in comparison with this, written after the death of Mrs. Carlyle: "Not for above two days could I estimate the immeasurable depths of it, or the infinite sorrow which had peeled my life all bare, and in a moment shattered my poor world to universal ruin."

Mother, wife, family, and one or two friends, then, were very dear to Carlyle. "Love me a little," he writes once to Emerson. Next to these few persons, nature had perhaps the strongest sway over him; and the strange, beautiful landscapes that shine out from some of his darkest letters would be enough to found a reputation on. The phrases live in one's memory as if they had line and color.

Two main facts detach themselves, I think, from these imperfect suggestions of what Carlyle's letters contain and what they are vacant of. In the first place, no one can doubt that although — except in writing to the Annandale kin — Carlyle seldom attempts to control himself, is seldom interesting or entertaining of set purpose, he is yet, for interest and entertainment, a letter-writer among a thousand. Single-minded and single-hearted, true as the very truth, in the words of his mouth he utters the meditations of his heart. Gifted with eloquence, with humor, with pathos, with eyes that see everything and a memory that loses nothing, with an energy of speech which (compared with that given to the majority of his fellow creatures) is clearly superhuman, Carlyle uses his amazing literary vehicle as an Arabian magic carpet to transport him to his correspondent. The letter is the writer; the word is the man.

So much for one fact. The other, not now stated for the first time, is that Carlyle, in his familiar letters as in his published works, presents the curious combination of mystic and realist. The world that can be tested by the senses is, in Carlyle's belief, only the vesture, sometimes muddy, sometimes clear, of the divine principle. For many readers, the expression of this ruling idea of Carlyle and his work is confused not only by apparently contradictory phrasings, but by the shifting of his conception of God between theism and pantheism. When, however, Carlyle utters himself

most earnestly and most characteristically on this cardinal point of his belief, no manner of man can misunderstand him. "Matter," exclaims he, "exists only spiritually, and to represent some idea and body it forth. Heaven and Earth are but the time-vesture of the Eternal. The Universe is but one vast symbol of God; nay, if thou wilt have it, what is man himself but a symbol of God? Is not all that he does symbolical, a revelation to sense of the mystic God-given force that is in him? — a gospel of Freedom, which he, the 'Messias of Nature,' preaches as he can by act and word." It was only to be expected that the favorite quotation of a man whose high belief can be stated thus, of a man who regarded time as an illusion, should be the lines from Shakespeare's *Tempest* : —

"We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Now, although it is proverbially difficult to prove a negative, the ease with which a negative can be stated should be equally matter of proverb. Accordingly, we find that Carlyle, in his letters, a hundred times denounces the world as he sees it for once that he describes, or even suggests, the world as he would see it. Silent heroes should be the rulers of England. Silent heroes are rare birds, even among the dead. Instead of them, talking parliamentarians are at the head of things; and Carlyle has to say what he thinks of Gladstone and Disraeli, the alternately ruling talkers. When, in 1874, Disraeli proposed to grant him a pension and bestow on him also the Grand Cross of the Bath, he wrote to John Carlyle: "I do, however, truly admire the magnanimity of Dizzy in regard to me. He is the only man I almost never spoke of except with contempt."

Men of letters fare no better than men of action. They should be priests, in white, unspotted robes. What does Carlyle find them? In 1824, after pinning

Coleridge, De Quincey, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt fiercely to the page, he writes to Miss Welsh: "'Good heavens!' I often inwardly exclaim, 'and is this the literary world?' This rascal rout, this dirty rabble, destitute not only of high feeling and knowledge or intellect, but even of common honesty! The very best of them are ill-natured weaklings. They are not red-blooded men at all. . . . Such is the literary world of London; indisputably the poorest part of its population at present." So Carlyle wrote of writers when he was putting on his literary armor, and not very differently when he was putting it off. His *Hero as Man of Letters* was almost invariably seen at a distance, either of time or space. He spitted Coleridge on his sharpest spear, and two blasting, withering descriptions of Charles Lamb — with forty years between them for reflection — remain to the everlasting hurt of Carlyle's own reputation.

Vitriol bleaseth neither him that gives nor him that takes, yet Carlyle stayed to the end of his many days essentially high-minded. Honorable, simple, helpful, charitable in deed though not in word, he was seen at the limit of his course to have a better heart, a character less deteriorated, than many a man — no less good at the start — who has indulged himself with "omitting the negative proposition." The habit of scorn would in the long run have been more harmful to character than the habit of tolerance and facile praise, except that Carlyle had an extraordinarily high standard of principle and performance, and held to it not only in his judgment of others, but also in what he exacted of himself. The fact that Carlyle never tried to reconcile the inconsistency (as it may have seemed to some persons) between the Deity of his worship and the symbolic manifestations of that Deity in a world so little to Carlyle's liking no doubt helped him to keep his spiritual integrity.

In company and contrast with the mysticism of Carlyle's thought — "idealism" is the better word, if it be strictly interpreted — is the eager realism of his literary methods. As a result of this piquant union, Carlyle means one thing to one man, and another, quite different thing to another man. The Carlyle of X, the strait idealist, is a moonish philosopher, to be shunned by A, the strait realist, who rejoices in the closely packed narrative, the wild action, and the portraits of men and women, that make but a trivial appeal to X. This union of natures is plain enough in Shakespeare, in whom nothing surprises. The hand which gave us the *Tempest* gave us also Juliet's nurse and *Hotspur's* description of "a certain Lord." Too often, however, the idealist's grasp of the concrete is wavering and intermittent; too often the soul of the realist needs little feeding.

Carlyle vibrated between these two elements of his nature, and fortified one with the other. When, after burrowing in the dust-heap of the past or fishing into "the general Mother of Dead Dogs," he had brought to light some pearl (or, it might be, only some oyster-shell) of fact, he often improved the opportunity to show the larger significance of the little gleam or glint of reality. It was the defect of a fine quality that, in his later work, and especially in *Frederick*, he spent himself on irrelevant facts which helped to make Carlyle's longest book a splendid failure, with episodes of indubitable success.

The looser form of the letter more properly admits the isolated concrete. Shrewd, welcome bits of fact are everywhere in Carlyle's letters; everywhere, too, are those other expressions of a great realist, — vividly "composed" elements of landscape, and portraits that give every token of life except breath. As with every artist, whatever he depicts takes color from him, and is seen through his temperament. In the summer of 1837 Carlyle writes to Sterling

from Scotsbrig: "One night, late, I rode through the village where I was born. The old kirkyard tree, a huge old gnarled ash, was nestling itself softly against the great twilight in the north. A star or two looked out, and the old graves were all there, and my father and my sister; and God was above us all." Here be worn, familiar things. Gray has been to the village churchyard at the hour of parting day, and a procession has followed in his footsteps. But this kirkyard, where Carlyle has since laid himself down with his kindred, is Carlyle's.

The reappearance (usually heightened or elaborated) of bits of prospect or topography first recorded in Carlyle's letters is an interesting characteristic of his writing. His first visit to Paris was of much service to him in fixing the places and scenes of *The French Revolution*; the trip into the country of Cromwell's birth and the examination of Naseby field come into sight again in the book, — witness especially the "Cease your fooling," and the troopers' teeth that bit into Carlyle's memory; and a number of rough drafts for details of *Frederick* appear in letters from the Continent. A brief note, during a visit to Mr. Redwood in 1843, of the Glamorganshire "green network of intricate lanes, mouldering ruins, vigorous vegetation good and bad," was afterward dilated (in the *Life of Sterling*) into the spacious and beautiful landscape beginning: "Llanblethian hangs pleasantly, with its white cottages, and orchard and other trees, on the western slope of a green hill; looking far and wide over green meadows and little or bigger hills, in the pleasant plain of Glamorgan."

Distinguished as are Carlyle's portraits of places, it is probably his portraits of persons that abide longest and most completely in the memories of most readers. Robespierre, Mirabeau and Mirabeau *père*, Frederick and Frederick William, — it is one sign of Carlyle's power that he can make subordinate

characters salient and still bring out his hero, — Voltaire, Cromwell, and the Abbot Samson, are a few of the pictures that line his galleries. Wonderful as are these renderings of men he never saw, his sketches of men he had known are almost literally "speaking likenesses." Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Mazzini, Louis Napoleon, are among the many who are painted to a miracle in Carlyle's letters. Behold a great American, in a letter to Emerson : —

"Not many days ago I saw at breakfast the notablest of all your Notabilities, Daniel Webster. He is a magnificent specimen; you might say to all the world, This is your Yankee Englishman, such Limbs we make in Yankee-land! As a Logic-fencer, Advocate, or Parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world. The tanned complexion, that amorphous craglike face; the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be blown; the mastiff-mouth, accurately closed: — I have not traced as much of silent Berserker-rage, that I remember of, in any other man. 'I guess I should not like to be your nigger'!"

At the risk of numbering this paper with the books of Chrysippus, we must look again at the portrait of De Quincey, which is, perhaps, the artist's chief triumph. Although it is to be found in the *Reminiscences*, it yet belongs here well enough, for that book is not so much a book as a long, rambling letter, partly of remorse, partly of pity, from Carlyle to himself. "He was a pretty little creature," says this terrible, sad old man, remembering after forty years, "full of wire-drawn ingenuities; bankrupt enthusiasms, bankrupt pride; with the finest silver-toned low voice, and most elaborately gently-winding courtesies and ingenuities of conversation: 'What would n't one give to have him in a Box, and take him

out to talk!' (That was *Her* criticism of him; and it was right good.) A bright, ready and melodious talker; but in the end an inconclusive and long-winded. One of the smallest man-figures I ever saw; shaped like a pair of tongs; and hardly above five feet in all: when he sat, you would have taken him, by candle-light, for the beautifullest little Child; blue-eyed, blonde-haired, sparkling face, — had there not been a something too, which said, 'Eccovi, this Child has been in Hell!' " One would be sure, without other evidence than "*Her* criticism" in this description, which is also a "character," — to use the old word, — that *She*, too, had been terrible. The broken order, the curious punctuation, the capitals and italics, the leave of absence granted to the verb, the quick interjections, all taken together make the passage a concentrated example of Carlyle's *vox humana* style, — of his writing when it is most like speech, sublimated.

In his use of persons, as of places, there are pregnant comparisons to be made between Carlyle's first study and the final portrait. Sterling and old Sterling are cases in point; Coleridge, perhaps, the best instance of all. The main lines and the personal atmosphere, always visible, I think, in the sketch, are reproduced by Carlyle in the finished work. But in the heightening of lights, in the deepening of shade, in composition, above all, he makes many changes, which almost invariably result in greater intensity of effect.

From such comparisons, if patiently conducted, might come luminous comment on the question of Carlyle's style, — a question more vexed than the Ber-moothes.

So far and so much for Carlyle's general aspect as a letter-writer. I have tried to show that, in addressing himself to a very few friends, and especially to his own family, he displays a different set of qualities. The difference between his vehemence toward the world at large

and his gentleness toward his mother sometimes seems as marked as that between the two visions of the prophet Jeremiah: the one a seething caldron, the face thereof from the north; the other, a rod of an almond tree. The world, in truth, for this peasant of genius, was, to the considerable degree in which he remained a peasant, an assemblage of persons and things to be approached with many reserves and a deal of more or less violent disapproval. Annandale, contrariwise, was an honest, strength-giving corner of the world, which did for him through life the office of the earth to Antæus. He went back to it so often that he never lost his native accent, and, in certain respects, the point of view to which he was born. So long as Carlyle's mother lived, there was rarely a year in which he did not make a pilgrimage to Scotsbrig; and, after she died, he went oftener to her grave than most sons, dwelling at a distance from their mothers, visit them in life. Scotsbrig also came to him in the shape of letters, as well as in the unsentimental (though, rightly beheld, not unpathetic) guise of oatmeal, bacon, clothes, and what not. The Carlyles held that good meal could not be bought in London; so, when the barrel wasted, it was filled again from home. One far-brought fowl we all remember as the epic subject of a letter from Mrs. Carlyle in Chelsea to her sister-in-law in Scotland. Carlyle had his clothes made in Annan, partly from thrift, partly from distrust of London tailors.

However much he depended on the people and the kindly fruits of his native soil, however much the exclusiveness of the Carlyles may have been only that common to all Scotch peasant families, it is still hard to credit — though on the excellent authority of Mrs. Oliphant — that their mutual love was not "by ordinar," even among Scotch peasants. Especially is it difficult of credence that the attachment of Carlyle and his mo-

ther was not as rare as it was beautiful. In 1832, after the death of his father, he writes to his brother Alick, at Scotsbrig: "O let us all be gentle, obedient, loving to our Mother, now that she is left wholly to our charge! 'Honour thy Father and thy Mother': doubly honour thy Mother when she alone remains." For twenty years this double honor was more than trebly paid. The son writes once to his mother: "Since I wrote last I have been in Scotsbrig more than in London." And so it often is to the end, — and after. Dreaming and waking, he looks far up across England and the Solway. In the spring, the plough and the sower pass between his eyes and the page of Cromwell or The French Revolution; in the autumn, he has a vision of the yellow fields, of "Jamie's" peat-stack, and the "cauldron" singing under his mother's window. The mother's trembling thought of her children answers their love for her. "She told me the other day" (writes one of Carlyle's sisters), "the first gaet she gaed every morning was to London, then to Italy, then to Craigenputtock, and then to Mary's, and finally began to think them at hame were, maybe, no safer than the rest. When I asked her what she wished me to say to you, she said she had a thousand things to say if she had you here; 'and thou may tell them, I'm very little fra' them.'"

As from his first clear earnings Carlyle sent his father a pair of spectacles, and his mother "a little sovereign to keep the fiend out of her hussif," so throughout he never forgot her in the least or the greatest particular. From year to year he sent her money and tobacco, — which they often smoked together in the farmhouse, — books and comforts and letters. The letters, of course, were far the best of all to her. Often as they came, they could not come often enough. In 1824 Margaret Carlyle wrote to her son: "Pray do not let me want food;

as your father says, I look as if I would eat your letters. Write everything and soon." Everything and soon it always was; and in these many letters Carlyle strove to bring near to the untraveled ones at home all that he was seeing and doing. One means of doing this was to describe interesting places in terms of Annandale. Thus, in telling his sister Jean about Naseby, he wrote:—

"Next day they drove me over some fifteen miles off to see the field of Naseby fight—Oliver Cromwell's chief battle, or one of his chief. It was a grand scene for me—Naseby, a venerable hamlet, larger than Middlebie, all built of mud, but trim with high peaked roofs, and two feet thick of smooth thatch on them, and plenty of trees scattered round and among. It is built as on the brow of the Hagheads at Ecclefechan; Cromwell lay with his back to that, and King Charles was drawn up as at Wull Welsh's—only the Sinclair burn must be mostly dried, and the hollow much wider and deeper."

Carlyle knew that his mother would be eager to hear of Luther and Lutherland. In September of the last year but one of her life, he writes to her from Weimar that "Eisenach is about as big as Dumfries;" that a hill near by is "somewhat as Locherbie hill is in height and position." The donjon tower of the Wartburg (which he translates for her, Watch Castle) stands like the old Tower of Repentance on Hoddam Hill, where his mother had visited him during his "russet-coated idyll" there, many years before. "They open a door, you enter a little apartment, less than your best room at Scotsbrig, I almost think less than your smallest, a very poor low room with an old leaded lattice window; to me the most venerable of all rooms I ever entered." That afternoon they drive to Gotha in a "kind of clatch." Carlyle helps out his English for his mother with bits of their common Doric, and falls unconsciously into Scotch locu-

tions, such as "you would be going" or "you would be doing," when he means "you are likely to go" or "likely to do." In larger matters it is the same. Carlyle may have been chanting the Miserere to some correspondent, but if he writes to his mother on the same day the note changes to *Sursum corda*, even though it must visibly struggle up from the depths. Nor do the Immensities and the Eternities appear in his letters to her. In these the Lord her God is also his God.

The belief in personal immortality came to Carlyle, so far as I can discover, but dimly and infrequently. This chill lack of faith, so common in our day, sharpened the dread of his mother's death. So early as 1844 he writes in his Journal: "My dear old mother has, I doubt, been often poorly this winter. They report her well at present: but, alas! there is nothing in all the earth so stern to me as that constantly advancing inevitability, which indeed has terrified me all my days." Yet, in Carlyle's letters after her death, a dovelike peace seems to brood over his deep sorrow. With Roman piety he records the death-trance, sixteen hours long, in which his mother, her face "as that of a statue," lay waiting for the end. It was another

"Dulcis et alta quies, placidæque simillima morti;"

and all Carlyle's words about that holy parting are grave and sweet.

Whatever of loveliness there may have been in the life together of Carlyle and his wife,—and there was much, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary,—in death they were far divided. She lies with her gentle forbears in the abbey kirk at Haddington; he, in Ecclefechan kirkyard with his peasant forbears. When Carlyle was dying, the Lord remembered for him the kindness of his youth,—his mother might have believed,—and "his mind seemed to turn altogether to the old Ecclefechan days." Said his niece, Mrs.

Alexander Carlyle, in a letter soon to be published: "He often took Alick for his father (uncle Sandy), and he would put his arms round my neck and say to me, 'My dear mother.'"

Great writer as Carlyle is, many critics feel that he can never become classical. The word "classic," as Sainte-Beuve has pointed out, is a stretchable term; but very possibly the Soudanese lexicographer, descended from a native of New Zealand, will label many of Carlyle's phrases "post-classical," and place him with Browning and Ruskin, who felt his influence, in the Silver Age of

English. Certainly, the Soudanese Quintilian will do well to tell his pupils the story of Erasmus's ape, and warn them against the danger of imitating Carlyle. Classical or post-classical, Carlyle's name is as closely linked with the French Revolution and the Life of Oliver Cromwell as is the name of Thucydides with the Peloponnesian War, that of Tacitus with the Emperors of the Julian line, or that of Gibbon with the Decline and Fall of their Empire. Yet even if Carlyle's historical titles were torn from his grant of immortality, he would survive as one of the most remarkable of English letter-writers.

Charles Townsend Copeland.

THE ALCALDE'S VISIT.

MISSE WILLIAMS had just returned from the North. He had come down in the fruit steamer. He had taken Tete to the North with him to wait upon the señora, having borrowed him from the Señorita Carlota. Of the two ladies, Tete did not know which he adored the more.

Misser Williams had lost several valuable articles. This he had not discovered until after he had left the steamer, so that now he was sending Tete back at once with letters to the American captain and the Alcalde at Saltona, to see if they could aid him in finding out the whereabouts of his belongings.

Tete had tried to catch a ride on the fruit train, but Garcia was inexorable. His orders were that the peons, natives, workingmen, and boys should not be allowed to travel thus through the plantations, and Tete must perforce walk all the way to the company's wharf under the rays of the scorching sun. As usual, he was grumbling one moment and smiling the next. The train rumbled down from a side plantation and ran round

the curve. Tete shook his head. "No," he said. "They will not allow that I ride. And what difference, — I that have the good legs!"

He ran up the little path that here arose and skirted the track. The breeze began to blow upon his face, — the strong, sweet breeze from the bay. Tete stopped under a great tree, himself as straight as a young palm. He stretched out his arms; his fine, straight hair blew about his eyes.

"I love to live!" he shouted to the parrots overhead. "I love, I love to live! Their North is fine! Their casas are grand! But give to me my island, my breezes, my palms, my bananas, and my people!" A listener would have thought little Tete a real-estate owner, a planter, a sovereign.

When Tete reached the wharf it was midday. The cars had arrived long before him with their load of green fruit. The inspector, a large, red-faced Scotchman, was busy counting the bunches as they were handed over the side.

"We feel that the sun shine, but we

have not the red skin to show," said Tete. "That *Seño' Inspecto'* will soon be wash away. He maikse several river every minute."

Tete had joined the peons near, and stood with them watching the disposition of their favorite fruit. They gazed with longing eyes at the bunches which were thrown overboard, and floated on the waters of the bay. One might have been tempted to jump into the water to save some of the finest five-hand bunches, but for that scavenger the shark. The fin which he poked above the surface, now and then, showed that he was ready for his next meal at any time.

"And what will you be doing here, Tete?" asked the inspector.

"It is *Misser Williams* who send me to *Saltona* on some messages, *seño'.*"

"Messages?"

"*Si, seño'.*" Tete's pouting lip closed downward like the lid of a trap, at the suggestion of curiosity in the inspector's tone.

"And how will you be getting there?"

"The *Esperanza* will carry me, *Seño' Inspecto'.*"

The inspector went on counting, — "Nine, eight, ten, ten, eight. Suppose I refuse to let ye go, me lad? Ten, nine, ten." The inspector almost lost count of the numbers of hands on the different bunches.

"The messages of the *Misser Williams* must be carry, *Seño' Inspecto'.*"

"That will be a poor six-hand bunch, *Petrozo*. Throw it overboard. Suppose I refuse ye, lad — seven, eight, ten, seven. They will be getting smaller, *Petrozo.*"

"Those message must go there, *Seño' Inspecto'.*"

"Try it, me lad."

"I will do as the *seño'* advise."

"Captain, this youngster says he will be going to *Saltona* with ye."

"Can't go!"

Tete pouted. He did not express his feeling at once in words. Like others of the human race, he took it out on

somebody else. He turned and rushed along the stringpiece of the wharf. He came to where Antonio Tallaza was sitting. Antonio Tallaza was fishing. Tete seated himself on the other side of the piles, his legs hanging down toward the water. The pile against which he leaned swayed with his slight weight.

"Those toredos! They will leave them no wharf at all, the next thing!"

Antonio Tallaza scowled at Tete's muttering. He scowled more fiercely at the shark which came nosing round the hook and carried away his bait. He was experimenting with the oysters that grow on trees. Of that in sequel.

Tete laughed. Antonio Tallaza turned upon him with rage. He raised a piece of the filling of the wharf. Tete jumped to his feet. He seized the stone from Antonio Tallaza, and threw it with a great splash at the shark.

"Thou fish of the devil!" said he, beating the American captain over the shoulders of the shark, "thou swimmer from hell! stealing the morsel which is dangling to tempt thy Christian brother!"

"You will hand to me that branch of oysters, Tete."

Tete lifted the branch which was hanging full with shells. At that moment the steamer's whistle sounded. He dropped the mass of bait into the water. The shark opened his jaws. The dainty disappeared.

"Ah! that thou wert there, also!" ejaculated Antonio Tallaza, as he saw the great jaws close.

So the loading was over. The steamer would be starting in a moment. No one had ever got ahead of the American captain. No, no, not even in this land where getting ahead was meat and drink. Tete stood stolid, deaf even to the revilings of Antonio Tallaza. What was it to him that Antonio Tallaza must walk up the long, hot wharf; that he must plunge into the mud left by the falling tide, to pluck from the roots of the man-

grove the bivalve-ridden stems? He, Tete, had other worlds to conquer.

"Thou wilt lose thy boat! That please me very well," growled Antonio Tallaza, as he plodded up the track.

"I know my business best, Antonio Tallaza; you may employ yourself in attending to your shark."

The fruit steamer had been warped round from the end of the wharf to avoid Palm Tree Island.

"Let go your lines!" shouted the American captain from his station on the upper deck.

The gangplank was removed. The propeller turned over once, twice. Tete ran lightly along the stringpiece. The steamer was well away from the wharf, and getting farther away every second. Could he do it? If he did not, there was no small boat to save him, and there were the sharks. One's heart stood still. It was a phenomenal leap. The slight body flew swift and straight as a die. It landed on the lower deck, just escaping the rail.

The American captain saw it with the tails of the eyes which were avoiding Palm Tree Island on the one side, and the coral reef on the other. This was no time for discipline. Later he would see to that. But later he remembered nothing save the pluck and the courage.

"I have a great mind to put back to the wharf, you young devil," smiled the American captain.

"I would be glad to save you that trouble, *Seño' Capitan*," said Tete very politely.

The señora had tried to teach Tete that polite words are never wasted. Fortunately, he sometimes remembered this.

Arrived at Saltona, twelve miles across the great bay as the crow flies, Tete skirmished. Juan Ruiz, who kept the cockpit outside the town, wondered what little Tete Dessange was doing so far from home. "And has the little Tete brought his cock to fight at my Gallera to-night?" he asked.

"I have not brought my cock, Juan Ruiz. It is the truth, no doubt, that my fine young cock could tear the brains from every cock in Saltona. Then I should take thy dollars back to the Cattle Farm with me, Juan Ruiz. But I am here on much more important businesses than that fighting of the cock."

Juan shrugged his shoulders and turned on his horny heel. He knew only too well the reputation of Tete's black one-eyed cock.

Then Tete addressed a gentleman who was lounging slowly down the baking, uneven street. The stranger was a fine-looking man, though his skin was darker than Tete's own. His starched white suit, fresh pink shirt, and fine Panama hat proclaimed him a personage of some importance. He raised his cigarette to his lips and puffed lazily. Probably, if Tete could have read his thoughts, he would have found that the gentleman was saying to himself over and over, "The English company must be squeezed a little more, — just a little more! They can stand it. They could not leave now! It would be fatal to them. They have invested so much in" —

"You wish to speak to me, *mucha-cho?*" for Tete had touched his crownless hat. As he did so, he noticed the large seal ring on the slim dark hand that held the cigarette.

"Will the *seño'* be so good direct me to the *Seño' Alcalde?*"

"What should you want with the *Alcalde*, boy?" The tone was pleasant enough.

"I have some messages for the *Seño' Alcalde*, *seño'.*"

The stranger held out his hand. Then Tete formed his plans, and soliloquized thus: "Betta retain those messages in my bosom. That will serve *Misser Williams* the best. The man that is on the spot know the most than the other man which is not there."

"A letter? You can give it to me. I am the *Alcalde.*"

Tete pulled the straw brim from off the wisps of black hair which stuck up like burned branches. He bowed politely, and looked about to left, to right, assuming an air of great secrecy and importance.

"I convey a message to the *Seño' Alcalde*, it is true, but no written message." How limp and wet the manager's letter to the *Alcalde* felt against his warm little body! "The message is from the *Don Felipe Rodriguez*, the father of my *Seño'it' Carlota*. The *Don Felipe* ask the *Seño' Alcalde* to present himself at the Cattle Farm on Thursday and dine."

The *Alcalde's* cunning eyes shot forth a gleam of joy. He raised his slim fingers and stroked his drooping mustache to hide an exultant smile. Then it might not be true about the *Don Hilario*! Else the *Don Felipe* would never send for him.

"On what day, *muchacho*? Thursday?"

"Si, *Seño' Alcalde*."

Tete watched every movement of the *Alcalde*. He noted the well-starched cuffs and the gleam of the handsome sleeve-links.

The *Alcalde* pondered for a moment. He desired to accept, above all things. What was in the way to prevent? Only that he might meet some one whom he did not care just now to see.

"Where is the American managero, *muchacho*? At *Las Lilas*?"

"No, *Seño' Alcalde*. *Misser Williams* has return to the es-States. He go in steamer *Esperanza*, who sail today."

"Ah! North again! He must be fond of that North. For me, I like not that North. Here I am great man, gentleman. There I am — Well, well! say to the *señorita* — ahem! — the *Señor Don Felipe* — that I will come with great pleasure. Thursday, — why, that is the day after to-morrow, boy!"

"And to bring a small hair trunk,

and remain days without number, *seño'*." Tete's experience had been with visitors from the States.

The *Alcalde* raised his hand to his mouth again. His joy was as broad as his smile. She must have rejected *Don Hilario*, then!

"Where is the *Señora Sagas* — *Williams, muchacho*?" The *Alcalde* was a wise man; he wished to be sure of his ground.

"She accompany the *Misser Williams*. Also the old *señora*, the *Señora Cordeza*; also the peons, *John Francios* and *Carate*; also the maid *Fanache*; also" — Tete had lost his wits in the mazes of invention.

"I care not about the plans of the *Señor Managero*. How shall I get from the wharf to the Cattle Farm? My horse is afraid of the fin-keel. No steamer for some days yet."

"The *seño'it'* — I would say, then, the *Seño' Don Felipe* — will have a horse at the wharf, the company's wharf. And now I return, *Seño' Alcalde*."

The *Alcalde* mused, smiling. "The boy's slips are certainly reassuring. She has undoubtedly sent for me. Of that I am certain." And then aloud, "You shall take my boat, *muchacho*." They were walking toward the quay. "There is a fine fresh breeze. Here, *Garcia*, take the *muchacho* across to the company's wharf. Return at once. I shall need the boat on Thursday. She must be painted." Fine visions flew through the brain of the *Alcalde* of a magic name on the stern, and a moonlight sail on the waters of the bay with one — "And to bring a little hair trunk, *Seño' Alcalde*."

"I shall arrive on the Thursday, *muchacho*."

"And I will myself meet the *Seño' Alcalde* when he shall arrive."

Tete's airs of importance rivaled those of an ambassador who had come on a mission for the arrangement of a royal wedding.

As Tete started on his return trip his

pout was gone. A smile illumined his lips. His eye had grown soft and gentle as a fawn's.

Tete stood at the mast, his arm clasp- ing it, to insure safety, his straight black hair blowing in the wild, sweet breeze.

"And why should I not do those for my Misser Williams, who make a travel person of me? And if in the es-States I carry the señora' shawl, can I do less for those who are kind in their hearts to me? And if I do use my Seño'it' Car- lota' name, will she not laugh and show her white teeth when I reveal to her all this fine plan which I make?"

Tete felt in the bosom of his shirt, and drew therefrom a letter addressed in Misser Williams's round, straightfor- ward hand. The outer covering was stained by the fine red string which was tied round the packet, but Tete knew that the inner paper was intact.

"To be sure it is soak of my sweat," said Tete, "but it dry in the trade wind. If I deliver this letter, would not those sleeve-link get hid? And am I wrong in supposing that the round, flat thing on some one's es-stomack, I have seen, oh! many times before? I should like to put my ear to that es-stomack. It is the fir'st time a es-stomack shall *tick*! I shall return the letter to Misser Wil- liams when the time come, and I must inform Misser Williams that my way better than hees way. One must put salt on the tails of such a bird."

On the following Thursday the Al- calde of Saltona set sail for Caño San- dros in his fine fin-keel boat. He had changed its name from "La Paloma" to "La Carlota." The paint was scarce- ly dry. The waves lap-lapping at the stern washed it away little by little. It was as well that the Alcalde did not know this; he was, in a measure, super- stitious. The boat had a holiday ap- pearance, and the Alcalde, in his green- striped suit, and his lilac shirt with pink dots, set off with an orange-colored tie, looked the embodiment of happy hopes.

True to his promise, Tete was in wait- ing at the company's wharf. He be- strode a large brown bull, and held the rein of a fine gray stallion.

"That horse looks very much like the one that belonged to old Sagasta, — the one that the American managero rides now," thought the Alcalde.

There was no train at the wharf. The fruit ready for the market had all been cut for the week and sent North. The hair trunk, which had been brought by the Alcalde at Tete's suggestion, was hoisted out of the boat and dumped upon the wharf.

"The fine hair trunk of the Seño' Alcalde will be sent for by train," said Tete. "The agent has give the order." Tete's imagination had no limit. It was boundless as the ocean upon which he gazed.

The strangely assorted pair struck back into the interior. The Alcalde led upon the gray, which he thought had been sent for him by the order of Don Felipe, — the gray which had in real- ity belonged to the Señor Sagasta, and which Misser Williams, ignorant and trusting, believed to be resting in the stall as cure for a slight sprain.

Tete followed the Alcalde, upon the big brown bull, which Misser Williams, grown a little lazier now, and less in- quisitive, thought far away over the hills, carrying suckers to the newly cleared land.

The Alcalde rode with the ease and assurance of the accomplished horse- man. Tete rode with the same ease and assurance, though with less grace. His short legs stood out straight from the sides of the aparejo upon which he sat. Sometimes he varied the monotony of his journey by standing upright on his flat pack saddle, and with the crooked stick that he carried he goaded the bull into a run. This annoyed the gray, who jumped and caracoled unpleasantly, at which Tete chuckled silently. When the Alcalde remonstrated in rather vio-

lent language, Tete, ever polite where interest demanded, answered, "It is this devil of a bull that run, seño'. He wish to gore the horse. I should not be surprise if he gore the horse before we arrive at the Cattle Farm." On account of such remarks the Alcalde did not ride with his accustomed pleasure.

As the pair neared the outskirts of the home inclosure of Las Lilas, a horseman came riding swiftly down toward them. It was Misser Williams astride the little roan. When the Alcalde saw that it was the American manager, he made as if to turn the gray short in his tracks. The path was narrow, and Tete, who had also caught sight of the manager, strange to say, had placed the bull across it. He was standing up on the saddle to pick some lilies that drooped from an overhanging vine.

The rage that consumed the Alcalde turned his face to a dull ash color. He saw at once that the boy had duped him; for what cause he could not determine. That the American manager was here at Las Lilas instead of steaming Northward in the Esperanza made him feel anything but comfortable. A quick backward glance over his shoulder showed him a narrow path, with a steep precipice on one side, on the other a high wall of ragged rock, and across the path the heavy body of the big brown bull. There was nothing for it but to go on. The Alcalde gave the spur to the gray and faced Misser Williams.

"Ah, señor, a pleasant surprise!" said Misser Williams.

The Alcalde raised his fine large Panama and made the American a sweeping bow. "Señor," he said, "this imp of the devil has had the assurance to tell me that you and the señora had gone again into the North. I am pleased to find that the Señor Superintendente is still among us."

"The gray!" gasped the manager, as he eyed the stallion. "You are welcome to all that I have, Señor Alcalde:

my house is yours, my servants are yours."

The Alcalde interrupted the manager: "Pardon, Señor Managero, but I should like to own that devil's spawn" — he pointed backward at Tete — "for the space of a half hour."

"Tete belongs at the Cattle Farm," said the manager, smiling, "though he is as much here as there. But the gray, señor — I cannot understand — he has been laid up with a sprain."

Misser Williams looked searchingly at Tete, who stood on his saddle plucking great yellow tubes. Then the Alcalde wheeled the stallion, and together they regarded the boy. Apparently, both gentlemen were beginning to realize that some one had been taking liberties. As the gaze of two pairs of eyes brought no response from Tete, the American signed to the Alcalde to precede him.

"After you, Alcalde."

The Alcalde, seeing that there was no possibility of passing by Tete and the bull, resigned himself to the inevitable.

"Why did you tell the Señor Alcalde that I had gone, Tete?" called back Misser Williams.

"Because I wished the Alcalde to believe it, seño'."

Misser Williams raised his shoulders with a careless shrug. "You see, Señor Alcalde. They never have a reason for what they do; they are hopeless liars."

Suddenly the Alcalde's saddle slipped. He put his slim hand quickly behind him and clutched the crupper to right it. This action shortened his coat-sleeve. There was a flash from his wrist. Misser Williams started.

"This is the path to Las Lilas, Señor Alcalde. You will go home with me and dine." The tone sounded more like a command than the manager intended that it should.

"I should be most happy, señor, but I am promised at the Cattle Farm of the Señor Felipe."

"Not to-night, surely, señor. They are all away at Haldez. They have gone on some very particular business. I am going to join them this evening. Come home and dine with me, and we can ride over together when the sun goes down. They will be delighted to welcome you."

The Alcalde had no intention of spending more time in the manager's company than was necessary. He was consumed with rage, but he was also consumed with hunger. The fame of the cook at Las Lilas had reached even farther than Saltona. He leaned out of his saddle and glowered back at the toes of Tete, who was seated sidewise. His bull plodded with wide strides slowly after the horses. The Alcalde thought, "What excuse can I give for wanting to turn and rush down to the coast again in this devil's sun?" Aloud he said, "That young liar! He brought me a message from Don Felipe."

"And not one from me?" asked Misser Williams.

The manager was regarding Tete. The boy shook his head violently and waved the letter in the sun. Then he stood up on his saddle.

"You are right, Señor Alcalde," said he, smiling. "I have my motives."

"Imp of the devil! I shall ask you to send that boy to the cep' to-morrow, Señor Managero."

The manager was thinking deeply. "If Tete has done wrong, he shall certainly be punished, Señor Alcalde." For the borrowing of the stallion and the brown bull Tete might need disciplinary measures. Misser Williams looked serious. "But you will not refuse my invitation, señor? I am alone, with the exception of the Señora Cordeza."

The Alcalde's inner man was gnawing, and, all things considered, he could do nothing but accept.

And now they had reached the veranda steps. The gentlemen alighted. The horses were led away, the bull trotted after, and all were tethered so securely

by Tete that no slight effort would release them.

"Lola, show the Señor Alcalde to the green chamber, and bring pure water and some fresh clothes."

"The blue room is nearer," said Lola, argumentative like her race.

"Take the Señor Alcalde to the green room, Lola." The entire order was repeated.

Lola retreated sulkily. The Alcalde followed in her wake. The woman went for water. The Alcalde tried to close his door. It had swollen and would not close, as all the household knew. For doors grow, as every one must know who has built a house.

Misser Williams was not long behind his guest. He hovered over him; he made it a point of hospitality to see with his own eyes that fresh water and cool linen were brought to the chamber. He sat just outside the door, where he could watch his every movement, and talked with his guest.

The Alcalde was constrained, and did his dressing in a very awkward manner. Sometimes he turned his back on the manager; without ostentation, however.

When Tete went to the stables, Cito Mores was lounging against one of the posts. Bully, Leon, and two ragged grooms were each busily engaged in lounging against his own particular post, each one chewing his own particular straw.

"Why did you bring the Alcalde to Las Lilas, boy?" asked Cito Mores.

"That is my business, Cito Mores. I must look after Misser Williams, since there is no one else to look after him. Perhaps, Leon, and you, Bully, it would be a good thing to attend to the roan and the gray, and not eat up all of the straw that they may have no beds."

"But the Alcalde," persisted Cito Mores. "Why did he come?"

"He knows no more than you yourself, Cito Mores. Do you think that he would have come if I tell to him the

reasons? If you will take the advice from one which has travel and which know the world, you will draw near the casa; the Señor Managero may require your presence."

Misser Williams and his guest sat upon the broad veranda, beneath the shade of a bougainvillea vine. Lola brought out a tray with cigarillos and some fine old rum. She took the yellow water jar from its short branch upon the natural pilotijo. She placed it, dripping with moisture, upon the table. It made a wet, cold ring. Old Marta must have the time to concoct a special dish for so distinguished a guest as the Alcalde. Juan must bring mangoes from the large tree down by the river. He must also bring aguacate pears of the finest from the pasture patch, though they were not well ripe as yet.

The Alcalde sat with his green-striped coat buttoned tightly across his breast, his arms squarely folded. The heat was excessive; the breeze had died away.

"Open your coat, Señor Alcalde, I beg of you. It is a hot day, even at Las Lilas. Let me hand you a fan." Misser Williams took a palm leaf from the rack behind his head.

The Alcalde sat like a statue. He bowed stiffly.

"I thank you, Señor Superintendente. I find it cool enough."

Silent contradictors in the shape of round beads of moisture stood upon the Alcalde's brow. He felt sick and faint. It was a long, hot ride to the coast, but if the stallion had stood at the steps, the Alcalde would have made a vault and spurred for distance and for honor. He wondered feebly how all this was to end. He took up his glass in an embarrassed manner. He allowed the manager to pour out his drink for him. He thanked him, with a constrained bow.

Spicy odors were wafted appetizingly round the corner of the casa. One could hear old Marta, with Pedro to hinder, clattering her dishes and discoursing on

different methods of flavoring. The Alcalde might have had the strength of mind to take his departure, but had he the strength of stomach? His inner man almost spoke aloud.

"A light for your cigarillo, Señor Alcalde."

Lola was standing near, smiling and bare of foot, her dress starched and full of holes. She held a tray with a silver dragon all aflame. A broken saucer for ashes was in this proud company.

A stiff bow from the Alcalde; stiffer acknowledgment in the words, "My thanks to you, Señor Managero. I have given up the practice — my heart" — The Alcalde pressed his hand upon the place where that member beat with rage, disappointment, and chagrin. Underneath that hand was a round, flat object, of somewhat different shape and size from the organ named.

Misser Williams puffed silently. He was musing upon the fact of having come upon the Alcalde just as he tossed away a cigar, very long and very black. Few persons lie gratuitously. There must always be a motive for premeditated sin; unless, like the French, one pursues the habit to keep his hand in. What could be the Alcalde's motive?

The Alcalde grew fixed, rigid; he clasped his hands over the vacuum within him.

At the suggestion of Tete, Cito Mores, with the grooms, had come round from the stables. The three had seated themselves upon the lowest of the veranda steps. Tete had been exercising his legs by balancing himself upon the veranda rail, his motions like those of Dondy-Jeem, a tight-rope walker whom he had once seen over at Haldez. He, however, kept a close watch upon the Alcalde. At times he withdrew his gaze to fix a pitying glance upon Misser Williams, as if to say, "Poor innocent! So ignorant of the world! It is I, Tete, which must employ myself in serving those interest of yours."

"The dinner is served, Señor Managero."

It was Lola who spoke, trying to fasten together the edges of a hole in her waist, where the starch would not allow the pin to enter.

The manager arose. He bowed to the Alcalde and signed to him to lead the way.

They entered the dining-room. The Señora Cordeza entered at the same moment from another door. Wrinkled and yellow, her mantilla thrown over the high comb that she wore, she stepped lightly toward the table. She bowed to the Alcalde with a certain dignity combined with a languid grace, which reminded one, in spite of himself, of moonlit verandas and odorous breezes of the night. Her eyes, once the pride and toast of all the estates round about Las Lilas, were still large and dark, and they sent a challenge to the Alcalde as they were raised to his. Now was her harvest. The young señora was away. For when does a daughter of the sunny South realize that she has long passed by the milestone where the word "attractiveness" is "writ large"?

That glance of the Señora Cordeza met with no response. The Alcalde felt that he was meat for her masters. He had matters of more importance to distract him than the mere smiles of woman. Unlike the luminous orbs of the Señora Cordeza, his small eyes were set far back in his head and close to his aquiline nose. His movements were embarrassed. Each awkward gesture seemed to confess, "I am in a devil of a box; how am I to get out of it?"

"A little of the san-coche, Señor Alcalde?"

The half-famished man was minded to reply, "I am not hungry, I have no appetite." But St. Anthony himself could not have withstood the spicy odors of that seductive dish, although he might have withstood the charms of the Señora Cordeza. The Alcalde pulled the

sleeves of his green-striped coat down, down over his knuckles; he grasped his spoon; he began to eat with ungraceful motions.

The san-coche was delicious. A feast for the gods! Who could be prudent? In a twinkling the soup-plate was bare. He would enjoy yet another dish of this delightful stew. Custom makes us unmindful. To compass our desires prudence is thrown to the winds; we grow careless to the point of discovery, from the habitual coquette to the chronic embezzler of other men's money. With one hand the Alcalde pushed back the long, drooping mustache; with the other he raised the spoon hurriedly to his lips. The green-striped sleeve slipped upward toward the elbow. Misser Williams's eyes grew round and large; they were glued to the objects before him. The Alcalde laid his spoon down with a sigh of contentment, to find the manager's gaze fixed upon his cuffs.

"Those sleeve-links remind me very much of some that I lost on the steamer, Señor Alcalde, — those of which I wrote you." The manager's tone had never been more polite.

The Alcalde's eyes dropped. He started hurriedly to pull his sleeves over his cuffs, but at once thought better of it.

"These sleeve-links? Señor Managero — Ah! How could I forget my errand! Will my dear Señor Managero pardon me? I put them in my cuffs this morning, that I might bring them to the Señor Managero myself."

"How more than kind, Señor Alcalde!" The manager rivaled the Alcalde in bows and smiles. "Do not remove them, I beg. They are yours."

The Alcalde, having appreciated from the time that he could speak the amount of truth that lies in this generous declaration, slowly removed the links from his cuffs.

"Allow me," he said, and placed the links in the manager's politely reluctant hand. No defeated general on the field

of battle ever surrendered his sword with a greater degree of grace. "They were discovered upon the wretched peon who stole them from the manágero. I have him safe in the cep' at Saltona. His feet are in the stocks." The Alcalde concealed the fact that he should be more than glad to see the Señor Manágero in the same predicament. "He awaits the Señor Manágero's disposition. Shall it be the army, or shall he be shot at once, as he deserves?"

"You may put him in the army, Señor Alcalde." Misser Williams smiled sweetly. "They prefer death, I believe."

Tete had followed Lola into the room with some peppers.

"The Señor Alcalde has a very fine watch," hazarded Tete. (He stood gazing at the Alcalde as if he would say, "*Who is deserving of the cep' now?*") "I saw it open wide when he leave the fin-keel."

"Ah!" Misser Williams's tone was one of pleased discovery.

Cito Mores and the grooms had lounged near the doorless opening of the dining-room. All eyes were fixed upon the Alcalde.

"Your fine dishes make me forget my errand." The Alcalde slid those long, brown fingers into his waistcoat pocket. "I started with the purpose of bringing the Señor Manágero all of his belongings. Is it then certain, señor, that this fine watch belongs to you?"

The familiar timepiece was laid in Misser Williams's hand. "It was a present from my wife; one that belonged to the Señor Sagasta," he said simply. He pressed the spring. The cover flew back. "We say in the North, the *blessed, honest North*," — Misser Williams spoke with emphasis, — "'He who runs may read.'"

"That depend on which ways he will run at that time, Misser Williams. Now, if the Señor Alcalde run to the coast" —

"Be quiet, Tete!" The reproachful tone was sugared with a smile. The

manager handed the watch back to the Alcalde.

The Alcalde put the dear temptation from him with a sigh. "I do not read the English, Señor Manágero."

"That is a mistake, señor. It is well to know all languages. It often prevents misunderstandings."

Misser Williams turned the inside of the cover to all the light that the jealousies allowed to enter, and read, "'Presented to John Thomas Williams by his loving wife, Suzon.' Bless her!" he added.

"Every one in the island knows that watch, high as well as low. It is not difficult to find the owner of such a watch. The Señor Sagasta bought it on the last visit he made to Spain."

It was the Señora Cordeza who spoke, in the purest Spanish. One should be cautious how one undervalues the charms even of a Señora Cordeza.

"It is useful to know all languages," repeated the American manager. "I suffer from much the same trouble with the Spanish. Not quite the same, either." Misser Williams smiled broadly. "And — and — there was — the Señor Alcalde will pardon me — a long note-case — did — did — did — you" —

The Alcalde glanced toward the opening. Cito Mores and the grooms, with the freedom of the trusted servants of that indolent land, were leaning against the veranda posts. They were resolute-looking men. Their faces showed a watchful interest. The Alcalde remembered with joy the changing of some large bills from his pocket to his safe, that very morning, — bills for which the American captain would gladly exchange his silver dollars.

He put his hand into his breast pocket and drew forth a case. "Is this the one, perhaps, Señor Superintendente?"

The manager took the case eagerly, and opened the leathern flap. He looked up blankly. If one could have analyzed the expression on the Alcalde's face, one

would have said that it was a look of concealed triumph.

"I suppose there was no money in it, when it was recovered, señor?"

"Not a peso, Señor Managero."

Misser Williams proceeded to search the interior of the note-case with the familiarity which old acquaintance gives. He took from it a gold-bearing draft.

Mama Cordeza's inquisitive eye caught the number 1000.

"Let us be thankful for small favors, Alcalde. This draft would be of no use to any one else."

"Of not the very slightest use, Señor Managero."

The Alcalde spoke with a settled conviction. He ground his teeth together. Regardless of the Señora Cordeza's presence, he raised his clenched hands and shook them in air. The linkless sleeves flapped against the dark wrists.

"Ah! But that thief! Ah! But that jail bird! I will have him shot! I will have him to remain in the cep' until his feet rot from his ankles! He shall never walk again! *A-a-a-a-ah!* Any death is much too good for a thief!

And that he should have stolen from my good friend the managero! He shall be taken to-morrow outside the town! He shall be stood against the wall! He shall be sent to hell, where he belongs!"

Misser Williams was slowly removing the ivory studs which had done duty for the links, and replacing them with his recovered treasures. The Alcalde addressed himself again to the savory stew.

"How can I thank you, my dear Señor Alcalde? I have my buttons just in time to wear them to the wedding of the Señorita Carlota. She marries the Don Hilario at Haldez to-morrow morning."

The Alcalde dropped his spoon with a tremendous splash.

"And they will tell you in the States that there is no honesty in the Spaniard!" said Misser Williams in a muttering tone.

"Thus one sees how unjustly we are represented the world over," added the Alcalde in an almost even voice.

"Let us continue our dinner," rejoined the manager. "The san-coche will be cold, and we shall not get to the wedding."

Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.

SOME ASPECTS OF THACKERAY.

I.

TWENTY years ago, at Harvard College, in the rooms of all students of certain social pretensions who affected books, you were sure to see on the most conspicuous shelf, in green and gold or in half calf, the works of William Makepeace Thackeray. The name, boldly printed, greeted you as you entered the door, and served, together with sundry red-sealed certificates and beribboned silver medals, to inform you of the general respectability and gentility of your host. Of a Sunday morning, this stu-

dent was likely to be discovered complacent over the Book of Snobs or serious over Vanity Fair.

Public opinion went that Thackeray was the novelist of gentlemen and for gentlemen; that Dickens was undoubtedly strong, but he had not had the privilege of knowing and of delineating the things which were adapted to interest the most select of Harvard undergraduates. In every fold there are some to lower the general standard of critical excellence; there were some partisans of Dickens. They were judged, as minorities are, found guilty of running coun-

ter to accepted opinions, and outlawed from further literary criticism.

These Harvard critics did not make for themselves this opinion of Thackeray; they brought it with them from home.

We suppose that parents, what time their son started in the world on the first path which diverged from theirs, deemed that they were equipping him with the best master to teach him concerning the ways of that world. Theirs was the old lack of faith, so common to the fearful; they sought to guard their son from the world by pointing out to him its vanity, its folly, its emptiness. "Oh, if he shall only know what the world is," they thought. "he will escape its evils to come." So they gave him Thackeray, and wrote him long letters on idleness and vice. His bookshelves and his inner pockets thus encumbered, the youth found Harvard College a miniature of the world of which he had been warned. There were materials enough for such a conclusion. A seeker will find what he goes forth to seek. The youth learned his Thackeray well, spent four years enjoying his little Vanity Fair, and then departed from Cambridge to help build up the larger world of Vanity which shows so fine in America to-day.

There is no phenomenon so interesting as the unconscious labor of boys and men over the task of shaping, hewing, whittling, and moulding the world into accord with their anticipations. All lend helping hands to the great master implement, public expectation. A young fellow goes to college, and joins a group of a dozen others. Brown, the rake, thinks, "Here's a Lothario who will sup at Dame Quickly's with me;" Smith, the boxer, says, "A quick eye, — I'll make a boxer of him;" Jones, who translates Homer for the group, sees rhythm and Theocritus in the new-comer's curly hair; Robinson, the philosopher, feels a fellow Hegelian. These rival expectations leap out to meet the stranger; they struggle among them-

selves. Of the students, some agree with Brown, some with Smith, others with Robinson or Jones. The sturdiest of these expectations chokes out the others and survives. After a short time — our young fellow yet entirely undiscovered — a strong current of unanimous expectation has decided that he shall be a boxer. All obstacles to the execution of this judgment are taken away, and moral earthworks are quickly thrown up, guarding him from Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Expectation seats him beside Smith; expectation turns the conversation upon champions of the ring; expectation draws the gloves upon his fists; it offers him no Eastcheap, no Theocritus, no Hegel. The youth takes boxing lessons; soon he learns the language of the fraternity; he walks, runs, avoids mince pies, eschews books, and with a single eye looks forward to a bout in Hemenway Gymnasium. Thus the tricky spirit expectation shapes the destinies of common humankind. Thus do parents begin to expect that their son will see the world with their own and Thackeray's beam-troubled eyes; they insist that he shall, and in due time he does.

Once convince a young man that Thackeray's world is the real world, that vulgarity, meanness, trickery, and fraud abound, and you put him in a yoke from which he shall never free himself. This is the yoke of base expectation. This is what is known in Scripture as "the world;" it is the habit of screwing up the eyes and squinting in order to see unworthiness, baseness, vice, and wickedness; it is a creeping blindness to nobler things. The weapon against the world is, as of old, to use a word of great associations, faith. Faith is nothing but noble expectation, and all education should be to supplant base expectation by noble expectation. What is the human world in which we live but a mighty mass of sensitive matter, highly susceptible to the great force of hu-

man expectation, which flows about it like an ever shifting Gulf Stream, now warming and prospering noble people, and then wantonly comforting the unworthy?

Feeble folk that we are, we have in this power of creation an element of divinity in us. Our expectations hover about like life-giving agencies. We are conscious that our hopes and our fears are at work all the time helping the oncoming of that which we hope or fear. The future is like a newborn babe stretching out its arms to the stronger. It may be that this power in us is weak, intermittent, often pitifully feeble; but now and again comes a man with a larger measure of divine life, and his great expectations pass into deeds. Before every Trafalgar first comes an expectation that duty will be done.

Thackeray has no faith; he does not entertain high expectations. His characters do shameless things, and Thackeray says to the reader, "Be not surprised, injured-seeming friend; you would have done the like under the like temptation." At first you contradict, you resent; but little by little Thackeray's opinion of you inoculates you; the virus takes; you lose your conviction that you would have acted differently; you concede that such conduct was not impossible, even for you, — no, nor improbable, — and, on the whole, after reflection, that the conduct was excusable, was good enough, was justified, was inevitable, was right, was scrupulously right, and only a Don Quixote would have acted otherwise.

Nothing sickens and dies so quickly as noble expectation. Luxury, comfort, custom, the ennui of hourly exertion, the dint of disappointment, assail it unceasingly: if a man of ten talents, like Thackeray, joins the assailants, is it not just that admiration of him should be confined to those who are willing to admire talents, irrespective of the use to which they are put?

II.

England has found it hard to bring forth men of faith. In the great days of Queen Elizabeth, a number of uniting causes produced an emotional excitement which lifted Englishmen and Englishwomen to such a height that Shakespeare saw Othello, Hamlet, Brutus, Coriolanus, Miranda, Cordelia. There was the material stimulus of commerce with strange countries, the prick of money; there was this curious earth, inviting wooers; there was the goad of conscience, troubled to renounce the religion of old; there was the danger of foreign conquerors; there was manly devotion to a Virgin Queen. England roused herself, and, "like a dew-drop from the lion's mane," shook off the trammels of petty interests, of vulgar self-seeking, and presented to her poet great sights of human nobility. Not that the moral elevation of a nation is very much higher at one time than at another, but a little swelling of noble desires so breaks the ice of custom that a poet must see the clearer waters which lie beneath. If Shakespeare were alive to-day, we doubt not that he would tell of new Othellos, new Cordelias; but it was easier for him then than it would be now, or how could such a host of noble men and women people his pages?

Since that time England has been prosperous and comfortable; and as her comfort and prosperity have increased she has drifted further and further from a great acceptance of the world. Dryden and his group, Fielding, Sheridan, men of talents in their different generations, have succeeded, who contemplate themselves, and, expecting to find the world a fit place for them to live in, have helped to render it so.

A hundred years ago England shook herself free from the dominion of vulgar men. In France, the triple burden of church, monarch, and nobility, the prohibition of thought, the injustice of power,

had lain like millstones on the people; each individual had borne his own burden, but one after another each saw that not he alone groaned and sweated, but his brothers also. The fardel a man can bear by himself he can no longer carry when he sees an endless line of other men weighted down and staggering. Sight of injustice to others made each individual in France throw off his own yoke; and the most exultant cry of justice, of brotherly love, ever heard, was raised. No country lives alone. French passion flushed to England. Englishmen were roused: some were for liberty; others saw their dull old homes and habits transfigured in the blaze of new ideas. Noble Republicans bred noble Tories. Everything was ennobled; babies looked more beautiful to their mothers; Virgil interested schoolboys; ragamuffins and ploughboys felt strange disquiet as they heard the words "liberty," "country," "brotherhood," "home." This shock and counter-shock prepared the way for the great poets of that time, and made Walter Scott possible. Scott had faith; he saw a noble world. But the idealism of France passed away, its glow faded from the English cliffs; danger was locked up in St. Helena, and prosperity and comfort, like Gog and Magog, stalked through England.

Thackeray was bred when Englishmen were forsaking "swords for ledgers," and deserting "the student's bower for gold." His father died when he was very young. His mother married for her second husband an Indian officer, and Thackeray was sent to school in England.

In a new biographical edition of Thackeray's works which Messrs. Harper & Brothers are publishing, Mrs. Ritchie has written brief memories of her father at the beginning of each volume, with special relation to its contents. These memories are done with filial affection. Thackeray's kindness, his tenderness, his sympathetic nature, are writ-

ten large on every page. He has many virtues. He dislikes vice, drunkenness, betrayal of women, pettifogging, huckstering, lying, cheating, knavery, the annoyance and tomfoolery of social distinctions. He would like to leave the world better than he found it, but he cannot see. Pettiness, the vulgarity of money, the admiration of mean things, hang before him like a curtain at the theatre. Romeo may be on fire, Hotspur leap for the moon, Othello stab Iago, Lear die in Cordelia's lap; but the sixteenth of an inch of frieze and fustian keeps it all from him.

At nineteen Thackeray spent a winter at Weimar. He soon writes to his mother of Goethe as "the great lion of Weimar." He is not eager to possess the great measures of life. He is not sensitive to Goethe, but to the court of Pumpernickel. He wishes he were a cornet in Sir John Kennaway's yeomanry, that he might wear the yeoman's dress. "A yeomanry dress is always a handsome and respectable one."

In 1838, when in Paris, he writes: "I have just come from seeing Marion Delorme, the tragedy of Victor Hugo, and am so sickened and disgusted with the horrid piece that I have hardly heart to write." He did not look through pain and extravagance into the noble passion of the play. He lived in a moral Pumpernickel where the ideal is kept outside the town gates.

Pumpernickel was his home, and he has depicted it in *Vanity Fair*. This book reflects Thackeray's intellectual image in his prime; it is his first great novel, and is filled with the most vivid and enduring of his beliefs and convictions. There are in it a vigor, an independence, and a sense of power that come when a man faces his best opportunity. Into it Thackeray has put what he deemed the truest experiences of his life. He has also written two long sequels to it. *The Newcomes* is the story of his stepfather, Major Carmichael-Smyth in *Vanity*

Fair; Pendennis, that of Thackeray himself and his mother wandering in its outskirts. There is this one family of nice people, gathered into an ark as it were, floating over the muddy waters. Thackeray was able to see that his immediate family were not rogues; he was also able to draw a most noble gentleman, Henry Esmond, by the help of the idealizing lens of a hundred odd years; but the world he thought he saw about him is the world of Vanity Fair.

Thackeray had so many fine qualities that one cannot but feel badly to see him in such a place. Had his virtues — his kindness, his tenderness, his charm, his capacity for affection — been energetic enough to dominate his entire character, he would have lived among far different scenes; his readers would have beheld him potting flowers by some vine-covered house in a village where neighbors were simple, honest, and true, — where round the corner stood a Mermaid Tavern, to which poets and far-voyaging sailors would come, full of stories about a glorious world. Who would not have liked to sit by Thackeray's hearth in such a home, a fire warming his kindly feet, his good cheroot gayly burning, a mug at his elbow, and he reading his last manuscript? Was it Thackeray's fault that this was not to be? Or did he suffer the incidental misfortunes which large causes bring to individuals as they follow their own regardless paths?

III.

Thackeray is the poet of respectability. His working time stretches from the Reform Act almost to the death of Lord Palmerston. He chronicles the contemporary life of a rich, money-getting generation of merchants and manufacturers, lifted into sudden importance in the national life by steamboats and railroads, by machinery for spinning, weaving, mining, by Arkwright, Watt, Davy, and Stephenson. His is a positive, matter-of-fact world, of which Peel is the states-

man and Macaulay the man of letters. Macaulay, in his essay on Bacon, has given us the measure of its spiritual elevation: "We have sometimes thought that an amusing fiction might be written, in which a disciple of Epictetus and a disciple of Bacon should be introduced as fellow travelers. They come to a village where the smallpox has just begun to rage, and find houses shut up, intercourse suspended, the sick abandoned, mothers weeping in terror over their children. The Stoic assures the dismayed population that there is nothing bad in the smallpox; and that, to a wise man, disease, deformity, death, the loss of friends, are not evils. The Baconian takes out a lancet and begins to vaccinate. They find a body of miners in great dismay. An explosion of noisome vapors has just killed many of those who were at work; and the survivors are afraid to venture into the cavern. The Stoic assures them that such an accident is nothing but a mere *ἀποπροσγμμενον*. The Baconian, who has no such fine word at his command, contents himself with devising a safety-lamp. They find a shipwrecked merchant wringing his hands on the shore. His vessel, with an inestimable cargo, has just gone down, and he is reduced in a moment from opulence to beggary. The Stoic exhorts him not to seek happiness in things which lie without himself; the Baconian constructs a diving-bell. It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the difference between the philosophy of thorns and the philosophy of fruit, the philosophy of words and the philosophy of works." This is the very nobility of machinery. As we read, we listen to the buzz and whir of wheels, the drip of oil-cans, the creaking and straining of muscle and steel. Such things serve, no doubt, in default of other agencies, to create a great empire, but the England of Thackeray's day was a *nouveau riche*, self-made, proud of its lack of occupation other than money-getting.

Thackeray was fallen upon evil times. He was born into this moral estate of Pumpernickel, and he has described it with the vividness and vigor of complete comprehension. He has immense cleverness. He knows whereof he talks. Never has a period had so accomplished an historian. The *bourgeoisie* have their epic in Vanity Fair.

During the formative period of Thackeray's life the English nation was passing under the influence of machinery. There was the opportunity of a great man of letters, such as Thackeray, to look to it that literature should respond to the stimulus of added power, and grow so potent that it would determine what direction the national life should take. At such a time of national expansion, literature should have seen England in the flush of coming greatness; it should have roused itself to re-create her in nobler imagination, and have spent itself in making her accept this estimate and expectation, and become an England dominating material advantages and leading the world.

The interest in life is this potentiality and malleability. The allotted task of men and women is to take this potentiality and shape it. Men who have strong intelligence and quick perceptions, like Thackeray, accomplish a great deal in the way of giving a definite form to the material with which life furnishes us. What Michelangelo says of marble is true of life: —

"Non ha l'ottimo artista alcun concetto
Ch'un marmo solo in se non circoscrive
Col suo soverchio."

The problem of life is to uncover the figures hiding in this material: shall it be Caliban, Circe, Philip Sidney, Jeanne d'Arc? Thackeray, with what Mrs. Ritchie calls "his great deal of common sense," saw Major Pendennis and Becky Sharp; and he gave more effective cuttings and chiselings and form to the potential life of England than any other man of his time.

The common apology for such a novelist is that he describes what he sees. This is the worst with which we charge him. We charge Thackeray with seeing what he describes; and what justification has a man, in a world like this, to spend his time looking at Barnes Newcome and Sir Pitt Crawley? Thackeray takes the motes and beams floating in his mind's eye for men and women, writes about them, and calls his tale a history.

Thackeray wrote, on finishing Vanity Fair, that all the characters were odious except Dobbin. Poor Thackeray, what a world to see all about him, with his tender, affectionate nature! Even Colonel Newcome is so crowded round by a mob of rascally fellows that it is hard to do justice to Thackeray's noblest attempt to be a poet. But why see a world, and train children to see a world, where

"The great man is a vulgar clown"?

A world with such an unreal standard must be an unreal world. In the real world vulgar clowns are not great men. Thackeray sees a world all topsy-turvy, and it does not occur to him that he, and not the world, is at fault. This is the curse of faithlessness. He himself says, "The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face."

Thackeray has been praised as a master of reality. As reality is beyond our ken, the phrase is unfortunate; but the significance of it is that if a man will portray to the mob the world with which the mob is familiar, they will huzza themselves hoarse. Has not the Parisian mob shouted for Zola? Do not the Madrileños cheer Valdés? Do not Ouida and the pale youth of Rome and Paris holla, "d'Annunzio! d'Annunzio!" There is no glory here. The poet, not in fine frenzy, but in sober simplicity, tells the mob, not what they see, but what they cannot of themselves perceive, with such a tone of authority that they stand gaping and likewise see.

Thackeray's love of reality was merely an embodiment of the popular feeling which proposed to be direct, business-like, and not to tolerate any nonsense. People felt that a money-getting country must take itself seriously. The Reform Act had brought political control to the bourgeoisie, men of common sense; no ranters, no will-o'-the-wisp chasers, but "burgomasters and great oneyers,"—men who thought very highly of circumstances under which they were prosperous, and asked for no more beautiful sight than their own virtues. Influenced by the sympathetic touch of this atmosphere, novel-readers found their former favorites old-fashioned. Disraeli, Samuel Warren, Bulwer Lytton, G. P. R. James, seemed false, theatrical, and sentimental. Thackeray was of this opinion, and he studied the art of caricature as the surest means of saving himself from any such fantastic nonsense. He approached life as a city man, — one who was convinced that the factories of London, not the theories of the philosopher, were the real motive force underneath all the busy flow of outward life. He found his talents exactly suited to this point of view. His memory was an enormous wallet, into which his hundred-handed observation was day and night tossing scraps and bits of daily experience. He saw the meetings of men as he passed: lords, merchants, tinsmiths, guardsmen, tailors, cooks, valets, nurses, policemen, boys, applewomen, — everybody whom you meet of a morning between your house and your office in the city. He remarked the gestures, he heard the words, he guessed what had gone before, he divined what would happen thereafter: and each sight, sound, guess, and divination was safely stowed away in his marvelous wallet. England of the forties, as Thackeray saw it, is in *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and *The Newcomes*. "I ask you to believe," he says in the preface to *Pendennis*, "that this person writing strives to tell the truth."

Where lies the truth? Are men merely outward parts of machinery, exposed to view, while down below in the engine-room steam and electricity determine their movements? Or do men live and carry on their daily routine under the influence of some great thought of which they are half unconscious, but by which they are shaped, moulded, and moved? A French poet says: —

"Le vrai Dieu, le Dieu fort, est le Dieu des idées."

But Macaulay says that the philosophy of Plato began with words and ended with words; that an acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia. The British public applauded Macaulay, and young Thackeray took the hint.

IV.

Nobody can question Thackeray's style. His fame is proof of its excellence. Even if a man will flatter the mob by saying that he sees what they see, he cannot succeed without skill of expression. Readers are slow to understand. They need grace, pithy sentences, witty turns of phrase, calculated sweep of periods and paragraphs. They must have no labor of attention; the right adjective alone will catch their eyes; they require their pages plain, clear, perspicuous. In all these qualities Thackeray is very nearly perfect. Hardly anybody would say that there is a novel better written than *Vanity Fair*. The story runs as easily as the hours. Chapter after chapter in the best prose carries the reader comfortably on. Probably this excellence is due to Thackeray's great powers of observation. His eyes saw everything, saving for the blindness of his inward eye, and his memory held it. He was exceedingly sensitive. Page after page is filled with the vividness of well-chosen detail. He cultivated the art of writing most assiduously. From 1830 to 1847, when *Vanity Fair*, the first of his great novels, was published, he was writing all the time, and for almost all of that time

as a humorist, drawing caricatures, — a kind of writing perhaps better adapted than any other to cultivate the power of portraying scenes. The caricaturist is restricted to a few lines; his task does not allow him to fill in, to amplify; he must say his say in little. The success of wit is the arrangement of a dozen words. This training for sixteen continuous years taught Thackeray a style which, for his subjects, has no equal in English literature.

To-day we greatly admire Stevenson and Kipling. We applaud Stevenson's style for its cultivation and its charm; we heap praises upon Kipling's for its dash, vigor, and accuracy of detail. All these praises are deserved; but when we take up Thackeray again, we find pages and pages written in a style more cultivated than Stevenson's and equally charming, and with a dash, vigor, and nicety of detail that Kipling might envy. Descriptions that would constitute the bulk of an essay for the one, or of a story for the other, do hasty service as prologues to Thackeray's chapters. Conversations of a happy theatrical turn, with enough exaggeration to appear wholly natural, which Stevenson and Kipling never have rivaled, come crowding together in his long novels.

There are two famous scenes which are good examples of Thackeray's power, — one of his sentiment, one of his humor. The first is Colonel Newcome's death in the Charterhouse. The second is the first scene between Pendennis and the Fotheringay. "Pen tried to engage her in conversation about poetry and about her profession. He asked her what she thought of Ophelia's madness, and whether she was in love with Hamlet or not. 'In love with such a little ojus wretch as that stunted manager of a Bingley?' She bristled with indignation at the thought. Pen explained it was not of her he spoke, but of Ophelia of the play. 'Oh, indeed; if no offense was meant, none was taken: but as for

Bingley, indeed, she did not value him, — not that glass of punch.' Pen next tried her on Kotzebue. 'Kotzebue? Who was he?' 'The author of the play in which she had been performing so admirably.' 'She did not know that — the man's name at the beginning of the book was Thompson,' she said. Pen laughed at her adorable simplicity. He told her of the melancholy fate of the author of the play, and how Sand had killed him. . . . 'How beautiful she is!' thought Pen, cantering homewards. 'How simple and how tender! How charming it is to see a woman of her genius busying herself with the humble offices of domestic life, cooking dishes to make her old father comfortable, and brewing him drink! How rude it was of me to begin to talk about professional matters, and how well she turned the conversation! . . . Pendennis, Pendennis, — how she spoke the word! Emily, Emily! how good, how noble, how beautiful, how perfect, she is!'"

This scene is very close upon farce, and it is in that borderland that Thackeray's extraordinary skill shows itself most conspicuous. Difficult, however, as it must be to be a master there, — and the fact that Thackeray has no rival in this respect proves it, — it is easy work compared to drawing a scene of real love, of passion. Perhaps some actions of Lady Castlewood are Thackeray's only attempt thereat. The world of passion is not his world. His ear is not attuned to "Das tiefe, schmerzenvolle Glück

Des Hasses Kraft, die Macht der Liebe."

Charlotte Brontë, Tourguenef, Hawthorne, Hugo, Balzac, all excel him. Thackeray hears the click of custom against custom, the throb of habit, the tick-tick of vulgar life, all the sounds of English social machinery. The different degrees of social efficiency and inefficiency rivet his attention. What interests him is the relation that Harry Foker or Blanche Amory bears to the

standard of social excellence accepted by commercial England in the forties. He is never — at least as an artist — disturbed by any scheme of metaphysics. His English common sense is never lured afield by any speculations about the value of a human being uncolored by the shadows of time and space. He is never troubled by doubts of standards, by skepticism as to uses, ends, purposes; he has a hard-and-fast British standard. He draws Colonel Newcome as an object of pity; he surrounds him with tenderness and sympathy. Here is Thackeray at his highest. But he never suggests to the reader that Colonel Newcome is not a man to be pitied, but to be envied; not a failure, but a success; not unhappy, but most fortunate. The great poets of the world have turned the malefactor's cross into the symbol of holiness. Thackeray never departs from the British middle class conceptions of triumph and failure. In all his numerous dissertations and asides to the reader, he wrote like the stalwart Briton he was, good, generous, moral, domestic, stern, and tender. You never forget his Puritan ancestry, you can rely upon his honesty; but he is not pure-minded or humble. He dislikes wrong, but he never has a high enough conception of right to hate wrong. His view is that it is a matter to be cured by policemen, propriety, and satire.

Satire is the weapon of the man at odds with the world and at ease with himself. The dissatisfied man — a Juvenal, a Swift, a youthful Thackeray — belabors the world with vociferous indignation; like the wind on the traveler's back, the beating makes him hug his cloaking sins the tighter. Wrong runs no danger from such chastisement. The fight against wrong is made by the man discontented with himself and careless of the world. Satire is harmless as a moral weapon. It is an old-fashioned fowling piece, fit for a man of wit, intelligence, and a certain limited imagina-

tion. It runs no risk of having no quarry; the world to it is one vast covert of lawful game. It goes a-traveling with wit, because both are in search of the unworthy. It is well suited to a brilliant style. It is also a conventional department in literature, and as such is demanded by publishers and accepted by the public.

Thackeray was born with dexterity of observation, nimbleness of wit, and a quick sense of the incongruous and the grotesque. He lost his fortune when a young man. He wrote for a livelihood, and naturally turned to that branch of literature which was best suited to his talents. It was his misfortune that satire is bad for a man's moral development. It intensified his natural disbelief in the worth of humanity, but gave him the schooling that enabled him to use his powers so brilliantly.

Thackeray was often hampered by this habit of looking at the grotesque side of things. It continually dragged him into farce, causing feebleness of effect where there should have been power. Sir Pitt Crawley, Jos Sedley, the struggle over Miss Crawley, Harry Foker, the Chevalier de Florac, Aunt Hoggerty, are all in the realm of farce. This is due partly to Thackeray's training, and partly to his attitude toward life. If life consists of money, clothes, and a bundle of social relations, our daily gravity, determination, and vigor are farcical, because they are so out of place; they are as incongruous as a fish in trousers. But Thackeray forgets that there is something disagreeable in this farce, as there would be in looking into Circe's sty and seeing men groveling over broken meats. To be sure, Thackeray makes believe that he finds it comic to see creatures of great pretensions busy themselves so continually with the pettiest things. But it too often seems as if the comic element consisted in our human pretensions, and as if Thackeray merely kept bringing them to the reader's notice for

the sake of heightening the contrast between men and their doings.

V.

Thackeray is not an innovator; he follows the traditions of English literature. He is in direct descent from the men of the *Spectator*, Addison, Steele, and their friends, and from Fielding. He has far greater powers of observation, wit, humor, sentiment, and description than the *Spectator* group. He excels Fielding in everything except as a story-teller, and in a kind of intellectual power that is more easily discerned in Fielding than described, — a kind of imperious understanding that breaks down a path before it, whereas Thackeray's intelligence looks in at a window or peeps through the keyhole. Fielding is the bigger, coarser man of the two; Thackeray is the cleverer. Each is thoroughly English. Fielding embodies the England of George I.; Thackeray, that same England refined by the revolutionary ideas of 1789, trained by long wars, then materialized by machinery, by a successful bourgeoisie and the quick accession of wealth. Each is a good fellow, — quick in receiving ideas, but slow to learn a new point of view. Fielding is inferior to Thackeray in education, in experience of many men, and in foreign travel. Tom Jones is the begetter of Arthur Pendennis, Jonathan Wild of Barry Lyndon. Some of Fielding's heroines, wandering out of Tom Jones and Amelia, have strayed into Pendennis, *Vanity Fair*, and *The Newcomes*. The fair émigrées change their names, but keep their thoughts and behavior.

It is said that a lady once asked Thackeray why he made all his women fools or knaves. "Madam, I know no others." It may be that living in Paris in his youth hurt his insight into women; it may be that the great sorrow of his wife's insanity instinctively turned his thoughts from the higher types of women; perhaps his life in Bohemia and

in clubs limited his knowledge during the years when novel-writing was his chief occupation. The truth seems to be that Thackeray, like Fielding, was a man's man, — he understood one cross-section of a common man, his hopes, aims, fears, wishes, habits, and manners; but he was very ignorant of women. He says: "Desdemona was not angry with Cassio, though there is very little doubt she saw the lieutenant's partiality for her (and I, for my part, believe that many more things took place in that sad affair than the worthy Moorish officer ever knew of); why, Miranda was even very kind to Caliban, and we may be pretty sure for the same reason. Not that she would encourage him in the least, the poor uncouth monster, — of course not." Shakespeare and Thackeray looked differently at women.

Thackeray lacked the poet's eye; he could not see and was not troubled.

"Ahi quanto nella mente mi commossi,
Quando mi volsi per veder Beatrice,
Per non poter vedere, ben ch'io fossi
Presso di lei, e nel mondo felice!"

But poor Thackeray was never near the ideal, and never in paradise. Some critic has said of him that because he had Eden in his mind's eye, this world appeared a *Vanity Fair*. No criticism could be more perverted; he had *Vanity Fair* in his mind's eye, and therefore could not see paradise.

This treatment of women is half from sheer ignorance, and half from Thackeray's habit of dealing in caricature with subjects of which he is ignorant. He behaves toward foreign countries very much as he does toward women. France, Germany, Italy, appear like geography in an opera bouffe. They are places for English blackguards to go to, and very fit places for them, tenanted as they are by natives clad in outlandish trousers, and bearded and moustachioed like pards. His delineations of Germany, and those pen-and-ink sketches by Richard Doyle in his delightful *Brown, Jones*

and Robinson, made so strong an impression upon an ignorant portion of the public, of which we were, that it was frightened to death in 1871, when it thought of the French armies trampling down poor little Germany. Thackeray looked on Germany, as he did upon the world, with the greedy eye of the caricaturist, and he could not refrain from his grotesque sketches. Of the French he says: "In their aptitude to swallow, to utter, to enact humbugs, these French people, from Majesty downwards, beat all the other nations of this earth. In looking at these men, their manners, dresses, opinions, politics, actions, history, it is impossible to preserve a grave countenance; instead of having Carlyle to write a History of the French Revolution, I often think it should be handed over to Dickens or Theodore Hook. . . . I can hardly bring my mind to fancy that anything is serious in France, — it seems to be all rant, tinsel, and stage-play." His attitude toward French literature is distorted by lack of sympathy to an astonishing degree.

Thackeray's fault was not merely a certain narrowness of mind, but also that he allowed himself to see only the grotesque and disagreeable, until habit and nature combined to blind him to other things.

VI.

Thackeray is not a democrat. Democracy, like many another great and vague social conception, is based upon a fundamental truth, of which truth adherents to the conception are often ignorant, although they brush against it in the dark and unwittingly draw in strength for their belief. The fundamental truth of democracy is that the real pleasures of life are increased by sharing them, — that exclusiveness renders pleasure insipid. One reason why democracy has prevailed so greatly is that everywhere, patent to everybody, in the simplest family life, there is proof of this truth. A man amuses himself skipping stones:

the occupation has a pleasure hardly to be detected; with a wife it is interesting, with children it becomes exciting. Every new sharer adds to the father's stock of delight, so that at last he lies awake on winter nights thinking of the summer's pleasure. With a slight application of logic, democrats have struggled, and continually do struggle, to break down all the bastions, walls, fences, and demilunes that time, prejudice, and ignorance have erected between men. They wish to have a ready channel from man to man, through which the emotional floods of life can pour;

"For they, at least,
Have dream'd [that] human hearts might blend
In one, and were through faith released
From isolation without end."

What is the meaning of patriotism? Does the patriot think his country wiser, better, more gifted, more generous, than another? Perhaps, and in this he is almost certainly wrong; but the power of patriotism to disregard truth lies in the fact that it is one of the most powerful conductors of human emotion ever discovered. It is part of the old human cry, "Self is so small; make me part of something large." *Esprit de corps*, which makes people unreasonable and troubles the calculations of the bloodless man, is a like conductor of the emotions in lesser matters; and the fact is familiar that the larger the body, the greater is the emotion generated.

Humanity has had a hard task in civilizing itself; in periods of ignorance, ill humor, and hunger it has built up a most elaborate system, which has been a great factor in material prosperity. This system is the specialization of labor, which serves to double the necessary differences among men, and to make every specialty and every difference a hindrance to the joys that should be in commonalty spread. The age of machinery increased specialization, specialization increased wealth, wealth was popularly supposed to be the panacea

for human ills; and the bars and barriers between men were repaired and strengthened. Specialization in Thackeray's time was in the very air; everything was specialized, — trade was specialized, society was specialized, money was specialized; there was money made, money inherited from father, money inherited from grandfather, — money, like blood, growing purer and richer the further back it could be traced. Every act of specialization produced a new batch of social relations.

Thackeray is very sensitive, especially to this elaborate system of specialization, and to its dividing properties, strengthened and repaired by the commercial Briton. Thackeray has no gift for abstraction; he does not take a man and grow absorbed in him as a spiritual being, as a creature in relations with some Absolute; he sees men shut off and shut up in all sorts of little coops. He is all attentive to the coops. The world to him is one vast zoological garden, this Vanity Fair of his. He does not care that the creatures are living, growing, eating, sun-needing animals; he is interested in the feathers, the curl of the tail, the divided toe, the pink eye, the different occupations, clothes, habits, which separate them into different groups. A democrat does not care for such classification; on the contrary, he wishes to efface it as much as possible. He wishes to abstract man from his conditions and surroundings, and contemplate him as a certain quantity of human essence. He looks upon the distinctions of rank, of occupation, of customs and habits, as so many barricades upon the great avenues of human emotions; Napoleon-like, he would sweep them away. He regards man as a serious reality, and these accidents of social relations as mere shadows passing over. This is the Christian position. This is the attitude of Victor Hugo, George Eliot, George Sand, Hawthorne, Tourgenef, Tolstoi, Charlotte Brontë.

No wonder that Charlotte Brontë made this criticism upon Thackeray's face: "To me the broad brow seems to express intellect. Certain lines about the nose and cheek betray the satirist and cynic; the mouth indicates a child-like simplicity, — perhaps even a degree of irresoluteness, inconsistency, — weakness, in short, but a weakness not unamiable. . . . A certain not quite Christian expression." This is a true likeness. Thackeray was not a Christian. He acted upon all the standards which Christianity has proclaimed to be false for nearly two thousand years. He had a certain childlike simplicity. Some of his best passages proceed upon it. Take the chapters in *Vanity Fair* where Amelia is neglected by Osborne, or the scene at Colonel Newcome's death. These incidents are described as they would appear to a child. The impressions seem to have been dented on the sensitive, inexperienced mind of a child. This quality is Thackeray's highest. He is able to throw off the dust of years, and see things with the eyes of a child, — not a child trailing glory from the east, but one bred in healthful ignorance.

Walter Bagehot, in his essay on *Sterne* and *Thackeray*, compares the two, and, after describing *Sterne's* shiftless, lazy life, asks, What can there be in common between him and the great *Thackeray*, industrious and moral? Bagehot found that the two had sensitiveness in common. There is another likeness, — a certain lack of independence, a swimming with the stream. *Thackeray* has an element of weakness; it appears continually in his method of writing novels. He puts his character before you, but he never suffers you to consider it by yourself; he is nervously suggesting this and that; he is afraid that you may misjudge what he conceives to be his own correct moral standard. He points out how virtuous he really is, how good and noble. He keeps underscoring the badness of his bad people, and the weakness of

his weak people. He is like a timid mother, who will not let her brood out of sight while any one is looking at them. Moreover, his satire never attacks anybody or anything that a man could be found publicly to defend. He charges upon social malefactors who are absolutely defenseless. He belabors brutality, avarice, boorishness, knavery, prevarication, with most resounding thwacks.

In the year 1847 *Vanity Fair* was published. Thackeray won great fame as the terrible satirist of society. And what did society do? Society invited him to dinner, in the correct belief that it and Thackeray agreed at every point. We think that such satire betrays a certain weakness and lack of courage. Did the Jesuits invite Molière to dinner after *Tartuffe*?

Thackeray's face had, according to the criticism we have quoted, "a weakness not unamiable." Certainly Thackeray was not unamiable; he must have been most lovable in many ways. The childlike characteristic to which we have alluded is enough to prove that; and in chapter after chapter we find evidence of his human kindliness. Take, for example, the passage quoted by Mr. Merivale, in his somewhat pugnacious *Life of Thackeray*, from Titmarsh's letter on Napoleon's funeral at *Les Invalides*. Here is a description of an English family in three generations, a somewhat foolish family, perhaps, given with some affectation, but perfectly genuine in its sympathy with childish hopes and fears. His books are full of passages of a like character. If further evidence were needed, Mrs. Ritchie's prefaces to this new edition supply it most abundantly.

VII.

A novelist, however, in the end, must be judged according to a common human measure. This the novelist, like other men devoted to special pursuits, resents; he interposes a claim of privilege, and demands a trial by his peers. He claims

that as a man he may be judged by Tom, Dick, and Harry, but as a novelist — in that noble and sacrosanct capacity — he is only within the jurisdiction of men acquainted with the difficulties and triumphs of his art. This is the old error, — the Manichean heresy of trying to divide the one and indivisible into two. It reminds one of Gibbon's "I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son." It is the character of the novelist that provides tissue for his novels; there is no way by which the novelist can sit like an absentee god and project into the world a work that tells no tales of him. Every man casts his work in his own image. Only a great man writes a great novel; only a mean man writes a mean novel. A novel is as purely a personal thing as a hand-shake, and is to be judged by a simple standard which everybody can understand.

There has been a foolish confusion of nomenclature, due to the desire of critics to make a special vocabulary for themselves, partly to the end that they may be known to be critics, partly to shut themselves off into a species of the literary genus that shall be judged only by members of the same species. Hence the silly words "idealism" and "realism." M. de Maupassant says: "How childish it is to believe in reality, since each of us carries his own in his mind! Our eyes, ears, noses, tastes, create as many different varieties of truth as there are men in the world. And we who receive the teachings of these senses, affected each in his own way, analyze, judge, and come to our conclusions as if we all were of different races. Each creates an illusion of the world for himself, poetical, sentimental, gay, melancholy, ugly, or sad, according to his nature." This is a correct statement, but it does not go far enough. The world not only looks different to different people, but, as it is the most delicately plastic and sensitive matter imaginable, it is always tending to become for any

community what the man in that community with the greatest capacity for expression thinks it is. Like an old Polonius, the city, the village, or the household sees the world in shape like a camel, or backed like a weasel or a whale, according as the prince among them thinks. Consider a fashion in criticism or in dress. Sir Joshua Reynolds admired Annibale Carracci, and all the people who looked at pictures, in very truth, saw beautiful pictures by the great, glorious Annibale. A group of dressmakers and ladies of quality in Paris wear jackets with tight sleeves, and every city-bred woman in France, England, and America sees the beauty of tight sleeves and the hideousness of loose sleeves.

Strictly speaking, everything is real and everything is ideal. The world is but an aggregate of opinions. The man who sees an ugly world is as pure an idealist as he who sees a glorious orb rising like the sun. The question for poor humanity is, Shall the earth shine or float dead and dull through eternity? Every man who sees it golden helps to gild it; every man who sees it leaden adds to its dross.

Shall we look with Miranda?

“O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new
world,
That has such people in ’t!”

Or with Timon?

“The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There’s nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany.”

The novelist is on the same standing-ground as another; only he has the greater influence, and therefore the greater responsibility. This world and

all which inherit it are a dream; “why not make it a nobler dream than it is?”

Before this great act of creation, the petty details of the novelist’s craft — plot, story, arrangement, epigram, eloquence — drop off like last year’s leaves. These details will always find individuals to study them, to admire them, to be fond of them. They will have their reward, they add to the interest of life, they fill the vacant niches in the rich man’s time, they embroider and spangle. They quicken our wits, stimulate our lazy attentions, spice our daily food, help us to enjoy; but they must not divert our attention from the great interest of life, the struggle between rival powers for the possession of the world. It is a need common to us and to those who shall come after us, that the world suffer no detriment in our eyes. We must see what poets see; one cannot help but dogmatize and say that it is base to believe the world base. We need faith; we cannot do without the power of noble expectation.

“Is that Hope Faith, that lives in thought
On comforts which this world postpones,
That idly looks on life and groans
And shuns the lessons love has taught;

“Which deems that after three score years,
Love, peace and joy become its due,
That timid wishes should come true
In some safe spot untouched by fears?

“Or has he Faith who looks on life
As present chance to prove his heart,
As time to take the better part,
And stronger grow by constant strife;

“Who does not see the mean, the base,
But sees the strong, the fresh, the true,
Old hearts, old homes forever new,
And all the world a glorious place;

“So bent that they he loves shall find
This earth a home both rich and fair,
That he is careless to be heir
To all inheritance behind?”

Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.

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THE UNITED STATES AND THE CONTROL OF THE TROPICS.

THE editor of The Atlantic Monthly has written me the following letter:—

“In your suggestive volume on the control of the tropics you declare it futile that any first-class world-power should hope in the future to fold its hands and stand aloof from the tropics. You say that there can be no choice in the matter, and that with the filling up of the temperate regions and the continued development of industrialism, rivalry for the trade of the tropics will be the largest factor in the era upon which we are entering. You declare that, by reason of past experience, we have now come face to face with the following conclusions regarding the tropics:—

“‘The ethical development that has taken place in our civilization has rendered the experiment once made to develop their resources by forced native labor no longer possible, or permissible, even if possible.’

“‘We have already abandoned, under pressure of experience, the idea, which at one time prevailed, that the tropical regions might be occupied and permanently colonized by European races, as vast regions in the temperate climates have been.’

“‘Within a measurable period in the future, and under pressure of experience, we shall probably also have to abandon the idea, which has in like manner prevailed for a time, that the colored races, left to themselves, possess the qualities necessary to the development of the rich resources of the lands they have inherited.’

“The only method left, therefore, in your opinion, is that the tropics must be governed from a base in the temperate regions; and, in particular,—and in this you make a new departure,—be governed by the nations which undertake such work *as a trust for civilization*. This solution of the problem of the tropics Great Britain has begun to make in the case of Egypt. But Great Britain is already a world-wide empire, and has developed by long experience the methods and machinery for exercising such control.

“You refrain, in your book on the control of the tropics,—no doubt purposely,—from saying whether, in your judgment, the United States has incurred obligations by her victory over Spain to take a share in the development of the tropics, and whether the United States is politically able to enter upon such a career. The body of opinion in the United States that opposes a policy of expansion bases its objections on these three propositions: (1) that the traditions of the United States are directly and strongly opposed to a policy of expansion, and have been so opposed from George Washington’s Farewell Address to the present time; (2) that a dangerous if not an insuperable practical difficulty to a policy of expansion is found in the inefficient civil service of the United States; and (3) that the control of colonies is illogical for the United States, because such a policy directly contradicts the fundamental proposition on which the

republican form of government rests, — that it shall consist only of self-governing commonwealths. In view of these objections, do you hold that the United States could safely enter upon a policy of expansion?"

The questions asked in this letter are so very important, and bear so closely upon a great public issue about which it is the right and duty of the people of the United States alone to express a direct opinion, that I feel some difficulty in replying to them. Let me take the propositions in order, and deal first with the policy of expansion. I have recently been traveling over a large part of the United States, particularly in the West. I have been as far west as the Pacific coast, passing over two main lines of communication, out one way and back another, stopping at various places, and living amongst the people a good deal. On this subject of expansion I talked with the people generally. It was impossible to avoid the subject. I was struck by two great bodies of opinion, as I might call them, on the question of expansion. One of these I might describe as being a sort of unreasoning body of opinion; that is to say, it has not been reasoned out. It takes the shape in the popular mind of a pronounced and even intense feeling that in this matter of expansion the duty of the United States is clear. Ask the farmers and business men in the West why the course which they propose is the duty of America. They will give no direct reason or logical reason, as far as I could find out. But they are, nevertheless, perfectly decided about one thing, and that is "that this thing has got to be done." You ask, "What thing?" and they reply, "Why, that America should keep a stiff upper lip to the world; should hold that which she has not sought, but which has come to her; should keep what she has got." She must, in short, in a favorite phrase, be "true to her own destiny."

Now that is one body of opinion. There is also another great body of opinion, largely prevailing amongst the reasoning classes in the United States. Many men of this class undoubtedly hold strongly that the government is about to embark upon a very responsible experiment, — perhaps an experiment in which there is a considerable element of danger.

With regard to the first body of opinion, which is a serious force it seemed to me in most places, I tried to explain to myself what this feeling is which finds expression as "the destiny of America" now to be carried forward in a policy of expansion. I can only put the matter in the shape in which it has presented itself to my own mind.

To get at the underlying meaning of that great phase of world-development which is now culminating in the United States, it would appear to be necessary to go a little distance back into the past: we must take up the threads of European history. As European history is coming to be understood at the present day, there is a principle which is gradually emerging into the view of the student, and growing clearer and clearer even to the general mind. If we look back over a short period it may perhaps fail to attract attention, but when we extend the view over a few centuries there can be no mistaking it. At first sight this historic principle of development or principle of movement in European affairs may be described as the gradual movement of power northward; when it is regarded more closely, it is possible to see that it is something more than this. Underneath all the outward national quarrels of Europe there has been going on for centuries what is really a struggle between what we might call the Latin type of civilization, represented by the southern races, and that type of civilization which has been developed in northern Europe.

We first catch sight of it early in the

history of the German Empire. It may be seen there how German unity was a sort of ideal which the German people had put before them a long way back in the centuries; how the German people sought to realize that ideal; and how the German people were constantly thwarted by a set of influences from southern Europe, in which at first the influence of Spain, and later the influence of Austria, predominated. It has been only in our own time that the ideal of German unity has been realized, and the rise of Prussia becomes, as Professor Acton sees it, the most significant historical phenomenon in the history of modern Continental Europe. Again, we see Spain joined in a tremendous world-struggle with the Dutch. It is impossible to read Motley's History of the Dutch Republic without vividly feeling what a momentous struggle it was, and with what cost to the Netherlands it was waged. Although the Dutch emerged from it eventually victorious, and were for some time afterward a leading power in Europe, much of the life-blood of the people had certainly been sucked.

Finally the conflict may be observed in its last and most significant phase. To take up the threads we must go a little distance back to where we find Spain confronting England in Elizabethan times, with apparently an overwhelming advantage on the side of the former country. Slowly the outwardly stronger power goes down, and toward the end of the eighteenth century it is France, with Spain behind her, which stands confronting England throughout the world. Even yet historians have scarcely fathomed the meaning of the great struggle that culminated in what is known as the Napoleonic wars. Up to recent times Professor Seeley has probably been the only English historian who has risen to the philosophical position of seeing that that contest was in reality a duel, in which France, with Spain behind her, had joined with England for the future of the

world, — a duel in which the real issue was whether Latin civilization or that kind of civilization with which England had become identified was to be predominant. The whole Napoleonic era, as Seeley puts it, was but a struggle against the world-expansion of the English principle, and "Napoleon tried to conquer the whole continent of Europe because he realized that he could not otherwise conquer England."

The cost of the conflict to England was enormous. It is impossible to give figures which would bring home to the mind the real extent of the sacrifices made. Toward the close of the war Great Britain's population was about 17,000,000. But before peace was restored that comparatively small nation, at a period when money was very scarce and of higher value than it is now, had incurred a national debt of about \$4,000,000,000.

It is not yet perceived in America that one of the principal results of this prolonged struggle has been, not the secession of the United States from England, which was but an incident and of the nature of a development, but rather that the North American continent of the present day speaks English, and not French; and that the immense inheritance of that continent belongs to the type of civilization which the United States now represents, and not to any other type.

But to present the history of this development in its next chapter we have to take a large canvas; for it is necessary to find room for the whole North American continent. Looking at the map of North America immediately before the period when the United States began its career as a nation, we have a remarkable spectacle. A little fringe of English-speaking people, some 5,000,000 in number, occupied the territory along the Atlantic seaboard. The French occupied the broad *hinterland* of the Mississippi Valley. The Spaniards were in possession in the south;

they held also the great territories along the Pacific seaboard. This English-speaking territory is little more than a patch on the map, surrounded by territories belonging to one or other of almost all the leading powers of Europe. Yet we look again toward the end of the nineteenth century, and a wonderful transformation has taken place; a later and vaster chapter of the world-movement, of which we had the opening chapters in another hemisphere, has been enacted. North, south, west, from Atlantic to Pacific, from seaboard to seaboard, the great wave of English-speaking civilization has flowed, submerging, nay, obliterating all other forms. Not a square mile of territory, once won, has ever been given back. The meaning of Washington's Farewell Address, delivered when the United States contained only about 6,000,000 people, surrounded on every side by hostile powers and hostile natural conditions, appears to be lost when the 6,000,000 have grown to 70,000,000, and are already reckoning the day when they will be 200,000,000. The people whom Henry Adams described as living at the beginning of the nineteenth century "in an isolation like that of the Jutes and Angles of the fifth century" have tamed a continent, have covered it with a vast network of the most magnificent railroads in the world, have grown to be the largest and most homogeneous nation on the face of the earth, with a great world-movement behind it, and certainly a great world-part in the future before it. It is because the man in the Western states to-day, in a dim instinctive way, realizes these things, because he has himself been in the midst of this development, and has even been a factor in it, that he seems to be willing to take the risks which more theoretical minds hesitate at. That was the answer which I gave myself. To look closer at the matter is only to have the importance of it brought home with increased force.

The struggle above described has been

going on ever since, and it is but the last phase of it that we have had in America in the recent war with Spain. Yet the conditions are slowly changing. A leading factor in the future history of the world is that it is the probable destiny of the United States, at no distant time, to become the leading section of the English-speaking world; nay, not only that, but to become the leading world-power of the next century. Now, if the United States is going to be a great world-power in the next century, it would seem to be almost impossible to conceive that it will be able to escape the effect of its connection with what are really world-principles, and these world-principles will involve very important relationships to the world in the future. The first matter with which it will undoubtedly be concerned is the trade of the world.

It is not possible to conceive the North American continent as occupied by perhaps 200,000,000 people in the near future, without considering these inhabitants as having behind them a world-trade. Some persons seem to think that a country may have an export trade without an import trade. It is an economic law that even that is impossible. When we come to look at the world of the present day, it may be seen at once that most of the developments that have gone on in the past have been those which have taken place in the temperate regions. We of the more vigorous races have been occupied during the last century or two with colonizing, spreading ourselves over, and taming the temperate regions of the world. That era, it would seem, will not last much longer; it is slowly but surely coming to a close. Within a time which many of us will live to see, the American continent will be settled up; it is very nearly settled up already, in the agricultural sense. The next era of expansion, which we are almost in the midst of, is the great era of industrial expansion, manufacturing expansion. — an era of expansion which will

undoubtedly bring the United States into very important relations with the trade of the world. The people of the United States will be driven to seek the widest possible outside market for their industrial productions; they must be able to buy raw material in outside markets; and they will have behind them, as they will come to realize more and more clearly, a great history, for they will be the leading representatives of definite principles in the development of the world.

Now let us see what this trade means. It would seem that there can be little doubt that the trade of the world in the future will be largely a trade with the tropics. The tropics are naturally the most richly endowed portion of the world. Under proper conditions of administration, the possibilities of production in the tropics are immensely greater than the possibilities of production in the temperate regions. Even with the extremely unfavorable conditions which at present prevail in the tropics, as I have elsewhere tried to show, our civilization already rests to a large extent on its trade with the tropics. As regards America's share in this trade, I may repeat here the analysis that I have already made in my little volume: —

Looking down the import list [of the United States] for 1895, and taking the fifteen heads under which the largest values were imported, we find that they include some two thirds of the total imports of the United States. A glance at the principal commodities is sufficient to show to what an enormous extent the produce of the tropics is represented. Here the two items which stand at the top of the list are coffee and sugar, of which the imports were valued at, respectively, \$96,000,000 and \$76,000,000. The value of the imports of these two articles alone does not fall very far short of one fourth of the total value of the imports of the United States for the year in question. If we add to it the values

under three other heads, — namely, (1) india rubber, (2) tobacco, and (3) tea, — we have a total of about \$221,000,000. If we endeavor to deal with the whole import list, and seek to distinguish what proportion of the total imports of the United States comes from the region embraced between latitude 30° north and 30° south of the equator, we get a total value of, approximately, \$250,000,000 from tropical regions. This is over one third of the entire imports of the United States, the total for the year from all sources being \$731,000,000. In the case of the exports of the United States the currents of trade are somewhat different, about forty-seven per cent of the entire export trade being with the United Kingdom. But of the remainder, the export trade to the tropics forms a large proportion, amounting in all to, approximately, \$96,000,000.

Adding together, therefore, the exports and imports of the United States, we have a remarkable analysis of the entire trade of the country as follows: —

Trade of the United States in	
1895 with the tropics . . .	\$346,000,000
With the English-speaking world (not including British tropics)	657,000,000
Total with the tropics and Eng- lish-speaking world . . .	\$1,003,000,000
With the rest of the world . .	535,000,000
Gross total	\$1,538,000,000

If we exclude consideration of trade within the English-speaking regions, the total trade of the United States with the tropics in 1895 was \$346,000,000 as against \$535,000,000 with the remainder of the world. This is a very striking and pregnant fact when we consider existing conditions. It must always be kept in view, too, that no nation can remain permanently indifferent to the condition of a country with which it has large and vital trade relations. Although the United States interfered in Cuba in the cause of humanity, it must

be remembered that it was the close trade connection of the American people with the island which directly and forcibly compelled the attention of the public mind to what was taking place there. For all these reasons, it seems hard to believe that the traditions of the past, which opposed a policy of expansion on the part of the United States, will operate with the same force in the future.

For the same reason that expansion appears to the Western man to be inevitable, there is a disposition to regard with equanimity the apparently "insuperable practical difficulty to a policy of expansion in the inefficient civil service of the United States." One of the most remarkable, and, if I mistake not, one of the most healthy symptoms of public life in America, is a disposition to regard with a cheerful optimism those problems of government which do so much to depress the English observer. As yet, America probably has not taken seriously in hand the treatment of these problems, and the results will likely enough be striking when the task is earnestly undertaken. The United States is the highest, and yet the youngest, of all political organisms in the world, — an organism with a promise and a potentiality behind it of which there has been no previous parallel; but it has hardly had time to attend to the problems, the slow solution of which has taken hundreds of years in other countries. There seems to be no insurmountable reason why there should not be as efficient a civil service in the United States as there is in England. The principle which has been followed in England has been the keeping of the permanent civil service, abroad even more than at home, apart from the traditions and influences of political parties. In England the one consistent idea which, through all outward forms, has in late years been behind the institution of the higher Indian civil service on existing lines is that, even where it is equally open to natives with Europeans through

competitive examination, entrance to it shall be made through a British university. In other words, it is the best and most distinctive product that England can give, the higher ideals and standards of her universities, which is made to feed the inner life from which the British administration of India proceeds.

In the United States, the university system of education has already reached a kind of development which is far in advance of anything that we have in England. There is a magnificent recruiting-ground existing from which to build up a civil service with high traditions of public duty. If the nation rises to the level of the occasion, insists on going straight in this matter from the beginning, there seem to be all the possibilities of the very best results. But it will be necessary to pay salaries adequate to the positions and responsibilities of the officials. In England there is a motto to the effect that "power must be paid." If it is not paid by the state, it tends to pay itself, directly or indirectly, from other sources, and to serve the interests, not of the state, but of those who pay it.

As to the question implied in the third proposition I have no right to reply. It is a matter exclusively for the American people. I would point out, however, that in this question the control of *colonies* by the United States is spoken of. One of the leading principles that I have tried to enunciate in my book on the control of the tropics is that such territories can never be *colonies*; that the white man can never be acclimatized in the tropics; that such regions must continue to be permanently peopled by their *natural* inhabitants; and that the highest duty of the civilized power that undertakes responsibility in relation thereto is to see that they shall be governed, not in the interest of the governing power, but as a trust for civilization.

As to the logic of the situation, that is also a matter solely for the American people. Yet it is one of the deepest

truths of philosophy that the meaning of living things cannot be put into logical formulas. The spirit behind the Constitution of the United States is probably one of the most vital and healthy things in the world; and yet, under the Constitution itself, there are already the most illogical results. One of the fundamental principles of government in the United States is the assumption of the right of every citizen to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The negro is a citizen of the United States, and yet in some states of the Union he is forbidden to marry a citizen of a different color. The Indian is a ward of the United States, and not a citizen; and the Chinaman is forbidden a vote. All this is illogical. But it is not therefore wrong; and the fact remains that the spirit behind the American Constitution is probably one of the healthiest forces

in the world. The intense feeling of the Western man that there is a meaning and a reason behind a policy of expansion which cannot be put into formulas — which it is not even necessary to put into formulas — has more in it than appears on the surface; it may be nearer to the real meaning of things than the most thoroughly reasoned argument. We have not had a more philosophical historian in England than Professor Seeley, certainly none who has understood better the meaning of the principles behind the expansion of the English-speaking races. It was he who, writing about such principles, delivered himself of this remarkable saying: "In a truly living institution the instinct of development is wiser than the utterances of the wisest individual man." That is the Western man's conclusion put into the philosophy of the historian.

Benjamin Kidd.

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY. — 1898.

When, why, and by whom, was our flag The Stars and Stripes first called "Old Glory"?

DAILY QUERY TO PRESS.

I.

OLD GLORY! say, who,
 By the ships and the crew,
 And the long, blended ranks of the Gray and the Blue, —
 Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
 With such pride everywhere,
 As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air,
 And leap out full length, as we're wanting you to? —
 Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
 And the honor and fame so becoming to you?
 Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
 With your stars at their glittering best overhead —
 By day or by night
 Their delightfulest light
 Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue!
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory — say, who —
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old banner lifted, and faltering then
 In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.*

II.

Old Glory,—speak out! We are asking about
 How you happened to “favor” a name, so to say,
 That sounds so familiar and careless and gay,
 As we cheer it, and shout in our wild, breezy way —
We—the crowd, every man of us, calling you that —
We, Tom, Dick, and Harry, each swinging his hat
 And hurrahing “Old Glory!” like you were our kin,
 When—*Lord!*—we all know we’re as common as sin!
 And yet it just seems like you *humor* us all
 And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall
 Into line, with you over us, waving us on
 Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone.
 And this is the reason we’re wanting to know
 (And we’re wanting it *so!*
 Where our own fathers went we are willing to go)
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory — O-ho! —
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
 For an instant; then wistfully sighed and was still.*

III.

Old Glory: the story we’re wanting to hear
 Is what the plain facts of your christening were, —
 For your name—just to hear it,
 Repeat it, and cheer it, ’s a tang to the spirit
 As salt as a tear:
 And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
 There’s a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye,
 And an aching to live for you always — or die,
 If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
 And so, by our love
 For you, floating above,
 And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
 Are we thrilled, at the name of Old Glory?

*Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
 And fluttered an audible answer at last.*

IV.

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:—
 By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
 Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—
 By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
 As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
 Or droop o’er the sod where the long grasses nod, —
 My name is as old as the glory of God.

. . . So I came by the name of Old Glory.

James Whitcomb Riley.

EUROPEAN EXPERIENCE WITH TROPICAL COLONIES.

WRITING of the colonial problem now confronting the United States, Mr. Benjamin Kidd has said, in his little volume on the Control of the Tropics: "It is not a question of the relative merits of any form of government; it is not even a question of the relative merits of any race amongst civilized peoples; it is simply and purely the question of the ultimate relation of the white man to the tropics."

Mr. Kidd has gone to the heart of the subject; for whilst it is certain that all intelligent citizens of the United States have realized that the war with Spain has created a new and important national problem, it is equally certain that there is a general tendency to underestimate its difficulties and to misjudge its real character.

In setting out to control tropical possessions the United States has the experience of six nations to draw upon, — Spain, Portugal, Germany, France, Holland, and Great Britain. Three of these may be dismissed at once. Spain and Portugal may serve as warnings; they can never serve as examples. Germany has had an experience of only fourteen years in tropical colonization, and no opinion of her methods can be of value until her work has had the test of a longer time. If, therefore, the true system of controlling tropical colonies has been discovered, we may expect to find it in the colonial experience of France, Holland, or Great Britain.

France embarked on a policy of colonial expansion from the necessity of keeping pace with Russia, who is extending her empire in the Far East, and with Germany, who hopes to become an African power; and although colonial rivalry with England is at present out of the question, there is a lingering hope amongst a certain class of French states-

men that the next century will witness a decrease rather than an augmentation of Great Britain's colonial possessions. Of the French Asiatic colonies as a whole it may be said that they consist of a handful of French merchants and adventurers, a large body of government officials, and a considerable population of uneducated and semi-barbarous natives, who are exploited — very unsuccessfully, it is true — for the benefit of the home government. Mr. Henry Norman, in his *Peoples and Politics of the Far East*, has drawn a striking picture of the methods adopted by France in her Asiatic colonies. In 1890 the population of French Cochinchina was 1,800,000, of whom only 1600 were French. Of these 1600, 1200 were government officials. The salaries of these officials amounted to \$1,750,000, and in the same year the amount devoted to public works was \$80,000. More extraordinary still, the whole of this \$80,000 was paid out as salaries to officials of the department, and not a cent's worth of work was done. In regard to Tongking, Mr. Norman calculates that the French taxpayer has expended \$24,000 a day on the colony for each day, Sundays included, that it has been a French possession. Up to the end of 1892 France had spent 476,000,000 francs on Tongking, and as a set-off to this, during the same period, had sold the colony 59,000,000 francs' worth of French goods.

In the West Indies France has been financially more fortunate, and a considerable trade exists between Martinique and Guadeloupe and the mother country. But a visit to these islands will convince the impartial observer that although they are not mismanaged in the same way as the Asiatic colonies of France, they are in many respects in an

unsatisfactory condition.¹ Both in Martinique and in Guadeloupe the leading industries are dependent on imported East Indian laborers. French Guiana, or Cayenne, is at present merely an insignificant tract of land on the mainland of South America, which is used as a convict settlement, no serious effort ever having been made to develop its great natural resources. It is interesting to note that Algeria, the most important colonial possession of France, and the one which might be most reasonably expected to prove a financial success, fails to pay the cost of its administration, from the necessity of maintaining an army of 54,000 men to control 3,500,000 natives. France has obtained little honor and less profit from her colonial ventures. Her ambition has been to achieve in the tropics what England has achieved in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and her other non-tropical colonies, — the founding of hardy dependencies, populated by a race mainly of the home stock, and bound to the mother country by all the ties of affection and loyalty, — dependencies which in the hour of need would prove a source of strength to the nation. The failure of France is due rather to the fundamental difficulties of tropical colonization than to the evil effects of maladministration; for it is doubtful whether even any of England's tropical possessions, loyal as they undoubtedly are, would prove a source of strength in time of war. Frenchmen have not emigrated to the French colonies, because to most white men the tropics offer little inducement as a home. The absence of all those conveniences and luxuries which form so large a part of our daily life becomes unendurable as soon as the novelty of a strange land has worn off.

The experience of Holland presents

a series of facts of the highest significance in relation to tropical colonization, and the history of the Dutch colonies furnishes us with material for the understanding of the problem of colonial administration.

The Dutch have tropical colonies both in the East Indies and in the West Indies. In her East Indian colonies Holland has attained a degree of success which has been reached by no other nation in similar circumstances; but in the West Indies her failure has been no less conspicuous than that of other powers.

The principal East Indian possession of Holland is Java, an island which has an area of about 49,000 square miles, with a population of 22,500,000, or, in other words, 459 persons to the square mile. The population is made up of 22,000,000 natives, who are Malaysians; 300,000 Chinese; 42,000 Europeans, including half-castes; 14,900 Arabs; 3500 Hindus; the rest are of various Asiatic and Polynesian races. Ninety-five per cent of the people are Mohammedans. When the Dutch occupied the island at the beginning of the seventeenth century, they found the people in an advanced state of civilization, measured by the standards of the East; and since the Dutch authority became firmly established, they have shown themselves peaceful, industrious, and of gentle disposition. Holland determined to govern the island as a national plantation, and instituted a system of forced labor which, with slight modifications, still exists. The system cannot fairly be called slavery; for although it is compulsory for every able-bodied native to devote a certain portion of his time to the cultivation of coffee, sugar, and other crops, to be delivered at the government depots, he receives in return a fair price for the

¹ In Rear-Admiral Aube's *La Martinique: Son Présent et son Avenir* occurs the following passage: "The colony is fatally doomed to decadence, and it is to put things in the very

best light to suppose that the richest part of the island will be able for a few years longer to maintain the degree of prosperity which it has arrived at."

products of his labor. What the Dutch insisted on was, in effect, that the natural tendency of the people to work only so long as sufficed for the gratification of their simple needs should not be allowed to interfere with the development of a country which could be made to yield a handsome profit to the government, and at the same time provide a comfortable means of support for the natives. Under this system the island prospered amazingly. Trade increased with great rapidity; the government reaped enormous profits; the people enjoyed a degree of material prosperity before undreamed of; gradually the task of ruling the island became less and less difficult, and the government has found it possible to appoint large numbers of intelligent natives to those important and responsible posts which had to be created, as a result of the commercial expansion arising out of the enforced industry of the people.

Let us turn our attention now to Surinam, the principal colony of the Dutch in the West Indies. Surinam, or Dutch Guiana, as it is sometimes called, resembles Java in many respects. It lies at the same distance to the north of the equator as Java lies to the south; it is of almost the same area; it possesses a similar climate; its soil is suitable for the cultivation of the same products; it is watered by noble rivers; it has enormous forests of valuable timber; and it has the advantage of Java in being much nearer to the European markets. Yet what do we find? Instead of the thriving population of Java, instead of its immense trade and tranquil prosperity, we see a country barely able to keep its head above the wave of bankruptcy which is continually threatening it; a country of whose area only one half of one per cent is beneficially occupied; a country where most of the work is done by laborers imported from the

East, — where, to quote from Mr. Washington Eves,¹ “the neglected stores where the European merchants carried on their business tell a tale of decadence.” It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to enumerate all the circumstances which have combined to place in such striking contrast two countries so similar in natural conditions; but two facts stand prominently forth, — the differences in the nature of the native population and in the form of government of the two colonies. In Java the population is of Malays, in Surinam of negroes. The Malays have shown themselves capable of evolving a civilization, of combining together for the purpose of maintaining national institutions and of carrying out enterprises of public utility without assistance or guidance from the white man. In character they exhibit those traits which belong to most Eastern races: a great reverence for family ties; a tendency to resist the intrusion of foreign authority, and a tendency no less marked to submit quietly to that authority once it is firmly established; a natural disinclination to steady work, which, however, yields readily in the face of reasonable inducement or slight pressure; a certain quickness of intellect which gives them a clear vision where their material interests are concerned, and saves them from being improvident; and, finally, a curious mental adjustment, which, if it becomes unsettled through intense excitement or mental strain, is likely to change them in a moment into savages.

It is not my purpose to undertake to describe the negro as he was before his introduction into the western hemisphere, or as he might have been under different circumstances, but only the West Indian negro as he is, without reference to the question whether his present characteristics are due to ill treatment, to lack of opportunity, or to inherent mental and physical qualities.

tute, and the author of an admirable history of the West Indies.

¹ Mr. Eves, C. M. G., F. R. G. S., is a member of the council of the Royal Colonial Insti-

The Dutch found the negro undesirable as a slave; they have found him still more undesirable as a free man. Having developed no civilization of his own, he cannot adapt himself to an alien civilization. Exhibiting some outward indications of adherence to Christianity, he reverts, as soon as he is left to himself, to the disgusting rites which belong to his gross and abominable superstitions. He will not work, for he has no ambitions to gratify. For authority, unless it be of the rigorous military kind, he has no respect. His passions are easily aroused, and he is prone to riot and insurrection. Finally, there seems to be no general tendency in the West Indian negro to improve under the influence of education and example. The character of the negro, then, is one reason why Surinam differs so widely from Java.

In government Holland has adopted toward Java an autocratic method, and under it the people have become prosperous and contented. In Surinam a restricted system of representation exists, and the government has not compelled the people to work. The result has been that the negroes have retired into the forests, and given themselves up to devil worship, whilst the labor in the colony is done chiefly by imported East Indian laborers. Whatever might have been the condition of the Surinam negro under autocratic government, he has proved himself, under a more liberal system, unsatisfactory as a colonist.

The experience of the Dutch with tropical negroes, however, has been limited, and the idea naturally suggests itself that possibly the failure of the Surinam negro to make a good colonist is due rather to bad management by his rulers than to any defect in his own nature. In order to gain a broader view of the tropical negro, and to observe him under the most enlightened form of government he has ever enjoyed, a brief glance at the British West Indian colonies is

necessary. I spent six years, beginning in 1891, in the West Indies and in British Guiana, and made during that time a careful study of the conditions prevailing in the West Indian colonies.

It is convenient to divide the more important of these colonies into three classes: the colonies of small industries, Dominica, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Tobago, Antigua, Grenada, St. Kitts, Nevis, and Montserrat; the colonies of large industries, Trinidad, British Guiana, and Jamaica; and Barbados, the economic conditions of which differ materially from those of either of the other two classes. In the year 1896 the colonies of the first class exported produce of the total value of \$3,240,000: the highest on the list being Antigua, with \$910,000; the lowest Montserrat, with \$120,000. The colonies of the second class exported produce of the total value of \$24,000,000: the highest being British Guiana, with \$9,000,000; the lowest Trinidad, with \$6,750,000. It is impracticable to deal with each of these colonies separately, or to point out those distinctions which undoubtedly exist in their conditions. Taking the colonies of small industries as a group, we find a most depressing state of affairs. These islands, which were once thriving and prosperous, are now fast sinking to ruin. Nearly all are of extraordinary fertility, and most of them possess a delightful climate; yet the land is falling out of cultivation year by year, and unmistakable signs of decay are observable on every side. The chief cause of this decay, in my judgment, is the nature of the native population. Except St. Lucia, none of the islands suffers from a lack of laborers; but very little labor is required for the carrying on of the small industries that still survive. Were any attempt made to establish large industries, it would fail unless laborers were imported from the East.

In support of this view I turn to the colonies of large industries. Trinidad

has a population of 245,000, composed chiefly of negroes, half-breeds, and East Indian coolies. The coolies were introduced in order that the agriculture of the island might not disappear for want of men to do the work. These coolies and their descendants now form nearly one half of the population; and this testimony as to their importance as laborers is given in the Report of the West India Royal Commission, which visited the British West Indian colonies last year: "It has, however, been pressed upon us, by evidence which we cannot disregard, that at the present time, and under present conditions, indentured laborers are absolutely necessary to the carrying on of the sugar estates."¹ In Jamaica a similar condition exists. To the question, "Should the supply of immigrants be increased, continued, or diminished?" Mr. P. C. Cork, a gentleman who has had an experience of twenty-three years in the West Indies, gives the following reply: "The system should be continued; otherwise no large agricultural operations can be conducted with good prospect of success. . . . A great many of the most important sugar estates would have long since had to be abandoned but for coolie labor. . . . And the banana industry could not have extended at anything like the rate it has done without such aid."² In British Guiana the case is even more serious. The coolies in that colony are fully one half of the population; and at least three quarters of the work done in the colony is done by East Indians. A planter of thirty-seven years' experience gave the following reply to the question, "Does the need exist for further immigration?" "Yes, immigration is now as indispensable to the sugar planter as it ever was, because here in British Guiana the native laborer is disinclined to work more than four days a week, and often [he works] less, perhaps not at all. He is

¹ West India Royal Commission Report, Part 39, Sec. 302.

quite unreliable, and not to be depended on."³

In Trinidad, Jamaica, and British Guiana East Indian laborers are imported under contract to work on the sugar estates. The terms of indenture vary slightly in the different colonies, but are, in effect, as follows: The indentured laborers must work five days a week, and seven hours a day, for a period of five years. In return for this, the planter must furnish him with a free house, free hospital accommodation on the estate, free medical attendance and medicine, and free schooling for his children, and must pay a minimum legal wage. At the end of five years the laborer becomes absolutely free, and can claim a free grant of land from the government or a passage back to India.

The testimony is overwhelming that in those islands where the labor supply consists of negroes little work is done; that wherever large industries are to be found it is the coolie who does the work. There is one, and only one exception to this rule,—the island of Barbados; and the negro is there under absolute compulsion to work. Barbados is unique in several respects. With an area of 100,000 acres of cultivable land, 91,000 acres are under cultivation, the rest being used for residential sites, pasturage, and so on. There are left no forests or waste lands on which the negro can squat. The population of the island is about 186,000, or 1120 to the square mile. Under these circumstances it is evident that the Barbadian negro has his choice of working or starving.

It is significant of the feeling which prevails at the British Colonial Office in reference to the fitness of the West Indian negro for self-government that the island of Dominica has recently been deprived of its system of representation and converted into a Crown Colony. The

² *Ibid.*, Appendix C, Part 13, Sec. 756.

³ *Ibid.*, Appendix C, Part 2, Sec. 160.

manner in which the change was effected is most instructive. The Dominican House of Assembly, which consisted of elected and nominated members in such proportion that a solid vote of the electives would place the government in a minority, rejected a government motion to make the island a Crown Colony. The administrator then dissolved the Assembly and issued writs for new elections. With the particular issue before them, the people returned one member whose views were known to coincide with those of the government. When the new Assembly met, the resolution to make the island a Crown Colony was carried by one vote, — that of an elected member representing the wishes of his constituents. An amendment was introduced and lost, which ran: "Inasmuch as the government is trying to deprive the inhabitants of their just rights and liberties, be it resolved that the British government be asked to barter Dominica with the French, American, or any other nation." A local newspaper, commenting on the vote, said: "Rather than counsel submission to such a policy we advise steadfast and persistent opposition to the government; and when all constitutional means shall have been exhausted in vain, then we would hold up for imitation the resolve of the Cuban people, — to let the aliens have the country in ashes, if have it they must; since it is preferable to be a free man in a wild country rather than a serf in the most highly developed and prosperous community."

It speaks something for the tolerance of British rule that such rank sedition should remain unnoticed by the authorities. The question of representative government for tropical negroes has been treated by many writers. James Anthony Froude, writing on the subject in 1887, said: "If the Antilles are ever to thrive, each of them should have some trained and skillful man at its head, unembarrassed by local elected assemblies.

. . . Let us persist in the other line; let us use the West Indian governments as asylums for average worthy persons who have to be provided for, and force on them black parliamentary institutions as a remedy for such persons' inefficiency, and these beautiful countries will become like Hayti, with Obeah triumphant, and children offered to the devil, and salted and eaten, till the conscience of mankind wakes again and the Americans sweep them all away."

To sum up. We find that Holland has succeeded in Java, where the population is composed of Malayans, and where forced labor has been exacted; that she has failed in Surinam, where the population is largely negro, and where no compulsion has been used; that England has failed wherever the population is composed of negroes, and has attained a moderate degree of success only where East Indian laborers form a large proportion of the population, and a contract-labor system is in force; finally, that wherever, in those colonies which have been dealt with in this article, any considerable industries exist, the East Indian indentured immigrant is found doing the work.

Any attempt to govern the tropical possessions of the United States on democratic principles is doomed to certain failure. It has been clearly shown that without forced labor, or at least some form of indentured labor, large industries cannot be developed in tropical colonies. Apart from the instances already cited, this statement is true of Hawaii, Mauritius, Natal, Queensland, Peru, the Fiji Islands, the Straits Settlements, and the Danish West Indies.

But there is a more serious question. It is thought by many that although it may be unadvisable to grant the colonies representative government at present, the time will soon come when the people of these colonies will show themselves capable of self-government. Judging from past experience, there would seem

to be little hope that these pleasant anticipations will ever be realized. We look in vain for a single instance within the tropics of a really well-governed independent country. Would the United States tolerate under its flag the conditions which prevail in Venezuela, in Siam, in Hayti, in the Central American republics?

The system under which this country might hope to achieve success with her tropical possessions is one which is little likely to be adopted. It is the system advocated by Froude for the island of Dominica, — surely the most beautiful of all tropical islands: "Find a Rajah Brooke¹ if you can, or a Mr. Smith of

Scilly. . . . Send him out with no more instructions than the knight of La Mancha gave Sancho, — to fear God and do his duty. Put him on his metal. Promise him the praise of all good men if he does well; and if he calls to his help intelligent persons who understand the cultivation of soils and the management of men, in half a score years Dominica would be the brightest gem of the Antilles. . . . The leading of the wise few, the willing obedience of the many, is the beginning and end of all right action. Secure this, and you secure everything. Fail to secure it, and, be your liberties as wide as you can make them, no success is possible."

W. Alleyn Ireland.

OUR GOVERNMENT OF NEWLY ACQUIRED TERRITORY.

THE acquisition of Porto Rico and the probable acquisition of the Philippine Islands, or of part of them, have called attention to our machinery for governing territories outside the Union. The United States has already had considerable experience in the government of territories acquired from foreign powers. Eight times, by purchase, by conquest, or by voluntary cession, it has enlarged its boundaries. In 1803 Louisiana was purchased from France. In 1819 Florida was obtained from Spain, and in 1845 Texas was annexed. In 1848 the conquest of Mexico resulted in the cession of provinces richer than any that she retained, and in 1853 another tract of land was purchased from her. In 1867 Russia sold us Alaska, and in 1898 Hawaii has been received after the manner of Texas, while territories the extent of which is not at this time determined are exacted of Spain.

Of these additions to our territory, Texas and Hawaii had been recognized

¹ Of Sarawak, Borneo.

as independent states, both by the United States and by other governments. Texas became at once a member of the Union. For other annexed territory, Congress thought it necessary to provide a form of government not based upon the principle of local autonomy, and in which the ultimate control rested in the hands of the authorities at Washington. Local circumstances, such as sparsity of population or the presence of a preponderant foreign element, were the reasons for keeping these territories in tutelage.

In making provision for our first accession of foreign territory, Congress was guided by the "Ordinance for the government of the territory of the United States northwest of the river Ohio," — a measure more popularly known as the Ordinance of 1787. When the government under the Constitution came into existence, it found the Union in possession of a vast tract of country which was not organized into states, but which was held and administered as the common property of all the members of

the Union. As the life of the old Continental Congress slowly drew to a close, it brought to an end its deliberations upon the disposition of the Northwest, and enacted the great Ordinance which has had a profound influence in many directions. It is usually recalled as the measure that kept slavery out of the Northwest; but it has been no less important in its influence upon our institutional history, for it was this Ordinance which served for many years as the model for the organization of government in the territories. The Congress which was first called upon to deal with the government of foreign acquisitions naturally turned to it as a guide. Indeed, it was used as a guide even before any annexations were made. In 1790, when Congress organized into a territory the area now included in the states of Kentucky and Tennessee, it provided that "the government of the said territory south of the Ohio shall be similar to that which is now exercised in the territory northwest of the Ohio." Later, in 1798, the same provision was made for the government of Mississippi Territory. And the governments established in the territories of Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois, formed by the division of the old Northwest Territory, were all copies of the government formulated in the Ordinance of 1787.

The government of the Northwest Territory was as undemocratic as can well be imagined. It was divided into two grades; the first grade to cease when the territory should contain five thousand free male inhabitants of full age. While the territory remained under the first grade of government, the inhabitants had absolutely no voice in their political affairs. The executive power was vested in a governor, who was appointed by the President for a term of three years, and who was assisted by a secretary, similarly appointed for a term of four years. The judicial power was vested in three judges appointed by the Presi-

dent to hold office during good behavior. Besides their judicial functions, the three judges, with the governor, constituted the territorial legislature. But here their power was subject to severe limitations. Far from possessing a free hand in legislation subject to the supervision of Congress, they were merely empowered to adopt such statutes of the original states as they deemed applicable to the local needs of the territory. As the situation in the territory was radically different from that which led to legislation in the states, it is easy to see that suitable statutes were hard to find. To obviate this difficulty, the judges resorted to the expedient of adopting parts of statutes from several states, and combining them into a new statute. The governor of the Northwest, St. Clair, protested against this practice as being beyond their competence; but, since the territory would have been without laws had not this method been adopted, he finally yielded to the necessities of the situation.

This state of affairs was relieved somewhat when the territory attained a population of five thousand free male inhabitants of full age, for then a legislature came into existence, one house of which was elected by the people. At the first meeting of the elective house it chose ten persons, whose names were sent to the President, and from these ten the President appointed five, who constituted the legislative council, or upper house of the legislature. The election of the lower house was the full extent of the people's participation in the territorial government under the Ordinance of 1787.

The dread of a strong executive which had been manifested in the colonies so many times seems not to have prevailed when the Ordinance of 1787 was adopted, for the executive office then created was almost autocratic in its power. The governor was made commander-in-chief of the militia, all the officers of which below the grade of general officer were appointed by him. He also appointed

all the other territorial officers except the secretary and the judges. He was to establish such magistracies and other civil offices as he thought necessary for the preservation of order, and he was empowered to lay out counties and townships in those parts of the country in which the Indian title had been extinguished, and to organize local government therein according to his discretion. He could summon, prorogue, and dissolve the legislature, and he had an absolute veto upon its proceedings. When we add that the incumbent in the office of governor, General Arthur St. Clair, was inclined to push his power to the utmost, it is easy to see why the state of Ohio, in its first constitution, and in the later constitution of 1851, which is still in force, deprived the chief executive of almost all the usual functions of his office.

In the formation of this territorial government, many of the cardinal political principles in support of which the colonies had gone to war with Great Britain were entirely disregarded. Here was government without the consent of the governed. Here was taxation without representation. Here was such a mingling of the three departments of government, and such a concentration of power in the hands of the executive, as was not to be found in any other part of the United States. The explanation is that the authors of the government of the Northwest were making provision for the administration of a territory which might properly be called a colony, and the principles applied at that time to the government of colonies were applied here. The inhabitants were not consulted about the form of government, their laws, or the selection of their officers. Their delegate in Congress, chosen not by the people, but by the territorial legislature, could debate, but he had no vote. He held a position not unlike that formerly held by the agents maintained by the colonies in London. Indeed, it

was not unusual to hear the Northwest referred to as a colony. In 1786 Monroe sent to Jefferson a description of the government proposed for the Northwest, and said, "It is, in effect, to be a colonial government, similar to that which prevailed in these states previous to the Revolution." A few weeks later he wrote, "It hath been proposed and supported by our state to have a colonial government established over the western districts, to cease at the time they shall be admitted into the Confederacy." This was the government which was to serve as a model for the government of territory newly acquired by the United States.

Our first annexation of foreign territory was the Louisiana purchase, of which the United States took possession December 20, 1803. By Article III. of the treaty of cession, it was stipulated that the inhabitants of the ceded territory should be incorporated in the Union, and admitted as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens of the United States. Pending the arrangement of a temporary government for the territory, all the military, civil, and judicial powers exercised by the old French officers were to be vested in persons appointed by the President, and exercised as he might direct. By virtue of this provision, practically all the functions of government became vested for a few months in the hands of one man, Governor Claiborn, of Mississippi Territory, who was appointed governor of Louisiana. Alexander Johnston has said of this government, "It was in effect a military despotism over Louisiana, and may suffice as an example of the extent to which the sovereign power over the territories might go, if a wiser policy were not the rule."

In the following year, 1804, Congress worked out a plan of government for the French purchase. The whole area was divided into two parts by a line

drawn along the thirty-third parallel, which is now the northern boundary of the state of Louisiana. That portion south of the line was called the territory of Orleans. All the rest of the area ceded by France was organized into the district of Louisiana. In neither of these divisions did Congress see fit to allow the people any great share in their government: in one case because the population, though considerable, was almost exclusively French and Spanish; and in the other, because there were few civilized people of any race.

In the more populous division, the territory of Orleans, a government modeled after that of the Northwest Territory, but with some radical differences, was organized. The constitution of the executive was the same as in the Northwest, but in the structure of the other two departments there were noteworthy changes. Instead of a legislature composed of the governor and judges, the law-making power was vested in a legislative council composed of thirteen of the most fit and discreet persons of the territory, whom the President was to appoint annually from among those holding real estate therein. With the consent of a majority of the legislative council, the governor was empowered to alter, modify, or repeal any laws of the territory which were in force at the time of this territorial organization. The law provided that "their legislative powers shall also extend to all rightful subjects of legislation; but no law shall be valid which is inconsistent with the Constitution and laws of the United States, or which shall lay any person under restraint, burden, or disability, on account of his religious opinions, professions, or worship; in all which he shall be free to maintain his own, and not burdened for those of another." The governor and council were further restricted in that they had no power over the primary disposal of the soil, nor could they tax the lands of

the United States, or interfere with any claims to land in the territory. All legislative acts were of course subject to the approval of Congress. Instead of the three judges appointed by the President, there was to be a superior court, and such inferior courts and justices of the peace as the territorial legislature should from time to time establish. Trial by jury was secured to the inhabitants in all cases of capital crime, and they were also guaranteed certain other legal protections, such as the writ of *habeas corpus*, bail for offenses, and freedom from cruel or unusual punishments. These provisions are of importance, as an attempt to engraft certain institutions of the English law upon a people accustomed to the forms of the Roman law. The United States was represented in the territory by a district judge, who was required to reside in the city of New Orleans, and hold therein four sessions annually. He was to exercise the same jurisdiction and powers as were exercised by the judge of the Kentucky district. An attorney for the United States, and a marshal, both of whom were appointed by the President, completed the organization of the federal court.

The district of Louisiana, which comprised all the rest of the French purchase, — an area so vast that ten states have since been created out of it, — was placed under the government of the officers of Indiana Territory. The executive power vested in the governor of Indiana was extended over the district. The governor and the judges of Indiana were empowered to establish inferior courts, and to define their jurisdiction. They had also a general legislative power; but the right of trial by jury was reserved in all criminal cases, and in civil cases in which more than one hundred dollars was involved, and either of the parties required it. The Indiana governor and judges had a much wider legislative power in the district

than they had in their own territory. The laws made by the governor and judges for the territory had no force in the district, unless it was expressly so provided, and likewise those made for the district had no force in the territory.

These provisions for the government of the territory of Orleans and the district of Louisiana continued in force for about a year. They were then superseded by acts which converted the district of Louisiana into the territory of Louisiana, and established both in that territory and in the territory of Orleans a government analogous to the second grade of government in the Northwest Territory. They remained thus without change until the territory of Orleans was admitted to the Union as the state of Louisiana in 1812. In the same year the name of the territory of Louisiana was changed to Missouri, but the same form of government was retained until 1816, when provision was made for the organization of a legislature both houses of which were elected by the people of the territory. This change marks the transition from the colonial state.

Our next accession of territory was Florida, which was acquired from Spain by the treaty of February 22, 1819. Article VI. of this treaty, like Article III. of the treaty of Paris of 1803, provided that the inhabitants should be incorporated in the Union as soon as might be consistent with the principles of the Federal Constitution, and admitted to all the rights and immunities of citizens of the United States. There was a delay of two years between the signing of the treaty and the exchange of ratifications, and more than another year elapsed before Congress provided a government for the Spanish cession. The territorial government of Florida was fashioned after that of the territory of Orleans. Here again we find an executive department consisting of a governor and a secretary appointed by the President, while the legislative power was vested in

the governor and "in thirteen of the most fit and discreet persons of the territory," who were to be appointed by the President from among the citizens of the United States residing in Florida. The ownership of real estate in the territory, which was made a requisite for membership in the legislature of Orleans, was not required for appointment to the legislature of Florida. The judicial organization of Florida was almost an exact copy of that of Orleans.

The next extension of our boundaries was by the admission of Texas, which was annexed to the United States and admitted to the Union by the same act. In consequence of this arrangement it was never governed as a territory. The war in which the United States was involved because of this annexation resulted in the acquisition of Upper California and New Mexico. In the case of California, the debates in Congress on the Wilmot Proviso delayed so long the organization of a territorial government to supplant the military government established during the war with Mexico, that the discovery of gold and the consequent immigration made a state government necessary at once. This the people proceeded to form without any authorization from Congress; and when formed it was accepted by Congress, and the state was admitted to the Union September 9, 1850. By the same act New Mexico was endowed with a territorial organization more liberal than any yet accorded to newly acquired provinces. Its government comprised the usual governor and secretary appointed by the President. The legislature, however, consisted of two houses, both of which were elected by the people of the territory; but the federal government kept a check upon it by giving the governor an absolute veto. The qualifications for voting at the first election were very liberal, every free white male citizen of full age residing in the territory being a duly qualified elector. After the first elec-

tion, the territorial legislature was empowered to fix the qualifications for suffrage. When the Gadsden purchase was added to the United States in 1853, it was incorporated in the territory of New Mexico, which then included an area greater in extent than the whole of the present German Empire.

In 1867 Mr. Seward effected the purchase of Alaska. Unlike our other annexations, Alaska offered little or no prospect of ever becoming fit for admission to the Union on an equal footing with the states. It must remain in a colonial condition for an indefinite length of time. Owing to the character and situation of its inhabitants, self-government was out of the question, and government of any kind was almost impossible. Until 1884 Congress took no action with reference to the matter, but in that year a civil organization of the most rudimentary description was established. Alaska was made a civil and judicial district, and the President was authorized to appoint a governor therein. A district court and four commissioners who exercise the powers of justices of the peace according to the laws of Oregon complete the government. In the absence of all legislative authority, the laws of Oregon, in so far as they are applicable and not in conflict with the laws of the United States, are extended over the district.

The joint resolution for the annexation of Hawaii, which received the approval of the President July 7, 1898, contains some provisions regarding the temporary government of the islands quite similar to the articles of the treaty of Paris relating to the government of Louisiana. Until Congress shall otherwise direct, all the civil, judicial, and military powers exercised by the officers of the Hawaiian Republic shall be vested in such person or persons as the President may appoint, and exercised in such manner as he may direct. Such municipal legislation as does not conflict

with its new relations nor with the Constitution or laws of the United States is to remain in force until altered by Congress. With a view to future legislation regarding the islands, the President was directed to appoint a commission of five, at least two of whom should be residents of Hawaii, who should recommend to Congress such measures as seemed necessary and proper. This commission has studied the problem on the spot, and will lay before Congress a plan for the government of the islands.

From the foregoing recital of facts it is possible to draw certain general conclusions. First it is to be noted that all the lands hitherto annexed by the United States were sparsely populated, or else the population was predominantly American. The inhabitants of Louisiana and California were very few as compared with the vast extent of territory. In Texas the American element predominated, while Florida and Alaska had few people of any race. It is this characteristic of our former annexations — that they consisted chiefly of vacant lands — which has made them so important to the United States. They contained few persons who had to unlearn old habits and be trained in new political ideas. They offered an outlet to immigration from the older states and from Europe. Since the pioneers in almost all the new states have been largely of native American stock, they have been a leaven in the European immigration which followed them, and the two elements acting together have built up communities capable of taking a place in the sisterhood of self-governing states.

With the exception of Alaska, all the territorial governments hitherto organized have been avowedly of a temporary character. Their object has been to provide a government which would be sufficient for the needs of a sparse population, and which would at the same time encourage the development of the territory into a state. Admission to the

Union was the goal from the beginning. The territorial status was merely one of transition. Indeed, in the case of two of our most important annexations, Louisiana and Florida, it was stipulated in the treaties of cession that the ceded areas should be admitted to the Union as soon as was consistent with the principles of the Federal Constitution. This characteristic of our territorial system is not found in the colonial policy of any other nation.

If now we attempt to apply these general conclusions to our acquisitions in the West Indies and the Pacific, we are at once impressed with differences which must influence our governmental policy in dealing with them; for these islands differ radically from any territory hitherto annexed. Instead of vast areas with a comparatively small population, and offering tempting fields for settlement, we have in Porto Rico an island situated in the tropics, with an area one third less than that of the state of Connecticut, and a population one third greater, — a population, moreover, unlike that of the United States in language, laws, and political experience and ideas. In the Philippines a similar situation exists, except that the contrast is even greater. The United States has thus far dealt with problems of government in connection with the negro, with the Indian, and with numerous branches of the Caucasian race. In the Philippines it will meet with a race radically different from any of these, one which has shown considerable ability in resisting the established order, and, what is of greatest importance, one which shows little inclination to submit to the authority of the United States. The problem is further complicated by the existence of a rival government, to which a considerable number of the natives have given their allegiance.

To these conditions none of the forms of colonial government heretofore established in the United States seems to be

applicable, except perhaps the autocratic government of Louisiana in 1804, and the military government which prevailed in California while Congress was debating what should be done with that province. Our problem, therefore, is to develop a new form to meet the peculiar necessities of the case. It is probably safe to start with the general proposition that such territories as Porto Rico and the Philippines will have to be actively governed by the authorities at Washington. The degree of local self-control that can safely be granted must be exceedingly small, at least for many years; for the growth of any considerable American population in either place will be a very slow process. Commerce, it is true, is a strong potential influence, but in the case of well-established populations its effects are seen only after the lapse of a long time. English and Dutch experience with Asiatics has shown that only the constant presence of European garrisons is sufficient to insure safety and good order.

In the second place, whatever form of government is adopted for our new possessions must have a degree of permanence not found in our territorial organizations. Porto Rico, for example, will not be ready for admission to the Union for many years, if it will ever be. A more permanent form of rule in this case must necessarily mean a permanent civil service. The government of colonies is not an art to be learned in a day. Our lack of experience must be cured by years of practice, in which we shall make costly mistakes, but as a result of which a body of men will emerge capable of handling the problems intrusted to them. And these men must constitute a permanent staff both for administration and for the training of other men to succeed them. We may expect from these accessions of territory an indirect gain more important than any commercial or political advantages that may accrue to us. The cause of good government in Amer-

ica rests largely upon the principle of an independent civil service, appointment to which shall be based upon merit alone. A striking example of its successful application held constantly and conspicuous-

ly before the eyes of the people will do much to convince them of its inherent soundness; and once they are convinced, the struggle for good government at home will be more nearly won.

Carl Evans Boyd.

CONFESSIONS OF A SUMMER COLONIST.

THE season is ending in the little summer settlement on the Down East coast where I have been passing the last three months, and with each loath day the sense of its peculiar charm grows more poignant. A prescience of the homesickness I shall feel for it when I go already begins to torment me, and I find myself wishing to imagine some form of words which shall keep a likeness of it at least through the winter; some shadowy semblance which I may turn to hereafter if any chance or change should destroy or transform it, or what is more likely, if I should never come back to it. Perhaps others in the distant future may turn to it for a glimpse of our actual life in one of its most characteristic phases; I am sure that in the distant present there are many millions of our own inlanders to whom it would be altogether strange.

I.

In a certain sort *fragile* is written all over our colony; as far as the visible body of it is concerned it is inexpressibly perishable; a fire and a high wind could sweep it all away; and one of the most American of all American things is the least fitted among them to survive from the present to the future, and impart to it the significance of what may soon be a "portion and parcel" of our extremely forgetful past.

It is also in a supremely transitional moment: one might say that last year it was not quite what it is now, and next year it may be altogether different. In

fact, our summer colony is in that happy hour when the rudeness of the first summer conditions has been left far behind, and vulgar luxury has not yet cumbrously succeeded to a sort of sylvan distinction.

The type of its simple and sufficing hospitalities is the seven o'clock supper. Every one, in hotel or in cottage, dines between one and two, and no less scrupulously sups at seven, unless it is a few extremists who sup at half past seven. At this function, which is our chief social event, it is *de rigueur* for the men *not* to dress, and they come in any sort of sack or jacket or cutaway, letting the ladies make up the pomps which they forego. From this fact may be inferred the informality of their day-time attire; and the same note is sounded in the whole range of the cottage life, so that once a visitor from the world outside, who had been exasperated beyond endurance by the absence of form among us (if such an effect could be from a cause so negative), burst out with the reproach, "Oh, you make a fetish of your informality!"

"Fetish" is perhaps rather too strong a word, but I should not mind saying that informality was the tutelary genius of the place. American men are everywhere impatient of form. It burdens and bothers them, and they like to throw it off whenever they can. We may not be so very democratic at heart as we seem, but we are impatient of ceremonies that separate us when it is our business or our pleasure to get at one another; and

it is part of our splendor to ignore the ceremonies as we do the expenses. We have all the decent grades of riches and poverty in our colony, but our informality is not more the treasure of the humble than of the great. In the nature of things it cannot last, however, and the only question is how long it will last. I think, myself, until some one imagines giving an eight o'clock dinner; then all the informalities will go, and the whole train of evils which such a dinner connotes will rush in.

II.

The cottages themselves are of several sorts, and some still exist in the earlier stages of mutation from the fishermen's and farmers' houses which formed their germ. But these are now mostly let as lodgings to bachelors and other single or semi-detached folks who go for their meals to the neighboring hotels or boarding-houses. The hotels are each the centre of this sort of centripetal life, as well as the homes of their own scores or hundreds of inmates. A single boarding-house gathers about it half a dozen dependent cottages which it cares for, and feeds at its table; and even where the cottages have kitchens and all the housekeeping facilities, their inmates sometimes prefer to dine at the hotels. By far the greater number of cottagers, however, keep house, bringing their service with them from the cities, and settling in their summer homes for three or four or five months.

The houses conform more or less to one type: a picturesque structure of colonial pattern, shingled to the ground, and stained or left to take a weather-stain of grayish brown, with cavernous verandas, and dormer-windowed roofs covering ten or twelve rooms. Within they are, if not elaborately finished, elaborately fitted up, with a constant regard to health in the plumbing and drainage. The water is brought in a system of pipes from a lake five miles away, and as it is

only for summer use the pipes are not buried from the frost, but wander along the surface, through the ferns and brambles of the tough little seaside knolls on which the cottages are perched, and climb the old tumbling stone walls of the original pastures before diving into the cemented basements.

Perhaps half of the cottages are owned by their occupants, and furnished by them; the rest, not less attractive and hardly less tastefully furnished, belong to natives, who have caught on to the architectural and domestic preferences of the summer people, and have built them to let. The rugosities of the stony pasture land end in a wooded point seaward, and curve east and north in a succession of beaches. It is on the point, and mainly short of its wooded extremity, that the cottages of our settlement are dropped, as near the ocean as may be, and with as little order as birds' nests in the grass, among the sweet-fern, laurel, bay, wild raspberries, and dog-roses, which it is the ideal to leave as untouched as possible. Wheelworn lanes that twist about among the hollows find the cottages from the highway, but foot-paths approach one cottage from another, and people walk rather than drive to each other's doors.

From the deep-bosomed, well-sheltered little harbor the tides swim inland, half a score of winding miles, up the channel of a river which without them would be a trickling rivulet. An irregular line of cottages follows the shore a little way, and then leaves the river to the schooners and barges which navigate it as far as the oldest pile-built wooden bridge in New England, and these in their turn abandon it to the fleets of rowboats and canoes in which summer youth of both sexes explore it to its source over depths as clear as glass, past wooded headlands and low rush-bordered meadows, through reaches and openings of pastoral fields, and under the shadow of dreaming groves.

III.

If there is anything lovelier than the scenery of this gentle river I do not know it; and I doubt if the sky is purer and bluer in paradise. This seems to be the consensus, tacit or explicit, of the youth who visit it, and employ the landscape for their picnics and their water parties from the beginning to the end of summer.

The river is very much used for sunsets by the cottagers who live on it, and who claim a superiority through them to the cottagers on the point. An impartial mind obliges me to say that the sunsets are all good in our colony; there is no place from which they are bad; and yet for a certain tragical sunset, where the dying day bleeds slowly into the channel till it is filled from shore to shore with red as far as the eye can reach, the river is unmatched.

For my own purposes, it is not less acceptable, however, when the fog has come in from the sea like a visible reverie, and blurred the whole valley with its whiteness. I find that particularly good to look at from the trolley car which visits and revisits the river before finally leaving it, with a sort of desperation, and hiding its passion with a sudden plunge into the woods.

IV.

The old fishing and seafaring village, which has now almost lost the recollection of its first estate in its absorption with the care of the summer colony, was sparsely dropped along the highway bordering the harbor, and the shores of the river, where the piles of the time-worn wharves are still rotting. A few houses of the past remain, but the type of the summer cottage has impressed itself upon all the later building, and the native is passing architecturally, if not personally, into abeyance. He takes the situation philosophically, and in the season he caters to the summer colony not only

as the landlord of the rented cottages, and the keeper of the hotels and boarding-houses, but as livery-stableman, grocer, butcher, marketman, apothecary, and doctor; there is not one foreign accent in any of these callings. If the native is a farmer, he devotes himself to vegetables, poultry, eggs, and fruit for the summer folks, and brings these supplies to their doors; his children appear with flowers; and there are many proofs that he has accurately sized the cottagers up in their tastes and fancies as well as their needs. I doubt if we have sized him up so well, or if our somewhat conventionalized ideal of him is perfectly representative. He is perhaps more complex than he seems; he is certainly much more self-sufficing than might have been expected. The summer folks are the material from which his prosperity is wrought, but he is not dependent, and is very far from submissive. As in all right conditions, it is here the employer who asks for work, not the employee; and the work must be respectfully asked for. There are many fables to this effect, as for instance that of the lady who said to a summer visitor critical of the week's wash she had brought home, "I'll wash you and I'll iron you, but I won't take none of your jaw." A primitive independence is the keynote of the native character, and it suffers no infringement, but rather boasts itself. "We're independent here, I tell you," said the friendly person who consented to take off the wire door. "I was down Bangor way doin' a piece of work, and a fellow come along, and says he, 'I want you should hurry up on that job.' 'Hello!' says I, 'I guess I'll pull out.' Well, we calculate to do our *work*," he added, with an accent which sufficiently implied that their consciences needed no bossing in the performance.

The native compliance with any summer-visiting request is commonly in some such form as, "Well, I don't know but what I can," or, "I guess there ain't anything to hinder me." This compliance

is so rarely, if ever, carried to the point of domestic service that it may fairly be said that all the domestic service, at least of the cottagers, is imported. The natives will wait at the hotel tables; they will come in "to accommodate;" but they will not "live out." I was one day witness of the extreme failure of a friend whose city cook had suddenly abandoned him, and who applied to a friendly farmer's wife in the vain hope that she might help him to some one who would help his family out in their strait. "Why, there ain't a girl in the Hollow that lives out! Why, if you was sick abed, I don't know as I know anybody 't you could git to set up with you." The natives will not live out because they cannot keep their self-respect in the conditions of domestic service. Some people laugh at this self-respect, but most summer folks like it, as I own I do.

In our partly mythical estimate of the native and his relation to us, he is imagined as holding a kind of carnival when we leave him at the end of the season, and it is believed that he likes us to go early. We have had his good offices at a fair price all summer, but as it draws to a close these are rendered more and more fitfully. From some perhaps flattered reports of the happiness of the natives at the departure of the sojourners, I have pictured them dancing a sort of *farandole*, and stretching with linked hands from the farthest summer cottage up the river to the last on the wooded point. It is certain that they get tired, and I could not blame them if they were glad to be rid of their guests, and to go back to their own social life. This includes church festivals of divers kinds, lectures and shows, sleigh-rides, theatricals, and reading-clubs, and a plentiful use of books from the excellently chosen free village library. They say frankly that the summer folks have no idea how pleasant it is when they are gone, and I am sure that the gayeties to which we leave them must be more toler-

able than those which we go back to in the city. It may be, however, that I am too confident, and that their gayeties are only different. I should really like to know just what the entertainments are which are given in a building devoted to them in a country neighborhood three or four miles from the village. It was once a church, but is now used solely for social amusements.

V.

The amusements of the summer colony I have already hinted at. Besides suppers, there are also teas, of larger scope, both afternoon and evening. There are hops every week at the two largest hotels, which are practically free to all; and the bathing-beach is of course a supreme attraction. The bath-houses, which are very clean and well equipped, are not very cheap, either for the season or for a single bath, and there is a pretty pavilion at the edge of the sands. This is always full of gossiping spectators of the hardy adventurers who brave tides too remote from the Gulf Stream to be ever much warmer than sixty or sixty-five degrees. The bathers are mostly young people, who have the courage of their pretty bathing-costumes or the inextinguishable ardor of their years. If it is not rather serious business with them all, still I admire the fortitude with which some of them remain in fifteen minutes.

Beyond our colony, which calls itself the Port, there is a far more populous watering-place, east of the Point, known as the Beach, which is the resort of people several grades of gentility lower than ours: so many, in fact, that we never can speak of the Beach without averting our faces, or, at the best, with a tolerant smile. It is really a succession of beaches, all much longer and, I am bound to say, more beautiful than ours, lined with rows of the humbler sort of summer cottages known as shells, and with many hotels of corresponding degree. The cottages may be hired by the week or month at about two dollars a day, and

they are supposed to be taken by inland people of little social importance. Very likely this is true; but they seemed to be very nice, quiet people, and I commonly saw the ladies reading on their verandas, books and magazines, while the gentlemen sprayed the dusty road before them with the garden hose. The place had also for me an agreeable alien suggestion, and in passing the long row of cottages I was slightly reminded of Scheveningen.

Beyond the cottage settlements is a struggling little park, laid out this season, and dedicated to the only Indian saint I ever heard of, though there may be others. His statue, colossal in sheet-lead, painted the copper color of his race, offers any heathen comer the choice between a Bible in one of his hands and a tomahawk in the other, at the entrance of the park; and there are other sheet-lead groups and figures in the white of allegory at different points. It promises to be a pretty enough little place in future years, but as yet it is not much resorted to by the excursions which largely form the prosperity of the Beach. The trolley line was to have been carried as far as the park, but a want of *juice*, as the electric current is familiarly and affectionately called in the trolley-men's parlance, forbade the extension, and the entertainments of the park have languished. The concerts and the "high-class vaudeville" promised have not flourished in the pavilion provided for them, and one of two monkeys in the zoölogical department has perished of the public inattention. This has not fatally affected the captive bear, who rises to his hind legs, and eats peanuts and doughnuts in that position like a fellow citizen. With the cockatoos and parrots, and the dozen deer in an inclosure of wire netting, he is no mean attraction; but he does not charm the excursionists away from the summer village at the shore, where they spend long afternoons splashing among the waves, or in lolling groups of men, women, and

children on the sand. In the more active gayeties, I have seen nothing so decided during the whole season as the behavior of three young girls who once came up out of the sea, and obliged me by dancing a measure on the smooth hard beach in their bathing-dresses.

VI.

I thought it very pretty, but I do not believe such a thing could have been seen on *our* beach, which is safe from all excursionists, and sacred to the cottage and hotel life of the Port.

Besides our beach and its bathing, we have a reading-club for the men, evolved from one of the old native houses, and verandaed round for summer use; and we have golf-links and a golf club-house within easy trolley reach. The links are as energetically, if not as generally frequented as the sands, and the sport finds the favor which attends it everywhere in the decay of tennis. The tennis courts which I saw thronged about by eager girl-crowds, here, seven years ago, are now almost wholly abandoned to the lovers of the game, who are nearly always men.

Perhaps the only thing (beside, of course, our common mortality) which we have in common with the excursionists is our love of the trolley line. This, by its admirable equipment, and by the terror it inspires in horses, has wellnigh abolished driving; and following the old country roads, as it does, with an occasional short-cut through the deep, green-lighted woods or across the prismatic salt meadows, it is of a picturesque variety entirely satisfying. After a year of fervent opposition and protest, the whole community — whether of summer or of winter folks — now gladly accepts the trolley, and the grandest cottager and the lowliest hotel-dweller meet in a grateful appreciation of its beauty and comfort.

Some pass a great part of every afternoon on the trolley, and one lady has

achieved celebrity by spending four dollars a week in trolley rides. The exhilaration of these is varied with an occasional apprehension when the car pitches down a sharp incline, and twists almost at right angles on a sudden curve at the bottom without slacking its speed. A lady who ventured an appeal to the conductor at one such crisis was reassured, and at the same time taught her place, by his reply: "That motorman's life, ma'am, is just as precious to him as what yours is to you."

She had, perhaps, really ventured too far, for ordinarily the employees of the trolley do not find occasion to use so much severity with their passengers. They look after their comfort as far as possible, and seek even to anticipate their wants in unexpected cases, if I may believe a story which was told by a witness. She had long expected to see some one thrown out of the open car at one of the sharp curves, and one day she actually saw a woman hurled from the seat into the road. Luckily the woman alighted on her feet, and stood looking round in a daze.

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed another woman in the seat behind, "she's left her umbrella!"

The conductor promptly threw it out to her.

"Why," demanded the witness, "did that lady *wish* to get out here?"

The conductor hesitated before he jerked the bell-pull to go on. Then he said, "Well, she'll want her umbrella, anyway."

The conductors are in fact very civil as well as kind. If they see a horse in anxiety at the approach of the car, they considerably stop, and let him get by with his driver in safety. By such means, with their frequent trips and low fares, and with the ease and comfort of their cars, they have conciliated public favor, and the trolley has drawn travel away from the steam railroad in such measure that it ran no trains last winter.

VII.

The trolley, in fact, is a fad of the summer folks, this year; but what it will be another no one knows; it may be their hissing and by-word. In the meantime, as I have already suggested, they have other amusements. These are not always of a nature so general as the trolley, or so particular as the tea. But each of the larger hotels has been fully supplied with entertainments for the benefit of their projectors, though nearly everything of the sort had some sort of charitable slant. I assisted at a stereopticon lecture on Alaska for the aid of some youthful Alaskans of both sexes, who were shown first in their savage state, and then as they appeared after a merely rudimental education, in the costumes and profiles of our own civilization. I never would have supposed that education could do so much in so short a time; and I gladly gave my mite for their further development in classic beauty and a final elegance. My mite was taken up in a hat, which, passed round among the audience, is a common means of collecting the spectators' expressions of appreciation. Other entertainments, of a prouder frame, exact an admission fee, but I am not sure that these are better than some of the hat-shows, as they are called.

The tale of our summer amusements would be sadly incomplete without some record of the bull-fights given by the Spanish prisoners of war on the neighboring island, where they have been confined. Admission to these could be had only by favor of the officers in charge, and even among the élite of the colony those who went were a more elect few. Still, the day I went, there were some fifty or seventy-five spectators, who arrived by trolley near the island, and walked to the stockade which confined the captives. A real bull-fight, I believe, is always given on Sunday, and Puritan prejudice yielded to usage even

in the case of a burlesque bull-fight; at any rate, it was on a Sunday that we crouched in an irregular semicircle on a rising ground within the prison pale, and faced the captive audience in another semicircle, across a little alley for the entrances and exits of the performers. The president of the bull-fight was first brought to the place of honor in a hand-cart, and then came the banderilleros, the picadores, and the espada, wonderfully effective and correct in white muslin and colored tissue-paper. Much may be done in personal decoration with advertising placards; and the lofty mural crown of the president counseled the public on both sides to Use Plug Cut. The picador's pasteboard horse was attached to his middle, fore and aft, and looked quite the sort of hapless jade which is ordinarily sacrificed to the bulls. The toro himself was composed of two prisoners, whose horizontal backs were covered with a brown blanket; and his feet, sometimes bare and sometimes shod with india-rubber boots, were of the human pattern. Practicable horns, of a somewhat too yielding substance, branched from a front of pasteboard, and a cloth tail, apt to come off in the charge, swung from his rear. I have never seen a genuine corrida, but a lady present, who had, told me that this was conducted with all the right circumstance; and it is certain that the performers entered into their parts with the artistic gust of their race. The picador sustained some terrific falls, and in his quality of horse had to be taken out repeatedly and sewed up; the banderilleros tormented and eluded the toro with table-covers, one red and two drab, till the espada took him from them, and with due ceremony, after a speech to the president, drove his blade home to the bull's heart. I stayed to see three bulls killed; the last was uncommonly fierce, and when his hindquarters came off or out, his forequarters charged joyously among the aficionados on the prisoners' side,

and made havoc in their thickly packed ranks. The espada who killed this bull was showered with cigars and cigarettes from our side.

I do not know what the Sabbath-keeping shades of the old Puritans made of our presence at such a fête on Sunday; but possibly they had got on so far in a better life as to be less shocked at the decay of piety among us than pleased at the rise of such Christianity as had brought us, like friends and comrades, together with our public enemies in this harmless fun. I wish to say that the tobacco lavished upon the espada was collected for the behoof of all the prisoners.

VIII.

Our fiction has made so much of our summer places as the *mise en scène* of its love stories that I suppose I ought to say something of this side of our colonial life. But after sixty I suspect that one's eyes are poor for that sort of thing, and I can only say that in its earliest and simplest epoch the Port was particularly famous for the good times that the young people had. They still have good times, though whether on just the old terms I do not know. I know that the river is still here with its canoes and rowboats, its meadowy reaches apt for dual solitude, and its groves for picnics. There is not much bicycling,—the roads are rough and hilly; but there is something of it, and it is mighty pretty to see the youth of both sexes bicycling with their heads bare. They go about bareheaded on foot and in buggies, too, and the young girls seek the tan which their mothers used so anxiously to shun.

The sailboats, manned by weather-worn and weather-wise skippers, are rather for the pleasure of such older summer folks as have a taste for cod-fishing, which is here very good. But at every age, and in whatever sort our colonists amuse themselves, it is with the least possible ceremony. It is as if, Nature having taken them so hospitably

to her heart, they felt convention an affront to her. Around their cottages, as I have said, they prefer to leave her primitive beauty untouched, and she rewards their forbearance with such a profusion of wild flowers as I have seen nowhere else. The low pink laurel flushed all the stony fields to the edges of their verandas, when we first came; the meadows were milk-white with daisies; in the swampy places delicate orchids grew, in the pools the flags and flowering rushes; all the paths and waysides were set with dog-roses; the hollows and stony tops were broadly matted with ground juniper. Since then the goldenrod has passed from glory to glory; first mixing its yellow-powdered plumes with the red-purple tufts of the iron-weed, and then with the wild asters everywhere. There has come later a dwarf sort, six or ten inches high, wonderfully rich and fine, which, with a low white aster, seems to hold the field against everything else, though the taller goldenrod and the masses of the high blue asters nod less thickly above it. But these smaller blooms deck the ground in incredible profusion, and have an innocent air of being stuck in, as if they had been fancifully used for ornament by children or Indians.

IX.

In a little while, now, as it is almost the end of September, all the feathery gold will have faded to the soft pale ghosts of that loveliness. The summer birds have long been silent; the crows, as if they were so many exultant natives, are shouting in the blue sky above the windrows of the rowan, in jubilant pre-sence of the depopulation of our colony, which fled the hotels a fortnight ago. The days are growing shorter, and the red evenings falling earlier; so that the cottagers' husbands who come up every Saturday from town might well be impatient for a Monday of final return. Those who came from remoter distances

have gone back already; and the lady cottagers lingering hardily on till October must find the sight of the empty hotels and the windows of the neighboring houses, which no longer brighten after the chilly nightfall, rather depressing. Every one says that this is the loveliest time of year, and that it will be divine here all through October. But there are sudden and unexpected defections; there is a steady pull of the heart cityward, which it is hard to resist. The first great exodus was on the first of the month, when the hotels were deserted by four fifths of their guests. The rest followed, half of them within the week, and within a fortnight none but an all but inaudible and invisible remnant were left, who made no impression of summer sojourn in the deserted trolleys.

The days now go by in moods of rapid succession. There have been days when the sea has lain smiling in placid derision of the recreants who have fled the lingering summer; there have been nights when the winds have roared round the cottages in wild menace of the faithful few who have remained.

We have had a magnificent storm, which came, as an equinoctial storm should, exactly at the equinox, and for a day and a night heaped the sea upon the shore in thundering surges twenty and thirty feet high. I watched these at their awfulest, from the wide windows of a cottage that crouched in the very edge of the surf, with the effect of clutching the rocks with one hand and holding its roof on with the other. The sea was such a sight as I have not seen on shipboard, and while I luxuriously shuddered at it, I had the advantage of a mellow log-fire at my back, purring and softly crackling in a quiet indifference to the storm.

Twenty-four hours more made all serene again. Blood-curdling tales of lobster-pots carried to sea filled the air; but the air was as blandly unconscious of ever having been a fury as a lady who has found her lost temper. Swift alter-

nations of weather are so characteristic of our colonial climate that the other afternoon I went out with my umbrella against the raw cold rain of the morning, and had to raise it against the broiling sun. Three days ago I could say that the green of the woods had no touch of hectic in it; but already the low trees of the swampland have flamed into crimson. Every morning, when I look out, this crimson is of a fierier intensity, and the trees on the distant uplands are beginning slowly to kindle, with a sort of inner glow which has not yet burst into a blaze. Here and there the goldenrod is rusting; but there seem only to be more and more asters of all sorts; and I have seen ladies coming home with sheaves of blue gentians; I have heard that the orchids are beginning again to light their tender lamps from the burning blackberry vines that stray from the pastures to the edge of the swamps.

After an apparently total evanescence there has been a like resuscitation of the spirit of summer society. In the very last week of September we have gone to

a supper, which lingered far out of its season like one of these late flowers, and there has been an afternoon tea which assembled an astonishing number of cottagers, all secretly surprised to find one another still here, and professing openly a pity tinged with contempt for those who are here no longer.

I blamed those who had gone home, but I myself sniff the asphalt afar; the roar of the street calls to me with the magic that the voice of the sea is losing. Just now it shines entreatingly, it shines winningly, in the sun which is mellowing to an October tenderness, and it shines under a moon of perfect orb, which seems to have the whole heavens to itself in "the first watch of the night," except for "the red planet Mars." This begins to burn in the west before the flush of sunset has passed from it; and then later, a few moon-washed stars pierce the vast vault with their keen points. The stars which so powdered the summer sky seem mostly to have gone back to town, where no doubt people mistake them for electric lights.

W. D. Howells.

SUMMER DIED LAST NIGHT.

SUMMER died last night,
 Lady of Delight, —
 Summer died last night;
 Look for her no more.

In the early gray
 Of this golden day,
 In the early gray
 By the mirrored shore

I saw leaves of red, —
 So I knew her dead, —
 I saw leaves of red
 Wreathed upon her door.

Maude Caldwell Perry.

AMONG THE BIRDS OF THE YOSEMITE.

TRAVELERS in the Sierra forests usually complain of the want of life. "The trees," they say, "are fine, but the empty stillness is deadly; there are no animals to be seen, no birds. We have not heard a song in all the woods." And no wonder! They go in large parties with mules and horses; they make a great noise; they are dressed in outlandish, unnatural colors: every animal shuns them. Even the frightened pines would run away if they could. But Nature lovers, devout, silent, open-eyed, looking and listening with love, find no lack of inhabitants in these mountain mansions, and they come to them gladly. Not to mention the large animals or the small insect people, every waterfall has its ouzel and every tree its squirrel or tamias or bird: tiny nuthatch threading the furrows of the bark, cheerily whispering to itself as it deftly pries off loose scales and examines the curled edges of lichens; or Clarke crow or jay examining the cones; or some singer — oriole, tanager, warbler — resting, feeding, attending to domestic affairs. Hawks and eagles sail overhead, grouse walk in happy flocks below, and song sparrows sing in every bed of chaparral. There is no crowding, to be sure. Unlike the low Eastern trees, those of the Sierra in the main forest belt average nearly two hundred feet in height, and of course many birds are required to make much show in them and many voices to fill them. Nevertheless, the whole range from foothills to snowy summits is shaken into song every summer; and though low and thin in winter, the music never ceases.

The sage cock — *Centrocerus urophasianus* — is the largest of the Sierra game-birds and the king of American grouse. It is an admirably strong, hardy, handsome, independent bird, able with comfort to bid defiance to heat, cold,

drought, hunger, and all sorts of storms, living on whatever seeds or insects chance to come in its way, or simply on the leaves of sage-brush, everywhere abundant on its desert range. In winter, when the temperature is oftentimes below zero, and heavy snowstorms are blowing, he sits beneath a sage bush and allows himself to be covered, poking his head now and then through the snow to feed on the leaves of his shelter. Not even the Arctic ptarmigan is hardier in braving frost and snow and wintry darkness. When in full plumage he is a beautiful bird, with a long, firm, sharp-pointed tail, which in walking is slightly raised and swings sidewise back and forth with each step. The male is handsomely marked with black and white on the neck, back, and wings, weighs five or six pounds, and measures about thirty inches in length. The female is clad mostly in plain brown, and is not so large. They occasionally wander from the sage plains into the open nut-pine and juniper woods, but never enter the main coniferous forest. It is only in the broad, dry, half-desert sage plains that they are quite at home, where the weather is blazing hot in summer, cold in winter. If any one passes through a flock, all squat on the gray ground and hold their heads low, hoping to escape observation; but when approached within a rod or so, they rise with a magnificent burst of wing-beats, looking about as big as turkeys and making a noise like a whirlwind.

On the 28th of June, at the head of Owen's Valley, I caught one of the young that was then just able to fly. It was seven inches long, of a uniform gray color, blunt-billed, and when captured cried lustily in a shrill piping voice, clear in tone as a boy's small willow whistle. I have seen flocks of from ten to thirty or forty on the east margin of the park,

where the Mono Desert meets the gray foothills of the Sierra; but since cattle have been pastured there they are becoming rarer every year.

Another magnificent bird, the blue or dusky grouse, next in size to the sage cock, is found all through the main forest belt, though not in great numbers. They like best the heaviest silver-fir woods near garden and meadow openings, where there is but little underbrush to cover the approach of enemies. When a flock of these brave birds, sauntering and feeding on the sunny flowery levels of some hidden meadow or Yosemite valley far back in the heart of the mountains, see a man for the first time in their lives, they rise with hurried notes of surprise and excitement and alight on the lowest branches of the trees, wondering what the wanderer may be, and showing great eagerness to get a good view of the strange vertical animal. Knowing nothing of guns, they allow you to approach within a half dozen paces, then quietly hop a few branches higher or fly to the next tree without a thought of concealment, so that you may observe them as long as you like, near enough to see the fine shading of their plumage, the feathers on their toes, and the innocent wonderment in their beautiful wild eyes. But in the neighborhood of roads and trails they soon become shy, and when disturbed fly into the highest, leafiest trees, and suddenly become invisible, so well do they know how to hide and keep still and make use of their protective coloring. Nor can they be easily dislodged ere they are ready to go. In vain the hunter goes round and round some tall pine or fir into which he has perhaps seen a dozen enter, gazing up through the branches, straining his eyes while his gun is held ready; not a feather can he see unless his eyes have been sharpened by long experience and knowledge of the blue grouse's habits. Then, perhaps, when he is thinking that the tree must be hollow and that the birds have all gone inside, they burst forth with a

startling whirl of wing-beats, and after gaining full speed go skating swiftly away through the forest arches in a long, silent, wavering slide, with wings held steady.

During the summer they are most of the time on the ground, feeding on insects, seeds, berries, etc., around the margins of open spots and rocky moraines, playing and sauntering, taking sun baths and sand baths, and drinking at little pools and rills during the heat of the day. In winter they live mostly in the trees, depending on buds for food, sheltering beneath dense overlapping branches at night and during storms on the lee-side of the trunk, sunning themselves on the southside limbs in fine weather, and sometimes diving into the mealy snow to flutter and wallow, apparently for exercise and fun.

I have seen young broods running beneath the firs in June at a height of eight thousand feet above the sea. On the approach of danger, the mother with a peculiar cry warns the helpless midgits to scatter and hide beneath leaves and twigs, and even in plain open places it is almost impossible to discover them. In the meantime the mother feigns lameness, throws herself at your feet, kicks and gasps and flutters, to draw your attention from the chicks. The young are generally able to fly about the middle of July; but even after they can fly well they are usually advised to run and hide and lie still, no matter how closely approached, while the mother goes on with her loving, lying acting, apparently as desperately concerned for their safety as when they were featherless infants. Sometimes, however, after carefully studying the circumstances, she tells them to take wing; and up and away in a blurry birr and whirl they scatter to all points of the compass, as if blown up with gunpowder, dropping cunningly out of sight three or four hundred yards off, and keeping quiet until called, after the danger is supposed to be past. If you walk on a little way without manifesting any in-

clination to hunt them, you may sit down at the foot of a tree near enough to see and hear the happy reunion. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin; and it is truly wonderful how love-telling the small voices of these birds are, and how far they reach through the woods into one another's hearts and into ours. The tones are so perfectly human and so full of anxious affection, few mountaineers can fail to be touched by them.

They are cared for until full grown. On the 20th of August, as I was passing along the margin of a garden spot on the head-waters of the San Joaquin, a grouse rose from the ruins of an old juniper that had been uprooted and brought down by an avalanche from a cliff overhead. She threw herself at my feet, limped and fluttered and gasped, showing, as I thought, that she had a nest and was raising a second brood. Looking for the eggs, I was surprised to see a strong-winged flock nearly as large as the mother fly up around me.

Instead of seeking a warmer climate when the winter storms set in, these hardy birds stay all the year in the High Sierra forests, and I have never known them to suffer in any sort of weather. Able to live on the buds of pine, spruce, and fir, they are forever independent in the matter of food supply, which gives so many of us trouble, dragging us here and there away from our best work. How gladly I would live on pine buds, however pitchy, for the sake of this grand independence. With all his superior resources, man makes more distracting difficulty concerning food than any other of the family.

The mountain quail or plumed partridge (*Oreortyx pictus plumiferus*) is common in all the upper portions of the park, though nowhere found in large numbers. He ranges considerably higher than the grouse in summer, but is unable to endure the heavy storms of winter. When his food is buried he descends the range to the brushy foothills,

at a height of from two thousand to three thousand feet above the sea; but like every true mountaineer, he is quick to follow the spring back into the highest mountains. I think he is the very handsomest and most interesting of all the American partridges, larger and handsomer than the famous Bob White, or even the fine California valley quail or the Massena partridge of Arizona and Mexico. That he is not so regarded, is because as a lonely mountaineer he is not half known.

His plumage is delicately shaded, brown above, white and rich chestnut below and on the sides, with many dainty markings of black and white and gray here and there, while his beautiful head plume, three or four inches long, nearly straight, composed of two feathers closely folded so as to appear as one, is worn jauntily slanted backward like a single feather in a boy's cap, giving him a very marked appearance. They wander over the lonely mountains in family flocks of from six to fifteen, beneath ceanothus, manzanita, and wild cherry thickets, and over dry sandy flats, glacier meadows, rocky ridges, and beds of bryanthus around glacier lakes, especially in autumn when the berries of the upper gardens are ripe, uttering low clucking notes to enable them to keep together. When they are so suddenly disturbed that they are afraid they cannot escape the danger by running into thickets, they rise with a fine hearty whirl and scatter in the brush over an area of half a square mile or so, a few of them diving into leafy trees. But as soon as the danger is past, the parents with a clear piping note call them together again. By the end of July the young are two thirds grown and fly well, though only dire necessity can compel them to try their wings. In gait, gestures, habits, and general behavior they are like domestic chickens, but infinitely finer, searching for insects and seeds, looking to this side and that, scratching among fallen leaves, jumping

up to pull down grass heads, and clucking and muttering in low tones.

Once when I was seated at the foot of a tree on the head-waters of the Merced, sketching, I heard a flock up the valley behind me, and by their voices gradually sounding nearer I knew that they were feeding toward me. I kept still, hoping to see them. Soon one came within three or four feet of me, without noticing me any more than if I were a stump or a bulging part of the trunk against which I was leaning, my clothing being brown, nearly like the bark. Presently along came another and another, and it was delightful to get so near a view of these handsome chickens perfectly undisturbed, observe their manners, and hear their low peaceful notes. At last one of them caught my eye, gazed in silent wonder for a moment, then uttered a peculiar cry, which was followed by a lot of hurried muttered notes that sounded like speech. The others, of course, saw me as soon as the alarm was sounded, and joined the wonder talk, gazing and chattering, astonished but not frightened. Then all with one accord ran back with the news to the rest of the flock. "What is it? what is it? Oh, you never saw the like," they seemed to be saying. "Not a deer, or a wolf, or a bear; come see, come see." "Where? where?" "Down there by that tree." Then they approached cautiously, past the tree, stretching their necks, and looking up in turn as if knowing from the story told them just where I was. For fifteen or twenty minutes they kept coming and going, venturing within a few feet of me, and discussing the wonder in charming chatter. Their curiosity at last satisfied, they began to scatter and feed again, going back in the direction they had come from; while I, loath to part with them, followed noiselessly, crawling beneath the bushes, keeping them in sight for an hour or two, learning their habits, and finding out what seeds and berries they liked best.

The valley quail is not a mountaineer, and seldom enters the park except at a few of the lowest places on the western boundary. It belongs to the brushy foothills and plains, orchards and wheat-fields, and is a hundred times more numerous than the mountain quail. It is a beautiful bird, about the size of the Bob White, and has a handsome crest of four or five feathers an inch long, recurved, standing nearly erect at times or drooping forward. The loud calls of these quails in the spring — Pe-check-ah, Pe-check-a, Hoy, Hoy — are heard far and near over all the lowlands. They have vastly increased in numbers since the settlement of the country, notwithstanding the immense numbers killed every season by boys and pot-hunters as well as the regular legged sportsmen from the towns; for man's destructive action is more than counterbalanced by increased supply of food from cultivation, and by the destruction of their enemies — coyotes, skunks, foxes, hawks, owls, etc. — which not only kill the old birds, but plunder their nests. Where coyotes and skunks abound, scarce one pair in a hundred is successful in raising a brood. So well aware are these birds of the protection afforded by man, even now that the number of their wild enemies has been greatly diminished, that they prefer to nest near houses, notwithstanding they are so shy. Four or five pairs rear their young around our cottage every spring. One year a pair nested in a straw pile within four or five feet of the stable door, and did not leave the eggs when the men led the horses back and forth within a foot or two. For many seasons a pair nested in a tuft of pampas grass in the garden; another pair in an ivy vine on the cottage roof, and when the young were hatched, it was interesting to see the parents getting the fluffy dots down. They were greatly excited, and their anxious calls and directions to their many babes attracted our attention. They had no great dif-

faculty in persuading the young birds to pitch themselves from the main roof to the porch roof among the ivy, but to get them safely down from the latter to the ground, a distance of ten feet, was most distressing. It seemed impossible the frail soft things could avoid being killed. The anxious parents led them to a point above a spiræa bush, that reached nearly to the eaves, which they seemed to know would break the fall. Anyhow they led their chicks to this point, and with infinite coaxing and encouragement got them to tumble themselves off. Down they rolled and sifted through the soft leaves and panicles to the pavement, and, strange to say, all got away unhurt except one that lay as if dead for a few minutes. When it revived, the joyful parents, with their brood fairly launched on the journey of life, proudly led them down the cottage hill, through the garden, and along an osage orange hedge into the cherry orchard. These charming birds even enter towns and villages, where the gardens are of good size and guns are forbidden, sometimes going several miles to feed, and returning every evening to their roosts in ivy or brushy trees and shrubs.

Geese occasionally visit the park, but never stay long. Sometimes on their way across the range, a flock wanders into Hetch-Hetchy or Yosemite to rest or get something to eat, and if shot at, are often sorely bewildered in seeking a way out. I have seen them rise from the meadow or river, wheel round in a spiral until a height of four or five hundred feet was reached, then form ranks and try to fly over the wall. But Yosemite magnitudes seem to be as deceptive to geese as to men, for they would suddenly find themselves against the cliffs not a fourth of the way to the top. Then turning in confusion, and screaming at the strange heights, they would try the opposite side, and so on, until exhausted they were compelled to rest, and only after discovering the river cañon

could they make their escape. Large harrow-shaped flocks may often be seen crossing the range in the spring, at a height of at least fourteen thousand feet. Think of the strength of wing required to sustain so heavy a bird in air so thin. At this elevation it is but little over half as dense as at the sea level. Yet they hold bravely on in beautifully dressed ranks, and have breath enough to spare for loud honking. After the crest of the Sierra is passed it is only a smooth slide down the sky to the waters of Mono, where they may rest as long as they like.

Ducks of five or six species, among which are the mallard and wood duck, go far up into the heart of the mountains in the spring, and of course come down in the fall with the families they have reared. A few, as if loath to leave the mountains, pass the winter in the lower valleys of the park at a height of three thousand to four thousand feet, where the main streams are never wholly frozen over, and snow never falls to a great depth or lies long. In summer they are found up to a height of eleven thousand feet on all the lakes and branches of the rivers except the smallest, and those beside the glaciers encumbered with drifting ice and snow. I found mallards and wood ducks at Lake Tenaya, June 1, before the ice-covering was half melted, and a flock of young ones in Bloody Cañon Lake, June 20. They are usually met in pairs, never in large flocks. No place is too wild or rocky or solitary for these brave swimmers, no stream too rapid. In the roaring, resounding cañon torrents, they seem as much at home as in the tranquil reaches and lakes of the broad glacial valleys. Abandoning themselves to the wild play of the waters, they go drifting confidently through blinding, thrashing spray, dancing on boulder-dashed waves, tossing in beautiful security on rougher water than is usually encountered by sea birds when storms are blowing.

A mother duck with her family of ten little ones, waltzing round and round in a pot-hole ornamented with foam bells, huge rocks leaning over them, cascades above and below and beside them, made one of the most interesting bird pictures I ever saw.

I have never found the great northern diver in the park lakes. Most of them are inaccessible to him. He might plump down into them, but would hardly be able to get out of them, since, with his small wings and heavy body, a wide expanse of elbow room is required in rising. Now and then one may be seen in the lower Sierra lakes to the northward about Lassens Butte and Shasta, at a height of four thousand to five thousand feet, making the loneliest places lonelier with the wildest of wild cries.

Plovers are found along the sandy shores of nearly all the mountain lakes, tripping daintily on the water's edge, picking up insects; and it is interesting to learn how few of these familiar birds are required to make a solitude cheerful.

Sandhill cranes are sometimes found in comparatively small marshes, mere dots in the mighty forest. In such spots, at an elevation of from six thousand to eight thousand feet above the sea, they are occasionally met in pairs as early as the end of May, while the snow is still deep in the surrounding fir and sugar-pine woods. And on sunny days in autumn, large flocks may be seen sailing at a great height above the forests, shaking the crisp air into rolling waves with their hearty koor-r-r, koor-r-r uck-uck, soaring in circles for hours together on their majestic wings, seeming to float without effort like clouds, eying the wrinkled landscape outspread like a map mottled with lakes and glaciers and meadows, and streaked with shadowy cañons and streams, and surveying every frog marsh and sandy flat within a hundred miles.

Eagles and hawks are oftentimes seen above the ridges and domes. The greatest height at which I have observed them

was about twelve thousand feet, over the summits of Mount Hoffman, in the middle region of the park. A few pairs had their nests on the cliffs of this mountain, and could be seen every day in summer, hunting marmots, mountain beavers, pikas, etc. A pair of golden eagles have made their home in Yosemite ever since I went there thirty years ago. Their nest is on the Nevada Fall Cliff, opposite the Liberty Cap. Their screams are rather pleasant to hear in the vast gulfs between the granite cliffs, and they help the owls in keeping the echoes busy.

But of all the birds of the High Sierra, the strangest, noisiest, and most notable is the Clarke crow (*Nucifraga columbiana*). He is a foot long and nearly two feet in extent of wing, ashy gray in general color, with black wings, white tail, and a strong sharp bill, with which he digs into pine cones for the seeds on which he mainly subsists. He is quick, boisterous, jerky, and irregular in his movements and speech, and makes a tremendously loud and showy advertisement of himself, — swooping and diving in deep curves across gorges and valleys from ridge to ridge, alighting on dead spars, looking warily about him, and leaving his dry springy perches trembling from the vigor of his kick as he launches himself for a new flight, screaming from time to time loud enough to be heard more than a mile in still weather. He dwells far back on the high, storm-beaten margin of the forest, where the mountain pine, juniper, and hemlock grow wide apart on glacier pavements and domes and rough-crumbling ridges, and the dwarf pine makes a low crinkled growth along the flanks of the summit peaks. In so open a region, of course, he is well seen. Everybody notices him, and nobody at first knows what to make of him. One guesses he must be a woodpecker, another a crow or some sort of jay, another a magpie. He seems to be a prettily thoroughly mixed and fermented compound of all these birds, has all their

strength, cunning, shyness, thievishness, and wary, suspicious curiosity combined and condensed. He flies like a woodpecker, hammers dead limbs for insects, digs big holes in pine cones to get at the seeds, cracks nuts held between his toes, cries like a crow or Steller jay, — but in a far louder, harsher, and more forbidding tone of voice, — and besides his crow caws and screams, has a great variety of small chatter talk, mostly uttered in a fault-finding tone. Like the magpie, he steals articles that can be of no use to him. Once when I made my camp in a grove at Cathedral Lake, I chanced to leave a cake of soap on the shore where I had been washing, and a few minutes afterward I saw my soap flying past me through the grove, pushed by a Clarke crow.

In winter, when the snow is deep, the cones of the mountain pines empty, and the juniper, hemlock, and dwarf pine orchards buried, he comes down to glean seeds in the yellow pine forests, startling the grouse with his loud screams. But even in winter, in calm weather, he stays in his high mountain home, defying the bitter frost. Once I lay snowbound through a three days' storm at the timber-line on Mount Shasta; and while the roaring snow-laden blast swept by, one of these brave birds came to my camp, and began hammering at the cones on the topmost branches of half-buried pines, without showing the slightest distress. I have seen Clarke crows feeding their young as early as June 19, at a height of more than ten thousand feet, when nearly the whole landscape was snow-covered.

They are excessively shy, and keep away from the traveler as long as they think they are observed; but when one goes on without seeming to notice them, or sits down and keeps still, their curiosity speedily gets the better of their caution, and they come flying from tree to tree, nearer and nearer, and watch every motion. Few, I am afraid, will

ever learn to like this bird, he is so suspicious and self-reliant, and his voice is so harsh that to most ears the scream of the eagle will seem melodious compared with it. Yet the mountaineer who has battled and suffered and struggled must admire his strength and endurance, — the way he faces the mountain weather, cleaves the icy blasts, cares for his young, and digs a living from the stern wilderness. Higher yet than *Nucifraga* dwells the little dun-headed sparrow (*Leucosticte tephrocotis*). From early spring to late autumn he is to be found only on the snowy icy peaks at the head of the glacier cirques and cañons. His feeding grounds in spring are the snow sheets between the peaks, and in midsummer and autumn the glaciers. Many bold insects go mountaineering almost as soon as they are born, ascending the highest summits on the mild breezes that blow in from the sea every day during steady weather; but comparatively few of these adventurers find their way down or see a flower bed again. Getting tired and chilly, they alight on the snow fields and glaciers, attracted perhaps by the glare, take cold, and die. There they lie as if on a white cloth purposely outspread for them, and the dun sparrows find them a rich and varied repast requiring no pursuit, — bees and butterflies on ice, and many spicy beetles, a perpetual feast, on tables big for guests so small, and in vast banqueting halls ventilated by cool breezes that ruffle the feathers of the fairy brownies. Happy fellows, no rivals come to dispute possession with them. No other birds, not even hawks, as far as I have noticed, live so high. They see people so seldom, they flutter around the explorer with the liveliest curiosity, and come down a little way, sometimes nearly a mile, to meet him and conduct him into their icy homes.

When I was exploring the Merced group, climbing up the grand cañon between the Merced and Red mountains into the fountain amphitheatre of an an-

cient glacier, just as I was approaching the small active glacier that leans back in the shadow of Merced Mountain, a flock of twenty or thirty of these little birds, the first I had seen, came down the cañon to meet me, flying low, straight toward me as if they meant to fly in my face. Instead of attacking me or passing by, they circled round my head, chirping and fluttering for a minute or two, then turned and escorted me up the cañon, alighting on the nearest rocks on either hand, and flying ahead a few yards at a time to keep even with me.

I have not discovered their winter quarters. Probably they are in the desert ranges to the eastward, for I never saw any of them in Yosemite, the winter refuge of so many of the mountain birds.

Hummingbirds are among the best and most conspicuous of the mountaineers, flashing their ruby throats in countless wild gardens far up the higher slopes, where they would be least expected. All one has to do to enjoy the company of these mountain-loving midgets is to display a showy blanket or handkerchief.

The arctic bluebird is another delightful mountaineer, singing a wild, cheery song and "carrying the sky on his back" over all the gray ridges and domes of the subalpine region.

A fine, hearty, good-natured lot of woodpeckers dwell in the park, and keep it lively all the year round. Among the most notable of these are the magnificent log cock (*Ceophlæus pileatus*), the prince of Sierra woodpeckers, and only second in rank, as far as I know, of all the woodpeckers of the world; the Lewis woodpecker, large, black, glossy, that flaps and flies like a crow, does but little hammering, and feeds in great part on wild cherries and berries; and the carpenter, who stores up great quantities of acorns in the bark of trees for winter use. The last named species is a beautiful bird, charmingly familiar and far more common than the others. In the

woods of the West he represents the eastern red-head. Bright, cheerful, industrious, not in the least shy, the carpenters give delightful animation to the open Sierra forests at a height of from three thousand to fifty-five hundred feet, especially in autumn when the acorns are ripe. Then no squirrel works harder at his pine-nut harvest than these woodpeckers at their acorn harvest, drilling holes in the thick, corky bark of the yellow pine and incense cedar, in which to store the crop for winter use; a hole for each acorn, so nicely adjusted as to size that when the acorn, point foremost, is driven in, it fits so well that it cannot be drawn out without digging around it. Each acorn is thus carefully stored in a dry bin, perfectly protected from the weather, — a most laborious method of stowing away a crop, a granary for each kernel. Yet the birds seem never to weary at the work, but go on so diligently that they seem determined to save every acorn in the grove. They are never seen eating acorns at the time they are storing them, and it is commonly believed that they never eat them or intend to eat them, but that the wise birds store them and protect them from the depredations of squirrels and jays, solely for the sake of the worms they are supposed to contain. And because these worms are too small for use at the time the acorns drop, they are shut up like lean calves and steers, each in a separate stall with abundance of food, to grow big and fat by the time they will be most wanted, that is, in winter, when insects are scarce and stall-fed worms most valuable. So these woodpeckers are supposed to be a sort of cattle-raisers, each with a drove of thousands, rivaling the ants that raise grain and keep herds of plant lice for milk cows. Needless to say the story is not true, though some naturalists even believe it. When Emerson was in the park, having heard the worm story and seen the great pines plugged full of acorns, he asked (just to pump me,

I suppose), "Why do the woodpeckers take the trouble to put acorns into the bark of the trees?" "For the same reason," I replied, "that bees store honey and squirrels nuts." "But they tell me, Mr. Muir, that woodpeckers don't eat acorns." "Yes, they do," I said, "I have seen them eating them. During snowstorms they seem to eat little besides acorns. I have repeatedly interrupted them at their meals, and seen the perfectly sound, half-eaten acorns. They eat them in the shell as some people eat eggs." "But what about the worms?" "I suppose," I said, "that when they come to a wormy one they eat both worm and acorn. Anyhow, they eat the sound ones when they can't find anything they like better, and from the time they store them until they are used they guard them, and woe to the squirrel or jay caught stealing." Indians, in times of scarcity, frequently resort to these stores and chop them out with hatchets; a bushel or more may be gathered from a single cedar or pine.

The common robin, with all his familiar notes and gestures, is found nearly everywhere throughout the park, — in shady dells beneath dogwoods and maples, along the flowery banks of the streams, tripping daintily about the margins of meadows in the fir and pine woods, and far beyond on the shores of glacier lakes and the slopes of the peaks. How admirable the constitution and temper of this cheery, graceful bird, keeping glad health over so vast and varied a range. In all America he is at home, flying from plains to mountains up and down, north and south, away and back, with the seasons and supply of food. Oftentimes, in the High Sierra, as you wander through the solemn woods, awe-stricken and silent, you will hear the reassuring voice of this fellow wanderer ringing out sweet and clear as if saying, "Fear not, fear not. Only love is here." In the severest solitudes he seems as happy as in gardens and apple orchards.

The robins enter the park as soon as the snow melts, and go on up the mountains, gradually higher, with the opening flowers, until the topmost glacier meadows are reached in June and July. After the short summer is done, they descend like most other summer visitors in concord with the weather, keeping out of the first heavy snows as much as possible, while lingering among the frost-nipped wild cherries on the slopes just below the glacier meadows. Thence they go to the lower slopes of the forest region, compelled to make haste at times by heavy all-day storms, picking up seeds or benumbed insects by the way, and at last all, save a few that winter in Yosemite valleys, arrive in the vineyards and orchards and stubble-fields of the lowlands in November, picking up fallen fruit and grain, and awakening old-time memories among the white-headed pioneers, who cannot fail to recognize the influence of so homelike a bird. They are then in flocks of hundreds, and make their way into the gardens of towns as well as into the parks and fields and orchards about the bay of San Francisco, where many of the wanderers are shot for sport and the morsel of meat on their breasts. Man then seems a beast of prey. Not even genuine piety can make the robin-killer quite respectable. Saturday is the great slaughter day in the bay region. Then the city pot-hunters, with a ragtag of boys, go forth to kill, kept in countenance by a sprinkling of regular sportsmen arrayed in self-conscious majesty and leggins, leading dogs and carrying hammerless, breech-loading guns of famous makers. Over the fine landscapes the killing goes forward with shameful enthusiasm. After escaping countless dangers, thousands fall, big bagfuls are gathered, many are left wounded to die slowly, no Red Cross Society to help them. Next day, Sunday, the blood and leggins vanish from the most devout of the bird butchers, who go to church, carrying gold-headed

canes instead of guns. After hymns, prayers, and sermon they go home to feast, to put God's songbirds to use, put them in their dinners instead of in their hearts, eat them, and suck the pitiful little drumsticks. It is only race living on race, to be sure, but Christians singing Divine Love need not be driven to such straits while wheat and apples grow and the shops are full of dead cattle. Songbirds for food! Compared with this, making kindlings of pianos and violins would be pious economy.

The larks come in large flocks from the hills and mountains in the fall, and are slaughtered as ruthlessly as the robins. Fortunately, most of our songbirds keep back in leafy hidings, and are comparatively inaccessible.

The water ouzel, in his rocky home amid foaming waters, seldom sees a gun, and of all the singers I like him the best. He is a plainly dressed little bird, about the size of a robin, with short, crisp, but rather broad wings, and a tail of moderate length, slanted up, giving him with his nodding, bobbing manners a wrennish look. He is usually seen fluttering about in the spray of falls and the rapid cascading portions of the main branches of the rivers. These are his favorite haunts; but he is often seen also on comparatively level reaches and occasionally on the shores of mountain lakes, especially at the beginning of winter, when heavy snowfalls have blurred the streams with sludge. Though not a water bird in structure, he gets his living in the water, and is never seen away from the immediate margin of streams. He dives fearlessly into rough, boiling eddies and rapids to feed at the bottom, flying under water seemingly as easily as in

the air. Sometimes he wades in shallow places, thrusting his head under from time to time in a nodding, frisky way that is sure to attract attention. His flight is a solid whirl of wing-beats like that of a partridge, and in going from place to place along his favorite string of rapids he follows the windings of the stream, and usually alights on some rock or snag on the bank or out in the current, or rarely on the dry limb of an overhanging tree, perching like a tree bird when it suits his convenience. He has the oddest, neatest manners imaginable, and all his gestures as he flits about in the wild, dashing waters bespeak the utmost cheerfulness and confidence. He sings both winter and summer, in all sorts of weather, — a sweet, fluty melody, rather low, and much less keen and accentuated than from the brisk vigor of his movements one would be led to expect.

How romantic and beautiful is the life of this brave little singer on the wild mountain streams, building his round bossy nest of moss by the side of a rapid or fall, where it is sprinkled and kept fresh and green by the spray! No wonder he sings well, since all the air about him is music; every breath he draws is part of a song, and he gets his first music lessons before he is born; for the eggs vibrate in time with the tones of the waterfalls. Bird and stream are inseparable, songful and wild, gentle and strong, — the bird ever in danger in the midst of the stream's mad whirlpools, yet seeming immortal. And so I might go on, writing words, words, words; but to what purpose? Go see him and love him, and through him as through a window look into Nature's warm heart.

John Muir.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

THE CORPS OF PAGES.

I.

IN August, 1857, the long-cherished ambition of my father was realized. There was a vacancy in the corps of pages which I could fill before I had got beyond the age to which admission was limited, and I was taken to St. Petersburg and entered the school. Only a hundred and fifty boys — mostly children of the nobility belonging to the court — received education in this privileged corps, which combined the character of a military school endowed with special rights and of a court institution attached to the imperial household. After a stay of four or five years in the corps of pages, those who had passed the final examinations were received as officers in any regiment of the guard or of the army they chose, irrespective of the number of vacancies in that regiment; and each year the first sixteen pupils of the highest form were nominated *pages de chambre*; that is, they were personally attached to the several members of the imperial family, — the Emperor, the Empress, the grand duchesses, and the grand dukes. That was considered, of course, a great honor; and, moreover, the young men upon whom this honor was bestowed became known at the court, and had afterward every chance of being nominated aides-de-camp of the Emperor or of one of the grand dukes, and consequently had every facility for making a brilliant career in the service of the state. Fathers and mothers of families connected with the court took due care, therefore, that their boys should not miss entering the corps of pages, even though entrance had to be secured at the expense of other candidates who never saw a place opening

for them. Now that I was in the select corps my father could give a free flight to his ambitious dreams.

The corps was divided into five forms, of which the highest was the first, and the lowest the fifth, and the intention was that I should enter the fourth form. However, as it appeared at the examinations that I was not sufficiently familiar with decimal fractions, and as the fourth form contained that year over forty pupils, while only twenty had been mustered for the fifth form, I was enrolled in the latter.

I felt extremely vexed at this decision. It was with reluctance that I entered a military school, and now I should have to stay in it five years instead of four. What should I do in the fifth form, when I knew already all that would be taught in it? With tears in my eyes I spoke of it to the inspector (the head of the educational department), but he answered me with a joke. "You know," he remarked; "what Cæsar said, — better to be the first in a village than the second in Rome." To which I warmly replied that I should prefer to be the very last, if only I could leave the military school as soon as possible. "Perhaps, after some time, you will like the school," he remarked, and from that day he took a liking to me.

To the teacher of arithmetic, who also tried to console me, I gave my word of honor that I would never cast a glance into his textbook; "and nevertheless you will have to give me the highest marks." I kept my word; but thinking now of this scene, I fancy that the pupil was not even then of a very docile disposition.

And yet, as I look back upon that remote past, I cannot but feel grateful for having been put in the lower form.

Having only to repeat during the first year what I already knew, I got into the habit of learning my lessons by merely listening to what the teachers said in the classroom; and, the lessons over, I had plenty of time to read and to write to my heart's content. When I reached the higher "special" forms, I was better prepared to master the variety of subjects we had to study. All children, I now think, would be benefited very much if serious teaching did not begin for them before they have reached a certain development, usually attained at about the age of fifteen. After that age they learn very quickly, and far better, what would have taken them years to master when younger; and those early years could be so well utilized in many other ways. Besides, I spent more than half of the first winter in the hospital. Like all children who are not born at St. Petersburg, I had to pay a heavy tribute to "the capital on the swamps of Finland," in the shape of several attacks of local cholera, and finally one of typhoid fever.

When I entered the corps of pages, its inner life was undergoing a profound change. All Russia awakened at that time from the heavy slumber and the nightmare of the terrible years of Nicholas I.'s reign. Our school also felt the effects of that revival. I do not know, in fact, what would have become of me, had I entered the corps of pages one or two years sooner. Either my will would have been totally broken, or I should have been excluded from the school with no one knows what consequences. Happily, the transition period was already in full sway in the year 1857.

The director of the corps was an excellent old man, General Zheltúkhin. But he was the nominal head only. The real master of the school was "the Colonel," — Colonel Girardot, a Frenchman in the Russian service. People said he was a Jesuit, and so he was, I believe. His ways, at any rate, were thoroughly im-

bued with the teachings of Loyola, and his educational methods were those of the French Jesuit colleges.

Imagine a short, extremely thin man, with dark, piercing, and furtive eyes, wearing very short clipped mustaches, which gave him the expression of a cat; very quiet and firm; not remarkably intelligent, but exceedingly cunning; a despot at the bottom of his heart, who was capable of hating — intensely hating — the boy who would not fall under his fascination, and of expressing that hatred, not by silly persecutions, but, unceasingly, by his general behavior, — by an occasionally dropped word, a gesture, a smile, an interjection. His walk was more like gliding along, and the exploring glances he used to cast round without turning his head completed the illusion. A stamp of cold dryness was impressed on his lips, even when he tried to look well disposed, and that expression became still more harsh when his mouth was contorted by a smile of discontent or of contempt. With all this there was nothing of a commander in him; you would rather think, at first sight, of a benevolent father who talks to his children as if they were full-grown people. And yet, you soon felt that every one and everything had to bend before his will. Woe to the boy who would not feel happy or unhappy according to the degree of good will shown toward him by the Colonel.

The words "the Colonel" were continually on all lips. Other officers went by their nicknames, but no one dared to give a nickname to the Colonel. A sort of mystery hung about him, as if he were omniscient and everywhere present. True, he spent all the day and part of the night in the school. Even when we were in the classes he prowled about, visiting our drawers, which he opened with his own keys. As to the night, he gave a good portion of it to the task of inscribing in certain small books, — of which he had quite a library, — in separate col-

umns, by special signs and in inks of different colors, all the faults and virtues of each boy.

Play, jokes, and conversations stopped when we saw him slowly moving along through our spacious rooms, hand in hand with one of his favorites, balancing his body forward and backward; smiling at one boy, keenly looking into the eyes of another, casting an indifferent glance upon a third, and giving a slight contortion to his lip as he passed a fourth: and from these looks every one knew that he liked the first boy, that to the second he was indifferent, that he intentionally did not notice the third, and that he disliked the fourth. This dislike was enough to terrify most boys, — the more so as no reason could be given for it. Impressionable boys had been brought to despair by that mute, unceasingly displayed aversion and those suspicious looks; in others the result had been a total annihilation of will, as one of the Tolstois — Theodor, also a pupil of Girardot — has shown in an autobiographic novel, *The Diseases of the Will*.

The inner life of the corps was miserable under the rule of the Colonel. In all boarding-schools the newly entered boys are subjected to petty persecutions. The "greenhorns" are submitted in this way to a test. What are they worth? Are they going to turn "telldales"? And then the "old hands" like to show to newcomers the superiority of an established brotherhood. So it goes in all schools and in prisons. But under Girardot's rule these persecutions took on a harsher aspect, and they came, not from the comrades of the same form, but from the first form, — the pages de chambre, who were non-commissioned officers, and whom Girardot had placed in a quite exceptional, superior position. His system was to give them *carte blanche*; to pretend that he did not know even the horrors they were enacting; and to maintain through them a severe discipline.

To answer a blow received from a page de chambre would have meant, in the times of Nicholas I., to be sent to a battalion of soldiers' sons, if the fact became public; and to revolt in any way against the mere caprice of a page de chambre meant that the twenty youths of the first form, armed with their heavy oak rulers, would assemble in a room, and, with Girardot's tacit approval, administer a severe beating to the boy who had shown such a spirit of insubordination.

Accordingly, the first form did what they liked; and not further back than the preceding winter one of their favorite games had been to assemble the "greenhorns" at night in a room, in their night-shirts, and to make them run round, like horses in a circus, while the pages de chambre, armed with thick india-rubber whips, standing some in the centre and the others on the outside, pitilessly whipped the boys. As a rule the "circus" ended in an Oriental fashion, in an abominable way. The moral conceptions which prevailed at that time, and the foul talk which went on in the school concerning what occurred at night after a circus, were such that the least said about them the better.

The Colonel knew all this. He had a perfectly organized system of espionage, and nothing escaped his knowledge. But so long as he was not known to know it, all was right. To shut his eyes to what was done by the first form was the foundation of his system of maintaining discipline.

However, a new spirit was awakened in the school, and only a few months before I entered it a revolution had taken place. That year the third form was different from what it had hitherto been. It contained a number of young men who learned splendidly, and read a good deal; some of them became, later, men of mark. My first acquaintance with one of them — let me call him von Schauff — was when he was reading Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. Be-

sides, they had amongst them some of the strongest youths of the school. The tallest member of the corps was in that form, as also a very strong young man, Kóshtoff, a great friend of von Schauff.

They could not bear the yoke of the pages de chambre with the same docility with which it had been endured up to that time; they looked with disgust upon what was going on; and in consequence of an incident, which I prefer not to describe, a fight took place between the third and the first form, with the result that the pages de chambre got a very severe thrashing from their subordinates. Girardot hushed up the affair, but the authority of the first form was broken down. The india-rubber whips remained, but never more were they put to use. The circuses and the rest became things of the past.

That much was won; but the lowest form, the fifth, composed almost entirely of very young boys who had just entered the school, had still to obey the petty caprices of the pages de chambre without murmuring. We had a beautiful garden, filled with old trees, but the boys of the fifth form could enjoy it little: they were forced to run a roundabout, while the pages de chambre sat in it and chattered, or to send back the balls when these gentlemen played ninepins. A couple of days after I had entered the school, seeing how things stood in the garden, I did not go there, but remained upstairs. I was reading, when a page de chambre, with carrot hair and a face covered with freckles, came upon me, and ordered me to go at once to the garden to run the roundabout.

"I will not; you see I am reading," was my reply.

Anger disfigured his already unpleasant face. He was ready to jump upon me. I took the defensive. He tried to give me blows on the face with his cap. I fenced as best I could. Then he flung his cap on the floor.

"Pick it up."

"Pick it up yourself."

Such an act of disobedience was unheard of in the school. Why he did not beat me unmercifully on the spot I do not know. He was much older and stronger than I was.

Next day and the following days I received similar commands, but obstinately remained upstairs. Then began the most exasperating petty persecutions at every step, — enough to bring one to despair. Happily, I was always of a jovial disposition, and answered with jokes, or took little heed of them. Still, my younger comrades were so vexed that they asked the third form to interfere, but received the wise reply that it would be impossible to engage in a new fight for such a reason. The third form, however, began to show us in various little ways its friendly disposition; with von Schauff we had many points of contact.

Moreover, all this soon came to an end. The weather turned rainy, and we spent most of our time indoors. In the garden the first form smoked freely enough, but when we were indoors the smoking club was "the tower." It was kept beautifully clean, and a fire was always burning there. The pages de chambre severely punished all others whom they caught smoking, but they themselves sat continually at the fire-side chattering and enjoying cigarettes. Their favorite smoking time was at night, after all were supposed to have gone to bed at ten; they kept their club till half past eleven, and, to protect themselves from an unexpected interruption by Girardot, they ordered us to keep watch. The small boys of the fifth form were taken out of their beds in turn, two at a time, and they had to loiter about the staircase till half past eleven, to give notice of the approach of the Colonel.

We decided to put an end to these night watches. Long were the discussions, and the higher forms were consulted as to what was to be done. At last the decision came: "Refuse, all of

you, to keep the watch; and when they begin to beat you, which they are sure to do, go, as many of you as can, in a block, and call in Girardot. He knows it all, but then he will be bound to stop it." The question whether that would not be "reporting" was settled in the negative by experts in honor matters: the pages de chambre did not behave toward the others like comrades.

The turn to watch fell that night to a Prince Sh——, an old hand, and to S——, a newcomer, an extremely timid boy, who even spoke in a girlish voice. Sh—— was called upon first, but refused to go, and was left alone. Then two pages de chambre went to the timid S——, who was in bed; as he refused to obey, they began to flog him brutally with heavy leather braces. Sh—— woke up several comrades who were near at hand, and they all ran to find Girardot.

I was also in bed when the two came upon me, ordering me to take the watch. I refused. Thereupon, seizing two pairs of braces, — we always used to put our clothes in perfect order on a bench by the bedside, braces uppermost, and the necktie across them, — they began to flog me. Sitting up in bed, I fenced with my hands, and had already received several heavy blows, when a command resounded, — "The first form to the Colonel!" The fierce fighters became tame at once, and hurriedly put my things in order.

"Don't say a word," they whispered.

"The necktie across, in good order," I said to them, while my shoulders and arms burned from the blows.

What Girardot's talk with the first form was we did not know; but next day, as we stood in the ranks before marching downstairs to the dining-room, he addressed us in a minor key, saying how sad it was that pages de chambre should have fallen upon a boy who was right in his refusal. And upon whom? A newcomer, and so timid a boy as S—— was. The school were simply disgusted at that Jesuitic speech.

No need to say that that was the end of the watch-keeping, and that it gave a final blow to the worrying of the newcomers: it has never been renewed.

It surely was also a blow to Girardot's authority, and he resented it very much. He regarded our form, and me especially, with great dislike (the round-about affair had been reported to him), and he manifested it at every opportunity.

During the first winter I was a frequent inmate of the hospital. After suffering from typhoid fever, during which the director and the doctor bestowed on me a really parental care, I had very bad and persistently recurring gastric attacks. Girardot, as he made his daily rounds of the hospital, seeing me so often there, began to say to me every morning, half jokingly, in French, "Here is a young man who is as healthy as the New Bridge, and loiters in the hospital." Once or twice I replied jestingly, but at last, seeing malice in this constant repetition, I lost patience. Frequently boys pretended to be ill and went to the hospital when they did not know their lessons; but there was no necessity for me to do so, and, as I never could bear a suspicion of deceit, I grew very angry.

"How dare you say that?" I exclaimed. "I shall ask the doctor to forbid your entering this room," and so on.

Girardot recoiled two steps; his dark eyes glittered, his thin lip became still thinner. At last he said, "I have offended you, have I? Well, we have in the hall two artillery guns: shall we have a duel?"

"I don't make jokes, and I tell you that I shall bear no more of your insinuations," I continued.

He did not repeat his joke, but regarded me with even more dislike than before.

Happily enough, there was little opportunity for punishing me. I did not smoke; my clothes were always hooked

and buttoned, and properly folded at night. I liked all sorts of games, but, plunged as I was in reading and in a correspondence with my brother, I could hardly find time to play a *lapta* match (a sort of cricket) in the garden, and always hurried back to my books. But when I was caught in fault, it was not I that Girardot punished, but the page de chambre who was my superior. Once, for instance, at dinner, I made a physical discovery: I noticed that the sound given out by a tumbler depends on the amount of water it contains, and at once tried to obtain a chord with four glasses. But there stood Girardot behind me, and without saying a word to me he ordered my page de chambre under arrest. It so happened that this young man was an excellent fellow, a third cousin of mine, who refused even to listen to my excuses, saying, "All right. I know he dislikes you." His comrades, though, gave me a warning. "Take care, naughty boy; we are not going to be punished for you," they said; and if reading had not been my all-absorbing occupation, they probably would have made me pay dearly for my physical experiment.

All the comrades and officers spoke of Girardot's dislike for me; but I paid no attention to it, and probably increased it by my indifference. For full eighteen months he refused to give me the epaulets, which were usually given to newly entered boys after one or two months' stay at the school, when they had learned some of the rudiments of military drill; but I felt quite happy without that military decoration. At last, an officer — the best teacher of drill in the school, a man simply enamored of drill — volunteered to teach me; and when he saw me performing all the tricks to his entire satisfaction, he undertook to introduce me to Girardot. The Colonel refused again, twice in succession, so that the officer took it as a personal offense; and when the director of the corps once

asked him why I had no epaulets yet, he bluntly answered, "The boy is all right; it is the Colonel who does not want him;" whereupon, probably after a remark of the director, Girardot himself asked to reexamine me, and gave me the epaulets that very day.

But the Colonel's influence was rapidly vanishing. The whole character of the school was changing. For twenty years Girardot had realized his ideal, which was to have the pages nicely combed, curled, and girlish looking, and to send to the court pages as refined as courtiers of Louis XIV. Whether they learned or not, he cared little; his favorites were those whose clothes-baskets were best filled with all sorts of nail-brushes and scent bottles, whose "private" uniform (which could be put on when we went home on Sundays) was of the best make, and who knew how to make the most elegant *salut oblique*. Formerly, when Girardot had held rehearsals of court ceremonies, wrapping up a page in a striped red cotton cover taken from one of our beds, in order that he might represent the Empress at a *baisemain*, the boys almost religiously approached the imaginary Empress, seriously performed the ceremony of kissing the hand, and retired with a most elegant oblique bow; but now, though they were very elegant at court, they would perform at the rehearsals such bearlike bows that all roared with laughter, while Girardot was simply raging. Formerly, the younger boys who had been taken to a court levee, and had been curled for that purpose, used to keep their curls as long as they would last; now, on returning from the palace, they hurried to put their heads under the cold-water tap, to get rid of the curls. An effeminate appearance was laughed at. To be sent to the palace to stand as a decoration at a levee was now considered a drudgery rather than a favor. And when the small boys who were occasionally taken to the palace to play with the little grand dukes remarked that one of

the latter used, in some game, to make a hard whip out of his handkerchief, and use it freely, one of our boys did the same, and so whipped the grand duke that he cried. Girardot was terrified, while the old Sebastopol admiral who was tutor of the grand duke only praised our boy.

A new spirit, studious and serious, developed in the corps of pages, as in all other schools. In former years, the pages, being sure that in one way or another they would get the necessary marks for being promoted officers of the guard, spent the first years in the school hardly learning at all, and only began to study more or less in the last two forms; now the lower forms learned very well. The moral tone also became quite different from what it was a few years before. Oriental amusements were looked upon with disgust, and an attempt or two to revert to old manners resulted in scandals which reached the St. Petersburg drawing-rooms. Girardot was dismissed. He was only allowed to retain his bachelor apartment in the building of the corps, and we often saw him afterward, wrapped in his long military cloak, pacing along, plunged in reflections, — sad, I suppose, because he could not but condemn the new spirit which rapidly developed in the corps of pages.

II.

All over Russia people were talking of education. As soon as peace had been concluded at Paris, and the severity of censorship had been slightly relaxed, educational matters began to be eagerly discussed. The ignorance of the masses of the people, the obstacles that had hitherto been put in the way of those who wanted to learn, the absence of schools in the country, the obsolete methods of teaching, and the remedies for these evils became favorite themes of discussion in educated circles, in the press, and even in the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy. The first high schools for girls had been opened in 1857, on

an excellent plan and with a splendid teaching staff. As by magic a number of men and women came to the front who not only have since devoted their lives to education, but have proved to be such remarkable practical pedagogists that their writings would occupy a place of honor in every civilized literature, if they were known abroad.

The corps of pages also felt the effect of that revival. Apart from a few exceptions, the general tendency of the three younger forms was to study. The head of the educational department, the inspector, Winkler, who was a well-educated colonel of artillery, a good mathematician, and a man of progressive opinions, hit upon an excellent plan for stimulating that spirit. Instead of the indifferent teachers who formerly used to teach in the lower forms, he endeavored to secure the best ones. In his opinion, no professor was too good to teach the very beginnings of a subject to the youngest boys. Thus, to teach the elements of algebra in the fourth form he invited a first-rate mathematician and a born teacher, Captain Sukhónin, and the form took at once to mathematics. By the way, it so happened that this captain was a tutor of the heir of the throne (Nikolai Alexándrovich, who died at the age of twenty-two), and the heir apparent was brought once a week to the corps of pages to be present at the algebra lessons of Captain Sukhónin. Empress Marie Alexándrovna, who was an educated woman, thought that perhaps the contact with studious boys would stimulate her son to learning. He sat amongst us, and had to answer questions like all the others. But he managed mostly, while the teacher spoke, to make drawings very nicely, or to whisper all sorts of droll things to his neighbors. He was exceedingly good-natured and gentle in his behavior, but rather superficial in learning as in his affections.

For the fifth form the inspector se-

cured two remarkable men. He entered our classroom, one day, quite radiant, and told us that we should have a rare chance. Professor Klasóvsky, a great classical scholar and expert in Russian literature, had consented to teach us Russian grammar, and would take us through all the five forms in succession, shifting with us every year to the next form. Another university professor, Herr Becker, librarian of the imperial (national) library, would do the same in German. Professor Klasóvsky, he added, was in weak health that winter, but the inspector was sure that we would be very quiet in his class. The chance to have such a teacher was too good to be missed.

He had thought aright. We became very proud of having university professors for teachers, and although there came voices from the Kamchátka (in Russia, the back benches of each class bear the name of that remote and uncivilized peninsula) to the effect that "the sausage-maker" — that is, the German — must be kept by all means in obedience, public opinion in our form was decidedly in favor of the professors.

"The sausage-maker" won our respect at once. A tall man, with an immense forehead and very kind, intelligent eyes, not devoid of a touch of humor, came into our class, and told us in quite good Russian that he intended to divide our form into three sections. The first section would be composed of Germans, who already knew the language, and from whom he would require more serious work; to the second section he would teach grammar, and later on German literature, in accordance with the established programmes; and the third section, he concluded with a charming smile, would be the Kamchátka. "From you," he said, "I shall only require that at each lesson you copy four lines which I will choose for you from a book. The four lines copied, you can do what you like; only do not hinder the rest. And I pro-

mise you that in five years you will learn something of German and German literature. Now, who joins the Germans? You, Stackelberg? You, Lamsdorf? Perhaps some one of the Russians? And who joins the Kamchátka?" Five or six boys, who knew not a word of German, took residence in the peninsula. They most conscientiously copied their four lines, — a dozen or a score of lines in the higher forms, — and Becker chose the lines so well, and bestowed so much attention upon the boys, that by the end of the five years they really knew something of the language and its literature.

I joined the Germans. My brother Alexander insisted so much in his letters upon my acquiring German, which possesses so rich a literature and into which every book of value is translated, that I set myself assiduously to learn it. I translated and studied most thoroughly one page of a rather difficult poetical description of a thunderstorm, and learned by heart, as the professor had advised me, the conjugations, the adverbs, and the prepositions, and began to read. A splendid method it is for learning languages. Becker advised me, moreover, to subscribe to a cheap illustrated weekly, and its illustrations and short stories were a continual inducement to read a few lines or a column. I soon mastered the language.

Toward the end of the winter I asked Herr Becker to lend me a copy of Goethe's *Faust*. I had read it in a Russian translation; I had also read Turguéneff's beautiful novel, *Faust*; and I now longed to read the great work in the original. "You will understand nothing in it; it is too philosophical," Becker said, with his gentle smile; but he brought me, nevertheless, a little square book, with the pages yellowed by age, containing the immortal drama. He little knew the unfathomable joy that that small square book gave me. I drank in the sense and the music of every line of it, beginning with the very

first verses of the ideally beautiful dedication, and soon knew full pages by heart. Faust's monologue in the forest, and especially the lines in which he speaks of his understanding of nature,

"Thou

Not only cold, amazed acquaintance yield'st,
But grantest that in her profoundest breast
I gaze, as in the bosom of a friend,"

simply put me in ecstasy, and till now it has retained its power over me. Every verse gradually became a dear friend. And then, is there a higher æsthetic delight than to read poetry in a language which one does not yet quite thoroughly understand? The whole is veiled with a sort of slight haze, which admirably suits poetry. Words, the trivial meaning of which, when one knows the language colloquially, sometimes interferes with the poetical image they are intended to convey, retain but their subtle, elevated sense; while the music of the poetry is only the more strongly impressed upon the ear.

Professor Klasóvsky's first lesson was a revelation to us. He was a small man, about fifty years of age, very rapid in his movements, with bright, intelligent eyes and a slightly sarcastic expression, and the high forehead of a poet. When he came in for his first lesson, he said in a low voice that, suffering from a protracted illness, he could not speak loud enough, and asked us, therefore, to sit closer to him. He placed his chair near the first row of tables, and we clustered round him like a swarm of bees.

He was to teach us Russian grammar; but, instead of the dull grammar lesson, we heard something quite different from what we expected. It was grammar; but here came in a comparison of an old Russian folklore expression with a line from Homer or from the Sanskrit Mahabharata, the beauty of which was rendered in Russian words; there, a verse from Schiller was introduced, and was followed by a sarcastic

remark about some modern society prejudice; then solid grammar again, and then some wide poetical or philosophical generalization.

Of course, there was much in it that we did not understand, or of which we missed the deeper sense. But do not the bewitching powers of all studies lie in that they continually open up to us new, unsuspected horizons, not yet understood, which entice us to proceed further and further in the penetration of what appears in vague outlines, only, at the first sight? Our hands placed on one another's shoulders, some of us leaning across the tables of the first row, others standing close behind Klasóvsky, our eyes glittering, we all hung on his lips. The more his voice fell, toward the end of the hour, the more breathlessly we listened. The inspector opened the door of the classroom, to see how we behaved with our new teacher; but on seeing that motionless swarm he retired on tiptoe. Even Daúroff, a restless spirit, stared at Klasóvsky as if to say, "That is the sort of man you are?" Even von Kleinau, a hopelessly obtuse Circassian with a German name, sat motionless. In most of the others something good and elevated simmered at the bottom of their hearts, as if a vision of an unsuspected world was opening before them. Upon me Klasóvsky had an immense influence, which only grew with years. Winkler's prophecy, that, after all, I might like the school, was fulfilled.

In western Europe, and probably in America, that type of teacher — "the teacher of literature" — is unknown; but in Russia there is not a man or woman of mark, in literature or in political life, who does not owe the first impulse toward a higher development to his or her teacher of literature. Every school in the world ought to have such a teacher. Each teacher in a school has his own subject, and there is no link between the different subjects. Only the

teacher of literature, guided by the general outlines of the programme, but left free to treat it as he likes, can bind together the separate historical and humanitarian sciences that are taught in a school, unify them by a broad philosophical and humane conception, and awaken higher ideas and inspirations in the brains and hearts of the young people. In Russia, that necessary task falls quite naturally upon the teacher of Russian literature. As he speaks of the development of the language, of the contents of the early epic poetry, of popular songs and music, and, later on, of modern fiction, of the scientific, political, and philosophical literature of his own country, and the divers æsthetical, political, and philosophical currents it has reflected, he is bound to introduce that generalized conception of the development of human mind which lies beyond the scope of each of the subjects that are taught separately.

The same thing ought to be done for the natural sciences as well. It is not enough to teach physics and chemistry, astronomy and meteorology, zoölogy and botany. The philosophy of all the natural sciences — a general view of nature as a whole, something on the lines of the first volume of Humboldt's *Cosmos* — must be conveyed to the pupils and the students, whatsoever may be the extension given to the study of the natural sciences in the school. The philosophy and the poetry of nature, the methods of all the exact sciences, and an inspired conception of the life of nature must make part of education. Perhaps the teacher of geography might provisionally assume this function; but then we should require quite a different set of teachers of this subject, and a different set of professors of geography in the universities would be needed. What is now taught under this name is anything you like, but it is not geography.

Another teacher conquered our rather

uproarious form in a quite different manner. It was the teacher of writing, the last one of the teaching staff. If the "heathen" — that is, the German and the French teachers — were regarded with little respect, the teacher of writing, Ebert, who was a German Jew, was a real martyr. To be insolent with him was a sort of *chic* amongst the pages. His poverty alone must have been the reason why he kept to his lesson in our corps. The old hands, who had stayed for two or three years in the fifth form without moving higher up, treated him very badly; but by some means or other he had made an agreement with them: "One frolic during each lesson, but no more," — an agreement which, I am afraid, was not always honestly kept on our side.

One day, one of the residents of the remote peninsula soaked the blackboard sponge with ink and chalk and flung it at the caligraphy martyr. "Get it, Ebert!" he shouted, with a stupid smile. The sponge touched Ebert's shoulder, glanced into his face and down on his white shirt, covering both with ink and chalk.

All saw it, and were sure that this time Ebert would leave the room and report the fact to the inspector. But he only exclaimed, as he took out his cotton handkerchief and wiped his face, "Gentlemen, one frolic, — no more to-day!" "The shirt is spoiled," he added in a subdued voice, and continued to correct some one's book.

We looked stupefied and ashamed. Why, instead of reporting, he had thought at once of the agreement! All feelings turned in his favor. "What you have done is stupid," we reproached our comrade. "He is a poor man, and you have spoiled his shirt! Shame!" somebody cried.

The culprit went at once to make excuses. "One must learn," was all that Ebert said in reply, with sadness in his voice.

All became silent after that, and at the next lesson, as if we had settled it beforehand, many of us wrote in our best possible handwriting, and took our books to Ebert, asking him to correct them. He was radiant; he felt happy that day.

This fact deeply impressed me, and was never wiped out from my memory. To this day I feel grateful to that remarkable man for his lesson.

With our teacher of drawing, who was named Ganz, we never came to live on good terms. He continually reported those who played in his class. This, in our opinion, he had no right to do, because he was only a teacher of drawing, but especially because he was not an honest man. In the class he paid little attention to most of us, and spent his time in improving the drawings of those who took private lessons from him, or paid him in order to show at the examinations a good drawing and to get a good mark for it. Against those comrades who did so we had no grudge. On the contrary, we thought it quite right that those who had no capacity for mathematics or no memory for geography, and had but poor marks in these subjects, should improve their total of marks by ordering from a draughtsman a drawing or a topographical map for which they would get "a full twelve." Only for the first two pupils of the form it would not have been fair to resort to such means, while the remainder could do it with untroubled consciences. But the teacher had no business to make drawings to order; and if he chose to act in this way, he ought to bear with resignation the noise and the tricks of his pupils. That was our ethics. Instead of this, no lesson passed without his lodging complaints, and each time he grew more arrogant.

As soon as we were moved to the fourth form, and felt ourselves naturalized citizens of the corps, we decided to tighten the bridle upon him. "It is

your own fault," our elder comrades told us, "that he takes such airs with you; *we* used to keep him in obedience." So we decided to bring him into subjection.

One day, two excellent comrades of our form approached Ganz with cigarettes in their mouths, and asked him to oblige them with a light. Of course, that was only meant for a joke, — no one ever thought of smoking in the classrooms, — and, according to our rules of propriety, Ganz had merely to send the two boys away; but he inscribed them in the journal, and they were severely punished. That was the last drop. We decided to give him a "benefit night." That meant that one day all the form, provided with rulers borrowed from the upper forms, would start an outrageous noise by striking the rulers against the tables, and send the teacher out of the class. However, the plot offered many difficulties. We had in our form a lot of "goody" boys who would promise to join in the demonstration, but at the last moment would grow nervous and draw back, and then the teacher would name the others. In such enterprises unanimity is the first requisite, because the punishment, whatsoever it may be, is always lighter when it falls on the whole class instead of on a few.

The difficulties were overcome with a truly Machiavellian craft. At a given signal all were to turn their backs to Ganz, and then, with the rulers laid in readiness in the desks of the next row, they would produce the required noise. In this way the goody boys would not feel terrified at Ganz's staring at them. But the signal? Whistling, as in robbers' tales, shouting, or even sneezing would not do: Ganz would be capable of naming any one of us as having whistled or sneezed. The signal must be a silent one. One of us, who drew nicely, would take his drawing to show it to Ganz, and the moment he returned and took his seat, — that should be the time!

All went on admirably. Nesádoff took up his drawing, and Ganz corrected it in a few minutes, which seemed to us an eternity. He returned at last to his seat; he stopped for a moment, looking at us; he sat down. . . . All the form turned suddenly on their seats, and the rulers rattled merrily within the desks, while some of us shouted amidst the noise, "Ganz out! Down with him!" The noise was deafening; all the forms knew that Ganz had got his benefit night. He stood there, murmuring something, and finally went out. An officer ran in, — the noise continued; then the sub-inspector dashed in, and after him the inspector. The noise stopped at once. Scolding began.

"The elder under arrest at once!" the inspector commanded; and I, who was the first in the form, and consequently the elder, was marched to the black cell. That spared me seeing what followed. The director came; Ganz was asked to name the ringleaders, but he could name nobody. "They all turned their backs to me, and began the noise," was his reply. Thereupon the form was taken downstairs, and although flogging had been completely abandoned in our school, this time the two who had been reported because they asked for a light were flogged with the birch rod, under the pretext that the benefit night was a revenge for their punishment.

I learned this ten days later, when I was allowed to return to the class. My name, which had been inscribed on the red board in the class, was wiped off. To this I was indifferent; but I must confess that the ten days in the cell, without books, seemed to me rather long, so that I composed (in horrible verses) a poem, in which the deeds of the fourth form were duly glorified.

Of course, our form became now the heroes of the school. For a month or so we had to tell and retell all about the affair to the other forms, and received congratulations for having managed it with

such unanimity that nobody was caught separately. And then came the Sundays — all the Sundays down to Christmas — that the form had to remain at the school, not being allowed to go home. Being all kept together, we managed to make those Sundays very gay. The mammas of the goody boys brought them heaps of sweets; those who had some money spent it generously, and mountains of pastry — substantial before dinner, and sweet after it — were absorbed, while in the evenings the friends from the other forms smuggled in quantities of fruit for the brave fourth form.

Ganz gave up inscribing any one; but drawing was totally lost for us. No one wanted to learn drawing from that mercenary man.

III.

My brother Alexander was at that time at Moscow, in a corps of cadets, and we maintained a lively correspondence. As long as I was at home that would have been impossible, because our father considered it his prerogative to read all letters addressed to our house; he would have soon put an end to any but a commonplace correspondence. Now we were free to discuss in our letters whatever we liked. The only difficulty was to get money for stamps; but we soon learned to write in such fine characters that we could convey an incredible amount of matter in each letter. Alexander, whose handwriting was beautiful, contrived to get four printed pages on one single page of note paper, and his microscopic lines were as legible as the best small type print. It is a pity that these letters, which he kept as precious relics, have disappeared. The state's police, during one of their raids, robbed him even of these treasures.

Our first letters were mostly about the petty things of my new surroundings, but our correspondence soon took a more serious character. My brother could not write about trifles. Even in society he became animated only when some seri-

ous discussion was engaged in, and he complained of feeling "a dull pain in the brain" — a physical pain, as he used to say — when he was with people who cared only for small talk. He was very much in advance of me in his intellectual development, and all the time he urged me forward, raising new scientific and philosophical questions one after another, and advising me what to read or to study. What a happiness it was for me to have such a brother! — a brother who, moreover, loved me passionately. To him I owe the best part of my development.

Sometimes he would advise me to read poetry, and would send me in his letters quantities of verses and whole poems, which he wrote from memory. "Read poetry," he wrote: "poetry makes men better. How often, in my after life, I realized the truth of this remark of his! "Read poetry: it makes men better." He himself was a poet, and had a wonderful facility for writing most musical verses; indeed, I think it a great pity that he abandoned poetry. The reaction against art, which arose among the Russian youth in the early sixties, and which Turguéneff has depicted in *Bazárov* (Fathers and Sons), induced him to look upon his verses with contempt, and to plunge headlong into the natural sciences. I must say, however, that my favorite poet was none of those whom his poetical gift, his musical ear, and his philosophical turn of mind made him like best. His favorite Russian poet was Venevitinoff, while mine was Nekrásov, whose verses were very often unmusical, but appealed most to my heart by their sympathy for "the downtrodden and offended."

"One must have a set purpose in his life," he wrote me once. "Without an aim, without a purpose, life is not life." And he advised me to get a purpose in my life worth living for. I was too young then to find one; but something undetermined, vague, "good" altogether,

already rose under that appeal, even though I could not say what that "good" would be.

Our father gave us very little spending money, and I never had any to buy a single book; but if Alexander got a few rubles from some aunt, he never spent a penny of it for pleasure, but bought a book and sent it to me. He objected, though, to indiscriminate reading. "One must have some question," he wrote, "addressed to the book he is going to read." However, I did not then appreciate this remark, and cannot think now without amazement of the number of books, often of a quite special character, which I read, in all branches, but particularly in the domain of history. I did not waste my time upon French novels, since Alexander, years before, had characterized them in one blunt sentence: "They are stupid and full of bad language."

The great questions concerning the conception we should form of the universe — our *Weltanschauung*, as the Germans say — were, of course, the dominant subjects in our correspondence. In our childhood we had never been religious. We were taken to church; but in a Russian church, in a small parish or in a village, the solemn attitude of the people is far more impressive than the mass itself. Of all that I ever had heard in church only two things had impressed me: the twelve passages from the Gospels, relative to the sufferings of the Christ, which are read in Russia at the night service on the eve of Good Friday, and the short prayer condemning the spirit of domination, which is recited during the Great Lent, and is really beautiful by reason of its simple, unpretentious words and feeling. Púshkin has rendered it into Russian verse.

Later on, at St. Petersburg, I went several times to a Roman Catholic church, but the theatrical character of the service and the absence of real feeling in it shocked me, the more so when I saw there with what simple faith some re-

tired Polish soldier or a peasant woman would pray in a remote corner. I also went to a Protestant church; but coming out of it I caught myself murmuring Goethe's words:—

"But you will never link hearts together

Unless the linking springs from your own heart."

Alexander, in the meantime, had embraced with his usual passion the Lutheran faith. He had read Michelet's book on Servetus, and had worked out for himself a religion on the lines of that great fighter. He studied with enthusiasm the Augsburg declaration, which he copied out and sent me, and our letters now became full of discussions about grace, and of texts from the apostles Paul and James. I followed my brother, but theological discussions did not deeply interest me. Since I had recovered from the typhoid fever I had taken to quite different reading.

Our sister Hélène, who was now married, was at St. Petersburg, and every Saturday night I went to visit her. Her husband had a good library, in which the French philosophers of the last century and the modern French historians were well represented, and I plunged into them. Such books were prohibited in Russia, and evidently could not be taken to school; so I spent most of the night, every Saturday, in reading the works of the encyclopædists, the philosophical dictionary of Voltaire, the writings of the Stoics, especially Marcus Aurelius, and so on. The infinite immensity of the universe, the greatness of nature, its poetry, its ever throbbing life, impressed me more and more; and that never ceasing life and its harmonies gave me the ecstasy of admiration which the young soul thirsts for, while my favorite poets supplied me with an expression in words of that awakening love of mankind and faith in its progress which make the best part of youth and impress man for all his life.

Alexander, by this time, had gradual-

ly come to a Kantian agnosticism, and the "relativity of perceptions," "perceptions in time and space, and time only," and so on, filled pages and pages in our letters, the writing of which became more and more microscopical as the subjects under discussion grew in importance. But neither then nor later on, when we used to spend hours and hours in discussing Kant's philosophy, could my brother convert me to become a disciple of the Königsberg philosopher.

Natural sciences—that is, mathematics, physics, and astronomy—were my chief studies. In the year 1858, before Darwin had brought out his immortal work, a professor of zoölogy at the Moscow University, Roulier, published three lectures on transformism, and my brother took up at once his ideas concerning the variability of species. He was not satisfied, however, with approximate proofs only, and began to study a number of special books on heredity and the like; communicating to me in his letters the main facts, as well as his ideas and his doubts. The appearance of *The Origin of Species* did not settle his doubts on several special points, but only raised new questions and gave him the impulse for further studies. We afterward discussed—and that discussion lasted for many years—various questions relative to the origin of variations, their chances of being transmitted and being accentuated; in short, those questions which have been raised quite lately in the Weismann-Spencer controversy, in Galton's researches, and in the works of the modern Neo-Lamarckians. Owing to his philosophical and critical mind, Alexander had noticed at once the fundamental importance of these questions for the theory of variability of species, even though they were so often overlooked then by many naturalists.

I must also mention a temporary excursion into the domain of political economy. In the years 1858 and 1859 every

one in Russia spoke of political economy; lectures on free trade and protective duties attracted crowds of people, and my brother, who was not yet absorbed by the variability of species, took a lively though temporary interest in economical matters, sending me for reading the Political Economy of Jean Baptiste Say. I read a few chapters only: tariffs and banking operations did not interest me in the least; but Alexander took up these matters so passionately that he even wrote letters to our stepmother, trying to interest her in the intricacies of the customs duties. Later on, in Siberia, as we were re-reading some of the letters of that period, we laughed like children when we fell upon one of his epistles in which he complained of our stepmother's incapacity to be moved even by such burning questions, and raged against a greengrocer whom he had caught in the street, and who, "would you believe it," he wrote with signs of exclamation, "although he was a tradesman, affected a pig-headed indifference to tariff matters!"

Every summer about one half of the pages were taken to a military camp, with the other military schools, at Peterhof. The lower forms, however, were dispensed from joining the camp, and I spent the first two summers at Nikólskoye. To leave the school, to take the train to Moscow, and there to meet Alexander was such a happy prospect that I used to count the days that had to pass till that glorious one should arrive. But on one occasion a great disappointment awaited me at Moscow. Alexander had not passed his examinations, and was left for another year in the same form. He was, in fact, too young to enter the special classes; but our father was very angry with him, nevertheless, and would not permit us to see each other. I felt very sad. We were not children any more, and had so much to say to each other. I tried to obtain permission to

go to our aunt Sulíma, at whose house I might meet Alexander, but it was absolutely refused. After our father remarried we were never allowed to see our mother's relations.

That spring our Moscow house was full of guests. Every night the reception rooms were flooded with lights, the band played, the confectioner was busy making ices and pastry, and card-playing went on in the great hall till a late hour. I strolled aimlessly about in the brilliantly illuminated rooms, and felt unhappy.

One night, after ten, a servant beckoned me, asking if I would come out to the entrance hall. I went. "Come to the coachmen's house," the old majordomo Frol whispered to me. "Alexander Alexéievich is here."

I dashed across the yard, up the flight of steps leading to the coachmen's house, and into a wide, half-dark room, where, at the immense dining-table of the servants, I saw Alexander.

"Sásha, dear, how did you come?" and in a moment we rushed into each other's arms, hugging each other and unable to speak from emotion.

"Hush, hush! they may overhear you," said the servants' cook, Praskóvia, wiping away her tears with her apron. "Poor orphans! If your mother were only alive" —

Old Frol stood, his head deeply bent, his eyes also twinkling.

"Look here, Pétya, not a word to any one; to no one," he said, while Praskóvia placed on the table an earthenware jar full of porridge for Alexander.

He, glowing with health, in his cadet uniform, already had begun to talk about all sorts of matters, while he rapidly emptied the porridge pot. I could hardly make him tell me how he came there at such a late hour. We lived then near the Smolénsky boulevard, within a stone's throw of the house where our mother died, and the corps of cadets

was at the opposite outskirts of Moscow, full five miles away.

He had made a doll out of bedclothes, and had put it in his bed, under the blankets; then he went to the tower, descended from a window, came out unnoticed, and walked the whole distance.

"Were you not afraid at night, in the deserted fields round your corps?" I asked.

"What had I to fear? Only lots of dogs were upon me; I had teased them myself. To-morrow I shall take my sword with me."

The coachmen and other servants came in and out; they sighed as they looked at us, and took seats at a distance, along the walls, exchanging words in a subdued tone, so as not to disturb us; while we two, in each other's arms, sat there till midnight, talking about *nebulæ* and Laplace's hypothesis, the structure of matter, the struggles of the papacy under Boniface VIII. with the imperial power, and so on.

From time to time one of the servants would hurriedly run in, saying, "*Pé-tinka*, go and show thyself in the hall; they may ask for thee."

I implored *Sásha* not to come next night; but he came, nevertheless, — not without having had a scrimmage with the dogs, against whom he had taken his sword. I responded with feverish haste,

when, earlier than the day before, I was called once more to the coachmen's house. *Sásha* had made part of the journey in a cab. The previous night, one of the servants had brought him what he had got from the card-players and asked him to take it. *Sásha* took some small coin to hire a cab, and so he came earlier than on his first visit.

He intended to come next night, too, but for some reason it would have been dangerous for the servants, and we decided to part till the autumn. A short "official" note made me understand next day that his nocturnal escapades had passed unnoticed. How terrible would have been the punishment, if they had been discovered! It is awful to think of it: flogging before the corps till he was carried away unconscious on a sheet, and then dismissal to a soldiers' sons' battalion, — anything was possible, in those times.

What our servants would have suffered for hiding us, if information of the affair had reached our father's ears, would have been equally terrible; but they knew how to keep secrets, and not to betray one another. They all knew of the visits of Alexander, but none of them whispered a word to any one of the family. They and I were the only ones in the house who ever knew anything about it.

P. Kropotkin.

QUATRAIN.

WHY fear the night? The sun may sink
And never rise again on me;
Yet some one that I love shall see
It blaze above the eastern brink.

John Albert Macy.

THE LANDSCAPE AS A MEANS OF CULTURE.

THE habits of civilized life tend to separate men from the charm of the world about them. The insistent activities which are the price of success, in the effort to win the harvests of an immediately profitable kind, fix the attention on certain limited fields of the environment, and necessarily exclude all recognition of the larger features of nature. Thus, the noble aspects of the sky, in the changes from dawn to dark, and from storm to fair weather, count to most of us only as the conditions of our occupations or our diversions; in themselves, they are quite without consideration. This is no new state of man; indeed, by the demands of economic life, the primitive savage and the barbarian have ordinarily followed in the path of the prehuman species whence they came, giving no more heed to the scenes about them than their needs called for. Now and then, in moments of poetic exaltation, the beauty of the natural realm has forced itself on their attention, but only the rarer spirits see that there is here a great field to be won for the profit of man. The art of appropriating the landscape is not a lost art, but one which is yet to be invented and applied to the profit of our kind. It is likely to be a long time before we acquire the habit of attending to the expression of the world about us as we do to that of the human countenance.

It is evident that our culture is near the station where we may hope for some effort to develop the landscape sense by a systematic training in the arts which may enable us to appreciate scenery. Such a training may be regarded as a fitting supplement of that which we now devote to the purely scientific aspects of nature. It is likely that the task would long ago have been essayed in our American schools, where any pe-

dagogic novelty commends itself, but for the evident difficulty of devising a fit system by which it can be done. The trouble is that the appreciation of scenic beauty is like the poetic sense, or the other sympathetic movements of the spirit, not only without the field of ordinary teaching, but quite beyond the reach of its methods. Every part of the movement which is required must come from within. Something can doubtless be done to favor the development of the landscape motive by the proper use of such literature as presents the beauties of nature in a way to awaken the emotions; something also by practice in sketching, or in describing actual or pictured scenes. Still, the effective impulse must come from within.

To those who would develop their sensibility to natural beauty, the teacher can be most helpful by telling the experiences he has had in the development of his sympathy with the external world. In my own case, these tokens are not many. Their value is uncertain, for the reason that minds differ incalculably in their modes of action. Ways of looking at nature which may lead one to rich harvests may beguile another into desert places. Moreover, it is not easy even for those who are accustomed to introspection to gain an adequate notion of how their states of mind are induced. Therefore I will limit the suggestions to points which lie well in the field of my individual experience and that of others who have helped me with theirs.

The first of all the mental arts which the student of the landscape needs to acquire is that of contemplation, — the calm, affectionate forthgoing to the environment which permits the scene to enter in its fullness to the understanding and to sink quietly therein. Until this way of beholding is established, the

mind can do no more than snatch fragmentary impressions of the scene, which may gratify the curiosity or awaken the pleasure of surprise, but have no relation to the higher æsthetic sense. Few persons in this day develop any capacity for the contemplative mood, — it has indeed been rare in all days; but our time, with its crowding of people and interests, with its almost fiendish sense of duty by the moment, makes against the motive in a disastrously effective way. He who would acquire this, the very foundation of all æsthetic sense, must be prepared to set himself against the spirit of his age.

The contemplative attitude demands solitude, or at least a mental isolation from our fellow men. In this it is like the kindred poetic motive, which acts only when the mind is isolated. The isolation, indeed, in both these movements of the spirit, has to be so complete that self-consciousness is banished before the needed solitude is won. Therefore he who would become a lover of the landscape must accustom himself to seek it alone, and must learn to know that his mere presence at its doors will not make him free to its treasures. He must come to them as a worshiper, and with the spirit of devotion which befits a temple.

He who really seeks the landscape will surely find that he possesses a profitable remnant of the natural affection for the outer world that belongs in the spirit of men, but which our unhappy methods of education and of living so tend to wear away. If he has never set himself before a scene with the intention of winning all that he can gain from it, he is certain to find his first essay rather unprofitable. He will find himself in the tourist's frame of mind, with the additional hamper of the self-consciousness which attends any such experiment. His first task is to make himself familiar with the view, so that he may feel at home in it, so that all mere surprise is cleared away. With

years of training, he will be able quickly to enter on this friendly relation with a landscape, but to the novice the relation comes slowly; he may have to look again and again before he can begin to feel its true charm. The best plan for him is to see the place from the same point of view, and under the same conditions of hour and sky, day after day, until it becomes something like his own property.

Although the contemplative attitude may seem to those who know little about it to be one of indolent repose, it really demands all the strength the mind gives to intellectual labor. It is quite as taxing as any other form of such work. Therefore those who would view a landscape aright must see to it that they have nervous energy at their command, as they are accustomed to have it when they need to use their minds in full measure. Hurriedly to seek a view after hard climbing and in discomfort is no more reasonable than it would be to make a like preparation for other absorbing mental work. On this account it is worth the observer's while to see to his condition, when he would appreciate a landscape, even as carefully as he would do in preparation for hearing music.

At the beginning of his study of landscapes, the observer learns that all scenes have one point of view which is for him the best, though it may not be for another. From that station the effects are evidently most harmonious, — fitting to his previously acquired motives. Therefore a certain reconnoitring of the ground is required before one determines just how one shall face the vista. Practice will in time enable the observer almost instinctively to come upon the point where the field can be best read; he will form the habit of looking at the landscape as he has formed that of reading the printed page, limiting his attention to the few characters which he need have in eye and mind in order to go swiftly forward with the interpre-

tation. In the larger record of the field, as in the smaller of the print, habit must guide in this necessary limitation of the attention, and in its measured ongoing from one passage to another. It is important that this habit be rationally formed, for on its guidance depends success in approaching the beautiful in nature. The application is, indeed, much wider; it includes the scientific as well as the æsthetic contact with the world about us. Answers come only to our interrogations; the supreme art is that of questioning.

Perhaps the commonest blunder, in looking upon the landscape, is found in the effort to take in at once all that a wide field contains. The tourist's usual endeavor is to climb some hill, the higher the better for his desire, whence he can have a panorama including the largest possible number of peaks, lakes, and towns within the bewildering circle of the horizon. He willingly climbs for another half day to double his catalogue of telescopic objects. It is not too much to say that to approach the landscape in this way is to insure immunity from any spiritual contact with it. There may be creatures in other solar systems so organized that they can appropriate a panorama. If such there are, their minds must have other qualities than ours have. They must have eyes on every side, so that they are exempt from the sense of before and behind which is one of the limitations of man's nature. With ourselves, this sense is a part of the stock inherited from our ancestors, man and brute alike; it is dominating in all our relations to the surrounding world; along with that of up and down, it rules our feelings in all our contacts with the environment.

If the observer has attained to some skill in approaching a landscape, he will be conscious of a certain measure of discomfort whenever he is forced to attend to a circular view; the portion of the vista which he feels to be behind him, or too

far on either side to receive due attention, is in a way discomforting. Acting on this suggestion afforded by the uneasiness aroused by a panorama, the observer will find it profitable to make some experiments to determine the most advantageous limits of a view; these limits appear to vary within a rather narrow range with different persons and perhaps in different stages of training in the landscape art. The easiest way in which to make the essay is by looking at a wide and attractive view through a doorway or a window, where there is no obstruction from the sashes. Beginning the test from a point so near the opening that its margins do not force themselves upon the eye, the observer should note, as well as he can, the measure of satisfaction which he receives from the beholding. This, if his experience is the same as that of the writer and of those who have tried like experiments for him, will be qualified by the fact that the vision cannot take in anything like as wide an angle as is offered to it. The view, in a word, is not one, but many, for the eyes have to turn in order to compass it. When this first impression has been gained, another should be sought at a distance back from the opening which will make its margins come in to limit the field of view, so that all the scene can, in a way, be compassed with one "setting" of the eyes. At a certain point on the reduction in the angle, the observer will find that with the particular view he obtains the maximum of satisfaction.

The above described experiment, though apparently simple, is not altogether easy of trial, for the reason that the observer must have a certain capacity for valuing his impressions, such as is not commonly attained without a good deal of training in the art of seeing. With most persons the trial of the method appears to show that there is a distinct increase in the æsthetic value as the angle is diminished from say

ninety degrees to about fifteen degrees or less. Much, however, depends upon the nature of the view: one in which the features are simple and there are few details which demand attention permits a wider lateral range than another where the notable details are numerous and closely interrelated. In general, the more the scene has to give, the narrower the range of vision which can profitably be applied to it.

Without resorting to deliberate experiment, which may be held as rather out of place in æsthetic inquiry, the observer can gain a fair idea of the principle that I have laid down, and at the same time determine his capacity for taking in a view, by noting his daily experience in the scenes which offer themselves to his eyes. When the houses of a street terminate in a manner to open a pleasing field, he can, as he walks toward the expanse, find the point where the vista is most satisfactory. Repeating the trial from day to day, he will perhaps be able to judge whether his sensibility to the landscape is sufficiently keen to afford him a basis for judgment; if not, he has not become quickened to such perceptions. He has yet to make his novitiate.

Another observation, which serves to illustrate the limitation which needs to be put on the range of vision in order to obtain the best effect, may be made when we look upon a great building. In such viewing, because of the necessary concentration of the attention on details of form and proportion, the suitable angle to be included by the eyes is much smaller than in beholding a wide landscape where the features are of a broader nature. The scope fitted to give an impression of a building is probably not over five degrees; in the appreciation of details of architecture it is yet less. As a general statement it may be said that the closest observation in vision, such as we give to a single small object, requires that there shall be practically no angle

of divergence to the boundaries of the field. As the field is widened, the measure of attention given to any part of it is diminished, until at a certain point in the increase the eyes have to be turned and readjusted to another set of impressions. This change is instinctively made whenever the sense of interest in the margins of the visual area is aroused, without the perception being clear enough to satisfy the demands of the mind. When this change is made, the second view is in part superimposed on the first, and the panoramic method of observation is begun, with a resulting loss of æsthetic value.

If the reader has never criticised his ways of looking at the landscape, he will be likely to think that there can be no great difference in the mental result arising from the mere shifting of the eyes in the process of compassing a view. The shortest answer to this suggestion is the advice to try the experiment. He will perceive, after his essay, that his attention is distracted by the change, and that he has diminished the effectiveness of the impression. The conditions are much the same as those we meet in beholding pictures. We all know that a painting, especially if it be a landscape, is most advantageously seen alone; not in a gallery, but where its effect is not overlaid by that of others, however like in motive. The only canvases which the writer vividly remembers are those seen under such circumstances, though the value of these works has not been as great as that of others exhibited in large collections. With such, the effect of the successive impressions may destroy all the æsthetic value of the noblest art. The analogy of the mind to a sensitive photographic plate, whereon one impression destroys another, though too mechanical for the exact truth, presents fairly enough the results of overlaying one mental image with another.

The sum of this plea for a singleness of impression in the effort to obtain the full æsthetic value of the landscape may

be stated in a few words. It is that panoramic or even wide-angled seeing, while it gratifies the curiosity, is destructive to all valuable effects so far as the sense of beauty is concerned. The impression gained is distinct and powerful by virtue of its limitation so long as the boundaries are not so narrow that they chafe the understanding; it is strong in proportion to its repetition from the same point of view and under the same conditions of air and light.

The next consideration for the student of the landscape to note is the relation between the purely intellectual or rational interest he may find or introduce into a view and the æsthetic impression which he seeks to gain from it. It is easily made clear to those who in any measure share in the scientific and the spiritual motives of interpreting nature, that good as these motives are in themselves, and effectively as they may be made to stimulate and reinforce one another in the general economy of the mind, they cannot at any one time be profitably associated. They are, indeed, so far antagonistic as to be mutually destructive in all but their ultimate purpose, — the comprehension of nature. The task of the æsthetic sympathies is to take the data which consciousness presents, — things seen as well as remoter knowledge, — and combine these impressions in the ideal realm so that they awaken the constructive imagination and extend the poetic fancy to the utmost. While thus acting, the mind, though advantageously it may use all its store of knowledge in building its "baseless fabrics of a vision," cares for no rules; construction is in large measure and necessarily emancipated from the control of facts.

There can be no doubt that knowledge may vastly enhance the intensity of æsthetic impressions. There are many landscapes in the unhistoric wildernesses, endowed with a far greater share of purely natural beauty than that of the Val d'Arno or of the plain of Marathon.

It is the light from the past which gives these scenes their abiding dignity; but this light does not shine forth from the pages of the guidebook; it must come from the ancient wealth of the mind. Therefore, the student who would make himself ready to bring all the value of the landscape before his spiritual understanding must be prepared to gain his knowledge of a scene some time before he seeks to turn it over to his fancy, — long enough before to have the facts become so well organized in the memory that they come forth unconsciously and without command. Otherwise, fancy, the most independent of all his powers, will deny them any place in her creations.

In beginning the study of landscapes, the novice will find it necessary slowly to acquire all the knowledge which enters into the imaginative impression the scene is to yield him. The evidence of the slow changes which have brought the bit of earth to its existing form, which have shaped the face which it turns to the eyes of man, has to be gained by deliberate inquiry, so that the reading is as that of a great volume in its difficulty and in the time it demands. This stage will pass with the increase in knowledge, and of skill in selecting from that knowledge the little yet precious share which may be used by the imagination in its constructive work. So, at least, it is true as regards the details of scientific fact. It is otherwise as regards the more general conceptions which relate to the application of the natural forces to the earth, and the larger results arising therefrom. Such truths are in their very essence so far poetic that, to the discerning eye, they shine with its light even in the grim framework of a mathematical proposition. On an ocean-beaten shore, we may feel the power of the sea in the overhanging cliffs even when there are no waves. In the river, the waterfall, or the glacier, the energy which enters into the work appeals to the informed imagination

scarcely less than do its visible results. This enlarged conception is what makes the difference between the ignorant and the cultivated appreciation of the beauties of nature. With the rustic,

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

Knowledge it is which places the blossom in the realm of life, making us to see it as the product of the ages, in kinship with what has gone before and what is to come hereafter, and thus endows it with the dignity that thought can lend. This is as true of the earth as of its flowers. With most if not all people, the landscape gains much from its associations with mankind. Even where human life does not enter visibly or in conscious memory, it usually seeks a place shyly and as an aside, in mere spectres of the imagination which we unconsciously allow to enter on the scene. Even if the view be in desert wildernesses, the observer, if he be attentive to his thought, will remark the work of this humanizing instinct. If the scene be such as the eternal snowfields or the troops of icebergs present, excluding the conception of life, we feel that it in some way fails to awaken the mind. We do not go forth to it as its mere physical charm bids us do. On this account, the quality of the human life of a field, that which is visible or in memory, has with most men quite as much to do with its value as a landscape as its physical aspect has.

With the advance which an assiduous training of the landscape sense brings, the observer finds himself less in need of the human note in the view; his development follows the course by which the landscape motive became established. In its earlier stages, only the regions of garden-like aspect commanded æsthetic approval; then only so much of primitive nature as would make a foil for the culture was admitted to be good. Even the Alps, though they rise from fertile

plains, in no wise charmed the ancients; until within two centuries they were utterly repugnant to refined minds. Now those of well-trained eye find satisfaction in the wilderness, though all alike will confess that the scenes which yield the most pleasure are those which are at once humanized and historic. All this points to the conclusion that the novice will do well to begin his studies of the landscape with its more domesticated parts. Even the cities and great towns commonly afford prospects which are sufficiently gratifying to the æsthetic sense to give it nurture. The many strong impressions arising from the grouping of buildings, which even when bad in themselves often afford agreeable masses and sky-lines, make them profitable to the beginner by the easily acquired impressions they present. Moreover, our cities, by the very badness of their smoke and dust laden air, are richer in atmospheric effects of a striking kind than is the open country; by them the observer may be led to note those more delicately toned qualities of atmosphere which, though they are the very flower of the landscape, are so generally overlooked.

From the limited though varied aspects of the overhumanized views in and about the town, the student should pass, in a well-devised gradation, to the scenes where pure nature, though the fields be tilled, controls the expression, and thence by a further step to the primitive lands where there is no trace of the hand of man. As he departs from the realm of excessive culture, where the expression of the earth everywhere is controlled by the artificial, the need increases of an enlargement of the conception by the understanding of how the natural forces have shaped the view. In place of the power of man which is so manifest in his seats of most dominant action, we have in the wilderness the elemental forces, those which make and unmake the lands and which rule every feature of their aspect. To have these conceptions so

well in mind that they may afford even a general basis for interpreting the landscape demands a somewhat extended training in that part of geology which is included in modern geography, — a science not limited, as of old, to mere statements of facts concerning the earth forms, but going back to their causes. This schooling, which is happily becoming common, leads the student to take account of the variations of the earth's surface, and to seek their explanation in visible processes of nature.

With some knowledge of what we may term the evolution of scenery, the observer will be led almost at a glance to create a perspective in time for the landscape he is beholding, — less vivid, of course, than that it occupies in space, but of the same mind-leading quality that takes the imagination afar. It is not to be expected that these conceptions will have scientific value, — they may indeed not rise above the plane occupied by the legends of men and their doings, — but they may well have all the truth that the poetic needs demand, for Fancy cares more that her servants are nimble than that they are scientifically accurate.

It is easy to see an historic foundation for the value which we find in the conception of the action of the forces which shape the landscape; for the history of man's relations to nature shows us that all the true poetry which we have from it comes out of the ineradicable idea that the natural realm is informed with a spirit like our own. To the pantheist the world is but the expression of the universal divine power. To the polytheist each entity of shape and action represents the thought or will of a god of some degree. To the monotheist all things are the work of the supreme power dwelling apart from, yet informing all things. These views, under the influence of which our minds have taken their shape, have the common quality that they have led men to see, behind the face of events and forms, the might

that shaped them. One of the distressing influences of natural science upon the people of to-day — be it said of to-day, for the situation is most likely but temporary — is a crude view to the effect that the universe is a great mechanical contrivance, going like a huge clockwork moved by a power lying quite beyond the limits of our understanding. In the present state of our learning, there is no escape from this tyranny of the machine except by going so close to actual nature that we feel the currents of its life even as we do those of our own bodies, seeing how the forces have worked to produce in the end our intelligence which looks forth upon the universe and the beauty that gratifies our sympathetic desires.

While any one may feel a measure of satisfaction in the beauty of a landscape, the degree of the satisfaction is doubtless in large part determined by what we read into the scene. It is as in hearing music, where much of the pleasure comes, not from the associations of sounds, but from the thought which they excite. So, too, in a play, though the acting be bad and the ideas displeasing, the mind may be aroused to make a by-play, as it would not do but for the stimulus of the situation. Such secondary pleasures depend for their existence on the mental store which he who hears or sees brings with him to the orchestra or the stage. Unless he have a store of fit memories out of which his fancy can build its edifices, his profit is not likely to be great. The stock which the amateur of the landscape may profitably bring with him to the theatre he attends is all that relates thereto in the way of lore of earth and man.

A common error on the part of those who seek to acquire some sense of the beauty of the landscape is that its charm exists only in certain very select places, to which it is necessary to resort in order to obtain such impressions. So they hie away from the beauty which is about

them, to seek, at much cost, that which is usually far less comprehensible than what they left at their doors. It may well be said that all landscapes are beautiful, and that while the harvest which may be won from them by those who know how to gather it varies greatly in kind, its value changes in no like measure. It is the part of fancy to separate the dross from the gold. This is to be done in the appreciation of the beauty of a landscape, however limited that may be, as it is in other work of the ideals. There are few, if any, scenes deserving the name of landscape so utterly ignoble that they yield nothing to such assay. They may foil the eye of the novice, but not that of the master in the art of seeing.

One of the evils which come from overmuch search after rarely composed and famous landscapes is that the memories they leave become false standards, leading their possessors to overlook the beauty which is about them, because it is other than they have had chosen for them as the proper fashion for nature to follow. One of the best results of a critical method with this art of beholding the face of the earth will be the clearing away of this false view. Every student should be on his guard against it. Let him go as far as he will, see as much of the earth as he can, but let him not forget that it is about as reasonable to go on long journeys to make human friends as it is to seek in that way for the friendship of nature. The chance for both is at its best near home.

It is often suggested that the true way to acquire a keen sense of natural beauty in any field is to practice delineation with the pencil or brush. It is clear that the ability to discern is greatly improved by such training, and in so far as seeing clearly is part of the landscape art, this training is of much value; a share of it is indeed almost indispensable in an effective education. It appears doubtful, however, whether the drawing habit affords all that its advocates claim for it,

for the reason that, when well developed, it tends so far to fix the attention on the elements of form as to separate the mind from the larger interests of the scene. If the draughtsman attain to the dignity of the true artist, so that his craft becomes the unconscious instrument of his understanding and feeling, he may use his hands to help his eyes; but this station is won by few even among those who gain a name in the profession. The greater number do not attain to more than mere delineation; they fail to penetrate the depths of the landscape. Their pictures, after the manner of photographs, render the facts with more or less accuracy, but they do not, in the manner of true sympathetic art, translate them into terms which arouse the emotions. The task of depicting is in itself so absorbing of the attention that the novice is likely to be diverted by it from his main end, which is to enter upon a friendly relation with the scene. His contact with it is apt to take on a business-like character which will hinder his enlargement. Therefore it seems best for the beginner to use the pencil and the brush as he may use the field-glass, to aid his seeing and to develop the habit of looking closely, supplementing the notebook picture, when he makes it, by the photograph, which for the mere record of fact is better than any handwork can be.

Some people are likely to resent the suggestion that the instinctive pleasure which they derive from the landscape should be made the subject of a deliberate training, because it seems to them that the emotions lie beyond the field of schooling. To this objection, which at first sight appears to have some value, it may be answered that the pleasure which we have from music or from the drama is of the same primitive nature as that which the earth's prospects afford. Yet these arts have been subjected to a process of culture, to the vast advantage of men. Even more purely instinctive actions, such as the movements of the limbs,

are profitably removed from the animal plane by education, as by a training in dancing or fencing. While a novice in them, the youth is conscious of all he does, but, as is well said, the *second nature* stage of the culture again makes him free with a perfected freedom. He forgets the rules of the dance or the mimic combat, but his body and mind retain the alacrity and grace which they impart.

We may fairly reckon that with the landscape motive, as with other forms of the sympathetic emotions, all sound training will but serve to enlarge and emancipate the instinct, giving it a chance to attain something like the place that music and acting have won with like aid from the rational side of the mind. As regards the art of appreciating the landscape, we are at present in the state in which music and acting were before the score and the stage had been invented. Men whistled, sang, and mimicked their fellows before they brought these actions into set form. No one will doubt, however, that the higher steps have been well taken, and that the musical and

dramatic motives are really finer than they were of old.

If, as seems likely, we can bring into definite shape, by educative means, the emotions which lead to pleasure in the landscape, we shall thereby add another important art to those which serve to dignify our lives. The art of seeing the landscape has a certain advantage over all the others we have invented, in that the data it uses are ever before those who are blessed with eyes. Outside of prison, a man is sure of the sky, — the largest, most varied, and in some regards the richest element of all scenes. The earth about him may be defiled, but rarely in such measure that it will not yield him good fruit. Every look abroad tempts him beyond himself into an enlarging contact with nature. Not only are the opportunities for this art ever soliciting the mind, but the practice of it demands no long and painful novitiate. There is much satisfaction at the very beginning of the practice; it grows with exercise, until it opens the world as no other art can do.

N. S. Shaler.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CARLYLE.

IV.

In April, 1861, Carlyle went to hear Ruskin's lecture on Leaves; and in August, 1862, highly praised to Erskine the same writer's *Unto this Last*.

April 29, 1863, Carlyle wrote thus of one of Dickens's readings: "I had to go yesterday to Dickens's Reading, 8 p. m. Hanover Rooms, to the complete upsetting of my evening habitudes and spiritual composure. Dickens does do it capitally, such as *it* is; acts better than any Macready in the world; a whole tragic, comic, heroic *theatre* visible, performing under one *hat*, and

keeping us laughing — in a sorry way, some of us thought — the whole night. He is a good creature, too, and makes fifty or sixty pounds by each of these readings."

Carlyle's unfortunate horse, mentioned in the following letter, was Fritz. He was sold for nine pounds. Lady Ashburton supplied a successor, whom Carlyle called Noggs.

XXXVII. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, HAMILTON, C. W.

CHELSEA, LONDON, 13 Aug. 1863.

DEAR SISTER JENNY, — It is a long time since I have had on hand to send

you the little bit of remembrance marked on the other page, but I am held in such a ferment of perpetual hurry and botheration here and have grown so weak and weary of my sad work, (till it *do* end), that I have seldom five minutes to dispose of in my own way, and leave many little jobs undone for a long time and many little satisfactions unenjoyed for want of a bold stroke at them. Finally I bethought me of the Dr. in Edinburgh and he has now got me your little paper into readiness for sending. I understand you have nothing to do but present it at the Bank and at once get payment. If, (till you have time to write a long letter of *news*, which will be very welcome), you at once address me a Canada newspaper with three strokes, nothing more will be necessary in regard to this little bit of business.

I expect to get done with my book in six or eight months. O that I saw the day! I can and have been working thitherward with all the strength that I possess, to the hurt of my health as well, but I calculate when the end have once come I shall begin directly to improve more or less, and perhaps by degrees get very considerably better again. I had an excellent horse who had carried me 7 years and above twenty thousand miles, his hoofs were got spoiled on the stone hard roads. He came plunging down with me one day, (not throwing me nor hurting me in the slightest), — a most decided fall for no reason whatever — upon which I had to sell him (to a kind master for an old song), and for the last six weeks have been *walking*, which was a great enjoyment by way of change. It would not do, however, and since about a week I am mounted again: — very swift, very rough (in comparison to my old friend), but good natured, healthy, willing: — and must continue adding a dozen miles daily to the twenty thousand already done.

We have had such a winter for *warmth* as was never seen before, not

very healthy, I believe, but it has agreed well with Jane: — and indeed the kindred, I think, are all well. Poor "Wullie Carlyle" (if you remember him at all) died lately at Edinburgh, an old man, as we are all growing hereabouts.

Tell Alick about my affairs and this last news you have had. That I never do or can forget him, he need not be told. I hope your lasses are doing well and that Robert and all of you are pushing along patiently, faithfully as heretofore.

In August, 1863, Mrs. Carlyle fell in St. Martin's Lane and broke her thigh. The accident resulted in long illness and pain. During the spring of 1864 she grew worse, and in March was taken to St. Leonards. From a subsequent trip to Scotland she returned in October to Cheyne Row, "weak, shattered, body worn to a shadow, spirit bright as ever."

The last volume of Frederick was published in April, 1865. When the proofs were finished, Carlyle and his wife went to Devonshire for a few weeks with Lady Ashburton.

XXXVIII. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, HAM-
ILTON, C. W.

CHELSEA, 4 May, 1865.

DEAR JENNY, — Two or three days ago, I saw a letter from you to Sister Jean; which was very welcome here, as bringing more definite news of you than we had got for a good while before. I have now got done with my Book (a copy of it probably in your hands before this); and am not henceforth to be so dreadfully hampered in writing a little note to my friends from time to time. I am still in a huge fuss, confusions of all kinds lying about me, and indeed I am just about running off for Scotland (to Jean's, in the first place), to try and recover a little from the completely shattered state these twelve years of incessant drudgery and slaving have reduced me to. But there is something

I had meant, this long time and here it is — just come to hand. Inclosed is a Paper which will bring you the amount of Dollars for £20, on your presenting it at the Hamilton Bank. If by way of "*identifying*," they ask you who *sends* the money, you can answer with my name, and if further needful, add that the Negotiator for me with the Edinr. Bank, was *Dr. Carlyle* of that City. Nothing more, I suppose, if even that much will be necessary. Let me know by return that it is safe in your hand (a newspaper with *three* strokes will serve if you are short of time for the moment). And so with my best blessings, dear little Jenny, accept this poor mark of my remembrance.

My Jane is very frail and feeble, but always stirring about, and has got blessedly away out of the horrible torments she had (and all of you had on her account) last year. Scotsbrig, Gill, Dumfries, Edinburgh; all is going in the usual average way there. To you I can fancy what a distress the removal of your poor little Mary and her Husband to the Far West must be! These things happen and are *inevitable* in the current of life. That your son-in-law is a good man, this should be a great joy to you. Do not you be *too* hasty to follow to Iowa; consider it well first.

You see what a shaky hand I have; you do not see the bitter hurry I am still in! With kindest wishes to you and all your household,

Ever your Affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

Carlyle was elected Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh in November, 1865; and on April 2, 1866, spoke his inaugural address at Edinburgh, of which the best account known to me — best for a general impression of Carlyle — is that given by Mr. Moncure Conway. On the 21st of April the news of Mrs. Carlyle's sudden death was brought to Carlyle at his sister's house in Dumfries.

The epitaph which he wrote for her grave in the abbey church of Haddington ends with the words, "And the light of his life as if gone out."

An episode of the time when that light was fading will remain longer with some of us than most of the occurrences of Carlyle's life. Mrs. Oliphant has left a sketch, done with very few lines, of Mrs. Carlyle playing Scotch airs "to the tall old man in his dressing-gown, sitting meditative by the fire." Carlyle himself, in his Journal for December 3, 1867, described the last of these occasions: "One evening, I think in the spring of 1866, we two had come up from dinner and were sitting in this room, very weak and weary creatures, perhaps even I the wearier, though she far the weaker; I at least far the more inclined to sleep, which directly after dinner was not good for me. 'Lie on the sofa there,' said she — the ever kind and graceful, herself refusing to do so — 'there, but don't sleep,' and I, after some superficial objecting, did. In old years I used to lie that way, and she would play the piano to me: a long series of Scotch tunes which set my mind finely wandering through the realms of memory and romance, and effectually prevented sleep. That evening I had lain but a few minutes when she turned round to her piano, got out the Thomson Burns book, and, to my surprise and joy, broke out again into her bright little stream of harmony and poesy, silent for at least ten years before, and gave me, in soft tinkling beauty, pathos, and melody, all my old favourites: 'Banks and Braes,' 'Flowers of the Forest,' 'Gilderoy,' not forgetting 'Duncan Gray,' 'Cauld Kail,' 'Irish Coolen,' or any of my favourites tragic or comic. . . . That piano has never again sounded, nor in my time will or shall. In late months it has grown clearer to me than ever that she had said to herself that night, 'I will play his tunes all yet once,' and had thought it would be but

once. . . . This is now a thing infinitely touching to me. So like her; so like her. Alas, alas! I was very blind, and might have known better how near its setting my bright sun was."

The following letter is shadowed with the death of Mrs. Carlyle, although nearly two years had passed.

XXXIX. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, HAMILTON, C. W.

CHELSEA, 14th February, 1868.

MY DEAR JENNY, — This is a little New Year's gift which I intended for you sooner. It (the essential part of it) has been lying here apart and wrapt up for you ever since Christmas time, but I never could get up to have it made into a banking, portable form till now, so languid, sad and lazy have I been! The banks all close at an earlier hour than my walking one, and it is rare that I can get so far into town in time. I am dreadfully indisposed to writing, and even my poor shaking right hand makes continual protest! I hope the poor little Gift will be welcome to you and in some savings bank or otherwise be innocently waiting to do you good some time or other! — I am told there will be no difficulty for you at the "Gore Bank" in Hamilton merely to go thither and sign your name. A newspaper with three strokes will sufficiently announce it for me till you have leisure for writing. I have also sent a photograph for nephew Tom's young wife, to whom, with all my affectionate regards to them both, pray send it by your first opportunity. There is *another* (if the letter will carry it), for yourself for your own free disposal otherwise.

I am not specially in worse health than usual, but excessively languid, dispirited, weary, sad and idle — especially in the late dark months of winter, which however are now gone, and indeed were never severe, but lighter upon us than common. Jean has been here ever since early in December. It makes

the house a little less lonesome to me than it has become for the last twenty two months, but cannot, as you may imagine, lift the heavy heart of me into anything of cheeriness, nor indeed perhaps *should* it. She will go home by Liverpool before long, where her son Jim (who is a clever solid fellow and has got promotion in Liverpool) is *just setting up house* with his sister Maggie as Manageress. Their mother will look in so soon as they have the home settled. All kinds of business are reported as utterly *dull* here: much distress among the idle poor — and a general silent anxiety as to this new "Reform Bill" or "Leap in the dark," — poor stupid souls!

An extremely accursed atrocity of murder and worse has happened in Cummertrees, which has thrown all the community into horror and excitation — of which you will see or hear soon enough in the newspapers and probably know the location as I do.

Your kindred in Annandale and here are all well and I can send their best regards.

Ever your affectionate brother,

T. CARLYLE.

In October, 1868, Carlyle was again thrown, — this time from a horse named Comet. A conversation with the Queen, the death of Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, and a letter to the Times newspaper on the Franco-Prussian war were among the events of the next few years.

Carlyle speaks again now of his shaking right hand. A few weeks after he quite lost the use of it for writing with a pen. "Mary Aitken," ready to write to his dictation, was Mary Carlyle Aitken, daughter to his sister Jean.

XL. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, HAMILTON, C. W.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, 13 Feb. 1871.

MY DEAR SISTER JENNY, — Here is a little bit of a present which you must accept from me; it was intended for the

New Year's time, but has been belated ; which will do it no great ill with you. Buy yourself something nice with it ; and consider at all times that my affectionate best wishes are with you ; and that if I could in any way do you a useful kindness, I gladly would.

We get a good few Canada newspapers from you ; welcome tokens of your remembrance : in one of the last, there was a very melancholy item of news marked by your hand, — the death of your dear little grandchild, poor Mary's Bairn ; we conceived painfully how sad it must have made you all ; and were ourselves sad and sorry. Poor Mary, she was herself a child when I saw her last, and she is now a bereaved mother : — Death snatches us from one another at all ages ! I often think with silent gratitude to Providence how gently we older ones have been dealt with in this respect ; saved, a whole family of us, for so many years ; none lost but poor Margaret, (very dear, and very sacred to me at this hour), and a wee wee *Jenny* whom you never saw, but whose death, and my mother's unappeasable grief for it, are still strangely present to me, after near seventy years. All we can say is, both the Living and the Dead are with God ; and we have to obey, and be of hope.

You regret sometimes that I do not write to you ; but it is not my blame, it is my misfortune rather. For rather above five years past my right hand has been getting useless for writing, (the left strangely enough, is still steady, and holds good) ; the weight of years, too, 75 of them gone December last, presses heavy on me ; and all work, but most especially all kinds of writing, are a thing I avoid as sorrowfully disagreeable. Mary Aitken, who drives an admirable pen, is indeed ever willing to be "dictated" to ; and I do, in cases of necessity, trust that method ; but find, on the whole, that it never will succeed with me.

From the Dr. and from Jean I believe you get all the news that are worth writing ; and that is the main interest in the matter.

The Dr. is in Edinburgh of late weeks, and seems to be enjoying himself among old friends : — and finds it, no doubt, a pleasant and useful interruption of his Dumfries solitude, to which he will return with fresh appetite. He is much stronger and cheerier than I ; five years *younger*, and at least twice five lighter of heart. He has an excellent lodging at Dumfries yonder ; and is of much service to all the kindred ; every one of whom he is continually ready to help. Mary Aitken has been here with me above two years : — a bright little soul, writing for me, trying to be useful and cheerful to me. I have plenty of friends here ; but none of them do me much good, except by their evident goodwill ; company in general is at once wearisome and hurtful to me ; silence, and the company of my own sombre thoughts, sad probably, but also loving and beautiful, are wholesomer than talking ; these and a little serious reading are my chief resource. I have no bodily ailment, except what belongs to the gradual decay of a digestive faculty which was always weak ; except when sleepless nights afflict me too much, I have no reason to complain, but the contrary. This winter, now nearly done, has been a blustering, cold, inclement one as any I can latterly remember ; it grew at last to tell upon me as the unfriendliest of all its brethren : — but I think, after all, it may have done me little or no intrinsic damage. With the new Spring and its bright days I hope to awaken again and shake away this torpor of nerves and mind. I have long owed Alick a letter — that is to say, intended to write him one, though by count it is his turn. I often think of you all on that side the Sea as well as this ; if that could do you any good, alas ! I will end here, dear little Sister ; wishing all that is good to

you and yours, as at all times. I am and remain,

Ever your affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

Send a *newspaper* with 3 strokes when this comes: don't trouble yourself with any other announcement.

In November, 1872, Emerson made his last visit to England. Carlyle was now reduced to writing "in largish letters with blue pencil." After the next letter he never wrote again with his own hand to Mrs. Hanning or to any member of the family across the Atlantic.

XLII. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, HAMILTON, C. W.

CHELSEA, 2 Jan^y 1873.

DEAR SISTER JENNY, — I please myself with the thought that you will accept this little Newyear's Gift from me as a sign of my unalterable affection, wh^h tho' it is obliged to be silent (unable to *write* as of old) cannot fade away until I myself do! Of that be always sure, my dear little sister, — and that if in anything I can be of help to you or yours, I right willingly will.

"Cliuthill's" Photograph is wonderful and deeply affecting to me. Not one feature in it can I recognise as his: such are the changes half-a-century works upon us! If you have any means, send him my affectionate remembrances and unchanged good-wishes.

No more from this lame hand, dear Sister Jenny, — except my heart's blessings for the year and forever.

Y^r affect. Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

Carlyle's eightieth birthday — December 4, 1875 (year of Early Kings of Norway and Portraits of John Knox) — was celebrated with a memorial from his friends and "a whirlwind of gifts and congratulations." In February, 1876, John Forster died, and in April Carlyle's brother Alexander. Carlyle

wrote in his Journal: "Young Alick's account of his death is altogether interesting — a scene of sublime simplicity, great and solemn under the humblest forms. That question of his, when his eyes were already shut, and his mind wavering before the last finis of all: — 'Is Tom coming from Edinburgh the morn?' will never leave me should I live a hundred years. Poor Alick, my ever faithful brother! Come back across wide oceans and long decades of time to the scenes of brotherly companionship with me, and going out of the world as it were with his hand in mine. Many times he convoyed me to meet the Dumfries coach, or to bring me home from it, and full of bright and perfect affection always were those meetings and partings."

The last bit of Carlyle's writing printed during his life was a letter to the Times, in May, 1877, on the Russo-Turkish war. In the same year Boehm made a statue of Carlyle, and Millais a portrait.

John Carlyle died in 1879. Carlyle was now growing steadily weaker, and by October of 1880 was under the constant care of a physician.

Mary Aitken, by marriage with her cousin Alexander Carlyle, was now become "Mary Carlyle."

XLIII. MRS. ALEXANDER CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, HAMILTON, C. W.

24 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
18 July, 1880.

MY DEAR AUNT, — I received my Cousin Mrs. Baird's letter about ten days ago, asking for tidings of my Uncle. I am extremely sorry that you have been made anxious about him through my not writing; but indeed there have been many sufficient apologies for my want of punctuality in that way, which, however, I need not trouble you with here. It will suffice to say that I use the very first chance I have had to answer your enquiries.

It is not very easy to explain to you exactly how Uncle is. He is exceedingly weak, hardly able to walk fifty yards without help, and yet until about ten days ago, when he had a very severe attack of Diarrhœa which has left him much below *par*, he was what one might call for him very well. He generally spends his mornings till about half past two o'clock between lying on the sofa, reading in his easy chair, and smoking an occasional pipe; at half past two he goes out to drive for two or two and a half hours, sleeps on the sofa till dinner time (half past six) then after dinner sleeps again, at nine has tea, reads or smokes or talks, or lies on the sofa till bed time, which is usually about midnight, and so ends the day. He looks very well in the face, has a fine, fresh ruddy complexion and an immense quantity of white hair, his voice is clear and strong, he sees and hears quite well; but for the rest, as I have said, he is not good at moving about. In general he is wonderfully good humored and contented; and on the whole carries his eighty-four years well. He desires me to send you his kind love, and his good wishes: as you know, he writes to nobody at all. I do not think he has written a single letter, even dictated one, for over a year.

We are very glad to hear that all is well with you and with all your family. I have not time for more just now, as I am interrupted. Good-bye, dear aunt.

I am, Your affectionate Niece,

MARY CARLYLE.

Carlyle died on the 5th of February, 1881. The Abbey was offered, but refused; and, as the world knows, Carlyle was buried in the kirkyard of his native Ecclefechan. The following narrative of the funeral is from the pen of Mr. John Carlyle Aitken, brother to Mary Aitken Carlyle. One likes his letters less than his sister's, which are perfect in their unaffected plainness.

XLIII. MR. JOHN CARLYLE AITKEN TO MRS. HANNING, HAMILTON, C. W.

THE HILL, DUMFRIES, N. B.,
11 Feb., 1881.

MY DEAR AUNT, — Today I mean only to write a note of the more needful details, reserving for a more fitting time the full statement. I need not worry you with the account of my tempestuous voyage from New York, in which I made acquaintance with a hurricane, and its full meaning — nor how glad I was at sight of the dear *bare* and rugged hills of my native land — Leaving America to the Americans — and welcome! I shall think for sometime ere I do the “herring-pond” again! Well, no more of that if you love me! no more o’ that! I am home, and well, and likely to remain there for the remainder of my days in one shape or other. Let that serve just now on that score.

You would observe the date of Uncle’s death and might hear of it the same day, as I thought. At all events The Scotsman would supply more details; and that I hope reached you all right. All has been in such hurry, bustle and confusion ever since that no one has had time to think of writing anything requiring time or calm consideration. Uncle had not been considered seriously ill more than about a fortnight or so before the end. The vital spark of life towards the last days kept flickering in a way so extraordinary that the Doctor declared he had never met such tenacity of life and vitality in the whole course of his varied London and other experience. Dear Uncle, the good, true and noble old man that he was, really suffered little in the way of pain for some weeks before his death, which was itself little more than a gentle flickering sleep, ending in a scarcely heard last sigh of sound. While lying in a comatose or unconscious state his mind seemed to wander back to old Annandale memories of his ever loved ones and their surroundings; his mother holding her su-

preme seat surrounded by a trooping throng of once familiar faces, not very greatly less dear to him. He died full of years, with all his weary task of world's work well and nobly done, and leaves no mortal behind him who does not love and reverence his life and memory.

By the newspapers I send today you may see how very quiet the funeral yesterday was. The vale of Annan was grim and wintry. You could catch a glimpse of Hoddam, the Brownmuir, Woodcockaire, and all the old places through the white ropy mist hanging over and round them. The most touching sight I saw was that of three gray haired, smooth crowned fathers of the village of Ecclefechan, who stood together by the way-side, bare-headed and with unfeigned sadness of face and manner silently and impressively bearing witness to their sorrow. It was really very touching to look upon. The Presbyterian Kirk bells tolled mournfully as they laid him gently in the bed of rest within a few yards of the place where he first drew the breath of life, and all was as unostentatious as he himself desired it might be. Ah, me! Ah, me! Uncle James was there, as the last male link of the ever shortening chain. Mother bids me send her love to you and your fellow mourners who here and over all the wide world are many. All would gladly unite in sympathy and love with you in your far away home.

Ever affectionately,

JOHN C. AITKEN.

I give here the conclusion of Mr. Reginald Blunt's account of the movement to preserve Carlyle's house: —

"The canvass was pushed vigorously

forward from the beginning of 1895. Circulars and letters were widely distributed, the assistance of libraries throughout the country was invoked, and, by the invitation of the Lord Mayor, a crowded meeting was held at the Mansion House at the end of February, and addressed by Lord Ripon, the United States Ambassador, Mr. Leonard Courtney, Mr. Leslie Stephen, and Mr. Crockett. Funds came in slowly, but steadily; auxiliary committees were formed in New York and in Glasgow, and over £400 was remitted from America. By the end of April about £2000 had been collected, sufficient to complete the purchase, pay the expenses of the fund, and carry out part of the essential repairs. The freehold of the house was accordingly bought in May, and, after a careful survey of its actual condition, the necessary works were put in hand at the end of the month, and completed in June. The end of the season in London, and the occurrence of a General Election in July, rendered the arrangement of any opening ceremony impossible, and the House was therefore opened informally at the end of July, and was visited by over a thousand persons, from all parts of the world, during the next six weeks."

In December, 1897, at the age of eighty-four, died Janet Carlyle Hanning, the last surviving Carlyle of her generation. As the reader has seen, many of the foregoing letters were addressed to her. Those which had passed between other members of the family, and were afterward either carried by her beyond seas or sent to her in Canada, were kept by Mrs. Hanning as precious memorials of family affection.

Charles Townsend Copeland.

CALIFORNIA AND THE CALIFORNIANS.

THE Californian loves his state because his state loves him, and he returns her love with a fierce affection that men of other regions are slow to understand. Hence he is impatient of outside criticism. Those who do not love California cannot understand her, and, to his mind, their shafts, however aimed, fly wide of the mark. Thus, to say that California is commercially asleep, that her industries are gambling ventures, that her local politics is in the hands of professional pickpockets, that her small towns are the shabbiest in Christendom, that her saloons control more constituents than her churches, that she is the slave of corporations, that she knows no such thing as public opinion, that she has not yet learned to distinguish enterprise from highway robbery nor reform from blackmail, — all these things and many more the Californian may admit in discussion or may say himself, but he does not find them acceptable from others. They may be more or less true, in certain times and places, but the conditions which have permitted them will likewise mend them. It is said in the Alps that "not all the vulgar people who come to Chamonix can ever make Chamonix vulgar." For similar reasons, not all the sordid people who drift overland can ever vulgarize California. Her fascination endures, whatever the accidents of population.

The charm of California has, in the main, three sources, — scenery, climate, and freedom of life.

To know the glory of California scenery, one must live close to it through the changing years. From Siskiyou to San Diego, from Mendocino to Mariposa, from Tahoe to the Farallones, lake, crag, or chasm, forest, mountain, valley, or island, river, bay,

or jutting headland, every one bears the stamp of its own peculiar beauty, a singular blending of richness, wildness, and warmth. Coastwise everywhere sea and mountains meet, and the surf of the cold Japanese current breaks in turbulent beauty against tall "rincones" and jagged reefs of rock. Slumbering amid the hills of the Coast Range,

"A misty camp of mountains pitched tumultuously,"

lie golden valleys dotted with wide-limbed oaks, or smothered under over-weighted fruit trees. Here, too, crumble to ruins the old Franciscan missions, passing monuments of California's first page of written history.

Inland rises the great Sierra, with spreading ridge and foothill, like some huge, sprawling centipede, its granite back unbroken for a thousand miles. Frost-torn peaks, of every height and bearing, pierce the blue wastes above. Their slopes are dark with forests of noble pines and giant sequoias, the mightiest of trees, in whose silent aisles one may wander all day long and see no sign of man. Dropped here and there rest purple lakes which mark the craters of dead volcanoes, or swell the polished basins where vanished glaciers did their last work. Through mountain meadows run swift brooks over-peopled with trout, while from the crags leap full-throated streams, to be half blown away in mist before they touch the valley floor. Far down the fragrant cañons sing the green and troubled rivers, twisting their way lower and lower to the common plains. Even the hopeless stretches of alkali and sand, sinks of lost streams, in the southeastern counties, are redeemed by the delectable mountains that somewhere shut them in. Everywhere the landscape seems to swim in crystalline ether, while over all broods

the warm California sun. Here, if anywhere, life is worth living, full and rich and free.

As there is from end to end of California scarcely one commonplace mile, so from one end of the year to the other there is hardly a tedious day. Two seasons only has California, but two are enough if each in its way be perfect. Some have called the climate "monotonous," but so, no doubt, is good health. In terms of Eastern experience, the seasons may be defined as "late in the spring and early in the fall;"

"Half a year of clouds and flowers, half a year of dust and sky,"

according to Bret Harte. But with the dust and sky comes the unbroken succession of days of sunshine, the dry invigorating air, and the boundless overflow of vine and orchard. Each season in its turn brings its fill of satisfaction, and winter or summer we regret to look forward to change, because we would not give up what we have for the remembered delights of the season that is past. If one must choose, in all the fragrant California year the best month is June; for then the air is softest, and a touch of summer's gold overlies the green of winter. But October, when the first swift rains

"dash the whole long slope with color,"

and leave the clean-washed atmosphere so absolutely transparent that even distance is no longer blue, has a charm not less alluring.

So far as man is concerned, the one essential fact is that he is never the climate's slave; he is never beleaguered by the powers of the air. Winter and summer alike call him out of doors. In summer he is not languid, for the air is never sultry. In most regions he is seldom hot, for in the shade or after nightfall the dry air is always cool. When it rains, the air may be chilly, indoors or out, but it is never cold enough to make the remorseless base-burner a

welcome alternative. The habit of roasting one's self all winter long is unknown in California. The old Californian seldom built a fire for warmth's sake. When he was cold in the house he went out of doors to get warm. The house was a place for storing food and keeping one's belongings from the wet. To hide in it from the weather would be to lay a false stress on its function.

The climate of California is especially kind to childhood and old age. Men live longer there, and, if unwasted by dissipation, strength of body is better conserved. To children the conditions of life are particularly favorable. California could have no better advertisement at some world's fair than the visible demonstration of this fact. A series of measurements of the children of Oakland has recently been taken, in the interest of comparative child-study; and should the average of these for different ages be worked into a series of moulds or statues for comparison with similar models from Eastern cities, the result would cause surprise. The children in California, other things being equal, are larger, stronger, and better formed than their Eastern cousins of the same age. This advantage of development lasts, unless cigarettes, late hours, or grosser forms of dissipation come in to destroy it. A wholesome, sober, out-of-door life in California invariably means a vigorous maturity.

A third element of charm in California is that of personal freedom. The dominant note in the social development of the state is individualism, with all that this implies of good or evil. Man is man, in California: he exists for his own sake, not as part of a social organism. He is, in a sense, superior to society. In the first place, it is not his society; he came from some other region on his own business. Most likely, he did not intend to stay; but, having summered and wintered in California, he has become a Californian, and now he

is not contented anywhere else. Life on the coast has, for him, something of the joyous irresponsibility of a picnic. The feeling of children released from school remains with grown people.

"A Western man," says Dr. Amos G. Warner, "is an Eastern man who has had some additional experiences." The Californian is a man from somewhere or anywhere in America or Europe, typically from New England, perhaps, who has learned a thing or two he did not know in the East, and perhaps has forgotten some things it would have been as well to remember. The things he has learned relate chiefly to elbow-room, nature at first hand, and "the unearned increment." The thing he is most likely to forget is that escape from public opinion is not escape from the consequences of wrong action.

Of elbow-room California offers abundance. In an old civilization men grow like trees in a close-set forest. Individual growth and symmetry give way to the necessity of crowding. There is no room for spreading branches, and the characteristic qualities and fruitage develop only at the top. On the frontier men grow as the California live oak, which, in the open field, sends its branches far and wide.

With plenty of elbow-room, the Californian works out his own inborn character. If he is greedy, malicious, intemperate, by nature, his bad qualities rise to the second degree in California, and sometimes to the third. The whole responsibility rests on himself. Society has no part of it, and he does not pretend to be what he is not, out of deference to society. "Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue," but in California no such homage is demanded or accepted. In like manner, the virtues become intensified in freedom. Nowhere in the world can one find men and women more hospitable, more refined, more charming, than in the homes of prosperous California. And these

homes, whether in the pine forests of the Sierras, in the orange groves of the south, in the peach orchards of the Coast Range, or on the great stock ranches, are the delight of all visitors who enter their open doors. To be sure, the bewildering hospitality of the great financiers and greater gamblers of the sixties and seventies is a thing of the past. We shall never again see such prodigal entertainment as that which Ralston, bankrupt, cynical, but magnificent, once dispensed in Belmont Cañon. Nor do we find, nowadays, such lavish outgiving of fruit and wine, or such rushing of tallyhos, as once preceded the auction sale of town lots in paper cities. These gorgeous "spreads" were not hospitality, and disappeared when the traveler had learned his lesson. Their evident purpose was "the sale of worthless land to old duffers from the East." But real hospitality is characteristic of all parts of California where men and women have an income beyond the needs of the day.

To a very unusual degree, the Californian forms his own opinions on matters of politics, religion, and human life, and these views he expresses without reserve. His own head he "carries under his own hat," and whether this be silk or a sombrero is a matter of his own choosing. The dictates of church and party have no binding force on him. The Californian does not confine his views to abstractions. He has his own opinions of individual men and women. If need be, he will analyze the character, motives, and actions of his neighbor in a way which will horrify the traveler who has grown up in the shade of a libel law.

The typical Californian has largely outgrown provincialism. He has seen much of the world, and he knows the varied worth of varied lands. He travels more widely than the man of any other state, and he has the education which travel gives. As a rule, the well-

to-do Californian knows Europe better than the average Eastern man of equal financial resources, and the chances are that his range of experience includes a part of Asia as well. A knowledge of his own country is a matter of course. He has no sympathy with "the essential provinciality of the mind which knows the Eastern seaboard, and has some measure of acquaintance with countries and cities, and with men from Ireland to Italy, but which is densely ignorant of our own vast domain, and thinks that all that lies beyond Philadelphia belongs to the West." Not that provincialism is unknown in California, or that its occasional exhibition is any less absurd or offensive here than elsewhere. For example, one may note a tendency to set up local standards for literary work done in California. Another, more harmful idea would insist that methods outworn in the schools elsewhere are good because they are Californian. This is the usual provincialism of ignorance, and it is found the world over. Especially is it characteristic of centres of population. When men come into contact with men instead of with the forces of nature, they mistake their own conventionalities for the facts of existence. It is not what life is, but what "the singular mess we agree to call life" is, that interests them. In this fashion they lose their real understanding of affairs, become the toys of their local environment, and are marked as provincials or tenderfeet when they stray away from home.

California is emphatically one of "earth's male lands," to accept Brown-ing's classification. The first Saxon settlers were men, and in their rude civilization women had no part. For years women in California were objects of curiosity or of chivalry, disturbing rather than cementing influences in society. Even yet California is essentially a man's state. It is common to say that public opinion does not exist

there; but such a statement is not wholly correct. It does exist, but it is an out-of-door public opinion,—a man's view of men. There is, for example, a strong public opinion against hypocrisy, in California, as more than one clerical renegade has found, to his discomfiture. The pretense to virtue is the one vice that is not forgiven. If a man be not a liar, few questions are asked, least of all the delicate one as to the "name he went by in the states." What we commonly call public opinion—the cut-and-dried decision on social and civic questions—is made up in the house. It is essentially feminine in its origin, the opinion of householders as to how men should behave. In California there is little which corresponds to the social atmosphere pervading the snug, white-painted, green-blinded New England villages, and this little exists chiefly in communities of people transported thither in block,—traditions, conventionalities, prejudices, and all. There is, in general, no merit attached to conformity, and one may take a wide range of rope without necessarily arousing distrust. Speaking broadly, in California the virtues of life spring from within, and are not prescribed from without. The young man who is decent only because he thinks that some one is looking would do well to stay away. The stern law of individual responsibility turns the fool over to the fool-killer without a preliminary trial. No finer type of man can be found in the world than the sober Californian; and yet no coast is strewn with wrecks more pitiful.

There are some advantages in the absence of a compelling force of public opinion. One of them is found in the strong self-reliance of men and women who have made and enforced their own moral standards. With very many men life in California brings a decided strengthening of the moral fibre. They must reconsider, justify, and fight for their standards of action; and by so

doing they become masters of themselves. With men of weak nature the result is not so encouraging. The bad side of this life is shown in lax business methods, official carelessness and corruption, the widespread corrosions of vulgar vices, and the general lack of pride in their work shown by artisans and craftsmen.

In short, California is a man's land, with male standards of action, — a land where one must give and take, stand and fall, as a man. With the growth of woman's realm of homes and houses this will slowly change. It is changing now, year by year, for good and ill; and soon California will have a public opinion. Her sons will learn to fear "the rod behind the looking-glass," and to shun evil not only because it is vile, but because it is improper.

Contact with the facts of nature has taught the Californian something in itself. To have elbow-room is to touch nature at more angles; and whenever she is touched, she is an insistent teacher. Whatever is to be done, the typical Californian knows how to do it, and how to do it well. He is equal to every occasion. He can cinch his own saddle, harness his own team, bud his own grapevines, cook his own breakfast, paint his own house; and because he cannot go to the market for every little service, perforce he serves himself. In dealing with college students in California, one is impressed by their boundless ingenuity. If anything needs doing, some student can do it for you. Is it to sketch a waterfall, to engrave a portrait, to write a sonnet, to mend a saddle, to sing a song, to build an engine, or to "bust a bronco," there is some one at hand who can do it, and do it artistically. Varied ingenuity California demands of her pioneers. Their native originality has been intensified by circumstances, until it has become a matter of tradition and habit. The processes of natural selection have favored the survival of the ingenious,

and the quality of adequacy is become hereditary.

The possibility of the unearned increment is a great factor in the social evolution of California. Its influence has been widespread, persistent, and in most regards baneful. The Anglo-Saxon first came to California for gold to be had for the picking up. The hope of securing something for nothing, money or health without earning it, has been the motive for a large share of the subsequent immigration. From those who have grown rich through undeserved prosperity, and from those who have grown poor in the quest of it, California has suffered sorely. Even now, far and wide, people think of California as a region where wealth is not dependent on thrift, where one can somehow "strike it rich" without that tedious attention to details and expenses which wears out life in effete regions such as Europe and the Eastern States. In this feeling there is just enough of truth to keep the notion alive, but never enough to save from disaster those who make it a working hypothesis. The hope of great or sudden wealth has been the mainspring of enterprise in California, but it has also been the excuse for shiftlessness and recklessness, the cause of social disintegration and moral decay. The "Argonauts of '49" were a strong, self-reliant, generous body of men. They came for gold, and gold in abundance. Most of them found it, and some of them retained it. Following them came a miscellaneous array of parasites and plunderers; gamblers, dive-keepers and saloon-keepers, who fed fat on the spoils of the Argonauts. Every Roaring Camp had its Jack Hamlin as well as its Flynn of Virginia, and the wild, strong, generous, reckless aggregate cared little for thrift, and wasted more than they earned.

But it is not gold alone that in California has dazzled men with visions of sudden wealth. Orange groves, peach orchards, prune orchards, wheat-raising,

lumbering, horse-farms, chicken-ranches, bee-ranches, seal-poaching, codfishing, salmon-canning, — each of these has held out the same glittering possibility. Even the humblest ventures have caught the prevailing tone of speculation. Industry and trade have been followed, not for a living, but for sudden wealth, and often on a scale of personal expenses out of all proportion to the probable results. In the sixties, when the gold fever began to subside, it was found that the despised "cow counties" would bear marvelous crops of wheat. At once wheat-raising was undertaken on a grand scale. Farms of five thousand to fifty thousand acres were established on the old Spanish grants in the valleys of the Coast Range and in the interior.

The comparative exhaustion of the placer mines and the advent of quartz-crushing with elaborate machinery have changed gold-mining from speculation to regular business, to the great advantage of the state. In the same manner the development of irrigation is changing the character of farming in many parts of California. In the early days fruit-raising was of the nature of speculation, but the spread of irrigation has brought it into more wholesome relations. To irrigate a tract of land is to make its product certain; but at the same time, irrigation demands expenditure of money, and the building of a home necessarily follows. Irrigation thus tends to break up the vast farms into small holdings which become permanent homes.

On land well chosen, carefully planted, and thriftily managed, an orchard of prunes or of oranges should reward its possessor with a comfortable living, besides occasionally an unexpected profit thrown in. But too often men have not been content with the usual return, and have planted trees with a view only to the unearned profits. To make an honest living from the sale of oranges or prunes is quite another thing from acquiring sudden wealth. When a man

without experience in fruit-raising or in general economy comes to California, buys land on borrowed capital, plants it without discrimination, and spends his profits in advance, there can be but one result. The laws of economics are inexorable even in California. One of the curses of the state is the "fool fruit-grower," with neither knowledge nor conscience in the management of his business. Thousands of trees have been planted on ground unsuitable for the purpose, and thousands of trees which ought to have done well have died through his neglect. Through his agency frozen oranges are sent to Eastern markets under his neighbor's brands, and most needlessly his varied follies have spoiled the reputation of the best of fruit.

The great body of immigrants to California have been sound and earnest, fit citizens of the young state, but this is rarely true of seekers of the unearned increment. No one is more greedy for money than the man who can never get any. Rumors of golden chances have brought in a steady stream of incompetents from all places and all strata of social life. From the common tramp to the inventor of "perpetual motions" is a long step in the moral scale, but both are alike in their eagerness to escape from the "competitive social order" of the East, in which their abilities found no recognition. Whoever has deservedly failed in the older states is sure to think of redeeming his fortunes in California. Once on the Pacific slope the difficulties in the way of his return seem insurmountable. The dread of the winter's cold alone is in most cases a deterrent factor. Thus San Francisco, by force of circumstances, has become the hopper into which fall incompetents from all the world, and from which few escape. The city contains about three hundred thousand people. Of these, a vast number, thirty thousand to fifty thousand, it may be, have no real business in San Francisco. They live from hand to mouth,

by odd jobs that might be better done by better people; and whatever their success in making a living, they swell the army of discontent, and confound all attempts to solve industrial problems. In this rough estimate I do not count San Francisco's own poor, of which there is a moderate proportion, but only those who have drifted in from the outside. I would include, however, not only those who are economically impotent, but also those who follow the weak for predatory ends. In this last category I place a certain number of saloon-keepers; a class of so-called lawyers; a long line of soothsayers, clairvoyants, lottery agents, and joint-keepers, beside gamblers, sweaters, promoters of "medical institutes," magnetic, psychical, and magic "healers," and other types of unhangd scoundrels that feed upon the life-blood of the weak and foolish. The other cities of California have had a similar experience. Each has its reputation for hospitality, and each has a considerable population which has come in from other regions because incapable of making its own way. It is not the poor and helpless alone who are the victims of imposition. There are fools in all walks in life. Many a well-dressed man or woman can be found in the rooms of the clairvoyant or the Chinese "doctor." In matters of health, especially, men grasp at the most unpromising straws. In one city I lately visited, I found scarcely a business block that did not contain at least one human leech under the trade name of "healer," metaphysical, electrical, astral, divine, or what not. And these will thrive so long as men seek health or fortune with closed eyes and open hands.

In no way has the unearned increment been more mischievous than in the booming of cities. With the growth of towns comes increase in the value of the holdings of those who hold and wait. If the city grows rapidly enough, these gains may be inordinately great. The mar-

velous beauty of Southern California and the charm of its climate have impressed thousands of people. Two or three times this impression has been epidemic. At one time almost every bluff along the coast, from Los Angeles to San Diego and beyond, was staked out in town lots. The wonderful climate was everywhere, and everywhere men had it for sale, not only along the coast, but throughout the orange-bearing region of the interior. Every resident bought lots, all the lots he could hold. The tourist took his hand in speculation. Corner lots in San Diego, Del Mar, Azusa, Redlands, Riverside, Pasadena, anywhere, brought fabulous prices. A village was laid out in the uninhabited bed of a mountain torrent, and men stood in the streets in Los Angeles, ranged in line, all night long, to await their turn in buying lots. Worthless land and inaccessible, barren cliffs, river-wash, sand hills, cactus deserts, sinks of alkali, everything met with ready sale. The belief that Southern California would be one great city was universal. The desire to buy became a mania. "Millionaires of a day," even the shrewdest lost their heads, and the boom ended, as such booms always end, in utter collapse.

Mr. T. S. Van Dyke, of San Diego, has written of this collapse: "The money-market tightened almost on the instant. From every quarter of the land the drain of money outward had been enormous, and had been balanced only by the immense amount constantly coming in. Almost from the day this inflow ceased money seemed scarce everywhere, for the outgo still continued. Not only were vast sums going out every day for water-pipe, railroad iron, cement, lumber, and other material for the great improvements going on in every direction, most of which material had already been ordered, but thousands more were still going out for diamonds and a host of other things already bought, — things that only increase the

general indebtedness of a community by making those who cannot afford them imitate those who can. And tens of thousands more were going out for butter, eggs, pork, and even potatoes and other vegetables, which the luxurious boomers thought it beneath the dignity of millionaires to raise."

But the normal growth of Los Angeles and her sister towns has gone on, in spite of these spasms of fever and their consequent chills. Their real advantages could not be obscured by the bursting of financial bubbles. By reason of situation and climate they have continued to attract men of wealth and enterprise, as well as those in search of homes and health.

The search for the unearned increment in bodily health brings many to California who might better have remained at home. The invalid finds health in California only if he is strong enough to grasp it. To one who can spend his life out of doors it is indeed true that "our pines are trees of healing," but to one confined to the house, there is little gain in the new conditions. To those accustomed to the close heat of Eastern rooms the California house in the winter seems depressingly chilly.

I know of few things more pitiful than the annual migration of hopeless consumptives to Los Angeles, Pasadena, and San Diego. The Pullman cars in the winter are full of sick people, banished from the East by physicians who do not know what else to do with their incurable patients. They go to the large hotels of Los Angeles or Pasadena, and pay a rate they cannot afford. They shiver in half-warmed rooms; take cold after cold; their symptoms grow alarming; their money wastes away; and finally, in utter despair, they are hurried back homeward, perhaps to die on board the train. Or it may be that they choose cheap lodging-houses, at prices more nearly within their reach. Here again, they suffer for want of home

food, home comforts, and home warmth, and the end is just the same. People hopelessly ill should remain with their friends; even California has no health to give to those who cannot earn it, in part at least, by their own exertions.

It is true that the "one-lunged people" form a considerable part of the population of Southern California. It is also true that no part of our Union has a better population, and that many of these men and women are now as robust and vigorous as one could desire. But this happy change is possible only to those in the first stages of the disease. Out-of-door life and physical activity enable the system to suppress the germs of disease, but climate without activity does not cure. So far as climate is concerned, many parts of the arid regions in Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado are more favorable than California, because they are protected from the chill of the sea. Another class of health-seekers receives less sympathy in California, and perhaps deserves less. It is made up of jaundiced hypochondriacs and neurotic wrecks. These people shiver in the California winter boarding-houses, torment themselves with ennui at the country ranches, poison themselves with "nerve foods," and perhaps finally survive to write the sad and squalid "truth about California." Doubtless it is all inexpressibly tedious to them: subjective woe is always hard to bear—but it is not California.

There are others, too, who are disaffected, but I shall not stop to discuss them or their points of view. It is true, in general, that few to whom anything else is anywhere possible find disappointment in California.

With all this, the social life is, in its essentials, that of the rest of the United States, for the same blood flows in the veins of those whose influence dominates it. Under all its deviations and variations lies the old Puritan conscience, which is still the backbone of the civil-

zation of the republic. Life there is a little fresher, a little freer, a good deal richer, in its physical aspects, but for these reasons, possibly, more intensely and characteristically American. With perhaps ninety-five per cent of identity there is five per cent of divergence, and this five per cent I have emphasized even to exaggeration. We know our friends by their slight differences in feature or expression, not by their common humanity. Much of this divergence is already fading away. Scenery and climate remain, but there is less elbow-room, and the unearned increment is disappearing. That which is solid will endure ; the rest will vanish. The forces

that ally us to the East are growing stronger every year with the immigration of men with new ideas. The vigorous growth of the two universities in California insures the elevation as well as the retention of these ideas. In this way, perhaps, California may contribute something to the social development of the East, and be a giver as well as a receiver. But to the last certain traits will persist. It is the most cosmopolitan of all the states of the Union, and such it will remain. Whatever the fates may bring, the people will be tolerant, hopeful, and adequate, sure of themselves, masters of the present, fearless of the future.

David Starr Jordan.

THE WHOLESOME REVIVAL OF BYRON.

THE simultaneous appearance of two sumptuous editions of Byron, from the presses of Messrs. Murray and Macmillan, must have rather a puzzling effect on certain critics and readers of poetry. So much has been written of late years about Wordsworth and Shelley, while their quondam rival has been treated with such contumelious silence, that the disdainers of Byron had begun to feel that the ground was entirely their own ; and the faithful few, who in secret handed down the old Byron cult, must have fallen into desperation, — for there are still a few faithful, like the well-known Greek scholar of whom it was remarked in my hearing that he never quoted any English save Byron and the Bible. But apart from these scoffers and idolaters, there are some who recognize fully all the imperfections of Byron's work, and yet regard the recent exaltation of Shelley and Wordsworth so high above him as indicative of an effeminate and oversubtilized taste. To such persons the appearance of these

new editions must be welcome as a promise of renewed interest in the poet, and of a return to sounder principles of criticism.

Much has been written about Byron ; yet no author, perhaps, remains so much in need of calm and discriminating study. The elements of his genius are diverse, to a certain extent even contradictory ; and to this fact are due in part the extraordinary unevenness of his own work and the curious divergence of opinion regarding him.

In a word, the two master traits of Byron's genius are the revolutionary spirit and classical art. By classical is meant a certain predominance of the intellect over the emotions, and a reliance on broad effects rather than on subtle impressions ; these two characteristics working harmoniously together, and being subservient to human interest. And here at once we may seem to run counter to a well-established criticism of Byron. It will be remembered that Matthew Arnold has quoted and judiciously enlarged

upon Goethe's saying, "The moment he reflects, he is a child." The dictum is perfectly true. Byron as a philosopher and critic is sadly deficient, oftentimes puerile. But in fact he rarely reflects; he is more often a child because he fails to reflect at all. Predominance of intellect does not necessarily imply true wisdom; for in reality an impulsive, restless activity of mind seems often to militate against calm reflection. It implies in Byron rather keenness of wit, pungency of criticism, whether sound or false, precision and unity of conception. So, in the English Bards, the ruinous criticism of Wordsworth, "that mild apostate from poetic rule," is the expression of an irresistible mental impetus, but it is hardly reflection. When the poet came to reflect on his satire, he wisely added the comment, "unjust." When in *Childe Harold* he describes Gibbon as "sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer," he displays astonishing intellectual force in summing up the effect of a huge work in one keen memorable phrase, such as can scarcely be paralleled from the poetry of his age. And in this case he is by chance right; reflection could not modify or improve the judgment.

In its larger effect this predominance of intellect causes simplicity and tangibility of general design. Thus, on reading *Manfred*, we feel that a single and very definite idea has been grasped and held throughout; and we in turn receive a single and definite impression, which we readily carry away and reproduce in memory. But turn to Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, and mark the difference. However much the ordinary reader may admire this drama, it is doubtful whether he could give any satisfactory account of its central idea, for the reason that this idea has been diverted and refracted through the medium of a wayward imagination, and is after all but an illusion of the senses. Love, all-embracing, victorious love, is in a sense the motive of the poem; yet the most

superficial analysis will show this to be an emotion or vague state of feeling, rather than a distinct conception of the intellect. The inconsistencies bewilder the reader, although, on a rapid perusal, they may escape his critical detection. Love is the theme, yet the speeches are full of the gall of hatred: in words Prometheus may forgive his enemy, but the animus of the poem is unrelenting bitterness.

Yet the predominance of intellect, which forms so important a factor in what I have called classical art, is far from excluding all emotion. On the contrary, the simple elemental passions naturally provoke intense activity of mind. They almost inevitably, moreover, lead to an art which depends on broad effects instead of subtle and vague impressions. The passion of Byron is good evidence of this tendency. He himself somewhere remarks that his genius was eloquent rather than poetical, and in a sense this observation is true. His language has a marvelous sweep and force that carry the reader on through a sustained emotion, but in detail it is prosaic in comparison with the iridescent style of Shelley or of Keats. Marino Faliero, one of Byron's less important works, may be cited as a fair example of his eloquence and concentrated passion. The theme of the drama is perfectly simple, — the conflict in Marino's breast between aristocratic pride and the love of liberty (predominant characteristics, be it observed, of the poet himself); and about this conflict the whole action of the play revolves, without any minor issues to dissipate the effect. The mind is held gripped to one emotion and one thought; we seem to hear the mighty pleading of a Demosthenes. There is no poem of Shelley's (with the possible exception of *The Cenci*, where he resorts to monstrous and illegitimate means) which begins to leave on the mind so distinct and powerful an impression as this, yet the whole drama contains per-

haps not a single line of the illusive charm to be found in passages on every page of Shelley's works. We know from Byron's letters and prefaces that he made a conscious effort to be, as he himself calls it, classical in this respect. Had his genius possessed also the subtle grace of the more romantic writers, he would have been classical in a still higher and broader sense; for the greatest poets, the true classics, Homer as well as Shakespeare, have embraced both gifts. As it is, we are left to contrast the vigorous, though incomplete, art of Byron with the more wayward and effeminate style of his rivals. And in this we are justified by the known hostility of Byron to the tendencies of his age and by the utterances of the romantic writers themselves, from whom a volume of quotations might be culled showing that they deliberately look on poetry as a vehicle for the emotions and imaginations of the heart alone.

It was in no spirit of mere carping at the present that Byron condemned the romantic spirit, and waged continuous if often indiscreet warfare for Milton and Dryden and Pope. His indifference to Shakespeare proves the sincerity of his opinion, however it may expose the narrowness of his judgment. He perceived clearly a real kinship, on one side of his genius, with Dryden and Pope, and was sincere in his wish to follow them as models. He was saved from their aridity by the revolutionary spirit, which was equally strong within him, and which he acknowledged by partially condemning himself with his contemporaries.

Were the subject not too technical, the radical difference between these classes of poets might be shown by a study of their use of metaphor. Poetry hardly exists without metaphor. Besides the formal simile there is in verse the more pervasive use of metaphorical language, by which the whole world of animate and inanimate nature is brought into similarity and kinship with the human

soul, so that our inner life is enlarged and exalted by a feeling of universal dominion. The classical metaphor is simple and intellectual; through its means the vague is fixed and presented clearly to the mind by comparison with the more definite, the complex by comparison with the simple, the abstract with the concrete, the emotional with the sensuous. Its rival, the romantic metaphor, appeals to the fancy by the very opposite method. It would be easy to take the Prometheus Unbound and show how Shelley persistently relaxes the mind by vague and abstract similes. The moments are said to crawl like "*death-worms*;" spring is compared with the "*memory of a dream*," with "*genius*," or "*joy which riseth up as from the earth*;" the rushing avalanche is likened to "*thought by thought . . . piled up, till some great truth is loosened, and the nations echo round*." In the famous and exquisitely beautiful singing-metaphor of that poem we have in miniature a perfect picture of the romantic poet's art:—

“Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
And we sail on, away, afar
Without a course, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven.”

Perhaps nowhere could a more perfect expression of this wayward and delicate spirit of romance be found, unless in that brief phrase of *A Winter's Tale*:—

“A wild dedication of yourselves
To unpathed waters, undreamed shores.”

Take away this subtle and baffling overgrowth of the emotions, and the sturdier metaphor of the classical poets remains. Individual comparisons of this vague character may no doubt be cited from Byron (they are not altogether wanting even in Homer), but they are in him distinctly exceptions. In general the poetic medium in which he works has an intellectual solidity akin to the older masters.

Poetry is the most perfect instrument

of expression granted us in our need of self-utterance, and it is something to have learned in what way this instrument is shaped to the hand of a strong poet. But this is not all. We desire to know further the material he chooses and how he treats it. How does he deal with the great themes of literature? How does he stand toward nature and man? And here too we shall find a real contrast between Byron and his contemporaries.

There is a scene in Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford* which to me has always seemed to set forth the aim of the romantic nature-poet in a charming light. It is the bewitching chapter where the ladies visit old Mr. Holbrook, the bachelor, and he, musing after dinner in the garden, quotes and comments on Tennyson:—

“‘The cedar spreads his dark-green layers of shade.’

‘Capital term — layers! Wonderful man! . . . Why, when I saw the review of his poems in *Blackwood*, I set off within an hour, and walked seven miles to Misselton (for the horses were not in the way) and ordered them. Now, what colour are ash-buds in March?’

“‘Is the man going mad? thought I. He is very like Don Quixote.

“‘What colour are they, I say?’ repeated he vehemently.

“‘I am sure I don’t know, sir,’ said I, with the meekness of ignorance.

“‘I knew you did n’t. No more did I — an old fool that I am! — till this young man comes and tells me. Black as ash-buds in March. And I’ve lived all my life in the country; more shame for me not to know. Black: they are jet-black, madam.’”

Excellent botany, no doubt, and very dainty verse; and yet I cannot think the fame of the great masters of song depends on such trivialities as this. *Black as ash-buds in March*, — one might read all the famous epics of the past without acquiring this curious bit

of information. Now it is perfectly sure that, practically, all the verse-makers of the present day look to natural description for their main theme, and would clap their poetical hands as in the joy of a vast inspiration over one such novel bit of observation that chanced to fall in their way. And in this they have but carried to its extreme tenuity the disposition of the romantic poets, their forbears. There is a good deal of this petty, prying nature-cult in Keats and Shelley, along with inspiration of a more solid or mystical quality. And it is Wordsworth who chants over the small celandine:—

“‘Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower! — I’ll make a stir,
Like a great astronomer.”

Some kinship of spirit, some haunting echo of the revolutionary cry, binds us very close to the singers of that age, and we are perforce influenced by their attitude toward the outer world. It would be a matter of curious inquiry to search out the advent of this nature-worship into poetry, and to trace it down through later writers. Its growth and culmination are in a way coincident with the revolutionary period to which Byron belongs, and, like most innovations of the kind, it denotes both an enlargement and a loss of idealism. The peculiar form of religious enthusiasm developed in the Middle Ages had wrought out its own idealism. The soul of the individual man seemed to the Christian of that day, as it were, the centre of the world, about which the divine drama of salvation revolved; and on the position taken by the individual in this drama depended his eternal life. A man’s personality became of vast importance in the universal scheme of things, and a new and justifiable egotism of intense activity was born. There was necessarily an element of anguish in this thought of personal importance and insecurity, but on the whole, while faith lasted, it was overbalanced by feelings of joy and peace; for, after all, salvation

was within reach. The idealism of such a period found its aim in the perfection of man's soul, and humanity in the life of its individual members was the one theme of surpassing interest. The new humanism which came in with the Renaissance modified, but did not entirely displant this ideal; the faith of the earlier ages remained for a long time intact. But by the closing years of the eighteenth century the long illusion of man's personal value in the universe had been rudely shattered; his anchor of faith had been rent away. Then came the readjustment which is still in progress, and is still the cause of so much unrest and tribulation. In place of the individual arose a new ideal of humanity as a whole, — a very pretty theory for philosophers, but in no wise comforting for the homeless soul of man, trained by centuries of introspection to deem himself the chosen vessel of grace. There was a season of revolt. The individual, still bearing his burden of self-importance, and seeing now no restrictive laws to bind him, gave himself to all the wild vagaries of the revolutionary period. Nor is it a matter of chance that Voltaire, the father of modern skepticism, and Rousseau, the first of romantic nature-worshippers, had worked together to this end. It was under this stimulus that those who were unable to silence the inner need amidst the turmoil of action turned to the outer world, seeking there the comfort of an idealism not attainable in the vague abstraction of humanity. The individual found a new solace in reverie, which seemed to make him one with the wide and beneficent realm of nature. The flattering trust in his own eternal personality was undermined, the unsubdued egotism born of the old faith left him solitary amid mankind; he turned for companionship to the new world whose kinship to himself was so newly discovered: —

“ Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone ;

A truth, which through our being then doth melt
And purifies from self : it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty ; — 't would disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.”

An eternal harmony did indeed spring from this new source of music; it was a substantial gain, a new-created idealism in poetry. But we should not shut our eyes to the concomitant danger and loss. In this flattering absorption into nature the poet was too apt to forget that, after all, the highest and noblest theme must forever be the struggle of the human soul; he was too ready to substitute vague reverie for honest thought, and to lose his higher sympathy with man in the eager pursuit of minute phenomena. We are all familiar with the travestied nature-cult to be seen especially in unattached women, who seek in this way an outlet for unemployed emotions such as formerly they found in religious enthusiasm. There is, alas, too much of this petty sentimentality in the verse of the day. We turn to the earlier bards of the century, the founders of this new religion, for guidance and inspiration, and too often we imitate their weakness instead of their strength. Wordsworth has made a stir over the small celandine, and Tennyson has discovered that ash-buds are black in March; the present generation must, for originality, examine the fields with a botanist's lens, while the poor reader, who retains any use of his mind, is too often reminded of the poet Gray's shrewd witticism, that he learnt botany to save himself the trouble of thinking. If for no other reason, we are justified in calling attention to Byron, who in his treatment of nature shows the same breadth and mental scope, the same human sympathy, which characterize his classical use of metaphor.

There is a curious passage in one of Franklin's letters, where the philosopher attempts to prove by experiment that the perception of form is remembered more clearly than the perception of color. I am not sure that his explanation of this phenomenon is strictly scientific, but the fact is indisputable. Form and motion of form are clearly defined, intelligible, so to speak; color is illusive and impressionistic. So, it will be remembered, the Greeks were preëminent in their imitation of form; the Renaissance artists excelled in color. Distinctions of this kind, to be sure, are a matter of degree only, but none the less significant for that. Now there are descriptions in Byron of gorgeous coloring, notably in certain stanzas of the *Haidée* episode; but even here the colors are sharply defined, and there is little of the blending, iridescent light of romance, —

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream;"

and in general Byron dwells on form and action in his presentation of nature, whereas his contemporaries, and notably Shelley, revel in her variety of hues.

It is curious, in fact, that many who are prone to dignify emotional reverie as thought would ascribe such predominance of intellect to shallowness, just as they would deem the breadth of Byron's natural description due to narrowness of observation. You will indeed find in Byron no poems on the small celandine, or the daisy, or the cuckoo, or the nightingale, or the west wind; but you may find pictures of mountains reared like the palaces of nature, of the free bounding ocean, of tempest on sea and storm among the Alps, of the solitary pine woods, of placid Lake Leman, — of all the greater, sublimer aspects of nature, such as can hardly be paralleled elsewhere in English literature.

Byron was too much a child of his age to escape the longing for mystic

fellowship with nature which came in with the century, and still, in milder form perhaps, troubles mankind. But even here there are in him a firmness and a directness of utterance which distinguish his work from the more flaccid rhapsodies of his romantic rivals. Let us by all means retain as a precious and late-won possession this sense of communion with the fair outlying world, but let us at the same time beware of loosening our grip on realities. I know no better palliative for the insidious relaxing sentimentality that lurks in such brooding contemplation than certain well-known passages of *Childe Harold*, such as —

"I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me;"

or,

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;"

or,

"Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake."

It is again the classic element in Byron's art which saves him from shadowy, meaningless words; and he is assisted also by his intense human passions and personality. I have indeed intimated that the preponderance of human interest is an essential feature of the classical spirit; it would have been easy to show that, along with predominance of intellect and breadth, this human interest is everywhere present in Byron's work; but the humanism — the egotism, if you choose — is so universally recognized in his character that any detailed exposition of its presence in his poetry seemed superfluous. Only in his treatment of nature, perhaps, ought special attention to be called to this trait, for here most of all he differs from certain of the romantic writers. It is well to remember that now and always "the proper study of mankind is man." We need still to reflect on the wise admonition of St. Augustine: "And men go abroad to gaze at the lofty mountains, and the great waves of the sea, and the

wide flowing of rivers, and the circle of ocean, and the revolutions of the stars, and pass themselves, the crowning wonder, by." This genuine human interest distinguished Byron from the pseudo-classical writers as well, who would etherealize predominance of intellect into inanimate abstractions, — from those thin-blooded poets of the last century whose art depended on a liberal distribution of capital letters.

At bottom Byron's sympathy is not with nature, but with man, and in the expression of this sympathy he displays the sturdy strength of classic art. Théophile Gautier, in his study of Villon, has a clever appeal for the minor bards. "The most highly vaunted passages of the poets," he says, "are ordinarily commonplaces. Ten verses of Byron on love, on the brevity of life, or on some other subject equally as new will find more admirers than the strangest vision of Jean Paul or of Hoffmann: this is because very many have been or are in love, and a still greater number are fearful of death, but very few, even in dreams, have beheld the fantastic images of the German story-tellers pass before them." Gautier himself, as one of the "fantasies," may be prejudiced in their favor, but his characterization of Byron is eminently right. It is a fact that the great poets, the classic poets, deal very much with commonplaces, but Gautier should know his Horace well enough to remember that nothing is more difficult than the art of giving these commonplaces an individual stamp.

Here again it may be wise to turn for a while from the romantic poets who search out the wayward, obscure emotions of the heart to one who treated almost exclusively those simple, fundamental passions which are most compatible with predominance of intellect and breadth of expression. I hardly know where in English literature, outside of Shakespeare, one is to find the great passions of men set forth so directly and powerfully as in Byron,

and on this must rest his final claim to serious consideration. It is said that Byron could never get outside of himself; and this, to a certain extent, is true. He lacked the dramatic art; but, on the other hand, his own human passions were so strong, his life was so vigorous, that from personal experience he was able to accomplish more than most others whose sympathies might be wider. His range is by no means universal, and yet what masterly pictures he has drawn of love and hate, of patriotism, honor, disdain, sarcasm, revenge, remorse, despair, awe, and mockery! If he had touched the passion of love alone, he would still be worthy of study. It is wholesome now and again to forget the ethereal heights where Cythna dwells, and linger by the sea with Haidée, the pure and innocent child of nature. Love in Byron is commonly the lust which enslaves and degrades, or it is the instinctive attraction of youth uncorrupted of the world, — that simple self-surrender, unquestioning and unpolluted, which to the aged sight of the wise Goethe and weary Renan seemed, after all, the best and truest thing in life. Other poets in search of love's mystic shadow have philosophized with Plato or scaled the empyrean with Dante; but rarely in these excursions have they avoided the perils of unreality or self-deception, of inanity or morbidity. It is at least safer to see in love the simple animal passion, pure or perverted as the case may be.

And this brings us to the vexed question of Byron's morality. I would not appear to excuse his shortcomings in this respect, and yet I think the evil of his work has been much exaggerated. His aggressive free-thinking, which so shocked his contemporaries, can scarcely do more than elicit a smile to-day; the grossly sensual passages in his poems are few, and these are more outspoken than seductive; his sneers are mostly for cant and hypocrisy, which, God knows, deserved such lashing then as they do

now. And withal his mind was right; he never deceived himself. Many times he refers to the ruin of his own life, and always he puts his finger on the real source of the evil, his lack of self-restraint and his revolt from conventions. There is something manly and pathetic at once, not without strange foreboding of what was to come, in these lines from *Childe Harold* : —

"If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion
bar

My name from out the temple where the
dead

Are honour'd by the nations — let it be —

And light the laurels on a loftier head !

And be the Spartan's epitaph on me —

'Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.'

Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need ;

The thorns which I have reap'd are of the
tree

I planted, — they have torn me, — and I
bleed :

I should have known what fruit would spring
from such a seed."

In his *Epistle to Augusta*, perhaps the noblest of all his shorter poems, he more explicitly mentions the evil that brought about his ruin : —

"I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

"Mine were my faults, and mine be their re-
ward.

My whole life was a contest, since the day
That gave me being, gave me that which
marr'd

The gift, — a fate, or will, that walk'd
astray."

I cannot refrain from quoting, by way of contrast, the words of Mrs. Shelley in regard to her wayward companion. "In all Shelley did," she says, "he, at the time of doing it, believed himself justified to his own conscience." This, surely, is the inner falsehood, more deadly, as Plato affirmed, than the spoken lie ; and I am sufficiently a Platonist to believe that in this glozing of evil lies the veritable danger to morals. There is no such insidious disease in Byron's mind.

The errors of Byron, both in conduct and in art, were in fact largely due to the revolutionary spirit which so easily passed into licentiousness. Classical art should result in self-restraint and perfection of form, but to this Byron never attained except spasmodically, almost by accident it would seem. So far he is classical that he almost universally displays predominance of intellect, breadth of treatment, and human interest ; but side by side with this principle of limitation runs the other spirit of revolt, producing at times that extraordinary incongruity of effect which has so baffled his later audience. The world, after manifold struggles, had begun to throw off the mediæval ideals ; faith in the infinite and eternal value of the human person, with all its earthly desires and ambitions, with its responsibility to a jealous God, had been rudely shaken ; nor had that deeper faith taken hold of the mind wherein this laboring, grasping, earthly self is seen to be but a shadow, an obscuration, of something vastly greater, hidden in secret places of the heart. Belief in the divine right of rulers had been burst as an insubstantial bubble, but in the late-born ideal of a humanity bound in brotherhood and striving upward together the individual was very slow to feel the drawing of the new ties ; he had revolted from the past, and still felt himself homeless and unattached in the shadowy ideals of the future. In such an age Byron was born, a man of superabundant physical vigor which at anytime would have ill brooked restraint, and of mental impetuosity which had by nature something of the tiger in it. He was led at first by the very spirit of the age to glory in physical and mental license and to exaggerate his impatience at restraint, and only by the hard experience of life did he learn, or partly learn, the lesson of moderation. Naturally his poetry often reflected his temperament in its lack of discipline.

I have dwelt at length on the strength

of Byron's art, but I would not slur over his deficiencies. No one can be more conscious of these deficiencies than the present writer, whose recent task it has been to read through Byron's works with an editor's questioning eye. His language is often — very often — slipshod, made obscure by endless anacoluthons, disfigured by frequent lapses into bad grammar; the thought and style of certain poems — *The Prophecy of Dante*, for instance — are so cheap as to render the reading of them a labor of necessity; yet all this hardly affects his importance for us. We are not likely to learn bad grammar from him, and his dull poems are easily passed over. He wrote, to use his own words, as the tiger leaps; and if he missed his aim, there was no retrieving the failure. We call this lack of artistic conscience, and so it is; but in these days of pedantic aesthetes, it is refreshing now and again to surrender ourselves to the impulse of untrammelled genius. And then, if Byron often failed, he sometimes hit the mark. There are passages — more than that, there are whole poems — wherein his classical method has dominated the license of revolt sufficiently to achieve almost perfect harmony of form, while still retaining the full vigor of his imperious inspiration.

But the inner spirit of his poems was affected even more than his art by the new ferment. To do anything like justice to the psychology of Byron would require a separate study in itself; and if the subject is here passed lightly over, this is because it seems, on the whole, less important at the present moment than the analysis of his art, and because it has already been treated with considerable acumen. Every one recognizes at a glance the tormented personality and the revolutionary leaven in Byron's spirit; not every one, perhaps, would comprehend immediately the extraordinary result produced by the union of these with his classical method, — a re-

sult so extraordinary as alone to lend permanent interest to his work. And this interest is heightened by the rapid change and development in his character.

There are four pretty clearly defined periods in his life, although as always these overlap one another to a certain extent. First we see the youthful satirist lashing friend and foe with irresistible bitterness, as if his egregious egotism could find relief only in baying at the world; then follows a second phase of revolt, taking pleasure in melodramatic isolation from society, exulting in moody revenge and unutterable mysteries, stalking before the world in gorgeous Oriental disguise; out of this extravagance grows the Byron of the later *Childe Harold*, who would unburden his soul of its self-engendered torture in solitary communion with nature, and would find relief from the vulgar cant of the present in profound reflection on the grandeurs of the past; and last, when even these fail him, the self-mocking *Don Juan*, with his strange mixture of sweet and bitter, infinitely heavy-hearted at bottom, who cries out in the end: —

“Now . . . Imagination droops her pinion,
And the sad truth that hovers o'er my desk
Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.

“And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
’T is that I may not weep; and if I weep,
’T is that our nature cannot always bring
Itself to apathy.”

He was saved, indeed, from the final silence of apathy by an early death. Yet it has always seemed to me that for one brief moment, — when, after escaping the vexations of his ruined domestic life, he wrote his *Epistle to Augusta* from the solitudes of Switzerland, — Byron caught, dim and distorted it may be, a glimpse of divine wisdom, which, if followed, might have rendered him great among the wisest. But some Nemesis of fate, some error of will, swept him back into the bondage of darkness, from which he never escaped.

Paul Elmer More.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY BYRON.

THE library of Harvard University received in 1874, as part of the bequest of Charles Sumner, a copy of *The Poems of Ossian* in two volumes, which has been carefully guarded as one of the treasures of the university. The edition (London, 1806) is not a notable one; but that Sumner, in paying twenty guineas for it, drove a good bargain will be seen from a printed slip affixed above the Harvard book-plate, which describes the volumes as a "unique and most valuable copy, having extensive original annotations in the autograph of Lord Byron, and his signature on the fly-leaf of each volume. At the end of the first volume is an original unpublished poem in his autograph, being a rendering into verse of Ossian's *Address to the Sun*."

Byron's notes on Ossian and his version of a portion of Carthou make no addition to what, in the good old-fashioned sense, we used to call literature; for the notes are intrinsically of no value, and the value of the poem itself may fairly be a matter of dispute. But even the scraps from a great author's waste-basket, if discreetly adjusted, have a certain definite biographical interest; and Byron's notes furnish a pleasant little commentary on his critical ineptitude, and his poem gives additional evidence, if any were needed, of his astonishing facility. With two exceptions, the notes are of so general a nature that when brought together they give a fair, although disjointed idea of Byron's critical estimate of Ossian.

The first note is on the fly-leaf of the first volume: "The early and uncultivated periods of society, in which the age of Ossian must doubtless be ranked, were most favorable to the display of original poetical genius. Such a period will always be found to have the happiest influence on sentimental and descrip-

tive poetry, whether sublime or pathetic; though it must likewise be granted that civilized life will for the most part introduce a greater variety of incidents and character into poetical composition."

After the poem Carthou, with which Byron was apparently most strongly impressed, he wrote on a blank page: "That the poet possesses the talent of raising to a great degree both the tender and more violent passions of the mind by his sentiments as well as by his descriptions will not be questioned by those who are themselves possessed of the smallest share of sensibility, and have read his poems with any measure of attention. These indeed are almost constantly addressed to the affections and to the heart, over which he maintains an absolute and uncontrolled power."

On the blank page after the table of contents of the second volume, and sprawling across the false title of *Fingal*, Byron begins to grow more definite, and, if anything, more courageous: "The portrait which Ossian has drawn of himself is indeed a masterpiece. He not only appears in the light of a distinguished warrior, generous as well as brave, and possessed of exquisite sensibility, but of an aged, venerable bard, subjected to the most melancholy vicissitudes of fortune, — weak and blind, the sole survivor of his family, the last of the race of *Fingal*."

"The character of *Fingal*, the poet's own father, is a highly finished one. There is certainly no hero in the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* who is at once so brave and amiable as this renowned king of *Morven*. It is well known that *Hector*, whose character is of all the Homeric heroes the most complete, greatly sullies the lustre of his glorious actions by the insult over the fallen *Patroclus*. On the other hand, the conduct of *Fingal* appears uniformly illustrious and great,

without one mean or inhuman action to tarnish the splendour of his fame. He is equally the object of our admiration, esteem, and love."

The next note is in the second volume, at the beginning of the second book of Fingal. The italics are, of course, Byron's.

"One of the most consummate characters which the poet has contributed is that of Connal. This hero is the Ulysses of Ossian, though he is a far more complete character than the Grecian chief. Like him, he is distinguished by his profound wisdom, by his cautious prudence, and by his calm, temperate valour. But he is free of that cunning and artifice which so much distinguish Ulysses, and which rather diminish than aggrandize the true hero.

"Ossian's *female* characters are less distinctly marked. It was unnecessary to draw their pictures at full length, not being engaged in the active scenes of life, except when they sometimes attend their lovers in disguise. The poet, however, has hit off some striking features even of these. How happily, for instance, has he characterized his own mistress, afterwards his wife, by a single epithet, expressive of that modesty, softness, and complacency which constitute the perfection of feminine excellence: 'the *mildly blushing* Everallin.'"

Finally, we have Byron's summing up of the whole matter on the four blank pages at the end of the book. "I am of opinion," he somewhat magnificently concludes, "that though in sublimity of sentiment, in vivacity and strength of description, Ossian may claim a full equality of merit with Homer himself, yet in the invention both of incidents and characters he is greatly inferior to the Grecian bard. This inferiority, however, evidently proceeds from the different periods of society in which the poets lived. Though the age in which Homer wrote his Iliad was far from being polished, yet were the arts of civility much farther

advanced than they were in the age in which Ossian composed Fingal and Temora; and therefore it must have been easier for Homer to present us with a variety of characters, which he might partly have copied from life, partly created, and partly derived from tradition, — a source which in Greece could have supplied him with greater abundance both of incidents and characters for the conduct of an epic poem, than it could have done for Ossian, who had no materials for his imagination to work upon excepting what he collected from his own observation, and from the songs of preceding bards, either or both of which could afford little variety of characters or incidents in our unpolished age.

"It further deserves attention that Ossian never thought of trying the strength of his genius in the invention of the one or the other, which would by no means have corresponded with his design; and if he had, it is impossible he should ever have succeeded in it as Homer has done, unless he had lived in the age and country of Homer."

Even if we did not know that Byron's criticisms, when not of the splenetic and underbred "Johnny Keats" kind, were characteristically immature, we should attribute this to a youthful writer; for although the slight grandiloquence and the occasional excellent balance of the style give it an almost elderly, Johnsonian effect, the very cocksureness of tone and the superficiality of taste betray the youth of the critic. But at no time had Byron's prose a more pompous elderliness of tone than when he was between the ages of fifteen and twenty. Take this, almost at random, written to his sister in his sixteenth year: "Although, My ever Dear Augusta, I have hitherto appeared remiss in replying to your kind and affectionate letters; yet I hope you will not attribute my neglect to a want of affection, but rather to a shyness naturally inherent in my Disposi-

tion. I will now endeavour as amply as lies in my power to repay your kindness, and for the future I hope you will consider me not only as a *Brother*, but as your warmest and most affectionate *Friend*, and if ever Circumstances should require it, your *protector*." The superficiality of taste is obvious in the discussion of Homer, where Byron writes more like a schoolboy than like a man whose mature soul has been moved by the great Greek.

Even if we did not know that Byron's knowledge of books was limited ("Lord Byron's reading," Scott wrote of him in 1815, "did not seem to me to have been very extensive either in poetry or history"), we should attribute the notes on Ossian to a youthful writer; for no grown man of letters could be so magnificently ignorant of the contempt in which Macpherson's semi-forgeries were held by many. Thirty-one years before Byron's copy of Ossian was printed, Dr. Johnson challenged Macpherson's honesty, and on Macpherson's threatening him, after procuring a stout cudgel he wrote his famous reply, in which occurs the splendid phrase, "I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian." And on another occasion the doctor had exclaimed of the Ossianic "translations," "Sir, a man might write such stuff forever, if he would abandon his mind to it." As early, indeed, as 1760, Gray doubted whether Macpherson's *Fragments of Ancient Poetry* were "the invention of antiquity or of a modern Scotchman." But with Dr. Johnson alone in one pan of the critical scale, Lord Byron is bound to count for little in the other. Still, it is only fair to Byron to admit that in this instance Dr. Johnson's antipathy for the Scotch carried him farther than posterity is now willing to follow; and that greater men than Byron, and critics older and at least as well equipped, swallowed Macpherson as completely as Byron did. It

is, furthermore, but fair to Byron to add that his copy of Ossian is prefaced with nearly two hundred pages of what purports to be an impartial discussion of the Ossianic controversy, but is chiefly a reprint of Macpherson's preface and Dr. Blair's incredibly dull and one-sided critical dissertation supporting the so-called translator. It is much to be doubted, indeed, that Byron had the patience to read any of the preliminary matter. It was not until the following year, 1807, that Laing's critical edition put Macpherson in more nearly a proper light.

Here we have, I think, good evidence as to the date of Byron's notes. For in the same year that Laing's Ossian appeared Byron published his *Hours of Idleness*, in which he included an imitation of Ossian, *The Death of Calmar and Orla*. At the end of this he appends the following somewhat regretful note: "I fear Laing's late edition has completely overthrown every hope that Macpherson's Ossian might prove the translation of a series of Poems, complete in themselves; but while the imposture is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults, particularly, in some parts, turgid and bombastic diction. The present humble imitation will be pardoned by the admirers of the original, as an attempt, however inferior, which evinces an attachment to their favourite author." Clearly, then, by 1807 Byron had read Ossian carefully enough to imitate it with moderate success ("Sir, a man might write such stuff forever, if he would abandon his mind to it!"); and at least by the time *Hours of Idleness* was in press (1807) he had been informed of the spurious nature of most of his model. His own copy of Ossian, dated 1806, is filled with notes expressive of nothing but enthusiastic admiration, and showing no consciousness of "turgid and bombastic diction." Obviously, even if internal evidence were wanting, the notes were written either

in 1806 or in the early part of 1807, or, in other words, when Byron was about the age of eighteen.

If this date be accepted, one re-reads the notes with a heightened interest, for as the production of a youth of eighteen they are fairly notable in style; and when that youth is Byron, the indication they give of several traits of the writer which afterwards became more marked is very significant. Thackeray said of him, many years later, more sweepingly, perhaps, than fairly: "That man *never* wrote from his heart; he got up rapture and enthusiasm with an eye to the public." And even in these early notes, whether we accept in full or not Thackeray's savage dictum, Byron seems almost to set his manuscript in one eye and the public in the other. Again, his admiration of "that modesty, softness, and complacency which constitute the perfection of feminine excellence," shows that very early he cherished the somewhat gazelle-like ideal that, in one form or another, he was always faithful to. But to me the most interesting note is one written on the margin of page 194 of the first volume, which I have not previously given. The passage in Carthou which follows, Byron has underscored: "Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield." Whereat Byron exclaims, "This striking and beautiful sentiment is the natural dictate of that contemplative disposition, united with that melancholy which distinguishes every great genius, and which seems remarkably to have distinguished the character of Ossian." Here, finally, we have Byron *ipsissimus*.

For fidelity to the text, for compactness of expression (with the exception of a single passage), for rhythmic fluency, Byron's metrical version of Ossian's Address to the Sun, which follows, is supe-

rior to any performance of a like nature, by a youth of eighteen, with which I am familiar. The manuscript of the poem covers the four blank pages at the end of the first volume. It is apparently rapidly written, with but a single erasure; and I have followed the text accurately, with the exception of the punctuation. Throughout notes and poem Byron's punctuation consists almost exclusively of dashes, — a system which commends itself to the reader but little more than that of another noble author, Lord Timothy Dexter.

A VERSION OF OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O thou! who rollest in yon azure field,
Round as the orb of my forefather's shield,
Whence are thy beams? From what eternal
store
Dost thou, O Sun! thy vast effulgence pour?
In awful grandeur, when thou movest on high,
The stars start back and hide them in the
sky;
The pale moon sickens in thy brightening
blaze,
And in the western wave avoids thy gaze.
Alone thou shinest forth — for who can rise
Companion of thy splendour in the skies!
The mountain oaks are seen to fall away;
Mountains themselves by length of years de-
cay;
With ebbs and flows is the rough Ocean tost;
In heaven the moon is for a season lost;
But thou, amidst the fullness of thy joy,
The same art ever, blazing in the sky!
When tempests wrap the world from pole to
pole,
When vivid lightnings flash and thunders roll,
Thou, far above their utmost fury borne,
Look'st forth in beauty, laughing them to
scorn.
But vainly now on me thy beauties blaze;
Ossian no longer can enraptured gaze!
Whether at morn, in lucid lustre gay,
On eastern clouds thy yellow tresses play,
Or else at eve, in radiant glory drest,
Thou tremblest at the portals of the west,
I see no more! But thou mayest fail at
length;
Like Ossian lose thy beauty and thy strength;
Like him, but for a season, in thy sphere
To shine with splendour, then to disappear!
Thy years shall have an end, and thou no
more

Bright through the world enlivening radiance
 pour,
 But sleep within thy clouds, and fail to rise,
 Heedless when morning calls thee to the skies!
 Then now exult, O Sun! and gaily shine,
 While youth and strength and beauty all are
 thine.

For age is dark, unlovely, as the light
 Shed by the moon when clouds deform the
 night,

Glimmering uncertain as they hurry past.
 Loud o'er the plain is heard the northern blast,
 Mists shroud the hills, and, 'neath the growing
 gloom,

The weary traveller shrinks and sighs for home!

In Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge's edition of Byron now appearing (Murray), among the early poems the reader will find a wholly different version of Ossian's Address to the Sun, dated 1805, and transcribed, as Mr. Coleridge explains in a note, "from an autograph manuscript at Newstead, now for the first time printed." The critical reader

will find it interesting to compare the Newstead version with that of the later Harvard manuscript, to which is now given, it seems to me, an additional value. The Newstead version, because the earlier, is the more florid; and after finishing Ossian's song, Byron adds to it eighteen lines, the gist of which is not to be found in Macpherson. The Harvard version is incontestably superior, because, on the whole, more direct, and more faithful to the original both in text and in poetic feeling. Oddly enough, the two "translations" have not a single line in common. To one interested in Byron's personality and in his literary technique it is very pleasant to have Mr. Coleridge's new evidence of his temporary enthusiasm for Ossian, and to be able, from the two versions of Carthorpe, to trace in a unique way a single phase of his development.

Pierre la Rose.

LITTLE HENRY AND HIS BEARER.

I.

WHEN I was a child I wept over a story — if I remember right, by Mrs. Sherwood — which bore this title. Years after I came to man's estate, I felt inclined to weep over an incident in real life which this title seemed to fit.

Looking back on those first tears, I judge them uncalled for, by what my maturer age condemns as false sentiment. Perhaps my later emotion is equally at fault. The reader had better judge for himself.

"Speak on, oh Bislam bearer! Wherefore dost not obey? Speak on about Mai Kâli and the noose, — the noose that is so soft, that never slips. Wherefore dost not speak, son of an owl?"

The voice was childish, fretful. So was the listless little figure in a flannel dressing-gown, which lay, half upon the reed mat spread on the veranda floor, half against the red and yellow livery coat of Bislam bearer. The latter remained silent, his dark eyes fixed deprecatingly on a taller figure within ear-shot. It was the child's mother, standing for a glance at her darling.

"Speak! Why dost not speak, base-born child of pigs? Lo! I will smite thee! Speak of Mai Kâli and the noose! Lo! Bislam bearer, be not unkind. Remember I am sick. Show me the noose. Ai! Bisra! Show it to Sonny Baha."

The liquid sounds fell from the child's lips with quaint precision, and ended in the coaxing wail of one who knows his power.

That was unmistakable. The man's

high-bred, sensitive face, which had not quivered under the parentage assigned to him by the thin, domineering voice, melted at the appeal, and the red and yellow arms seemed to close round their charge at the very suggestion of sickness.

Bisram gave another deprecating glance at the tall white figure at the door, and then from the folds of his waistcloth took out a silk handkerchief crumpled into a ball; but a dexterous flutter left it in uncreased folds across the child's knees.

"Lo! Protector of the Poor! such is the noose of Kâli," said Bisram deferentially.

Seen thus, the handkerchief looked larger than one would have expected; or perhaps it is more correct to say longer, for the texture being loose like canvas, even the slight drag across the child's knees stretched the stuff lengthwise. It was of that curious Indian color called *oodah*, which is not purple or crimson, but which looks as if it had been the latter and might become the former; the color, briefly, of recently spilt blood. It looked well, however, in the soft, lustrous folds lying upon the child's white dressing-gown. He smiled down at it joyfully, yet not content, since there was more to come.

"Twist it for Mai Kâli, — twist it, Bisram bearer! Ai! base-born, twist it, or I will smite."

"It is time for the Shelter of the World to take his medicine," began Bisram, interrupting the imperious little voice. "Lo! does his honor not see the *mem* waiting for him?"

Sonny gave a quick glance at his mother. He knew his power there, also. "Ise not goin' to take it, mum," he called decisively, "till he's twisted a noose — I won't — I want a stwangle somefin' first. Tell him, mum — pleath. Then I'll 'waller it like a good boy."

"Do what he wants, Bisram, and then bring him here," said Sonny's mother, her eyes soft. For the child had but lately chosen the path of Life instead of

the Valley of the Shadow, so even wayward footsteps along it were welcome.

"Now is it government orders," boasted Sonny, reverting to the precisions and peremptoriness of Hindustani with a wave of his small hand. "So twist and stwangle; and if thou dost it not, my father will cause hanging to come to thee."

"Huzoor!" assented Bisram cheerfully, as he shifted his burden slightly so as to free his left hand. The next instant a purple-crimson rope of a thing circled on itself settled down upon the neck of a big painted mud tiger, bright yellow with black stripes and fiery red eyes, which one of the native visitors had brought that morning for the magistrate's little son.

"Now the Protector of the Poor can pull," said Bisram bearer; "it will not slip."

But Sonny's wan little face had perplexity and doubt in it. "But, Bisra, Mai Kâli rides a tiger. She would n't stwangle it; would she, mum? I would n't stwangle my pony. I'd wather stwangle the gwoom, would n't you, mum? I would. I'd wather like to stwangle Gamoo."

"My dear Sonny!" exclaimed his mother, looking with amused horror at the still helpless little figure which Bisram had brought to her. "You would n't murder poor Gamoo, surely!"

Sonny made faces over his quinine, as if that were a matter of much more importance.

"Ees I would," he said, with his mouth full of sweet biscuits. "I'd stwangle him, and then Mai Kâli would be pleathed for a fousand years; and then I'd stwangle Dittoo an' Reroo too; so she'd be pleathed for a fousand, fousand years, would n't she, Bisra?"

"Huzoor!" assented Bisram bearer.

"My dear," said Sonny's mother, going back with a somewhat disturbed look to the room where the magistrate, Sonny's father, was busy over crabbed Sanskrit texts and bright-colored tale pic-

tures; (for in his leisure hours he was compiling a Hindoo Pantheon for the use of students), "I almost wish Bisram would not tell Sonny so many stories about the gods and goddesses. They do such horrid things."

The scholar, who in his heart nourished a hope that his son might in due time follow in his footsteps, and perhaps gain reputation where his father only found amusement, looked up from his books mildly.

"Gods and goddesses always do, my dear. Their morality seldom conforms to that which obtains among their worshippers. I intend to draw special attention to this anomaly. Besides, Sonny will have to learn these things anyhow when he begins Greek and Latin; he will in fact find this previous knowledge of great use. Kâli, for instance, is the terrific form of Durga, who of course corresponds to the Juno of the Greeks and Romans, and the Isis of Egypt. She is also the crescent-crowned Diana and the Rarbutto Earth Mother Ceres. Under the name of Atma again she is 'goddess of souls governing the three worlds,' and so equivalent to Hecate Triformis."

"Yes, my dear," interrupted his wife meekly. "But for all that, I don't want Sonny to talk of strangling the grooms; it really does n't sound nice. However, as Bisram is eager, now Sonny is really recovering, to get away at once for his usual leave, I won't say anything to the child. He will forget while Bisram is away, and I will give orders that the latter is not to mention the subject on his return."

Bisram himself, receiving his pay and his orders ere starting on the yearly visit to his own country, which was the only portion of his life by day or night not absolutely — without any reservation whatever — at the disposal of his employers, fully acquiesced in the mem sahib's dictum. The noose of Kâli was scarcely a nice game for the little master; indeed, his slave would never have

introduced it under ordinary circumstances. But the mem must remember that dreadful day, when the Heart's Eye lay so still, caring for nothing, and the doctor sahib had said there was nothing to be done save to coax him into looking into the restless Face of Life instead of into the restful Face of Death. That was when he, Bisram, who knew, had spoken of the noose; and at least it had done the little Shelter of the World no harm.

"Harm?" echoed Sonny's mother gently. "You have never done him harm, Bisra. Why, the doctor sahib himself said your hand was fortunate with the child. If you had not been with him, I think — I think, Bisram — he might have died. And now I am even wondering if I am wise to let you go."

Bisram looked up eagerly. "I must go, Huzoor. I must go without fail to-night, — the year is over." He paused abruptly, then added quietly, "The Huzoor need have no fear. The little master will do well. The Mighty One, who cares for children, will protect this one."

He spoke with such faith in voice and face that Sonny's mother, going back to the study, and finding her husband busy as usual over his Pantheon, lingered to look doubtfully at the tale pictures, and finally remarked that, after all, the people really had a good deal of religious feeling, and really seemed to believe in a God. Bisram, for instance, had said that Sonny was in the guardianship of One who suffered the little children — Here her eyes filled with tears and her voice sank.

"He meant Mata deai, I suppose, my dear," replied the scholar without looking up. "She is another form of Kâli or Durga, and corresponds to Cybele or the Mater Montana."

"He was very eager, to get away, however," went on Sonny's mother, almost aggrievedly. "I really think he might have stayed a few days longer, till the boy was quite himself. But, de-

voted as he is, he is just like the rest of them, — selfishly set on what they are accustomed to.”

“He put off going nearly a month, though, and you know, my dear, that when he took service as Sonny’s bearer he stipulated for a fortnight’s leave every spring about a certain time, in order to perform some religious ceremonial,” protested justice.

“Well, and he has had it, — every year for five years; so he might have given it up for once. But he would n’t — I don’t believe he would, not even to save Sonny’s life. However, I think the child is all right; and even if I had kept Bisram he would n’t have been much good, for he has been frightfully restless and hurried the last few days.”

He did not seem so, however, as he stood quietly in the growing dusk at the gateless gate of the compound, to look back at the house where he had left the little Shelter of the World asleep. His scarlet and yellow coat was gone, replaced by the faint coral-colored garment of the pilgrim; he carried a network-covered pot for holy water slung on his left wrist, and the yellow trident of Siva showed like a frown on his forehead. The thickets of flowering shrubs, the tangle of white petunias bordering the path, sent their perfume into the air; but above it rose the heavy dead-sweet scent from the wild *dhatura* plant which, taking advantage of an unweeded nook by the gate, thrust its long white flowers across the plaster; one of them indeed reaching past it, and so seen, fine pointed against the dusk beyond, looking like a slim white hand pointing the way thither.

Bisram stooped deliberately to pick it, tore it into its five segments, and placed the pieces in his bosom, muttering softly, “With heart, and brain, and feet, and hands, and eyes, Deni, I am thy servant.” Then for a second he raised himself to his full height, and stretched both his thin, fine hands — such delicately sup-

ple, strong hands — toward the house. “Sleep sound, Life of my Life,” he murmured again. “Sleep sound, and have no fear. The offering will be complete, though the time is short indeed.”

So, turning on his heel, he passed into the dusk beyond the gate whither the flower had pointed. A fortnight later he came out of it again, passed into his hut in the gloaming dressed as a pilgrim, and emerged therefrom, ten minutes afterward, in the red and yellow coat, with a huge white turban with a bend, as the heralds call it, across it bearing his master’s crest. So attired he slipped back into his place, as if he had never left it, and setting aside the reed screen at the door of Sonny’s nursery stood within. Sonny, in his white flannel dressing-gown, was convalescent enough to be saying his prayers kneeling on his mother’s knee.

“Go on, dear,” she said gently. “You can speak to Bisram afterwards.”

Sonny, whose feet were less wayward now, shut his eyes again, and assumed a prayerful expression.

“— an’ all kine friends, an’ make me a velly good boy — yamen — Oh, Bisram! where’s the noose?”

The mother might smile, unable to pretend ignorance. Not so Bisram bearer, who had his orders. “What noose, Shelter of the World?” he asked gravely. “The servant remembers none; but he hath brought the Protector of the Poor a toy.”

It was only one of the many which you can buy in any Indian town for the fraction of a farthing, made of mud, straw, and cane. A bit of tinsel, perhaps, or tuft of cotton, their sole value over and above the ingenuity and time spent in making them; but Sonny had never seen this kind before, and laughed as the snakes made out of curled shavings leaped and twisted, — leaped so like life that his mother drew back hastily, telling herself that the bearer had certainly a fine taste in horrors. And no doubt there would be some tale to match

these. Sonny, however, seemed to know it vaguely, for a puzzled look replaced the laugh. "Yes, Bisra," he said, in imperious argument, "Mai Kâli had snakes and skulls too, but I like the noose best. Why didst thou not bring it back, son of an owl?"

The man never moved a muscle. "The little master mistakes," he replied calmly. "It was some other who tied the noose; not this dust-like one. He is but the Protector of the Poor's bearer Bisram."

II.

A year is an eternity to the memory of a child. Indeed, before one twelfth of one was over, Sonny had ceased from suddenly asking irrelevantly, "Oh, Bisra, where is the noose? Why didst not bring it back, son of an owl?" The thought seemed to have passed from his life altogether. From Bisram's also, as he tended the child night and day, day and night, unremittingly, contentedly.

So the spring of the year returned, and with it, by one of those mysterious coincidences beyond classification, came the old desire. It came suddenly — irrelevantly it seemed to Sonny's parents — during a brief attack of fever which the changing season brought to the boy. But Bisram bearer, hearing the little fretful wail, "Oh, Bisra, where is the noose? I want the noose," stood silent for a moment with a scared look in his eyes, then turned them in quick appeal to his mistress, as if to ask leave for something. But she was silent, also, so the old formula came gently, "What noose, Shelter of the World?"

That evening, however, when Harry — as his mother vainly strove to call him, now that, as she used to tell her boy fondly, he was a man, and had had his curls cut — had fallen into the heavy sleep which brings so little relief, the bearer came into the study and asked for his usual yearly leave. A week might do,

but leave he must have at once. True, the year was not up, but the master would doubtless remember that his slave had deferred going at the proper season last time, because of Harry sahib's illness. (Bisram, punctilious to the least order, never forgot the child's new dignity.) He did not want to lose the right season again, so if he went now at once, even for a week, he would be back in time, even if Harry sahib were to be ill, as he was last year, which Heaven forefend!

He was quite calm, but there was an almost pathetic entreaty in his dark eyes, — so soft, so dark, that, looking into them, one seemed to see nothing save soft darkness.

"Go!" commented Sonny's mother, when, moved by a vague feeling that Bisram meant well, his master handed on his request to the real authority. "Certainly not. I wonder he has the face to ask for leave when Sonny — I mean Harry — is down with fever. Not that it is anything, the doctor says, but a passing attack. Still, I am not going to run any risks with a strange servant. Go! Indeed, it shows what his pretended devotion is worth."

"Surely, my dear, he is devoted" —

"Oh, very, in his way. But really you spoil Bisra, Edward, — just because he can tell you things about those horrid gods and goddesses. Do you know, I really think of getting an English nurse for the child, until I have — until I have to take him home," interrupted his wife, her initial sharpness of tone softening over the inevitable certainty of separation which clouds Indian motherhood. "It cannot be right to let him live in such an atmosphere of superstition and ignorance."

The magistrate, who was leaving the room, had paused at her remark about the nurse, as he might have paused before a painful scene. "By Jove!" he murmured, as if to himself, "I believe it would break the man's heart. I often

wonder what on earth he'll do when the child has — to go home."

The inevitable lent a tremor to the father's voice, also. But Bisram, despite the former's belief, spoke of the same separation quite calmly, when, the very next morning, the doctor, coming early, found his little patient on the veranda in Bisra's arms getting the advantage of the fresh, bright air; when he asked calmly, but with that slow, pathetic anxiety in his eyes, was Harry sahib going across the black waters?

"You think he ought to go," said the doctor. "Why?"

"This slave does not think; he knows the little master must go, — go at once," replied the man, still calmly, though he held the child to him with a visibly closer strain. "The Huzoor himself knows how bad Hindustan is for the little ones. He must go, Huzoor, before he gets worse."

"But he is not going to get worse," said the doctor kindly. "He is better already, and if he has another bout of fever his mother has promised to take him to the hills; so don't distress yourself."

Bisram's dark eyes looked unrestfully into the doctor's. "The hills? That would be worse. That would be nearer the evil. He must go far from Hindustan at once, Huzoor; and if you tell the mem this she will go, — she will not mind."

"And you, Bisra?" asked the doctor curiously.

The man's eyes flinched, but he never stirred a muscle under the blow.

"I am only the little master's bearer, Huzoor. He will not need one much longer; he grows big."

"It is only because he is in a hurry to get away himself, I verily believe," said Sonny's mother, when the doctor, also vaguely impressed with something in the man's appeal, told her of it. "You can't fathom these people. Ah! I know he would n't abate one atom of his care, and it is simply wonderful. All the same, I

believe that just now he would be glad to be rid of the necessity for it, since it clashes with some of his religious notions. That's it, depend upon it. And I mean to let him go, as soon as Sonny — I mean Harry — is better; and he really is better to-day, is n't he?"

"Much better; and you may be right, only it's always impossible to lay down the law for men like Bisra. Those high-caste hill Brahmins are a law unto themselves. However, I expect to find the boy quite cool to-morrow."

He was not, however, and more than once, as he lay in Bisra's arms, the little fretful wail rose between sleeping and waking. "Where's the noose, Bisra? I want the noose." And Bisra would pause as if waiting for a promise of wayward life in threat or abuse, and when neither came would turn a wistful appeal to authority, and when it was silent say, "What noose, Shelter of the World?"

But in the dead of the night, a day or two later, when even maternal authority slept for a brief spell, Bisra's answer to the request which came almost incoherently from the child's dry lips was different. Then he stood bent over the boy's cot in the attitude of a suppliant, and his joined petitioning hands trembled.

"Why dost ask it, Kâli Ma?" he whispered rapidly. "Lo! have I not served thee? Would I not serve thee now if I could? But I have promised this, and they will not let me go for the other. Lo! Kâli Ma! be merciful, and ask no more, and when the child has gone away I will serve thee all the years, — yea, every day of all the years."

There was no passion, no excitement, in his face or voice; only that pathetic appeal which passed into a murmured lullaby as the restless little sleeper turned on his pillow with a sigh of greater content.

"Better again this morning," was the doctor's verdict, with the rider that Bisram himself stood in need of a little rest. The man smiled faintly when his mis-

tress replied that it would be her turn that night, though, to say sooth, Harry certainly did seem to improve when she slept.

"Perhaps Bisram works charms," remarked the doctor thoughtlessly; whereat she frowned.

Charms or no charms, the boy was evidently worse next morning, and that despite the fact that Bisram, who had steadily refused to go further than the veranda, had spent the night huddled up outside the threshold, within which his mistress refused to allow him to come. He needed rest, she said, and though she could not compel him to take it, he should at least not work.

"You had better let him have his own way to-night," said the doctor at his evening visit. "The child gets on better, and you are fresher for the day's nursing. Those thin, delicate-looking natives are very wiry, and if the man won't rest he won't, and that's an end of it."

He spoke cheerfully, but as he was getting into his dogcart he saw Bisram at his elbow. "The doctor sahib thinks the little master very ill to-night?" he asked quietly.

"So ill that you must do your very best for him to-night. If any one can pull him through, you can, — remember that."

"Huzoor," said Bisram submissively.

It was a dark night, so dark that the rushlight in Sonny's room seemed almost brilliant from the veranda. Looking thence you could see the child's cot, one of its side rails removed, and in its place as it were the protection of Bisram's crouching figure. He did not touch the cot; he crouched beside it, with clasped hands hanging over his knees and dark eyes staring hard into the darkness, as if waiting and listening.

So he sat, his clasped hands loosening, his eyes growing softer, as the hours passed, bringing nothing but half-conscious sleep, half-conscious waking, to the child; until suddenly, irrelevantly,

just on the borderland of night and day, the fretful wail rose upon the silence loudly, insistently.

"Where is the noose, Bisra? I want it. Oh, Bisra bearer, bring the noose and strangle something."

The slackness, the dreaminess, left the man's hands and eyes. He stood up blindly, desperately, to face these last words, the words for which he had been listening. Yet there was still the same pathetic self-control as he stretched his hands and out over the sleeping child.

"Lo! Kâli Ma!" he muttered. "Have I not served thee as ever despite the child? Have I set him before Thee? Nay! thou knowest I have risked life itself to have Thy tale of offering complete when I was hindered. Thou didst not suffer. Wilt not wait for once? Wilt not wait one little while?"

His voice sinking in its entreaty ended in silence; but only for a second. Then the fretful wail began again. "The noose, Bisra! Be not unkind; remember I am ill. Oh, Bisra, I want you to strangle something for me" —

Bisra gave a faint sob, then joined his outstretched hands. "Huzoor! so be it! the noose shall find a victim. Yea, Shelter of the World, Bisra will strangle something. Sleep in peace!"

There was no sound in the room after that save the little contented sigh in which restlessness finds rest.

Outside the shiver of the cicalas seemed to count the seconds, but inside the darkness hours seemed to pass unnoticed as Bisra sat beside the cot, his hands listless, his eyes dreamy. There was nothing to wait for now, nothing to fear. That which had to come had come.

So with the first glint of light a stealthy step glided in and an anxious voice whispered, "How is it with the child, Bisra?"

"It is well," he whispered back, rising rather stiffly. "He hath slept since the darkest hour. He will sleep on." The mother, peering carefully for a glimpse

of the child's face, smiled at what she saw.

"He sleeps indeed. Thou hast done well, Bisra." He made no answer. But ere he left the room, his night-watch being over, he paused to touch the foot-rail of the cot with both hands and so salaam as those do who leave the presence.

Sonny was still sleeping when his father, entering his study with a lighter heart, found a stranger, as he thought, awaiting him there. It was a man naked save for a waistcloth, lean, sinewy, lithe; the head was clean-shaven save for the Brahminical tuft, and the face was disfigured by the weird caste marks of extreme fanaticism.

"Who" — he began, shrinking involuntarily from one who might well be dangerous.

"It is Bisra, Huzoor," said the familiar voice gently. "Bisra the child's bearer, Bisra the servant of Kâli also. Lo! here is her noose." As he spoke he held out the crimson - scarlet handkerchief twisted to a rope and coiled in his curved palms like a snake. "The master, being learned, will know the noose and its meaning. It hath brought Her many a blood offering, Huzoor, — many and many every year without fail, and it will not fail this year, either. It will bring Her the blood of Her servant, the blood of Bisram the Strangler."

"Bisram the Strangler?" echoed the magistrate stupidly, as the even, monotonous voice ceased. Then he sat down helplessly in his chair. In truth he knew too much of the mystery of India to be quite incredulous.

Yet two hours after, when with the help of the police officer he had been cross-questioning Bisra upon his confession, he told himself as helplessly that it was incredible, — the man must be mad. He had been born to strangle, he said, and had strangled to keep Kâli Ma content. That was necessary when you were born Her servant, especially when you had children. Perhaps he had let the little

Shelter of the World creep too close to his heart, though he had striven to be just. At any rate, Kâli Ma had become jealous. He had not known this at first, or he would never have given the mistress that promise about the noose; for if it had been in Harry sahib's hands Dovi would never have sought his life. She always protected those with the noose — they never came to harm — unless — He had paused there, and then asked quickly if he had not said enough. Did they want him to tell any more? He could not give them the names of the victims, of course, not knowing them, but they were many, very many.

"There is nothing against him but his own story," said the magistrate, fighting against his growing conviction that the man spoke truth. "I can't commit him to the sessions on that."

"There is something more, I think," replied the police officer reluctantly. "Don't you remember that man who was found dead in a railway carriage, about this time last year? He had an up-country ticket on him, and as this was out of the beat of Stranglers no inquiry was made here. It was just about this time, and — and Bisram says he was in a hurry because the year was nearly up. He had been nursing the boy."

The boy's father, leaning with his head on his hands, groaned.

But Bisra was quite cheerful. He looked a little anxious, however, when two days after he was brought up formally to be committed for trial. There was still nothing definite against him save his own confession and the coincidence of the strangled man in the railway carriage. But opinion was dead against him amongst his countrymen. Of course he was one of Kâli's Stranglers. Did he not look one? Was he not now one? So how could he help being one? The argument brought no consolation to Sonny's father. But Bisram again was charged. He stood patiently between two yellow-legged policemen and told

his tale at length, as if anxious to incriminate himself as much as possible, anxious that there should be no mistake. And when all the mysterious intricacies of charges and papers were over, and the two policemen nudged him to make place for other criminals with a friendly "Come along, brother," he paused a moment with handcuffed, petitioning hands to ask how soon he was to be hanged.

The magistrate made no answer; he knew what the question meant, and could not. The thought of his little son came between him and the truth; namely, that Bisra's sacrifice must await the law's pleasure.

The doctor in charge of the jail where Bisra awaited trial had not the heart to tell the truth. Every day when on his rounds he looked into the cell, like a wild beast's cage, where Bisra, being a Strangler and therefore dangerous to life, was confined alone, he answered the question which the tall naked figure stood up at his entrance to ask in the same words. Harry sahib was better; and as for the hanging, that would come soon enough, never fear. Yet every day the pathetic self-controlled eagerness on the man's face struck him with a sense of physical pain, and left him helpless before his own pity.

Until a day came — after not many days — when, with a face red from the sight of bitter grief that he could un-

derstand, the sense of his absolute helplessness before the mystery of this man's nature made the doctor feel inclined to throw pity to the winds and fall back on sheer common sense. After all, the man was a murderer; and if he had been fond of the child, what then? Such criminals were often men of strong affections.

Yet once again the sight of the submissive salaaming figure, the sound of the wistful yet calm voice, made his answer as usual. The child was better. The hanging would doubtless come ere long.

For once, however, Bisram did not accept the reply as final.

"The Huoor means that it will not come to-day?" he asked quietly.

The doctor raised his eyebrows. "To-day? What made you think of to-day? Certainly not. There's no chance of it."

But he was wrong. Two hours afterward the jail overseer sent for him in a hurry, because Bisram had completed his sacrifice by strangling himself in his cell with his waistcloth. What else could he do, seeing that it was the last day of the year during which the propitiation of a sacrifice kept Kâli Ma from revenge?

"Poor devil!" said the doctor as he stood up after his examination. "I'm glad now I did n't tell him the child was dead."

Flora Annie Steel.

TEN BEAUTIFUL YEARS.

"TEN beautiful years." He dropped his head on her desk and whispered the words over and over. There could never be any more years with her, and the light and joy were gone from his life.

"We have been so happy! There's nothing to regret. We have had ten beautiful years."

That was her last message. He could see her now, and hear her faintly whisper the tender words. Something of the comfort she meant to give stole into his heart as he remembered them. At least, he could be glad for the past, — glad beyond all that she had nothing to regret.

Thank God, she never dreamed how his jealousy of her success had once nearly ruined their lives. The blood burned hot in his cheeks as the memory of that wretched time came back to him. How could he have been so contemptibly weak? The thought carried him from the desolate horrors of the present back to the beginning of their married life. Slowly their years together passed before his inner sight.

The picture of their first two years was full of the light of perfect happiness. No two, he felt, had ever been more truly wedded. It was then, too, that her paintings gained their first decided recognition. Though the same years brought him nothing but failure, he had felt only pride and delight in her success. He would have lingered tenderly over this part of their life, but something hurried him on to the next year. He dropped his illustrative work entirely that year, and devoted all his time to painting. It was a wise change, too, he had felt, for by spring his work clearly showed a great gain in strength and charm. Secretly, he had almost agreed with Margaret that one of his pictures must take the Society prize. But it was the same old story. At the end of the season they all came back to him, unsold, unprized. But all of Margaret's pictures had sold, and one received honorable mention. And he had realized that the next year's expenses must be paid by her.

The memory of that hour swept over him with a horrible vividness. The only comfort that came to him now was the knowledge that he had kept his feelings from her. She never knew why he was so glad just then to make a visit to their old uncle. In the quiet of the country he struggled with himself till he was able to come back, sane. The following months were crowded with work and happiness. He was sure she had never remembered that she was the breadwinner that year. Those days were

full of light and rosy color; but his thoughts soon drew him away from them to the next spring.

All his pictures that season had been well received and fairly well hung; not nearly so well, however, as Margaret's. It seemed as if hanging committees, for once, had suddenly developed unexpected discrimination. They gave her steadily lighted places, neither too high nor too low, her perspectives taken into account in a most miraculous way. And Margaret had sold; more than all, Margaret had taken a first prize, and once again a third prize.

Here his mental picture became grim and distorted. Could he ever forget how, for one dreadful hour, he had forgotten to make jubilee with her?

He had been awarded no prize, and not one of his glowing canvases had been sold. Then, bitter chagrin and a terrible doubt of his own ability so racked him that he grew afraid to let her see his face. With a fishing-trip for excuse, he had again left her till he could regain his self-command. Three days later, he was so sore and smarting that even now he did not care to speculate upon what might have been the end. It was in the midst of his despair that a blessed letter came. In it the trustees of a well-known art museum offered him a thousand dollars for his picture exhibited that year.

When he took Margaret into his arms again, she did not suspect that his first thought was one of thankfulness for an escape from possible shipwreck. She was only wildly happy over his success.

"You're known now!" she cried gleefully. "You won't have stupid men and stupider pictures climbing over you any more. You've begun to win, and you'll keep right on."

What a glorious year that next was! — a year of noble work flooded with the sunshine of happy love. Sitting before her desk, where she would sit no more, he felt more deeply than ever all the

joy of those months. What a busy pair, too, they had been! And when spring came, how well their pictures appeared! What did she say about his Easter Morning just before it was boxed? He seemed to hear the very tones of the dear voice.

"Rob, I think you have found your forte. But it is n't in such dream-subjects as this. It's down there in the left-hand corner. If you can't paint better sheep and cows and brooks and skies than any man we have, I'll sell my Mother and Child for a dollar. Rob, you're an animal-landscapist, and we never knew it before!"

Then she danced a Highland fling before him, till he caught her in his arms, and promised, to please her, that his next composition should have nothing in it but sheep and cows and brooks and skies.

Once more his big frames started on their wandering way, with her little ones beside them. He remembered he had hoped much that time, and when the season's last exhibit was nearly over, with all his pictures still unsold, the old wretched thoughts again pressed upon him. It had taken more effort than he cared to remember to show Margaret only joy at her successes; but she had not seen his trouble, he was certain; and the very last day of the last exhibit, his big Easter Morning was bought by their own art museum.

After that he began his "animal-scrapes," as Margaret called them; and she was right, as she always was. He had taken prizes and sold, till now every canvas he sent out was sure to find a purchaser. At last he had been able to do all for her that he had longed to do. Best of all, she had never suspected his sore bitterness before his success came. Thank God, she could say truly, "Ten beautiful years." Forever these words would comfort and console him. That he had been true to his trust, that he had not even in his despair tortured her, was exceeding sweet to him now.

Yes, he was glad, unspeakably glad, he said to himself, as he once more began to look over her letters and papers. Yet, just for a minute, he felt himself insanely longing that she might have guessed his trouble.

For the next hour he tried to forget everything but the papers that he must arrange. Her scrappy memoranda, hasty marginal notes on bills and receipts, her curious collection of useless odds and ends, kept choking him and sending sharp stings into his heart; but he worked on, till all was in order except the last drawer. That held a fat leather book which he saw was a sort of journal. One day she made only brief jottings of subjects for pictures; the next she told in comical sentences of a row with a grocer. Further on she went into a little rhapsody over a beautiful day in the country that they had taken together. One night she wrote of a religious discussion with a certain minister who was troubled about her soul. Robert laughed and almost cried at the way she tripped the worthy parson, and then contritely showed him how far she really was from the heretic he thought her. Once she described a man's face, — a face that, though idealized beyond his belief, he did not need her concluding words, "the man I love," to know was his own. A little further on came the following entries:—

"*May 20.* Rob's pictures have come back, unsold. What are people thinking of? And why did that stupid jury give me an honorable mention, and ignore him? This is the third year that he has n't sold a canvas. It breaks my heart. I know he will succeed sooner or later, but it is n't the easiest thing for one who seems to be making only failures to keep his own courage up. If only he had the little money I have! Or else, if he could sell instead of me!

"*May 21.* Rob is going to uncle Ben's for a few days' rest. I know what is the real matter. He's discouraged;

and he's thinking of the remarks that certain of our relatives will make about his failures. They never shall have the chance to make them. I'll get a new gown to-morrow, and tell them that Rob's last picture bought it. I wish I could comfort him.

"June 1. Rob is back, and all right again, thank Heaven, and he's the bravest man I know. He has gone to work without any fuss, and is as cheery as a bobolink. If I could only make him understand how big and splendid and fine he is to me, I don't believe he'd worry about art committees or stupid people who don't know good pictures."

So she *had* guessed! The little book dropped from his hand. And she had no reproaches for him; she even thought him brave and splendid. Somehow this knowledge comforted him unspeakably, and he turned to the next pages with a warm glow. There was very little written for nearly a year; then, under date of March 20, he read:—

"All the canvases are out of the house. Rob's Earth and Heaven is stunning. But it isn't the kind of picture that appeals to the public, nor, I'm afraid, to prize committees either. I wonder if it is a part of nineteenth-century decadence,—this *fashion* in art? Where do we end, when painters themselves fail to appreciate good work unless when it is their 'kind'?"

"If Rob should n't get any recognition this year, I don't know what I shall do. He must! No one can go on forever without encouragement. If he only could once get a prize or be bought by a prominent somebody, he'd be all right. The herd always follows a leader.

"April 5. We are all hung. Rob's Earth and Heaven is n't in a very good light, while my Moonshine is fairly foisted into conspicuous notice by the extraordinary care in placing. Why I should be so favored, and the real genius of Rob so little appreciated, I can't comprehend. I only wish I could be hang-

ing committee and prize committee and general public, all in one, for just one day!

"April 30. Two of my daubs have sold, and one has taken a prize. It breaks my heart; I wish I had n't sent any at all. There is one more chance for Rob. If he is n't mentioned then, I shall want to go away and hide. And he is as brave as ever. Wouldn't I rave if I were he! It is so abominably unfair.

"May 25. Everything is over. Rob did n't sell, did n't get a prize, did n't get anything. I never shall forget his face when he first knew it. If I could only have comforted him! But I am sure he would rather have me never suspect his soreness. He is going off fishing for a day or two. Fishing! My brave boy! He thinks he will get over the hurt before he comes back to me. What's a wife good for if she can't help at such times as this? But I seem so powerless.

"May 30. It's done! I'm glad now that Rob insisted I should keep entire control of the little money I have. It was easy, once thought of, to sell a bond, and have the broker himself send the amount to the museum with the understanding that it should buy Rob's picture. No one except that unimportant broker knows a thing about it. As for giving up the bond, it does n't make any difference. I'll scrimp in house-keeping. Besides, once Rob is recognized so publicly, he'll be gaining shekels for himself."

Once more the book slipped from the man's hands, and his head dropped into them, while big sobs shook his whole body.

"My wife!" he whispered brokenly, "my wife!"

After a while, with the tears still on his cheeks, he again opened the little volume at a date a year later.

"May 25. Only one more day, and Rob has won nothing, while I, wretched

catchpenny, have sold and got prizes in abundance. How could they praise my trash, and slight such work as Rob's? He shall not be so disappointed. I'll sell another bond and present it to the museum. The broker can manage it for me, and nobody will ever know. I only wish I dared take more of the money. But there is so little, and house-keeping does cost so much. If our respected relatives knew how we *do* manage, they would have a high opinion of our domestic economy. This thousand dollars must be spent for a better studio for Rob. He will need the room if he goes in for animals. Guess we'll build a double one right behind the house."

A year after this came the following:

"June 15. Hurrah! Hurrah! Rob's triumph has come! He got prizes, and has sold everything and has orders ahead. Is n't that glorious! I always knew he would finally win, but the waiting seemed so long.

"I've been almost wishing I might

tell him about the last two years. But he is a man, and I'm afraid it might hurt his pride, even if he has at last succeeded. I never realized till those years of apparent failure how strong he is, or how I — worship him! And I felt so ashamed of the stupid people who praised me instead of him that I could n't bear to take their money. I had no business with it. Besides, I knew if he once got his name before the public the rest would follow. I'm so happy and thankful! I should like to tell him all about it, and how I love — love him — love him."

The fire burned low in the grate; the shadows crept out of the corners, and slipped across the floor, and huddled about the man who sat, with bowed head, clasping the little book. Out of the stillness came the message that would abide with him so long as he must live: "There's nothing to regret. We have had ten beautiful years."

Mary Knight Potter.

M. EDMOND ROSTAND.

THE world is seeking a poet. There was a time the poet came uncalled, but that is past. Now men search diligently lest the light be hid forever beneath its bushel, and leave the earth in darkness. Slender volumes of verse, tentatively put forth by publishers, are zealously examined. To stand sponsor to a poet is the secret hope of the reviewer. Academies offer prizes for poetry with signs of permanence. The laurel wreath is plaited and trimmed. The feast of welcome is spread. Out in the highways and hedges the critics search to find a poet, and compel him to come in.

The wisdom of this course is a vexed question. Should a poet, to borrow a phrase of Burke's, be "coaxed and dan-

dled into eminence," or do the winds of adversity provoke a sturdier growth? There is little use in citing witnesses. What Johnson would swear to, Mat Prior must deny; while Goldsmith would shake his head sadly over Gay. The truth lies between the poles. Much depends on temperament, the rest on circumstances. It is safer to run no risk. Let us be generous, not lavish. The poet should be of his own making; but when he has made and proved himself a poet, then let not our praise halt reluctantly behind.

And our welcome should be catholic as it is generous. The realm of poetry is wide, but it is one. Neither race, nor language, nor class divides it. The

poetic dramatist, the pastoral poet, the writer of sonnets, the singer of songs, are all members one of another. Homer, Horace, Victor Hugo, Heine, Tennyson, are the common heritage of all who love them. It is the same with lesser men who have delighted generations. And now we are glad that another name may worthily be added to the list of poets, — the name of the young French dramatist, M. Edmond Rostand.

The success of a young man carries with it an exhilarating sense of possibility that can never come from the work of a veteran. M. Rostand has not yet passed his thirtieth year. The fullness of his power lies, we hope, in the future, although it is hard to believe that he can outdo the merit of his last achievement.

M. Rostand was born at Marseilles in the autumn of 1868. The passion of his boyhood was for the stage. Plays and acting soon became his favorite study. Given romance, ambition, poetry, and a boy, and who shall tell the reams of paper used? His proficiency in verse increased amazingly, and at eighteen he was the author of a metrical comedy — in manuscript. For some time the play was laid away. We believe it must have been revised, but, however this may be, the author plucked up courage, dispatched his work to the *Comédie Française*, and waited for an answer. Like editors, the managers of theatres are but poor correspondents. If we may trust report, the reply was postmarked one year later. Even then the managers were not to be hurried to a rash conclusion. They required the author to appear before them. He obeyed, and read his work in the presence of his assembled judges. The ingenuity, the drollery, the nimble verse of *Les Romanesques* delighted the audience. The play was accepted and promptly filed. The author returned to the provinces. Soon afterward he joined a theatrical company, and ap-

peared before the footlights in a drama called *Le Gant Rouge*. It was not, however, until the 21st of May, 1894, that, together with two other brief pieces, both the work of young playwrights, *Les Romanesques* was actually performed upon the stage.

The plot of this three-act play is an inversion of a traditional farce. Two fathers, in reality the nearest of friends, wish their children to marry each other. But the youth and maiden, living in dreams of romance, would never hear of a smooth road to love. Wise parents know their children. The fathers feign the hate of *Capulets* and *Montagues*, and to their delight the enraptured children play *Romeo* and *Juliet* in earnest. And so the theme runs on through a succession of absurd misadventures to a happy ending.

It is all mere farce. In the love scenes the verse is heightened to playful burlesque. At times the humor broadens, and we fear buffoonery. But buffoonery never really comes, and all the while we laugh as at the high spirits of a child. We cannot criticise the work seriously; we do not care to. We think of the author as some charming boy who has within him the traditions of a noble school. His verses show the elegance of his breeding. We need have little fear for his future. Let him frolic as he will.

In his second piece, played at the *Théâtre de la Renaissance* the following year, M. Rostand has grown older. *La Princesse Loïtaine* is romance in very truth. *Jeffroy Rudel*, prince and troubadour, sails eastward in search of the princess of his waking dreams. When the boat reaches *Tripoli*, the crew are fainting from starvation, and the minstrel himself is very close to death. Calling his brother-in-arms, *Bertrand*, he bids him land and implore the princess to come to the ship that he may behold her once before he dies. *Bertrand* plights his word. He goes ashore, and finds

Messalinde beautiful beyond dreams, and surrounded by the splendor of the East. The messenger pleads his cause too well. Struck by his grace, his bearing, and the passion of his words, the princess determines to make him hers. Gradually she seduces him from his loyalty. Her own love swells with her success. She exclaims to her maid : —

“ Qu'on doit l'aimer celui que l'on rendit infâme
Et qu'il faut consoler de ce qu'il fit pour nous.”

Bertrand struggles in vain against the gilded meshes of her net. He yields, and renounces honor, loyalty, everything, for her.

Suddenly black sails, the token of death, are seen in the harbor. The horror of their crime comes over the lovers. The signal is a mistake, but their awakening has come. In an agony of repentance, they hasten to the galley. The nobleness of Jeffroy Rudel, as he lies dying, strikes to the soul of Messalinde. The minstrel dies in her arms, and thenceforth she consecrates her life to God.

The play is pitched upon a note of deep intensity, and supports it well. The author attempts to relieve the stress by the introduction of a semi-comic villain, Squarciafico, who serves the turn with indifferent success. A better expedient is the grace of the lighter verse, while a charming little love song adds a touch of archness that is all too slight. In the love scenes, the verse is rich and passionate, though unequal. Like a born playwright, the author shapes his situations to fine powers of acting. Indeed, one feels instinctively that the key of the play is in its dedication “à Madame Sarah Bernhardt;” for as if to suit the part the great actress loves best to play, the character of Messalinde finds its prototype in the Serpent of Old Nile.

La Princesse Lointaine is a remarkable literary accomplishment. Its romantic passion and dramatic power deserve

high praise, yet we cannot but regret that the author's gayety and sprightly humor find no outlet here. We recognize his ripening power, but we would not have him lose his earlier charm. We would counsel him : —

“ Enjoy your dear wit and gay rhetoric
That hath so well been taught her dazzling
fence.”

It is a custom of the Parisian stage to produce each year, during Passion Week, plays based upon some religious topic. And so it seemed little out of the common, when the bill for Holy Wednesday night in 1897, at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, was announced as *La Samaritaine, Evangile en vers* par M. Rostand.

In substance, the play is an elaborate paraphrase of the pathetic story in the fourth chapter of St. John. After the conversation at the well, the woman of Samaria, mocked and despised by the people of her city, confesses her sins before them, and describes with passionate adoration the Saviour sitting at their gates. The crowd listens with incredulity; then, suddenly taking fire at her words, streams from out the city. Jesus talks with them, sometimes according to the Gospel of St. John, sometimes according to that of M. Rostand; and when the emotional fervor has reached its height the play ends in prayer.

It is hard for an Anglo-Saxon to attempt an impartial judgment of the literary worth of this astonishing performance, so opposed is it to every ingrained principle and prejudice of our inheritance. The Passion Play at Oberammergau is a religious rite. This is an emotional pastime. The simplicity of the Gospels remains in our minds as the noblest type of dignity. It has even been hard for many of us to accept the New Version of the Testament, and now this Frenchman mutilates, amplifies, alters at will, to suit the nice requirements of his verse, and gain the plaudits of a holiday crowd. The words of Jesus, so

familiar in their English rendering, are in our ears : " But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst ; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." And then we read : —

" Quiconque

Boira l'eau de ce puits aura soif de nouveau ;
Mais il n'aura plus soif, celui qui boira l'eau
Que je lui donnerai ; car en lui naîtra d'elle
Le bondissement frais d'une eau perpétuelle,
De sorte qu'il sera sans fin désaltéré
Celui qui boira l'eau que je lui donnerai."

The dilution sounds weak and mawkish. If worse were wanting, we might find it in the parable of the Good Samaritan in verse of complicated metre. Nor is this all. Ill satisfied with the words which sixty generations of men have learned as the perfect expression of a simple faith, this metrical evangelist turns the Lord's Prayer into rhyme, and uses it for a stage climax.

But it would be folly to deny that there is merit in the play. There is skill and there is poetry. Take, for instance, these verses in which Photine (such it seems is the name of the woman at the well) speaks of her jar of water :

" Tu vois cette eau, cette eau limpide, si limpide
Que lorsqu'il en est plein, le vase semble vide ;
Si fraîche que l'on voit en larmes de lueur,
En perles de clarté ruisseler la sueur,
La sueur de fraîcheur que l'amphore pansue
Par tous les pores fins de son argile sue ! "

One must seek far for a description more delicate than this.

It is a fair generalization to say that whenever M. Rostand is able to shake off the shackles of his paraphrase his verse gains in strength and dignity. Sometimes, however, he ventures upon sentiment dangerously at variance with our conception of the Gospel. As Photine first comes upon the stage she sings some lover's verses, which, were not their original familiar to us in the Song of Songs, we should think charming. A little later, when, marveling at the gra-

cious words of Christ, she seeks to give voice to her love and adoration, she breaks forth involuntarily in the same strain, — a strain that had been but too often addressed to earthy lovers. In a moment she checks herself, with a sense of sacrilege ; but Jesus comforts her, saying : —

" Je suis toujours un peu dans tous les mots d'amour."

Surely we Anglo-Saxons may rejoice that a wise Providence withheld from the French the original writing of the four Gospels!

It was not until last winter that M. Rostand's reputation crossed the Channel, upon the burst of applause that followed the production of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Here for the first time the playwright's talents found their proper measure. His wit, his mastery of verse, his spirit, his young enthusiasm combined in a romantic masterpiece. Not since *She Stoops to Conquer* and *A School for Scandal* has so brilliant a play been written for the stage. Success was immediate and overwhelming. Critic and audience were swept away in a torrent of delighted approbation. Even M. Jules Le Maître, striving hard to maintain his judicial composure, exclaimed that his thirteen years of critical experience had never witnessed any such performance ; while M. Émile Faguet and an army of connoisseurs fairly shouted themselves hoarse in a tumult of unreasoning admiration.

The story of the play is well known. *Cyrano de Bergerac*, prince among wits, king among his comrades, poet, gascon, and swashbuckler, blessed with a thousand graces, but penniless and cursed with a fatal nose, adores his cousin, Roxane. She, unsuspecting of his secret, likes his companionship, but her own affections lean toward Christian, a soldier with a generous heart, a dull wit, and a pretty face. As for Christian, he worships Roxane, but, distrusting his own eloquence, he dares not plead his cause.

With romantic unselfishness, Cyrano teaches him the nice art of gallantry, and even writes for him his love letters, pouring into them all his own passion. Roxane is touched by the fascinating opportunity of the lover. While she leans one night from her balcony, Christian woos her with words whispered in his ear by Cyrano under cover of the darkness. She is conquered, and Cyrano raises his rival to receive the kiss that he himself has won.

But the chivalrous hero does not pause till the victory is complete. By his contrivance the lovers are married. Then Christian and Cyrano are compelled to depart for the wars, and the next act opens upon the siege of Arras. Roxane's love for her husband has been fanned by every letter Cyrano has written in his name. Fearful of his safety she comes to the camp. She tells him that hers is no common love: she loves him for his soul; she would deem it an insult were her passion for his beauty alone. Poor simple-hearted Christian is overwhelmed. He seeks out Cyrano, and tells him that all dissimulation must cease. Roxane must choose between them. Cyrano feels that it is he who is loved beneath the mask of another; but his constancy does not falter. He implores Christian, for the sake of her whom they both adore, to keep the secret, and hastens to Roxane. All that he has heard is true. Her love is more than skin-deep. Were her husband ugly, hideous, — nay, were he disfigured, — she swears that she should love him still. Nothing could make him grotesque in her sight. Cyrano scarcely trusts himself to speak. Just then a comrade whispers something in his ear. Christian has been mortally wounded by the enemy. His friends hurry to his side, and as he lies dying in his mistress's arms Cyrano whispers a noble falsehood in his ear: — "J'ai tout dit. C'est toi qu'elle aime encore."

The last act takes place fifteen years later. Roxane, who ever since the tra-

gedy has been living in retirement, is cheered every Saturday by a visit from Cyrano, who tells her of the doings of the great world of Paris. One day he is wounded by a billet of wood hurled at his head by a skulking valet. Unwilling to renounce his audience, he goes to see Roxane without telling of his hurt. They talk of old times, and she shows Cyrano her last letter from Christian, which through all these years she has worn near her heart. As Cyrano reads aloud the familiar words, the daylight fades. Unconsciously he goes on. Roxane watches him in amazement. All at once she understands. But Cyrano's wound is mortal. "I have loved but a single being, and I have lost him twice!" she exclaims. And presently he dies.

Upon Paris, crammed to repletion with plays of an outworn and degenerate type, Cyrano de Bergerac came with a quickening spirit. The school of the classics had long been neglected. The reign of Dumas fils had scarcely been challenged. The problems of conscience which he loved dearly to exploit under most untoward circumstances were favorite texts for polite conversation. *Le Demi-Monde* and *Monsieur Alphonse* afforded ample opportunity for debate. Denise went further, and united the two absorbing questions: Should a young woman who has sinned confess her fault to an honest man who has asked her hand in marriage? Should a man who has betrayed a woman tell the truth to his best friend, if he wishes to marry her, but is suspicious of her past? In the name of all that is reasonable, here were subtleties enough to enliven a dozen soirées. But other decadent types were not wanting. The *ménage à trois* had been acted in all its variations from light comedy to suicide and murder. Social problems, treated in their most brutal forms in *Les Mauvais Bergers* and a host of lesser pieces, had played upon the passions of the people. The question of woman's

position in every rank of society had been a favorite theme to juggle with. Only recently, the crowd had applauded as a masterpiece a play which discusses in its nakedness the problem which confronts the wife of a debauchee, and suggests as a solution that marriage vows once broken by the husband are no longer binding upon the wife. After all this, the noble touch of idealism that makes *Cyrano de Bergerac* the play it is was hailed with intense relief. It was the same relief that in a petty scale comes to the reader of some sparkling romance after he has toiled through shelves of bald and arid realism. People love extremes, and M. Rostand came in the nick of time.

Yet all this detracts not one whit from the merits of the play. M. Rostand's venture commanded success, but it deserved it. At the moment, Parisians thought the play a creation of a new type. In reality it is the lineal descendant of the best traditions of French literature. The author has schooled himself in his Molière, his Corneille, his Hugo, and he knows them as well as ever Stevenson did his Scott or Keats his Shakespeare. Read *Cyrano de Bergerac* carefully, and you will find reverence for the masters at every turn. The note of high romance, which Corneille caught from Ronsard and from the literature of Spain, is struck again by M. Rostand. In *Cyrano's* disdain for the world there is something that reminds us of *Le Misanthrope* himself. Perhaps it is not fanciful to imagine that, in part at least, our hero inherits his adventurous spirit and merry humor straight from *Le Sage's Knight of Santillane*. Certain it is that the blood of *Ruy Blas* flows in his veins, and who would deny his kinship to the Three Musketeers and *d'Artagnan* to boot? But M. Rostand has been the master, not the servant, of tradition. In the best sense his play is original, for it is instinct with his own genius.

The keynote of the plot is the hero's self-sacrifice. His unselfishness is complete, but it is not without compensation. In the intensity of his pain, he is conscious of a subtle delight in knowing that he himself is loved in the person of Christian. This is far from pure altruism. It is more sensuous, more complex, more human, more interesting.

Yet were it not for *Cyrano* himself, we should care little for his ideals. Bar but his nose, and he fits snugly in the choicest niche left vacant in our fancy. Again, he is just as once he was when all Paris was his stage. In a pleasant volume that has long lain undusted on library shelves, Gautier recalls the *Cyrano* of history, and numbers him among *Les Grotesques*, the odd fish of literature.

Born in the province of Périgord in 1620, *Cyrano* early grew impatient of a quiet home and a parochial school. At eighteen he hurried to Paris, and speedily became the gayest and most brilliant of a gay and brilliant throng. His caustic wit made a new jest at every enemy, and a new enemy at every jest. Soon, too, all good Churchmen swelled the number of his foes; when he wrote the tragedy of *Agrippine*, he was promptly accused of atheism, because, as was pointedly remarked, neither *Agrippine* nor *Sejanus* played a truly Christian part. Indeed, it could not be denied that *Sejanus* spoke like a downright heathen when he said:—

"These gods whom men have made, and who have not made men."

The scandal was patent, and the author was duly held responsible. His rapier, however, proved a ready defense, and beyond a duel or two a day he ran little danger. But the hero was not invulnerable. His nose was a tender spot. The vaguest reference to this inimitable feature threw him into a paroxysm of rage. If a stranger stared, it was an insult; if he pointed, it was a signal for instant execution.

At the siege of Arras, in 1640, *Cy-*

rano's prodigies might have put Froisart's heroes to the blush. When a hundred enemies hurl an insult at his friend, he charges them single-handed: kills two, wounds a score, and chases the remnant breathless from the field. But valor without a patron is worth little. Cyrano's services went unrewarded, and soon he left the service in disgust.

Again at Paris, he turned his attention to literature. His *Voyage à la Lune* was famous in its day, and his *Pédant Joué* contained a brilliant scene worthy of a place among the master strokes of comedy. It was laid aboard a pirate's galley, and Molière, then just rising into fame, felt little compunction in preying upon it, stealing the dialogue almost verbatim, and adorning the Fourberies de Scapin with the borrowed refrain: —

"Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère."

As an inventor, too, Cyrano was born to make his mark, and the principle of the balloon can clearly be traced to his ingenious mind. But wit, skill, and courage served the poor fellow ill. His reputation was stolen, his money left him, and in 1655 he died miserably at the hand of an assassin. As he lay on his death-bed, like many a worse sinner, he renounced forever the glittering folly of the world. His soul would rest in heaven, were it not reincarnate in M. Coquelin to-day.

M. Rostand's hero is the very Cyrano of real life, though his brilliancy is now beyond poor human limits. The scenes about him lend him fitting scope. A dozen butts stand ready for his ridicule, and every shaft he wings strikes home. An unrepresented viscount, angered at his bearing, stalks up to him.

"Rascal, knave, jackass, idiot!" he exclaims.

With perfect gravity Cyrano removes his cap, and, as though his lordship had just introduced himself, replies: "Ah? And I am Cyrano Savinien Hercule de Bergerac."

If Cyrano can shine as a wit, he can

burn as a lover. Though spokesman for another's heart, his words pour forth straight from his own. In the tumult of his feelings, he forgets everything but his own love. But all the while a quaint affectation that might rival Lovelace clings to his speech in a charming extravagance of simile and conceit: —

"Un baiser, — qu'est ce ?

Un point rose qu'on met sur l'i du verbe
aimer ;

C'est un secret qui prend la bouche pour
oreille,

Un instant d'infini qui fait un bruit d'abeille."

A Sidney would, we fear, have numbered this lover

"Of them who in their lips love's standard wear."

When Cyrano grows old, as is the way of life, his charm declines. He comes on the stage feeble and wounded. It is not in nature nor in art that his attraction should be strong as once it was. And yet though the play must needs be rounded out, we half regret that we have read the closing act. The hero's name shall not be spoken when we do not think of him as he was in the heyday of his romance.

Roxane is a perfect type of the *précieuse*. A past mistress of affectation, she never wants for wit or spirit. About these central figures cluster a score of minor characters. The play itself sweeps forward with a rush of splendid spirit. Jest follows jest; retort, retort; and there is action in every line. The verse, where it is not broken up in conversation too greatly to allow it, is fluent and melodious, and shows the stamp of careful workmanship. The songs are full of fire, and go dashing along in an infectious metre that will not leave the mind at rest. We defy anybody to listen to "Ce sont les cadets de Gascogne," and then to go home and forget its gay refrain. A man might as well stuff his fingers in his ears, and swear he should not know the Marseillaise when next he heard it. In the fourth act the fight is

worthy of a place in the bastion of the Three Musketeers before La Rochelle. The duel in the first outrivals Bob Acres's bout with Sir Lucius. We scarcely know how we had rather spend an evening than in watching M. Coquelin play Cyrano de Bergerac.

For M. Rostand himself our hopes are high. His is a lucky star, and since his birth it has been in the ascendant. He has never played at buffets with the

world. Fortunately for him, his ancestors have spent their days upon high stools, and he is free to court the muses in a drawing-room. Thus far, comfort has not spoiled him, and success has but served to sharpen his ambition. His education is of the best, he is young, and he has ideals. Let us trust that he will follow them.

"In uns selbst liegen die Sterne unseres Glücks."

Ellery Sedgwick.

REMINISCENCES OF JULIA WARD HOWE.

I. EARLIEST YEARS.

I HAVE been urgently asked to put together my reminiscences. I could wish that I had begun to do so at an earlier period of my life, because now, well on in my seventy-eighth year, the lines of the past are somewhat confused in my memory. Yet, with God's help, I shall endeavor to do justice to the individuals whom I have known, and to the events of which I have had some personal knowledge.

Let me say at the very beginning that I esteem this century, now near its close, to have eminently deserved a record among those which have been great landmarks in human history. It has seen the culmination of prophecies, the birth of new hopes, and a marvelous multiplication both of the ideas which promote human happiness and of the resources which enable man to make himself master of the world. Napoleon is said to have forbidden his subordinates to tell him that any order of his was impossible of fulfillment. One might think that the genius of this age must have uttered a like injunction. To attain instantaneous communication with our friends across oceans and through every continent; to command locomotion whose swiftness

changes the relations of space and time; to steal from Nature her deepest secrets, and to make disease itself the minister of cure; to compel the sun to keep for us the record of scenes and faces, of the great shows and pageants of time, of the perishable forms whose charm and beauty deserve to remain in the world's possession, — these are some of the achievements of our nineteenth century. Even more wonderful than these may we esteem the moral progress of the race; the decline of political and religious enmities, the growth of good will and mutual understanding between nations, the waning of popular superstition, the spread of civic ideas, the recognition of the mutual obligations of classes, the advancement of woman to dignity in the household and efficiency in the state. All this our century has seen and approved. To the ages following it will hand on an inestimable legacy, an imperishable record.

While my heart exults at these granddeurs of which I have seen and known something, my contribution to their history can be of only fragmentary and fitful interest. On the world's great scene, each of us can only play his little part, often with poor comprehension of

the mighty drama which is going on around him. If any one of us undertakes to set this down, he should do it with the utmost truth and simplicity; not as if Seneca or Tacitus or St. Paul were speaking, but as he himself, plain Hodge or Dominie or Mrs. Grundy, is moved to speak. He should not borrow from others the sentiments which he ought to have entertained, but relate truthfully how matters appeared to him, as they and he went on. Thus much I can promise to do in these pages, and no more.

The attention bestowed upon impressions of childhood to-day will, I hope, justify me in recording some of the earliest points in consciousness which I still recall.

I remember when a thimble was first given to me, some simple bit of work being at the same time placed in my hand. Some one said, "Take the needle in this hand." I did so, and, placing the thimble on a finger of the other hand, I began to sew without its aid, to the amusement of my teacher. This trifle appears to me an early indication of a want of perception as to the use of tools which has accompanied me through life. I remember also that, being told that I must ask pardon for some childish fault, I said to my mother, with perfect contentment, "Oh yes, I pardon you," and was surprised to hear that in this way I had not made the *amende honorable*.

I encountered great difficulty in acquiring the *th* sound, when my mother tried to teach me to call her by that name. "Muzzer, muzzer," was all that I could manage to say. But the dear parent presently said, "If you cannot do better than that, you will have to go back and call me mamma." The shame of going back moved me to one last effort, and, summoning my utmost strength of tongue, I succeeded in saying "mother," an achievement from which I was never obliged to recede.

A journey up the Hudson River was undertaken, when I was very young, for the bettering of my mother's health. An older sister of hers went with us, as well as a favorite waiting-woman, and a young physician whose care had saved my father's life a year or more before my own birth. After reaching Albany, we traveled in my father's carriage; the grown persons occupying the seats, and I sitting in my little chair at their feet. A book of short tales and poems was often resorted to for my amusement, and I still remember how the young doctor read to me, "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," and how my tears came, and could not be hidden.

The sight of Niagara caused me much surprise. Playing on the piazza of the hotel, one day, with only the doctor for my companion, I ventured to ask him, "Who made that great hole where the water comes down?" He replied, "The great Maker of all." "Who is that?" I innocently inquired; and he said, "Do you not know? Our Father who art in heaven." I felt that I ought to have known, and went away somewhat abashed.

Another day, my mother told me that we were going to visit Red Jacket, a great Indian chief, and that I must be very polite to him. She gave me a twist of tobacco tied with a blue ribbon, which I was to present to him, and bade me observe the silver medal which I should see hung on his neck, and which, she said, had been given to him by General Washington. We drove to the Indian encampment, of which I dimly remember the extent and the wigwams. A tall figure advanced to the carriage. As its door was opened, I sprang forward, clasped my arms around the neck of the noble savage, and was astonished at his cool reception of such a greeting. I was surprised and grieved afterwards to learn that I had not done exactly the right thing. The Indians, in those days and long after, occupied numerous settlements

in the western part of the state of New York, where one often saw the boys with their bows and arrows, and the squaws carrying their papooses on their backs.

The journey here mentioned must have taken place when I was little more than four years old. Another year and a half brought me the burden of a great sorrow. I recall months of sweet companionship with the first and dearest of friends, my mother. The last summer of her life was passed at a fine country-seat in Bloomingdale, which was then a picturesque country place, about six miles from New York, but is now incorporated in the city.

I remember this summer as a particularly happy period. My younger brother and I had our lessons in a lovely green bower. Our French teacher came out at intervals in the Bloomingdale stage. My mother often took me with her for a walk in the beautiful garden, from which she plucked flowers that she arranged with great taste. There was much mysterious embroidering of small caps and gowns, the purpose of which I little guessed. The autumn came, and with it our return to town. And then, one bitter morning, I awoke to hear the words, "Little Julia, your mother is dead." Before this my father had announced to us that a little sister had arrived. "And she can open and shut her eyes," he said, smiling.

His grief at the loss of my mother was so intense as to lay him prostrate with illness. He told me, years after this time, that he had welcomed the physical agony which perforce diverted his thoughts from the cause of his mental suffering. The little sister of whose coming he had told us so joyfully was for a long time kept from his sight. The rest of us were gathered around him, but this feeble little creature was not asked for. At last my dear old grandfather came to visit us, and learned the state of my father's feelings. The old gentleman went into the nursery, took the tiny infant from

its nurse, and laid it in my father's arms. The little one thenceforth became the object of his most tender affection.

He regarded all his children with great solicitude, feeling, as he afterward said to one of us, that he must now be mother as well as father. My mother's last request had been that her unmarried sister, the same one who had accompanied us on the journey to Niagara, should be sent for to have charge of us, and this arrangement was speedily effected.

This aunt of ours had long been a caretaker in her mother's household, where she had had much to do with bringing up her younger sisters and brothers. My mother had been accustomed to borrow her from time to time, and my aunt had threatened to hang out a sign over the door with the inscription, "Cheering done here by the job, by E. Cutler." She was a person of rare honesty, entirely conscientious in character, possessed of few accomplishments, but endowed with the keenest sense of humor. She watched over our early years with incessant care. We little ones were kept much in our warm nursery. We were taken out for a drive in fine weather, but rarely went out on foot. As a consequence of this overcherishing, we were constantly liable to suffer from colds and sore throats. The young physician of whom I have already spoken became an inmate of our house soon after my mother's death. He was afterward well known in New York society as an excellent practitioner, and as a man of a certain genius. Those were the days of mighty doses, and the slightest indisposition was sure to call down upon us the administration of the drugs then in favor with the faculty, but now rarely used.

My father's affliction was such that a change of scene became necessary for him. The beautiful house at the Bowling Green was sold, with the new furniture which had been ordered expressly for my mother's pleasure, and which we never saw uncovered. We removed to

Bond Street, which was then at the upper extremity of New York city. My father's friends said to him, "Mr. Ward, you are going out of town." And so indeed it seemed at that time. We occupied one of three white freestone houses, and saw from our windows the gradual building up of the street, which is now in the central part of New York. My father had purchased a large lot of land at the corner of our street and Broadway. On a part of this he subsequently erected a house which was considered one of the finest in the city.

My father was disposed to be extremely careful in the choice of our associates, and intended, no doubt, that we should receive our education at home. At a later day his plans were changed somewhat, and after some experience of governesses and masters I was at last sent to a school in the near neighborhood of our house. I was nine years old at this time, somewhat precocious for my age, and endowed with a good memory. This fact may have led to my being at once placed in a class of girls much older than myself, especially occupied with the study of Paley's *Moral Philosophy*. I managed to commit many pages of this book to memory, in a rather listless and perfunctory manner. I was much more interested in the study of chemistry, although it was not illustrated by any experiments. The system of education followed at that time consisted largely in memorizing from the textbooks then in use. Removing to another school, I had excellent instruction in penmanship, and enjoyed a course of lectures on history, aided by the best set of charts that I have ever seen, the work of Professor Bostwick. In geometry I made quite a brilliant beginning, but soon fell off from my first efforts. The study of languages was very congenial to me; I had been accustomed to speak French from my earliest years. To this I was enabled to add some knowledge of Latin, and afterward of Italian and German.

The routine of my school life was varied now and then by a concert and by Handel's oratorios, which were given at long intervals by an association whose title I cannot now recall. I eagerly anticipated, and yet dreaded, these occasions, for my enjoyment of the music was succeeded by a reaction of intense melancholy.

The musical "stars" of those days are probably quite out of memory in these later times, but I remember some of them with pleasure. It is worth noticing that, while the earliest efforts in music in Boston produced the Handel and Haydn Society, and led to the occasional performance of a symphony of Beethoven or of Mozart, the musical taste of New York inclined more to operatic music. The brief visit of Garcia and his troupe had brought the best works of Rossini before the public. These performances were followed, at long intervals, by seasons of English opera, in which Mrs. Austin was the favorite prima donna. This lady sang also in oratorio, and I recall her rendering of the soprano solos in Handel's *Messiah* as somewhat mannered, but on the whole quite impressive.

A higher grade of talent came to us in the person of Mrs. Wood, famous before her marriage as Miss Paton. I heard great things of her performance in *La Sonnambula*, which I was not allowed to see. I did hear her, however, at concerts and in oratorios, and I particularly remember her rendering of the famous soprano song, "To mighty kings he gave his acts." Her voice was beautiful in quality and of considerable extent. It possessed a liquid and fluent flexibility, quite unlike the curious staccato and tremolo effects so much in favor to-day.

My father's views of religious duty became much more stringent after my mother's death. I had been twice taken to the opera during the Garcia performances, when I was scarcely more than

seven years of age, and had seen and heard the Diva Malibran, then known as Signorina Garcia, in the rôles of Cenerentola (Cinderella) and Rosina in the *Barbiere di Seviglia*. Soon after this time the doors were shut, and I knew of theatrical matters only by hearsay. The religious people of that period had set their faces against the drama in every form. I remember the destruction by fire of the first Bowery Theatre, and how this was spoken of as a "judgment" upon the wickedness of the stage and of its patrons. A well-known theatre in Richmond, Virginia, took fire while a performance was going on, and the result was a deplorable loss of life. The pulpits of the time "improved" this event by sermons which reflected severely upon the frequenters of such places of amusement, and the "judgment" was long spoken of with holy horror.

My musical education, in spite of the limitations of opportunity just mentioned, was the best that the time could afford. I had my first lessons in musical notation from a very irritable French artist, of whom I stood in such fear that I could remember nothing that he taught me. A second teacher, Mr. Boocock, had more patience, and soon brought me forward in my studies. He had been a pupil of Cramer, and his taste had been formed by hearing the best music in London, which then, as now, commanded all the great musical talent of Europe. He gave me lessons for many years, and I learned from him to appreciate the works of the great composers, Beethoven, Handel, and Mozart. When I grew old enough for the training of my voice, Mr. Boocock recommended to my father Signor Cardini, an aged Italian, who had been an inmate of the Garcia family, and was well acquainted with Garcia's admirable method. Under his care my voice improved in character and in compass, and the daily exercises in holding long notes gave strength to my lungs. I think that I

have felt all my life through the benefit of those early lessons. Signor Cardini remembered Italy before the invasion of Napoleon I., and sometimes entertained me with stories of the escapades of his student life. He had resided long in London, and had known the Duke of Wellington. He related to me that once, when he was visiting the great soldier at his country-seat near the sea, the duke invited him to look through his telescope, saying, "*Signor Cardini, venez voir comme on travaille les Français.*" This must have had reference to some manœuvre of the English fleet, I suppose. Mr. Boocock thought that it would be desirable for me to take part in concerted pieces, with other instruments. This exercise brought me great delight in the performance of certain trios and quartettes. The reaction from this pleasure, however, was very painful, and induced at times a visitation of morbid melancholy which threatened to affect my health.

While I greatly disapprove of the scope and suggestions presented by Count Tolstoi in his *Kreutzer Sonata*, I yet think that, in the training of young persons, some regard should be had to the sensitiveness of youthful nerves, and to the overpowering response which they often make to the appeals of music. The dry practice of a single instrument and the simple drill of choral exercises will not be apt to overstimulate the currents of nerve force. On the other hand, the power and sweep of great orchestral performances, or even the suggestive charm of some beautiful voice, will sometimes so disturb the mental equilibrium of the hearer as to induce in him a listless melancholy, or, worse still, an unreasoning and unreasonable discontent.

The early years of my youth were passed in the seclusion not only of a home life, but of a home most carefully and jealously guarded from all that might be represented in the orthodox trinity of evil, the world, the flesh, and

the devil. My father had become deeply imbued with the religious ideas of the time. He dreaded for his children the dissipations of fashionable society, and even the risks of general intercourse with the unsanctified many. He early embraced the cause of temperance, and became president of the first temperance society formed in this country. As a result, wine was excluded from his table. This privation gave me no trouble, but my brothers felt it, especially the eldest, who had passed some years in Europe, where the use of wine was, as it still is, universal. I was walking with my father one evening when we met my two younger brothers, each with a cigar in his mouth. My father was much troubled, and said, "Boys, you must give this up, and I will give it up, too. From this time I forbid you to smoke, and I will join you in relinquishing the habit." I am afraid that this sacrifice on my father's part did not have the desired effect, but am quite certain that he never witnessed the infringement of his command.

At the time of which I speak, my father's family all lived in our immediate neighborhood. He had considerably distanced his brothers in fortune, and had built for himself the beautiful house of which I have already spoken. In the same street with us lived my music-loving uncle, Henry, somewhat given to good cheer, and of a genial disposition. In a house nearer to us resided my grandfather, Samuel Ward, with an unmarried daughter and three bachelor sons, John, Richard, and William. The outings of my young-girlhood were confined to this family circle. I went to school, indeed, but never to dancing-school, a sober little dancing-master giving us lessons at home. I used to hear,

with some envy, of Monsieur Chariot's classes and of his "publics," where my schoolfellows disported themselves in their best clothes. My grandfather was a stately old gentleman, a good deal more than six feet in height, very mild in manner, and fond of a game of whist. With us children he used to play a very simple game called "Tom, come tickle me." Cards were not allowed in my father's house, and my brothers used to resort to the grand-paternal mansion when they desired this diversion.

The eldest of my father's brothers was my uncle John, a man more tolerant than my father, and full of kindly forethought for his nieces and nephews. In his youth he had sustained an injury which deprived him of speech for more than a year. His friends feared that he would never speak again, but his mother, trying one day to render him some small assistance, did not succeed to her mind, and said, "I am a poor, awkward old woman." "No, you are not!" he exclaimed, and at once recovered his power of speech. He was anxious that his nieces should be well instructed in practical matters, and perhaps he grudged a little the extra time which we were accustomed to devote to books and music. He was fond of sending materials for dresses to me and my sisters, but insisted that we should make them up for ourselves. This we managed to do, with a good deal of help from the family seamstress. When I had published my first literary venture, uncle John showed me in a newspaper a favorable notice of my work, saying, "This is my little girl who knows about books, and writes an article and has it printed, but I wish that she knew more about housekeeping," — a sentiment which in after years I had occasion to echo with fervor.

Julia Ward Howe.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

XL.

DÉTRICAND, Prince of Vaufontaine, was no longer in the Vendée. The whole of Brittany was in the hands of the victorious Hoche, the peasants were disbanded, and his work for a time, at least, was done.

On the same day of that momentous scene in the Cohue Royale when Guida was vindicated, Détricand had carried to Granville the Comtesse Chantavoine, who presently was passed over to the loving care of her kinsman, General Grandjon-Larisse. This done, he proceeded to England.

From London he communicated with Grandjon-Larisse, who applied himself to secure from the Directory leave for the Chouan chieftain to return to France, with amnesty for his past "rebellion." This was got at last through the influence of young Bonaparte himself. Détricand was free now to proceed against Philip.

He straightway devoted himself to a thing conceived on the day when Guida was restored to her rightful status as a wife. His purpose was to wrest from Philip the duchy of Bercy. Philip was heir by adoption only, and the inheritance had been secured at the last by help of a lie. Surely his was a righteous cause!

His motives had not their origin in hatred of Philip alone, nor in desire for honors and estates for himself, nor in racial antagonism; for had he not been allied with England in this war against the government? He hated Philip the man, but he hated still more Philip the usurper who had brought shame to the escutcheon of Bercy. There was also at work another and a deeper design, to be shown in good time.

Philip had retired from the English

navy, and gone back to his duchy of Bercy. Here he threw himself into the struggle with the Austrians against the French. Received with enthusiasm by the people, who as yet knew little or nothing of the doings in the Cohue Royale, he now took over command of the army, and proved himself almost as able in the field as he had been at sea.

Of these things Détricand knew, and knew also that the lines were closing in round the duchy; that one day soon Bonaparte would send a force which would strangle the little army and its Austrian allies. The game then would be another step nearer the end.

Free to move at will, he visited the courts of Prussia, Russia, Spain, Italy, and Austria, and laid before them his claims to the duchy; urging an insistence on its neutrality, and a trial of his cause against Philip. Ceaselessly, adroitly, with persistence and power, he toiled toward his end, the way made easier by tales told of his prowess in the Vendée. He had offers without number to take service in foreign armies, but he was not to be tempted. Gossip of the courts said that there was some strange romance behind this tireless pursuit of an inheritance, but he paid no heed. If at last there crept over Europe wonderful tales of Détricand's past life in Jersey, of the real Duchesse de Bercy and of the new Prince of Vaufontaine, Détricand did not, or feigned not to hear them; and the Comtesse Chantavoine had disappeared from public knowledge. The few who guessed his romance were puzzled to understand his course; for if he dispossessed Philip, Guida must also be dispossessed. This, certainly, was not lover-like or friendly.

But Détricand was not at all puzzled; his mind and purpose were clear. Guida should come to no injury through him,

— Guida, who, as they left the Cohue Royale that day of days, had turned on him a look of heavenly trust and gratitude; who, in the midst of her own great happenings, found time to tell him by a word how well she knew he had kept his promise to her, even beyond belief. Justice for her was now the supreme and immediate object of his life. There were others ready to care for France, to fight for her, to die for her, to struggle toward the hour when the King should come to his own; but there was only one man in the world who could achieve Guida's full justification, and that was himself, Detricand of Vaufontaine.

He was glad to turn to the chevalier's letters from Jersey. It was from the chevalier's lips he had learned the whole course of Guida's life during the four years of his absence from the island. It was the chevalier who drew for him pictures of Guida in her new home, — none other than the house of Elie Mattingley, which the Royal Court having confiscated now handed over to her as an act of homage. The little world of Jersey no longer pointed the finger of scorn at Guida Landresse de Landresse, but bent the knee to Princess Guida d'Avranche.

Detricand wrote many letters to the chevalier, and they, with their cheerful and humorous allusions, were read aloud to Guida, — all save one. Writing of himself to the chevalier on one occasion, he laid bare with a merciless honesty his nature and his career. Concerning neither had he any illusions.

"I do not mistake myself, chevalier," he wrote, "nor these late doings of mine. What credit shall I take to myself for coming to place and some little fame? Everything has been with me: the chance of inheritance; the glory of a cause as hopeless as splendid, and more splendid because hopeless; and the luck of him who loads the dice, — for all my old comrades, the better men, are dead, and I, the least of them all, remain, having even outlived the cause. What praise

shall I take for this? None, — from all decent fellows of the earth, none at all. It is merely laughable that I should be left, the monument of a sacred loyalty the greatest that the world has ever known.

"I have no claims — But let me draw the picture, dear chevalier. Here was a discredited, dissolute fellow whose life was worth a pin to nobody. Tired of the husks and the swine, and all his follies grown stale by overuse, he takes the advice of a good gentleman and joins the standard of work and sacrifice. What greater luxury shall man ask? If this be not running the full scale of life's enjoyment, pray you what is! The world loves contrasts. The deep-dyed sinner raising the standard of piety is picturesque. If, charmed by his own new virtues, he is constant in his enthusiasm, behold a St. Augustine! Everything is with the returned prodigal, — the more so if he be of the notorious Vaufontaines, who were ever saints turned sinners, or sinners turned saints.

"Tell me, my good friend, where is room for pride in me? I am getting far more out of life than I deserve; it is not well that you and others should think better of me than I do of myself. I do not pretend that I dislike it; it is as balm to me. But it would seem that the world is monstrously unjust. One day, when I'm grown old, — I cannot imagine what else Fate has spared me for, — I shall write the Diary of a Sinner, the whole truth. I shall tell how, when my peasant fighters were kneeling round me praying for success, even thanking God for me, I was smiling in my glove, — in scorn of myself, not of them, chevalier; no, no, not of them! The peasant's is the true greatness. Everything is with the aristocrat; he has to kick the great chances from his path, but the peasant must go hunting them in peril. Hardly snatching sustenance from Fate, the peasant fights into greatness; the aristocrat may only win

to it by rejecting Fate's luxuries. The peasant never escapes the austere teaching of hard experience; the aristocrat, the languor of good fortune. There is the peasant, and there am I. Voilà! enough of Détricand of Vaufontaine. The Princess Guida and the child, are they" —

So the letter ran, and the chevalier read it aloud to Guida up to the point where her name was writ. Afterward Guida would sit and think of what Détricand had said, and of the honesty of nature that never allowed him to deceive himself. It pleased her, also, to think she had in some small way helped a man to the rehabilitation of his life. He had said that she had helped him, and she believed him; he had proved the soundness of his aims and ambitions; his career was in the world's mouth.

The one letter the chevalier did not read to Guida referred to Philip. In it Détricand begged the chevalier to hold himself in readiness to proceed at a day's notice to Paris.

So it was that when, after months of waiting, the chevalier suddenly left St. Helier's to join Détricand, Guida did not know the object of his journey. All she knew was that he had leave from the Directory to visit Paris. Imagining this to mean some good fortune for him, with a light heart she sent him off in charge of Jean Touzel, who took him to St. Malo in the *Hardi Biaou*, and saw him safely into the hands of an escort from Détricand.

Three days later there was opened in one of the chambers of the Emperor's palace at Vienna a congress of four nations, Prussia, Russia, Austria, and Sardinia. Détricand's labors had achieved this result at last. Grandjon-Larisse, his old enemy in battle, now his personal friend and colleague in this business, had influenced Napoleon, and the Directory through him, to respect the neutrality of the duchy of Bercy, for which the four nations of this congress declared.

Philip himself little knew whose hand had secured the neutrality, until summoned to appear at the congress to defend his rights to the title and the duchy against those of Détricand, Prince of Vaufontaine. Had he known that Détricand was behind it all, he would have fought on to the last gasp of power and died on the battlefield. He realized now that such a fate was not for him; that he must fight, not on the field of battle like a prince, but in a court of nations like a doubtful claimant of sovereign honors.

His whole story had become known in the duchy; and though it begot no feeling against him in war-time, now that Bercy was in a neutral zone of peace there was much talk of the wrongs of Guida and the Countess Chantavoine. He became moody and saturnine, and saw few of his subjects save the old governor-general and his whilom enemy, now his friend, Count Carignan Damour. That at last he should choose to accompany him to Vienna the man who had been his foe during the lifetime of the old duke seemed incomprehensible. Yet, to all appearance, Damour was now Philip's zealous adherent. He came frankly repenting his old enmity; and though Philip did not quite believe him, some perverse temper, some obliquity of vision which overtakes the ablest minds at times, made him almost eagerly accept his new partisan. One thing Philip knew: Damour had no love for Détricand, who indeed had lately sent him word that for his work in sending Fouché's men to attempt his capture in Bercy he would have him shot, if the court of nations upheld Détricand's rights to the duchy. Damour was able, even if Damour was not honest. Damour, the able, the implacable and malignant, should accompany him to Vienna.

The opening ceremony of the congress was simple, but it was made notable by the presence of the Emperor of Austria, who addressed a few words of

welcome to the envoys, to Philip, and, very pointedly, to the representative of the French nation, the aged Duc de Mauban, who, while taking no active part in the congress, was present by request of the Directory. The duke's long residence in Vienna and freedom from share in the civil war in France had been factors in the choice of him when his name was submitted to the Directory by General Grandjon-Larisse, upon whom in turn it had been urged by Détricand.

The Duc de Mauban was the most marked figure of the court, the Emperor not excepted. Clean-shaven, with snowy linen and lace, his own natural hair, silver white, tied in a queue behind, he had large, eloquent, wondering eyes that seemed always looking, looking beyond the thing he saw. At first sight of him at his court, the Emperor had said, "The stars have frightened him." No fanciful supposition, for the Duc de Mauban was equally well known as astronomer and as student of history and philanthropist.

When the Emperor mentioned de Mauban's name, Philip wondered where he had heard it before. Something in the sound of it was associated with his past, — he knew not how. He had a curious feeling, too, that those deliberate, searching dark eyes saw the end of this fight, this battle of the strong. The face fascinated him, though it awed him. He admired it, even as he detested the ardent strength of Détricand's face, where the wrinkles of dissipation had given way to the bronzed carven look of the war-beaten soldier.

It was fair battle between these two, and there was enough hatred in the heart of each to make the fight deadly. Philip knew — and he had known since that day, years ago, in the Place du Vier Prison — that Détricand loved the girl whom he himself had married and dishonored. He felt, also, that Détricand was making this claim to the duchy more out of vengeance than from desire

to secure the title for himself. He read the whole deep scheme : how Détricand had laid his mine at every court in Europe to bring him to this pass.

For hours Philip's witnesses were examined, among them the officers of his duchy and Count Carignan Damour. The physician of the old Duke of Bercy was examined, and the evidence was with Philip. The testimony of Dalbarade, the French ex-minister of marine, was read and considered. Philip's story, up to the point of the formal signature by the old duke, was straightforward and clear. So far the court was in his favor.

Détricand, as natural heir of the duchy, combated each step in the proceedings from the standpoint of legality, of the duke's fatuity concerning Philip and his personal hatred of the house of Vaufontaine. On the third day, when the congress would give its decision, Détricand brought the chevalier to the palace. At the opening of the sitting he requested that Damour be examined again. The count was asked what question had been put to Philip immediately before the deeds of inheritance were signed. It was useless for Damour to evade the point, for there were other officers of the duchy present who could have told the truth. Yet this truth, of itself, need not ruin Philip. It was no phenomenon for a prince to have one wife unknown, and, coming to the throne, to take to himself another more exalted.

Détricand was hoping that the nice legal sense of mine and thine would be suddenly weighted in his favor by a prepared *tour de force*. The sympathies of the congress were largely with himself, for he was of the order of the nobility, and Philip's descent must be traced through centuries of yeoman blood ; yet there was the deliberate adoption by the duke to face, with the formal assent of the states of Bercy, but little lessened in value by the fact that the French government had sent its emissaries to Bercy to pro-

test against it. The court had come to a point where decision upon the exact legal merits of the case was difficult.

After Damour had testified to the question the duke asked Philip when signing the deeds at Bercy, Détricand begged leave to introduce another witness, and brought in the chevalier. Now he made his great appeal. Simply, powerfully, he told the story of Philip's secret marriage with Guida, and of all that came after, up to the scene in the *Cohue Royale* when the marriage was proved and the child given back to Guida; when the Countess Chantavoine, turning from Philip, acknowledged to Guida the justice of her claim. He drove home the truth with bare, unvarnished power, — the wrong to Guida, the wrong to the countess, the wrong to the dukedom of Bercy, to that honor which should belong to those in high estate. Then at the last he told them who Guida was: no peasant girl, but the granddaughter of the *Sieur Larchant de Mauprat*, of the *de Mauprats of Chambéry*, — the granddaughter of an exile, indeed, but of the noblest blood of France.

The old *Duc de Mauban* fixed his look on him intently, and as the story proceeded his hand grasped the table before him in strong emotion. When at the close Détricand turned to the chevalier and asked him to bear witness to the truth of what he had said, the duke, in agitation, whispered to the president.

All that Détricand had said had moved the court profoundly; but when the withered little flower of a man, the chevalier, told in quaint, brief sentences the story of the *Sieur de Mauprat*, his sufferings, his exile, and the nobility of his family, which had indeed, far back, come of royal stock, and then finally of Guida and the child, more than one member of the court turned his head away with misty eyes.

It remained for the *Duc de Mauban* to speak the word which hastened and compelled the end. Rising in his place,

he addressed to the court a few words of apology, inasmuch as he was without real authority there, and then he turned to the chevalier.

"*Monsieur le Chevalier*," said he, "I had the honor to know you in somewhat better days for both of us. You will allow me to greet you here with my profound respect. The *Sieur Larchant de Mauprat*," — he turned to the president, his voice became louder, — "the *Sieur de Mauprat* was my friend. He was with me upon the day I married the *Duchess Guidabaldine*. Trouble, exile, came to him. Years passed, and at last in *Jersey* I saw him again. It was the very day his grandchild was born. The name given to her was *Guidabaldine*, — the name of the *Duchesse de Mauban*. She was *Guidabaldine Landresse de Landresse*; she is my godchild. There is no better blood in France than that of the *de Mauprats of Chambéry*, and the grandchild of my friend — her father being also of good Norman blood — was worthy to be the wife of any prince in Europe. I speak in the name of our order, I speak for Frenchmen, I speak for France. If Détricand, Prince of *Vaufontaine*, be not secured in his right of succession to the dukedom of Bercy, France will not cease to protest till protest hath done its work. From France the duchy of Bercy came. It was the gift of a French king to a Frenchman, and she hath some claims upon the courtesy of the nations."

For a moment after he took his seat there was absolute silence. Then the president wrote upon a paper before him, and it was passed to each member of the court sitting with him. For a moment longer there was nothing heard save the scratching of a quill. Philip recalled that day at Bercy when the duke stooped and signed his name upon the deed of adoption and succession three times, — three fateful times.

Then the president, rising in his place, read the pronouncement of the court:

that Détrican, Prince of Vaufontaine, be declared true inheritor of the duchy of Berey, the nations represented here confirming him in his title.

The president having spoken, Philip rose, and, bowing to the congress with dignity and composure, left the chamber with Count Carignan Damour.

As he passed from the portico into the grounds of the palace, a figure came suddenly from behind a pillar and touched him on the arm. He turned quickly, and received upon the face a blow from a glove.

The owner of the glove was General Grandjon-Larisse.

XLI.

"You understand, monsieur?" said Grandjon-Larisse.

"Perfectly, — and without the glove, Monsieur le Général," answered Philip quietly. "Where shall my seconds wait upon you?" As he spoke he turned with a slight gesture toward Damour.

"In Paris, monsieur, if it please you."

"I should have preferred it here, Monsieur le Général; but Paris, if it is your choice."

"At 22, Rue de Mazarin, monsieur." Then, with an elaborate bow to Philip, "I bid you good-day, monsieur."

"*Monseigneur*, not *monsieur*," Philip corrected. "They may deprive me of my duchy, but I am still Prince Philip d'Avranche. I may not be robbed of my adoption."

There was something so steady, so infrangible, in Philip's composure now that Grandjon-Larisse, who had come to challenge a great adventurer, a marauder of honor, found his furious contempt checked by some integral power resisting disdain. He intended to kill Philip, — he was one of the most expert swordsmen in France, — yet he was constrained to respect a composure not sangfroid, and a firmness in misfortune not

bravado. Philip was still the man who had valiantly commanded men, who had held of the high places of the earth. In whatever adventurous blood his purposes had been conceived or his doubtful plans accomplished, he was still, stripped of power, a man to be reckoned with, — resolute in his course once set upon, and impulsive toward good as toward evil. He was never so much worth respect as when, a dispossessed sovereign with an empty title, discountenanced by his order, disbarred his profession, he held himself ready to take whatever penalty came.

In the presence of General Grandjon-Larisse, with whom was the might of righteous vengeance, he was the more distinguished figure. To Philip now there came the cold quiet of the sinner great enough to rise above physical fear, proud enough to say to the world, "Come, I pay the debt I owe. We are quits. You have no favors to give, and I none to take. You have no pardon to grant, and I none to ask."

At parting Grandjon-Larisse bowed to Philip with great politeness, and said, "In Paris, then, Monsieur le Prince."

Philip bowed his head in assent.

When they met again, it was at the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne near the Maillot gate.

It was a damp, gray morning, immediately before sunrise, and at first there was scarce light enough for the combatants to see each other perfectly; but both were eager and would not delay.

As they came on guard the sun rose. Philip, where he stood, was full in its light. He took no heed, and they engaged at once. After a few passes Grandjon-Larisse said, "You are in the light, monseigneur; the sun shines full upon you," and he pointed to the shade of a wall near by. "It is darker there."

"One of us must certainly be in the dark — soon," answered Philip grimly, but he removed to the wall.

From the first Philip took the offensive. He was more active, and he was quicker and lighter of fence, than his antagonist. But Grandjon-Larisse had the surer eye, and was invincibly certain of hand and strong of wrist. Presently Philip wounded his opponent slightly in the left breast, and the seconds came forward to declare that honor was satisfied. But neither would listen or heed; their purpose was fixed to fight to the death. They engaged again, and almost at once the Frenchman was slightly wounded in the wrist. Suddenly taking the offensive and lunging freely, Grandjon-Larisse drove Philip, now heated and less wary, backwards upon the wall. At last, by a dexterous feint, he beat aside Philip's guard, and drove the sword through his right breast at one fierce lunge.

With a moan Philip swayed and fell forward into the arms of Damour.

Grandjon-Larisse stooped to the injured man. Unloosing his fingers from the sword, Philip stretched up a hand to his enemy.

"I am hurt to death," he said. "Permit my compliments to the best swordsman I have ever known." Then, with a touch of sorry humor, he added, "You cannot doubt their sincerity!"

Grandjon-Larisse was turning away, when Philip called him back. "Will you carry my profound regret to the Comtesse Chantavoine?" he whispered. "Say that it lies with her whether Heaven pardon me."

Grandjon-Larisse hesitated an instant; then answered, "Those who are in heaven, monseigneur, know best what Heaven may do."

Philip's pale face took on a look of agony. "She is dead — she is dead!" he gasped.

Grandjon-Larisse inclined his head; then, after a moment, gravely said, "What did you think was left for a woman, for a Chantavoine? It is not the broken heart that kills, but broken pride, monseigneur."

So saying, he bowed again to Philip and turned upon his heel.

Philip lay on a bed in the unostentatious lodging in the Rue de Vaugirard where Damour had brought him. The surgeon had pronounced the wound mortal, giving him but a few hours to live. For long after he was gone Philip was silent, but at last he said, "You heard what Grandjon-Larisse said, — it is broken pride that kills, Damour." Then he asked for pen, ink, and paper. They were brought to him. He tried the pen upon the paper, but faintness suddenly seized him, and he fell back unconscious.

When he came to himself he was alone in the room. It was cold and cheerless, — no fire on the hearth, no light save that flaring from a lamp in the street outside his window. He rang the bell at his hand. No one answered. He called aloud, "Damour! Damour!"

Damour was far beyond earshot. He had bethought him that now his place was in Bercy, where he might gather up what fragments of good fortune remained, what of Philip's valuables might be secured. Ere he had fallen back insensible, Philip, in trying the pen, had written his own name on a piece of paper. Above this Damour wrote for himself an order upon the chamberlain of Bercy to enter Philip's private apartments in the castle; and thither he was fleeing as Philip lay dying in the dark room of the house in the Rue de Vaugirard.

The woman of the house, to whose care Philip had been passed over by Damour, had tired of watching, and had gone to spend one of his goldpieces for supper with her friends.

Meanwhile, in the dark, comfortless room, the light from without flickering upon his blanched face, Philip was alone with himself, with memory, and with death. As he lay gasping, a voice seemed to ring through the silent room, repeating the same words again and again;

and the voice was his own voice. It was himself — some other outside self of him — saying, in tireless repetition: "*May I die a black, dishonorable death, abandoned and alone, if ever I deceive you. I should deserve that, if I deceived you, Guida! A black, dishonorable death, abandoned and alone.*" It was like some horrible dirge chanting in his ear.

Pictures flashed before his eyes, strange imaginings. Now he was passing through dark corridors, and the stone floor beneath was cold, — so cold! He was going to some gruesome death, and monks with voices like his own voice were intoning: "*Abandoned and alone. Alone — alone — abandoned and alone.*" . . . And now he was fighting, fighting on board the *Araminta*. There was the roar of the great guns, the screaming of the carronade slides, the rattle of musketry, the groans of the dying, the shouts of his victorious sailors, the crash of the mainmast as it fell upon the bulwarks; then the swift *sissing* ripple of water, the thud of the *Araminta* as she struck, and the cold chill of the seas as she went down. How cold was the sea, — ah, how it chilled every nerve and tissue of his body!

He roused to consciousness again. Here was still the blank, cheerless room; the empty house; the lamplight flaring through the window upon his stricken face, upon the dark walls, upon the white paper lying on the table beside him.

Paper, — ah, that was it. He must write, — he must write while he had strength. With the last courageous effort of life, his strenuous will forcing the declining powers into obedience for a final combat, he drew the paper near and began to write. The light flickered, wavered; he could just see the letters that he formed, — no more.

"Guida," he began, "on the *Ecréhos* I said to you, '*If I deceive you, may I die a black, dishonorable death, abandoned and alone!*' It has all come true. You were right, always right, and

I was always wrong. I never started fair with myself or with the world. I was always in too great a hurry; I was too ambitious, Guida. Ambition has killed me, and it has killed her, — the comtesse. She is gone. What was it he said — if I could but remember what Grandjon-Larisse said — ah yes, yes! — after he had given me my death-wound, he said, 'It is not the broken heart that kills, but broken pride.' There is the truth. She is in her grave, and I am going out into the dark."

He lay back exhausted for a moment, in desperate estate. The body was fighting hard that the spirit might confess itself before the vital spark died down forever. Seizing a glass of cordial near, he drank of it. The broken figure in its mortal defeat roused itself again, leaned over the paper, and a shaking hand traced on the brief, piteous record of a life: —

"I climbed too fast. Things dazzled me. I thought too much of myself, — myself, myself was everything always; and myself has killed me. In wanton haste I came to be admiral and sovereign duke, and it has all come to nothing, — nothing. I wronged you, I denied you: there was the cause of all. There is no one to watch with me now to the one moment of life that counts. In this hour the clock of time fills all the space between earth and heaven. It will strike soon, — the awful clock. It will soon strike twelve: and then it will be twelve of the clock for me always, — always.

"I know you never wanted revenge on me, Guida, but still you have it here. My life is no more now than *vraic* upon a rock. I cling, I cling, but that is all, and the waves break over me. I am no longer an admiral, I am no more a duke, — I am nothing. It is all done. Of no account with men, I am going to my judgment with God. But you remain, and you are Princess Philip d'Avranche, and your son — your son — will be Prince Guilbert d'Avranche. But I

can leave him naught, neither estates nor power. There is little honor in the title now, so it may be you will not use it. But you will have a new life: with my death happiness may begin again for you. That thought makes death easier. I was never worthy of you, — never. I understand myself now, and I know that you have read me all these years, read me through and through. The letter you wrote me, never a day or night has passed but, one way or another, it has come home to me."

There was a footfall outside his window. A roisterer went by in the light of the flaring lamp. He was singing a ribald song. A dog ran barking at his heels. The reveler turned, drew his sword, and ran the dog through, then staggered on with his song. Philip shuddered, but, with a supreme effort, bent to the table again, and wrote on: —

"You were right: you were my star, and I was so blind with selfishness and vanity I could not see. I am speaking the truth to you now, Guida. I believe I might have been a great man, if I had thought less of myself and more of others, — more of you. Greatness, — I was mad for that, and my madness has brought me to this desolate end, alone. Go tell Maitresse Aimable that she too was a good prophet. Tell her that, as she foresaw, I called your name in death, and you did not come! One thing before all: teach your boy never to try to be great, but always to live well and to be just. Teach him, too, that the world means better by him than he thinks, and that he must never treat it as his foe; he must not try to force its benefits and rewards; he must not approach it like the highwayman. Tell him never to flatter. That is the worst fault in a gentleman; for flattery makes false friends, and makes the flatterer himself false. Tell him that good address is for ease and courtesy of life; but it must not be used to one's secret advantage, as I have used mine to mortal undoing.

If ever Guilbert be in great temptation, tell him his father's story, and read him these words to you, written, as you see, with the cramped fingers of death."

He could scarcely hold the pen now, and his eyes were growing dim.

"... I am come to the end of my strength. I thought I loved you, Guida, but I know now that it was not love, — not real love. Yet it was all a twisted manhood had to give. There are some things of mine that you will keep for your son, if you forgive me dead whom you despised living. Détrican, Duke of Bercy, will deal honorably by you. All that is mine at the castle of Bercy he will secure to you. Tell him I have written it so; though he will do it of himself, I know. He is a great man. As I have gone downward, he has come upward. There has been a star in his sky, too. I know it, I know it, Guida, and he — he is not blind." He trembled violently. "The light is going. I cannot see. I can only" —

He struggled fiercely for breath, but suddenly collapsed upon the table, and his head fell forward upon the paper: one cheek lying on the wet ink of his last-written words; the other, cold and stark, turned to the window. The light from the lamp without flickered on it in gruesome sportiveness. The eyes stared and stared from the little dark room out into the world; but they did not see.

The night wore on. At last came a knocking, knocking at the door, — tap! tap! tap! But he did not hear. A moment of silence, and again came a knocking — knocking — knocking!

XLII.

The white and red flag of Jersey was flying half-mast from the Cohue Royale, and the bell of the parish church was tolling. It was Saturday, but little business was being done in the Vier Marchi. At familiar points chattering

people were gathered, and at the foot of La Pyramide a large group surrounded two sailormen just come from Gaspé, bringing news of adventuring Jersiais, — Elie Mattingley, Carterette, and Ranulph Delagarde. This audience quickly grew, for word was being passed on from one little group to another. So keen was interest in the story told by the home-coming sailors that the great event which had brought them to the Vier Marchi was, for the moment, almost neglected.

Presently, however, a cannon-shot, then another, and another, roused the people to remembrance. The funeral cortège of Admiral Prince Philip d'Avranche was about to leave the Cohue Royale, and every eye was turned to the marines and sailors lining the road from the courthouse to the church.

The Isle of Jersey, ever stubbornly loyal to its own, — even those whom the outside world condemned or cast aside, — jealous of its dignity even with the dead, had come to bury Philip d'Avranche with all good ceremony. There had been abatements to his honor, but he had been a strong man and he had done strong things, and he was a Jerseyman born, a Norman of the Normans. The Royal Court had judged between him and Guida, doing tardy justice to her, but of him they had ever been proud; and where conscience condemned here, vanity commended there. In any event, they reserved the right, independent of all non-Jersiais, to do what they chose with their dead.

For what Philip had been as an admiral they would do his body reverence now; for what he had done as a man, that belonged to another tribunal. It had been proposed by the admiral of the station to bury him from his old ship, the Imperturbable; but the Royal Court had made its claim, and so his body had lain in state in the Cohue Royale. The admiral joined hands with the island authorities. In both cases it was

a dogged loyalty. The sailors of England knew Philip d'Avranche as a fighter, even as the Royal Court knew him as a famous and dominant Jerseyman. A battleship is a world of its own, and Jersey is a world of its own. They neither knew nor cared for the comment of the world without; or, knowing, refused to consider it.

When the body of Philip was carried from the Cohue Royale, signals were made to the Imperturbable in the tide-way. From all her ships in company forty guns were fired funeral-wise, and the flags were struck half-mast.

Slowly the cortège uncoiled itself to one long, unbroken line from the steps of the Cohue Royale to the porch of the church. The jurats in their red robes, the officers, sailors, and marines added color to the pageant. The coffin was covered by the flag of Jersey with the arms of William the Conqueror in the canton.

Of the crowd, some were curious, some stoical; some wept, some essayed philosophy.

"Et ben," said one, "he was a brave admiral!"

"Bravery was his trade," answered another: "act like a sheep and you'll be eaten by the wolf."

"It was a bad business about her that was Guida Landresse," remarked a third.

"Every man knows himself; God knows all men," snuffled the fanatical barber who had once delivered a sermon from the Pompe des Brigands.

"He made things lively while he lived, *bà sù!*" droned the jailer of the Vier Prison. "But he has folded sails now, *pergui!*"

"Ma fé, yes, he sleeps like a porpoise now; and white as a wax he looked up there in the Cohue Royale," put in a centenier standing by.

A voice came shrilly over the head of the centenier: "As white as you'll look yellow one day, *bat' d'la goule!* Yellow and green, *oui-gia!* — yellow like a bad apple, and cowardly green as a

leek." This was Manon Moignard, the witch.

"Mon doux d'la vie, where's the master of burials?" babbled the jailer. "The apprentice does the obsequies to-day."

"The master's sick of a squinzy," grunted the centenier. "So hatchet-face and bundle-o'-nails there brings dust to dust, amen."

All turned now to the undertaker's apprentice, a grim, saturnine figure with his gray face, protuberant eyes, and obsequious solemnity, in which lurked a callous smile. The burial of the great, the execution of the wicked, were alike to him. In him Fate seemed to personify life's revenges, its futilities, its calculating ironies.

The flag-draped coffin was just about to pass, and the fanatical barber harked back to Philip. "They say it was all empty honors with him afore he died abroad."

"A full belly's a full belly, if it's only full of straw!" snapped Manon Moignard.

"Who was it brought him home?" asked the jailer.

"None that was born on Jersey, but two that lived here," remarked Maitre Damian, the schoolmaster from St. Aubin's.

"That Chevalier of Champsavoys and the other Duc de Bercy," interposed the centenier.

Maitre Damian tapped his stick upon the ground, and said oracularly, "It is not for me to say, but which is the rightful duke, and which is not, — there is the political question!"

"Pardi, that's it!" answered the centenier. "Why did Détricand Duke turn Philip Duke out of duchy, see him killed, then fetch him home to Jersey like a brother? Ah, man pèthe bénin, that's beyond me!"

"Those great folks does things their own ways, oui-gia!" remarked the jailer.

"Why did Détricand Duke go back

to France?" asked Maitre Damian, cocking his head wisely. "Why did he not stay for obsequies — he?"

"That's what I say," answered the jailer: "those great folks does things their own ways."

"Ma fistre, I believe you!" ejaculated the centenier. "But for the chevalier there, for a Frenchman, that is a man after God's own heart, and mine."

"Ah, then, look at that!" said Manon Moignard, with a sneer; "when one pleases you and God, it is a ticket to heaven, diantre!"

But in truth what Détricand and the chevalier had done was but of human pity. The day after the duel Détricand had arrived in Paris, to proceed thence to Bercy. There he heard of Philip's death and of Damour's desertion. Sending officers to Bercy to frustrate any possible designs of Damour, he, with the chevalier, took Philip's body back to Jersey, delivering it to those who would do it honor.

Détricand did not see Guida. For all that might be said to her now the chevalier should be his mouthpiece. In truth, there could be no better mouthpiece for him. It was Détricand, Détricand, Détricand, like a child, in admiration and in affection. If Guida did not understand all now, there should come a time when she would understand. Détricand would wait. She should find that he was just; that her honor and the honor of her child were safe with him.

As for Guida, it was not grief she felt in the presence of this tragedy. No spark of love sprang up, even when remembrance was now brought to its last vital moment. But a fathomless pity stirred her heart, that Philip's life had been so futile, and that all he had done was come to naught. His letter, blotched and blotted by his own dead cheek, she read quietly. Yet her heart ached bitterly, — so bitterly that her face became pinched with pain; for here in this letter was despair, here was the final agony

of a broken life, here were the last words of the father of her child to herself. She saw, with a sudden pang, that in writing of Guilbert he only said *your* child, not *ours*. What a measureless distance there was between them in the hour of his death, and how clearly the letter showed that he understood at last!

The evening before the burial she went with the chevalier to the Cohue Royale. As she looked at Philip's dead face, bitterness and aching compassion were quieted within her. The face was peaceful, strong. There was on it no record of fret or despair. Its impassive dignity seemed to say that all accounts had been settled, and in this finality there was quiet; as though he had paid the price; as though the long account against him in the markets of life was closed and canceled, and the debtor freed from obligation forever. Poignant impulses in her stilled, pity lost its wounding acuteness. She shed no tears, but at last she stretched out her hand and let it rest upon his forehead for a moment.

"Poor Philip!" she said.

Then she turned and slowly left the room, followed by the chevalier, and by the noiseless Dormy Jamais, who had crept in behind them. As Dormy Jamais closed the door he looked back to where the coffin lay, and in the compassion of fools repeated Guida's words.

"Poor Philip!" he said.

Now, during Philip's burial Dormy Jamais sat upon the roof of the Cohue Royale, as he had done on the day of the battle of Jersey, looking down on the funeral cortège and the crowd. He watched it all until the ruffle of drums at the grave told that the body was being lowered, — four ruffles for an admiral.

As the people began to disperse and the church bell ceased tolling, Dormy turned to another bell at his elbow, and set it ringing to call the Royal Court together. Sharp, mirthless, and acrid it rang: *Chicane-chicane! Chicane-chicane! Chicane-chicane!*

XLIII.

"What is that for?" asked the child, pointing.

Détricand put the watch to the child's ear. "It's to keep time. Listen. Do you hear it, — *tic-tic, tic-tic?*"

The child nodded his head gleefully, and his big eyes blinked with understanding. "Does n't it ever stop?" he asked.

"This watch never stops," replied Détricand, "but there are plenty of watches that do."

"I like watches," said the child sententiously.

"Would you like this one?" asked Détricand.

The child drew in a gurgling breath of pleasure. "I like it. Why does n't mother have a watch?"

The man did not answer the last question. "You like it?" he said again, and he nodded his head toward the little fellow. "H'm! it keeps good time, excellent time it keeps," and he rose to meet the child's mother, who, having just entered the room, stood looking at them. It was Guida. She had heard the last words, and she glanced toward the watch curiously.

Détricand smiled in greeting, and said to her, "Do you remember it?" He held up the watch.

She came forward eagerly. "Is it — is it that, indeed, the watch that the dear grandpèthe" —

He nodded and smiled. "Yes; it has never once stopped since the moment he gave it me in the Vier Marchi, seven years ago. It has had a charmed existence amid many rough doings and accidents. I was always afraid of losing it, always afraid of an accident to it. It has seemed to me that if I could keep it things would go right with me, and would come out right in the end. Superstition, of course, but I lived a long time in Jersey. I feel more a Jersey-

man than a Frenchman sometimes." Although his look seemed to rest but casually on her face, it was evident he was anxious to feel the effect of every word upon her, and he added, "When the Sieur de Mauprat gave me the watch he said, 'May no time be ill spent that it records for you.'"

"Perhaps he knows his wish was fulfilled," answered Guida.

"You think, then, that I've kept my promise?"

"I am sure he would say so," she replied warmly.

"It isn't the promise I made to him that I mean, but the promise I made to you."

She smiled brightly. "Ah, you know what I think of that. I told you long ago." She turned her head away, for a bright color had come to her cheek. "You have done great things, prince," she said in a low tone.

He flashed a look of inquiry at her. To his ear there was in her voice a little touch, not of bitterness, but of something, as it were, muffled or reserved. Was she thinking how he had robbed her child of the chance of heritage at Bercy? He did not reply, but, stooping, put the watch again to the child's ear. "There you are, monseigneur!"

"Why do you call him *monseigneur*?" she asked. "Guilbert has no title to your compliment."

A look half amused, half perplexed, crossed Détricand's face. "Do you think so?" he said musingly. Stooping once more, he said to the child, "Would you like the watch?" and added quickly, "You shall have it when you're grown up."

"Do you really mean it?" asked Guida, delighted. "Do you really mean to give him the grandpère's watch one day?"

"Oh yes, at least that, — one day. But I have something more, something more for you," and he drew from his pocket a miniature set in rubies and dia-

monds. "I have brought you this from the Duc de Mauban, — and this," he went on, taking a letter from his pocket, and handing it with the gift. "The duke thought you might care to have it. It is the face of your godmother, the Duchess Guidabaldine."

Guida looked at the miniature earnestly, and then said a little wistfully, "How beautiful a face! — but the jewels are much too fine for me. What should one do here with rubies and diamonds? How can I thank the duke!"

"Not so. He will thank you for accepting it. He begged me to say — as you will find by his letter to you — that if you will but go to him upon a visit with this great man here," pointing to the child with a smile, "he will count it one of the greatest pleasures of his life. He is too old to come to you, but he begs you to go to him, — the chevalier, and you, and Guilbert. He is much alone now, and he longs for a little of that friendship which can be given by but few in this world. He counts upon your coming, for I said I thought you would."

"It would seem so strange," she answered, "to go from this cottage of my childhood, to which I have come back in peace at last, — from this kitchen to the château of the Duc de Mauban."

"But it was sure to come," he returned. "This kitchen, to which I come also to redeem my pledge after seven years, it belongs to one part of your life. But there is another part to fulfill," — he passed his hands over the curls of the child, — "and for your child here you should do it."

"I do not find your meaning," she said, after a moment's deliberation. "I do not know what you would have me understand."

"In some ways you and I would be happier in simple surroundings," he replied gravely, "but it would seem that, to play duly our part in the world, we must needs move in wider circles. To my mind this kitchen is the most de-

lightful spot in the world. Here I took a fresh commission of life. I went out, a sort of battered remnant, to a forlorn hope; and now I come back to headquarters once again, — not to be praised,” he added in an ironical tone, and with a quick gesture of almost boyish shyness, — “not to be praised; only to show that from a grain of decency left in a man may grow up some sheaves of honest work and plain duty.”

“Oh, it is much more than that, — it is much, much more than that!” she broke in.

“No, I am afraid it is not; but that is not what I wished to say. I wished to say that for monseigneur here” —

A little flash of anger came into her eyes. “He is no *monseigneur*; he is Guilbert d’Avranche,” she said bitterly. “It is not like you to mock my child, prince. Oh, I know you mean it playfully,” she hurriedly added, “but — but it does not sound right to me.”

“For the sake of monseigneur the heir to the duchy of Bercy,” he said, laying his hand upon the child’s head, “these things your devoted friends suggest you should do, princess.”

Her clear, unwavering eye looked steadfastly at him, but her face turned pale. “Why do you call him monseigneur the heir to the duchy of Bercy?” she said almost coldly, and with a little fear in her look, too.

“Because I have come here to tell you the truth, and to place in your hands the record of an act of justice.”

Drawing from his pocket a parchment gorgeous with seals, he stooped, and taking the hands of the child he placed it in them. “Hold it tight, hold it tight, my little friend, for it is your very own,” he said, with cheerful kindness. Then stepping back a little, and looking earnestly at Guida, he continued, with a motion of the hand toward Guilbert, “You must learn the truth from him.”

“Oh, what can you mean, — what can you mean!” she exclaimed. Dropping

upon her knees, and running an arm round the child, she opened the parchment and read.

“What — what right has he to this?” she cried in a voice of dismay. “A year ago you dispossessed his father from the duchy. Ah, I do not understand it! You — only you are the Duc de Bercy.”

Her eyes were shining with a happy excitement and tenderness. No such look had been in them for many a day. Something that had long slept was waking in her, something long voiceless was speaking. This man brought back to her heart a glow she had thought never to feel again, — the glow of the wonder of life and of a girlish faith.

“I am only Détricand of Vaufontaine,” he answered. “What! did you — could you think that I would dispossess your child? His father was the adopted son of the Duc de Bercy; nothing could wipe that out, neither law nor nations. You are always Princess Guida, and your child is always Prince Guilbert d’Avranche, — and more than that.”

His voice became lower; his war-beaten face lighted with that fire and force which had made him, during years past, a figure in the war records of Europe.

“I unseated Philip d’Avranche,” he continued, “because he acquired the duchy through — a misapprehension; because the claims of the house of Vaufontaine were greater. We belonged; he was an alien. He had a right to his adoption; he had no right to his duchy, — no real right in the equity of nations. But all the time I never forgot that the wife of Philip d’Avranche and her child had rights infinitely beyond his own. All that he achieved was theirs by every principle of justice. My plain duty was to win for your child the succession belonging to him by all moral right. When Philip d’Avranche was killed, I set to work to do for your child what had been done by another for Philip d’Avranche. I have made

him my heir. When he is of age, I shall abdicate from the duchy in his favor. This deed, countersigned by the Powers that dispossessed his father, secures to him the duchy, when he is old enough to govern."

Guida had listened like one in a dream. A hundred feelings possessed her, and one more than all. She suddenly saw all Détricand's goodness to her stretch out in a long line of devoted friendship, from this day to that far-off hour, seven years before, when he had made a vow to her, — kept how nobly! Devoted friendship, — was it devoted friendship alone, even with herself? In a tumult of emotions she exclaimed, "No, no, no, no! I cannot accept it. This is not justice; this is a gift for which there is no example in the world's history!"

"I thought it best," he went on quietly, "to govern Bercy myself during these troubled years. So far its neutrality has been honored, but who can tell what may come? As a Vaufontaine, it is my duty to see that Bercy's interests are duly protected amidst the troubles of Europe."

Guida got to her feet now, and stood looking dazedly at the parchment in her hand. The child, feeling himself neglected, ran out into the garden.

There was moisture in Guida's eyes as she presently said, "I had not thought that any man could be so noble, — no, not even you."

"You should not doubt yourself so," he answered meaningly. "I am the work of your hands. If I have fought my way back to reputable life again" — He paused, and took from his pocket a handkerchief. "This was the gage," he said, holding it up. "Do you remember the day I came to return it to you, and carried it off again?"

"It was foolish of you to keep it," she said softly, — "as foolish of you as to think that I shall accept for my child these great honors."

"But suppose the child in after years

should blame you?" he returned slowly and with emphasis. "Suppose that Guilbert should say, What right had you, my mother, to refuse what was my due?"

This was the question she had asked herself long, long ago. It smote her heart now. What right had she to reject this gift of Fate to her child?

Scarcely above a whisper she replied, "Of course he might say that; but how, oh, how should we simple folk, he and I, be fitted for these high places — yet? Now that what I have desired for him has come, I have not the courage."

"You have friends to help you in all you do," he remarked meaningly.

"But friends cannot always be with one," she said.

"That depends upon the friends. There is one friend of yours who has known you for eighteen years. Eighteen years' growth should make a strong friendship, — there was always friendship on his part, at least. He can be a still stronger and better friend. He comes now to offer you the remainder of a life for which your own goodness is the guarantee. He comes to offer you a love of which your own soul must be the only judge, for you have eyes that see and a spirit that knows. The chevalier needs you and the Duc de Mauban needs you, but Détricand of Vaufontaine needs you a thousand times more."

"Oh, hush — but no, you must not," she broke in, her face all crimson, her lips trembling.

"But yes, I must," he answered quickly. "You find peace here, but it is the peace of inaction. It dulls the brain, and life winds in upon itself wearily at the last. But out there are light and fire and action, and the quick-beating pulse, and the joy of power wisely used, even to the end. You come of a great people, you were born to great things; your child has rights accorded now by every court of Europe. You must act for him. For your child's sake, for my sake, come out into the

great field of life with me — as my wife, Guida.”

She turned to him frankly, she looked at him steadfastly; the color in her face came and went, but her eyes glowed with feeling.

“After all that has happened?” she asked in a low tone.

“It could only be because of all that has happened.”

“No, no, you do not understand,” she said quickly, a great pain in her voice. “I have suffered so, these many, many years. I shall never be light-hearted again. And I am not fitted for such high estate. Do you not see what you ask of me, — to go from this cottage to a palace?”

“I love you too well to ask you to do what you could not. You must trust me,” he answered, “you must give your life its chance, you must” —

“But listen to me,” she interjected, with breaking tones. “I know as surely as I know — as I know the face of my child, that the youth in me is dead. My summer came — and went — long ago. No, no, you do not understand, — I would not make you unhappy. I must live only to make my child happy. *That* love has not been marred!”

“And I must be judge of what is for my own happiness. And for yours, — if I thought my love would make you unhappy for even one day, I should not offer it. I am your lover, but I am also your friend. Had it not been for you, I might have slept in a drunkard’s grave in Jersey. Were it not for you, my bones would now be lying in the Vendée. I left my peasants, I denied myself death with them, to serve you. The old cause is gone. You and your child are now my only cause” —

“You make it so hard for me!” she broke in. “Think of the shadows from the past always in my eyes, always in my heart. You cannot wear the con-

vict’s chain without the lagging footstep afterward.”

“Shadows! Friend of my soul, how should I dare come to you if there had never been shadows in your life! It is because you — you have suffered, because you *know*, that I come. Out of your miseries, the convict’s lagging step, you say? Think what I was. There was never any wrong in you, but I was sunk in evil depths of folly” —

“I will not have you say so,” she interrupted; “you never in your life did a dishonorable thing.”

“Then again I say, trust me; for, on the honor of a Vaufontaine, I believe that happiness will be yours as my wife. The boy, — you see how he and I” —

“Ah, you are so good to him!”

“You must give me chance and right to serve him. What else have you or I to look forward to? The honors of this world concern us little. The brightest joys are not for us. We have work before us, no rainbow ambitions. But the boy — think for him” — He paused.

After a little she held out her hand toward him. “Good-by,” she said softly.

“Good-by — you say good-by to me!” he exclaimed in dismay.

“Till — till to-morrow,” she answered, and she smiled. The smile had a little touch of the old archness which was hers as a child, yet, too, a little of the sadness belonging to the woman. But her hand-clasp was firm and strong, and her touch thrilled him. Power was there, — power with infinite gentleness. And he understood her, which was more than all.

He turned at the door. She was standing very still, the parchment with the great seals in her hand. Without speaking she held it out to him, as though uncertain what to do with it.

As he passed through the doorway he smiled, and said, “To-morrow, — to-morrow!”

Gilbert Parker.

(*The end.*)

OLD HOMES.

OLD homes among the hills! I love their gardens;
 Their old rock-fences that our day inherits;
 Their doors, round which the great trees stand like wardens;
 Their paths, down which the shadows march like spirits;
 Broad doors and paths that reach bird-haunted gardens.

I see them gray among their ancient acres,
 Severe of front, their gables lichen-sprinkled, —
 Like gentle-hearted, solitary Quakers,
 Grave and religious, with kind faces wrinkled, —
 Serene among their memory-hallowed acres.

Their gardens, banked with roses and with lilies, —
 Those sweet aristocrats of all the flowers, —
 Where Springtime mints her gold in daffodillies,
 And Autumn ingots marigolds in showers,
 And all the hours are toilless as the lilies.

I love their orchards, where the gay woodpecker
 Flits, flashing o'er you, like a wingèd jewel;
 Their woods, whose floors of moss the squirrels checker
 With half-hulled nuts; and where, in cool renewal,
 The wild brooks laugh, and raps the red woodpecker.

Old homes! old hearts! Upon my soul forever
 Their peace and gladness lie like tears and laughter;
 Like love, they touch me, through the years that sever,
 With simple faith; like friendship, draw me after
 The dreamy patience that is theirs forever.

Madison Carwein.

HAPPINESS.

It was before the sunset that I turned
 From where the late day burned,
 And climbed the wide brown pasturelands that run
 Along the hillside. There the warm weeds purr
 For comfort of the sun.
 Some secret in their look
 Led me, until, struck through with love and awe,
 I saw —
 My Brook.
 Glad hastener!

Though the high tide of clover was astir,
 And blue-eyed flowers leaned across the grass
 To see it pass,
 And the long, rippled tresses
 Of watercresses
 Were misted with thin crystal, under stream, —
 For more content
 To small suspected presences, a gleam,
 And then away! — yet, ever diligent,
 Untamed, soft fluttering,
 The little creature went on rapturous wing,
 Loyal and changeful, feathered, yet at rest,
 On its own quest,
 Subtle as light and simple as a nest.
 It mused among the shaggy weeds and bubbled
 In broken paths, untroubled;
 With such a tongue to comfort and beseech,
 It won the stones to speech!
 Long time I listened, pondered, with love-looks,
 The ways of brooks;
 When, feeling, half aware,
 The benediction-touch upon my hair,
 Of something fair,
 I turned from that wise water happy-voiced;
 And there,
 Against the flush of waning afternoon,
 Early, a dim moth-silver, poised
 The Moon.

Josephine Preston Peabody.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It is maliciously said that the feminine reader is accustomed to treat the last chapter of a novel as a preface. She believes that here the flavor of the story is concentrated. If it be to her taste, she will straightway read the book, regardless of dinner-bells or callers. If not, ten minutes are her only loss. Fearful of being inveigled into unnecessary reading, she wishes to make sure that the game is worth the candle. The recommendation of friends is unreliable. Book notices are sometimes wrong. The last chapter is a certain key.

The advantages of this method are indisputable. Given an innocent young woman, of moderate sense and immoderate sensibility: why should she be condemned to three hundred pages at hard labor to find in the end that the hero's life is as prosaic as her own father's? Or if the woman be older, with rather more sense and decidedly less sensibility, — the type known among us as "a very worthy person," — why, if justice still be justice, should she toil through thirty chapters to learn that the hero's passion for romance is incorrigible, after all? These are pertinent questions, and this

system, which we will make bold to call the feminine, as opposed to the stolid masculine practice of beginning at the beginning and ending at the end, is one of the great economic inventions of this ingenious age.

But, unfortunately, the value of the system is negative. It prevents a shocking waste of time upon uncongenial books; yet if, by some happy accident, the volume is congenial, when once the solution is known, the bubble of interest is pricked.

For my own part, I follow the simpler method; but recognizing that the value of the feminine system is too evident to be lightly cast aside, I submit with some diffidence a few simple rules for the guidance of discriminating readers.

(1.) New books in paper covers should be read after the feminine system.

(2.) When a brand-new author issues a brand-new book, the feminine method is very safe.

(3.) When the newspapers hail the author as the Thackeray of the United States, the Balzac of America, or the Fielding of the nineteenth century, the feminine system should be rigorously followed.

(4.) When a novel is suspected of a "purpose," apply the system and discover the purpose.

If these directions be scrupulously followed, it is my confident belief that I shall deserve the lasting gratitude of every reader who would save time, trouble, and vexation of spirit.

Thus I admit the typical last chapter has its legitimate use. But surely it is not for this that authors add their smooth explanation of the past, their elaborate horoscope of the future, their public scrutiny into lives that have passed beyond the limits of their story. Their purpose is to gratify the people, not to do honor to their craft. As the component part of a work of art, the weakness of the traditional last chapter is but too evident. When once we have

reached the climax, we are straightway tempted to close the book. There the story ends. The curtain drops. Gold and tinsel vanish. The actors become men and women much like the rest of us. To describe them further is mere gossip.

Many a successful author knows this in his heart. But if, regardless of his reader's curiosity, he carefully omit the closing sketch of a paternal hero and a domesticated heroine, then "Give us a sequel!" is at once the cry. With half-assumed reluctance, the complacent author yields. In due time the sequel is brought forth. Everybody reads it. The Sunday newspapers predict undying fame. The original is surpassed, they say, the author has outdone himself. A year later the very title is on the verge of oblivion. Indeed, the failure of the sequel is proverbial, for David Balfour and the romances of Dumas merely serve to prove the rule.

But, most commonly, the author holds nothing back, and the last chapter is given to the reader in all its relentless accuracy. Let us take a few familiar examples. It is, for instance, to a last chapter that we owe the description of Daniel Deronda's wedding in the very heart of Jewry, and willy-nilly we must read of Mira "glowing like a dark tipped yet delicate ivory-tinted flower in the warm sunlight of success." "What in the name of satiety is the need of this!" one exclaims involuntarily. But here the reader will say that I am prejudiced; that my thoughts are fixed on Gwendolen; that I never really appreciated Mira; that this last vignette of the sentimental Jewess, surrounded by the whole Cohen family, makes me needlessly intolerant. Lest these charges be thought too plausible, I will adduce a fairer instance.

The conclusion of *Jane Eyre* purports to be written by the heroine ten years after her marriage with Rochester. What has she to tell us? "I know no weariness of my Edward's society. . . .

We talk, I believe, all day." (Bless us, of course they did, or she had not been Jane Eyre nor he Rochester.) "Diana and Mary Rivers are both married." (We guessed as much.) "My Edward is no longer stone blind." (Here, it is true, is news, but might it not have been hinted to us before?)

Even Hawthorne, who was not wont to swerve from literary ideals, was badgered by public curiosity into some reluctant explanations. The *Marble Faun*, I believe, originally ended with the famous scene in the Pantheon where beneath "the eye of Heaven" Kenyon and Hilda plight their lovers' oaths. Here was the natural and therefore the artistic ending; but the public cried out, and half a chapter was added. Hilda's former disappearance is explained. Poor Donatello's fate is hinted at. But, still insatiate, the reader clamors for the secret of the Faun. "How would Cuvier classify Donatello?" he demands. This is too much. At last the long-suffering author protests: "On that point, at all events, there shall be no word of explanation," and his promise is well kept.

One half of this apparent curiosity is in reality pure laziness. Like children who turn to the appendix for the answer before they do a problem, readers grudge the smallest claims upon their intellect or fancy. They do not read, they say, for mental exercise, but for pleasure. Print is plainer and more satisfactory than speculation. It is the author's business to write the story, and a good workman makes his work complete. Why should a reader, buried in the easiest of chairs, and fortified against discomfort by dressing-gown and slippers, be obliged to cudgel the brain and start the imagination from quiescence, when the author can save the trouble in no time? A pest upon *The Lady or the Tiger*! A plague on the ears of the Faun! Better a thousand times crop them short than leave them hidden in this everlasting doubt.

Yet, to my thinking, it is just here that a chief duty of the author lies. He owes it to the reader to develop qualities which the world too often leaves untouched. Not business nor golf, not housekeeping nor driving, will stir the imagination; yet if it lie fallow, how much is gone from life! Once roused, the fancy feeds on its own growth, until it colors the world and softens the hardness of every outline. The last chapter opens a wide opportunity. In it, if the author will, he may lead the reader to the borderland of fact and fancy, and thence let him stray unaided. The first step taken, the exercise becomes a pleasure. The reader closes the book, but his thoughts run on and on, and in his mild way he shares the keen delight of a creative mind.

It is a hopeful sign of the times that many novelists of to-day have self-control enough to halt when their story is told. But, unhappily, their whole task is not accomplished thus. A dull story with the best of endings is but a crime without aggravating circumstance. To the vulgar author, the opportunity of the last chapter is denied. Long since, the reader's attention has flagged hopelessly, and pricked as it may be, at the close, it will not budge one inch beyond the pale marked by the blessed "*Finis*." Again the mind becomes a peaceful blank.

I know no more perfect master of the art of effect in a last chapter than the Russian Turgueneff. When the acme of interest is past, he never runs on in garrulous anti-climax, sparing the imagination every effort; nor does he drop a curtain behind which it is impossible to grope. The few pages which end his novels, like the mists that wrap a distant landscape, vaguely suggest the unknown scenes beyond. If some incident subsequent to the story is necessary to complete our understanding of a character, — as for instance the death of Dmitri Rudin, — he gives it to us briefly, yet

without reserve. But if the details we seek are the mere sequel of the plot, we find them hedged about with tantalizing doubt. What reader, as he finishes the wonderful story of Helene, does not pause while his mind follows her from Venice upon her unknown journey? And who is insensible to the fascination of the thought that her fate may be divined by him alone?

For such an ending to such a story the reader may well feel grateful. Creations like this are rare, as they are precious. Their authors are fewer still, but they are born to immortality.

In 1862, when President Lincoln issued his second call for troops, a certain young man quitted the gold fields of Colorado, and hastened across the plains to Omaha as fast as the enduring ox-teams of the time could carry him. There he took a train for Michigan, the state of his residence; stopped at Kalamazoo to marry his sweetheart, and to deliver to her his belt of gold dust; and then sped on to the recruiting station at Detroit. He enlisted in the ranks, went to the front, fought in no less than seven of the historic battles, incurred serious physical troubles, was wounded, and in the third year of the war was discharged and sent home a lieutenant of his company. This man, still in the prime of life, sitting under his own vine and apple tree, heard of the recent war with irritation.

"Why can't we have peace?" he asked. "What is all this trouble about, anyway? What's all this talk about civilization, if men must fall at one another's throats? As for these young boys who are enlisting, they'll be crying for their mothers. Why, Bill Brown left his father, now getting to be an old man, to look after the farm alone this summer. Bill'd no business to go off. The best way for him to serve his country is by staying at home and getting in the crops. And Conover, who was clerking for Sisson, he's gone too, and

hasn't been married but a month. Why can't he stay at home and take care of his wife? She'll be a widow, the first thing she knows! It's a very strange thing to me that men can't attend to their business, and get over the habit of killing one another."

While there are many exceptions to the rule, this lament of the civil-war veteran is that of many of his class. They represent what may be termed the subjectivity of the spontaneous patriot. They are not men accustomed to viewing historical events in an objective way, and they are interested in the course of things chiefly as it affects themselves. It is an open question whether such men as Bill Brown, and Conover, and the veteran as he was in his youth (for they are all of the same class) are not of more use to a commonwealth than men of reflection. At any rate, they make up the ranks; they do the work in the fields, in the shops, in the trenches, in the churches; they comprise the great majority of this enormous, heterogeneous nation. But what distinguishes them most from the men of reflection is the fact that they unconsciously obey the laws of nature. When they are young, they are young. When they are old, they are old. They have a time for seeking the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, and a time for the lean and slippered pantaloons; nor do they feel impelled to accept sentiments inconsistent with their time of life, nor to affect a state of mind they do not feel. This simple obedience to the course of nature makes many of the heroes of our past generation intolerant of those of to-day. Years have softened them; their aggressive masculinity is a thing of the past, — all the more because they once put it to the test, and expressed themselves passionately in the most strenuous conflict of the world; having satisfied themselves, their women, and their friends of their manhood in this most conclusive way, they rest content with peace. They

**The Two
Stages of a
Hero.**

forget that the present generation has a right to its drama; that the young women want their heroes, and the old women wish to see their sons distinguish themselves; and that deep in the souls even of young men half drugged by commercial monotony is a dream of prowess, a desire for adventure, and an impatience for some form of intense personal expression.

This histrionic self-expression the present generation has now had. It has idealized itself for its own delight, and is able to regard itself poetically. Now it, too, is ready to move on to unimpassioned work and prudent living.

I HAVE often wondered why some one has not taken issue with Shakespeare on his dogmatic command, "Let still the woman take an elder than herself." The frequent marriages of women to men younger than themselves have been singularly happy and congenial, from Dr. Johnson's marriage with his "dear Tetzey," who was twice his age, to Varnhagen von Ense and Madame Mohl. In Napoleon's marriage the age of Josephine did not matter. When Madame de Staël turned to her young husband, Rocca, one must feel that she brought to him more than Chloe offered Daphnis; and when George Eliot married Mr. Cross, must we not believe that the union was one of dignified significance?

Hear what Varnhagen says in his journal before his marriage with Rahel Levin, the woman whose merit has been attested by Goethe, Jean Paul Richter, and Carlyle: "I was then twenty-four years old, Rahel my senior by more than half those years. This circumstance taken by itself might seem likely to have driven our lives far asunder. It was, however, but an accident; it was essentially of no account. This noble life, so rich in experience both of joy and of sorrow, retained all its vigor; not only the powerful intellect which hovered above

every-day regions, but the heart, the senses, the whole corporeal being, were as though bathed in clear light. She stood a commanding presence between an accomplished past and a hopeful future."

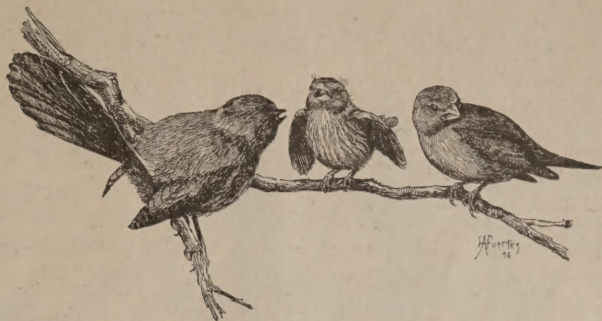
To whom do we owe so high an interpretation of the ideal of marriage as to Charles Kingsley, whose wife was seven years his senior? Turn the pages of his *Life* and re-read these words: "Matthew xxii. 30 has been to me always a comfort. I am so well and really married on earth that I should be exceedingly sorry to be married again in heaven; and it would be very needless. All I can say is, if I do not love my wife, body and soul, as well there as I do here, then there is neither resurrection of my body nor of my soul, but of some other, and I shall not be I."

It is interesting to recall the heroines of Disraeli, — Henrietta Temple and others, — and then to remember that Disraeli defied the theory of feminine attraction which he had advanced in fiction, by selecting for his wife a woman who was much older than himself, and to whom he attributed the success as well as the happiness of his life. The story runs that once, seeing his wife, then aged and frail, leaning on the arm of an attendant, Lord Beaconsfield said of her to the friend with whom he was at the moment talking, "There is the only person who has never bored me."

Those beautiful love poems, *At the Fireside* and *One Word More*, were written by Robert Browning to his wife, who was six years his senior. Robert Louis Stevenson's marriage with Mrs. Osborne, who was much older than he, was, as we all know, a union of extraordinary felicity. His own words in the poem which serves as the dedication to *Weir of Hermiston*, as well as the testimony of his friends, attribute to her much help in his literary success, as well as his domestic happiness.

Scorning
Shakespeare's
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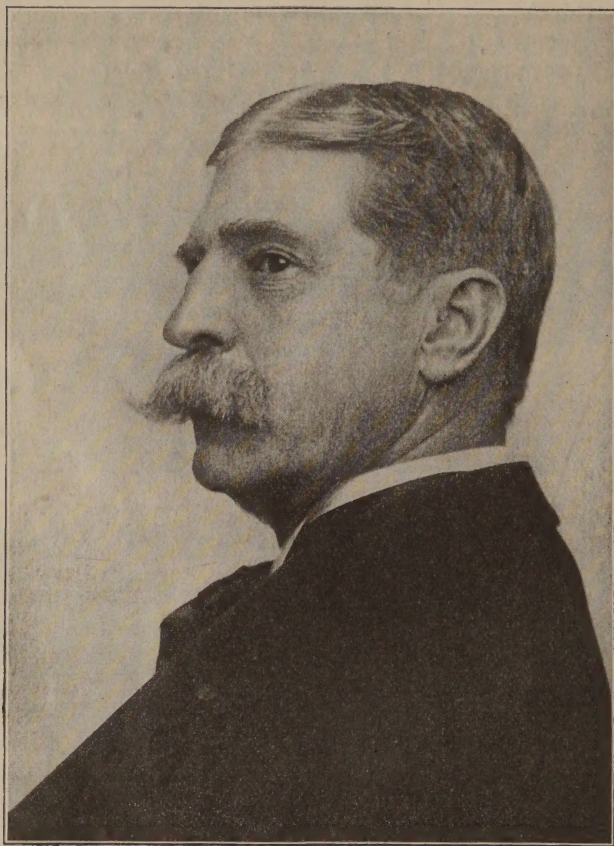
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Literary Bulletin of New Books of

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"A Thoroughly Interesting Story."

THE June number of *The Bookman* has an admirable new portrait of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, a picture of Captain Joe, and illustrations of two picturesque stages in the building of a lighthouse.

The same number contains a review of **Caleb West, Master Diver**, from which the following paragraph is taken : —

"The men who have any real knowledge of lighthouse construction, and can tell the world about it in a narrative more readable than that of a government expert, are almost as rare as the lights at the entrance to New York harbor in war time. But happily Mr. Smith is one of them, and the added equipment of a painter's vision and a native gift of telling a story has put it in his power to lead the lighthouse builders, brain and brawn, out of the background in which they have hitherto lurked, into a foreground of positive clearness and interest. Their exploits above and beneath the water, their wealth of resource and indomitable courage, inspire the reader with as true an enthusiasm for them as the writer manifestly feels. What may be called the feminine interest of the story is hardly of less importance than the masculine. . . . Mr. Smith's persons and their performances are fresh and most attractive ; and the spirited manner of his narrative renders the making of their acquaintance a genuine pleasure."

The Boston *Herald* pronounces it "a work of which any master might feel proud," and adds : "Coming as it does from the pen of a man whose brain is sensitive to all the perils and dangers of the field which he enters, and who is preëminently qualified to describe them, it is heroic and thrilling in action and splendidly planned. It is small wonder, apropos of the current opinion, what one loves best one does best, that Mr. Smith has made his new volume such a capital study of broad-breasted, horny-handed, and powerful laboring men, to whose energetic dauntlessness, cool heads, sheer grit and loyalty the country owes its guard of lighthouses."

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Professor Frederick J. Turner, of the University of Wisconsin, in discussing Dr. Winsor's last volume, **The Westward Movement**, in the *American Historical Review*, pays a high tribute to the work and to the author. He says: "This, the last contribution of Justin Winsor to history, is monumental in its erudition, and is a work of the highest importance to students of the beginnings of the West. In a volume of nearly six hundred pages, every page resembling a frontiersman in its sinewy freedom from anything like superfluous flesh, the author has traced the westward advance from the close of the French and Indian war in 1763 to the last years of the eighteenth century. It is unnecessary to point out that these were years full of events in western history. They include the development of the policy of Great Britain in respect to the West, after the expulsion of France; the exploration and settlement of Kentucky and Tennessee; Lord Dunmore's war and the Revolutionary war beyond the mountains, including the memorable conquest of the Northwest by George Rogers Clark; the intrigues of France and Spain to restrict us at the peace to the Alleghany and Ohio boundaries; the British policy in the retention of the western posts and in respect to the Indians; the Ordinance of 1787 and the settlement of Ohio, with the accompanying Indian struggles; the efforts of Spain to hold the Southwest and to exclude the frontiersmen from the navigation of the Mississippi; her attempts to seduce the frontier leaders from their American allegiance; the attempts at independent states in Kentucky and Tennessee; the efforts of Genet to use the Kentucky backwoodsmen in an attempt to seize Louisiana for France; the securing of the Northwest by Jay's treaties and Wayne's victories; and the acquisition of freedom of the Mississippi by Pinckney's treaty. On all these topics Mr. Winsor is full of information. . . . When all minor criticisms on detail have been made — and in a work so abounding in statements of fact it is remarkable how few such criticisms must be — the book remains a splendid proof of the immense research of its author, of his skill and fairness in dealing with a multiplicity of detail, and of the continental breadth of his view. To have edited 'The Narrative and Critical History of America,' and to have followed that by the series that begins with 'Columbus' and ends with 'The Westward Movement,' is to have established his ability in so wide a range of fields, requiring such stores of knowledge, and such a diversity of historical equipment that Winsor cannot but be granted a position among the first of American historians."

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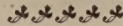


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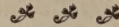
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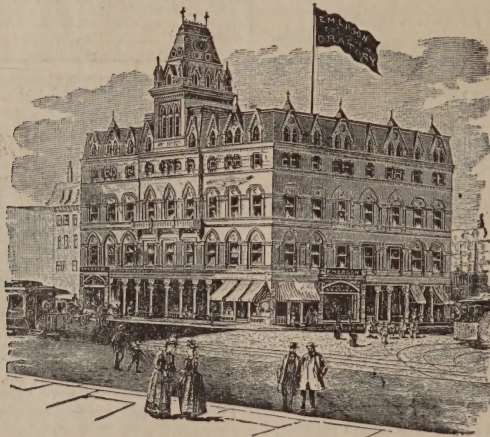
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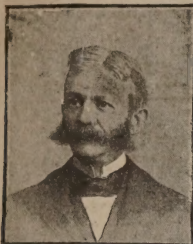
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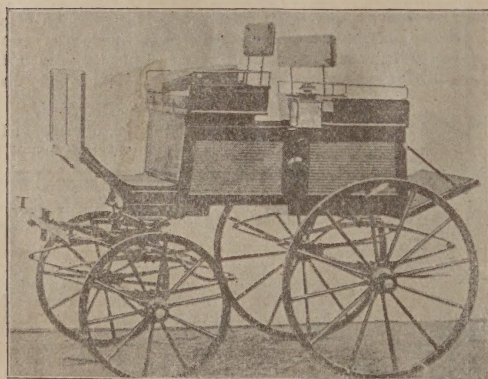
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